

## you should get your eyes checked

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by Anonymous

### Summary

Mid goes on a walk

### Notes

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

Midnight.

Mysticism in the air.

A girl in the forest, the scent of her hair.

A wolf, crawling, close to the ground.

Blood-

There's a flood, the girl will drown.

She just didn't want them to know her name, that was it. She couldn't lie, she couldn't give them a fake name. Lies made for pitiful blankets, and would leave her cold when the night came. Truths were even worse, she wouldn't be cold, she'd be dead. So they all settled on something in the

middle - Mid - and they'd have to be satisfied.

She didn't even want to work with them in the first place, not really. Mid was not the type to be any government's lackey, she was fiercely independent. She'd made her career off of it - independent research into the paranormal. But that's what had landed her here in the first place.

Part of her argued that she couldn't complain, since not much had changed in the first place. She still had her channel, her videos, her followers. *Mid* was still alive and well! To everyone's knowledge, she'd taken a little break in Nevada before she continued off on her grand journey to the next ghost hunt. She was thriving!

What a joke.

The forest was dark. Even moonlight was afraid to walk through here. But not her. She climbed the tree, and waited.

In truth it was all a lie. Who - or better yet, *what* - ran the old *Mid* channel was as far from the original as can be. It was all perfectly polished, government sanctioned content made for the sake of advertising small towns rather than what it originally was: cryptozoology. Many called her a scam, and she couldn't even blame them. It was the same field that called the Loch Ness monster a goddamn dinosaur. But she knew what she saw. She knew what she had... felt.

Touched.

...

Mid wasn't the scariest thing in this forest, but it was a close thing. It comforted some small part of her. The child that was still scared of the dark. She wasn't going to come close to anything today though, at least that wasn't the plan.

She was just here to watch. Just to see.

Her nails dug into the tree bark, feet swinging from where she sat high upon a branch. Human eyes wouldn't be able to see here. Back in the day, she would have carried a night vision camera. Back in the day she would have been foolish enough to bring a torch. But she wouldn't make the same mistake twice, she wouldn't take this thing's attention.

When *it* entered, the forest grew still. It had been quiet before, but even then you could hear the occasional flutter of a bat, or a rat running around in the underbrush. Now it was still, the forest holding its breath as *it* walked. Mid didn't hold her breath, she knew this creature. Maybe it was foolishness, but it was hard for her to stay scared of something that had once been human. Of something that she knew could be killed.

She watched it as it walked, stalking through the leaves. The moonlight didn't reach its blood-soaked fur, nor the thing it held in its jaws, its arms. The form of it confused her, that she would admit. She saw at once a bear a wolf a man a deer. She saw swords and guns strapped to its chest. She saw fur on its back and antlers on its head. She saw a creature with no head at all. She saw a creature that was all teeth.

She didn't have a notebook to write in anymore, so she filed the information in her head. As previously believed, *it* was hard to observe. With her eye she could *see* as it sent off signals meant to confuse an observer. Rabbits ran from a rabid fox, deer jumped away from a feral wolf. A human would have seen that which scared it the most - a bear, a monster, a loved one's corpse, rotting and maggot infested.

Mid fought through the illusion. She pressed an arm over her eyes. *See* . She begged. *Watch*.

She opened her eyes.

There was a child. A bruise over his left eye, blood dripping out his nostril. A boy, no older than eleven, standing in the forest clearing.

He wasn't watching her - thank god. No. His dark eyes were focused on something else, a strange grief in his expression. The boy crouched, reaching for something - Mid blinked - out of the shadow another child's hand reached out, soft and chubby and clumsy, clutching a flower. The little boy smiled mournfully, and accepted the yellow dandelion.

Mid leaned forward, like a fool, hoping to see who the other child was. Her hand gripped the branch so tightly that it fractured, and the sound alerted *it* , which was no longer a boy. Which had never been a boy.

It looked up.

But it wasn't her. *It* couldn't see.

It was a thousand different things. It was a wolf, a bear, a terrible, terrible man. It was a little boy, beaten and bruised, loved by something smaller than himself. It was even *like* her.

But Mid was something else.

Slowly, quietly, she began to move. From one branch to the other, weaving a path through the canopy, while it tried and failed to find what made the noise.

She mourned. She cursed herself for messing up. But there would be more things to see in the morning, and with a darkness so thick surrounding it, she doubted she would have been able to see anything more at all.

“Good morning!” She called brightly, coffee in hand. The officer hesitated to let her past the yellow tape, but she flashed her fancy bright government agent badge and he scrambled to lift it as he recognized the name.

One day she'd get used to it. The name, the fear, the power. One day she would even make good use of it.

For now she ducked under the police tape and made her way to the scene of the crime.

The ground was still muddy from last night's rainfall, although to her it had felt like a light mist. She sought out her partner, Cube, who she saw was currently busy with a man covered in pale PPE.

“Watch your step Mid,” Cube said once he'd noticed her, and she cautiously took a look around. There was nothing *that* strange about the forest clearing. The few odd broken branches, the claw marks on top of the tree that only she knew about, the pool of blood in the middle.

Right.

“What are we looking at?” She asked the forensic scientist as she took a sip of her coffee, and the

man just shrugged.

“A jogger called in the blood, we’ve taken samples, but there’s scarcely any tracks to properly analyze.”

“So a dead end?”

He shrugged. “I’m not allowed to say conclusively. Excuse me for a moment,” he said and left, leaving Mid and Cube alone.

“Have you investigated the jogger yet?” Cube shook his head.

“He’s just giving his statement, but I don’t know Mid...”

“What?”

“It’s just blood. Could be anyone’s, any *thing’s*. For all we know we’re wasting our time analyzing a lucky predator’s leftovers.”

She looked at him, skeptical.

“Have I told you I’ve been thinking of getting into politics?” she asked, the look in his eyes was almost bewildered.

“Where’s this coming from?”

“There,” she gestured toward the pool of blood with her half empty coffee. “There’s no wolf prints, no deer prints. They *could* have washed away in the rain, as you might say, but that would have diluted the blood. There’s also no marks that would indicate something was dragged away. It’s too... flat. Too clean. You said a jogger called it in?” she turned to him, Cube nodded. She stepped a bit closer, but he put a hand on her shoulder.

“You need protective gear for that,” he scolded.

“Right, right,” she backtracked, not that she would have disturbed the crime scene, but he didn’t know that. “Anyways. From the width and depth of the puddle we can assume it’s like what - four pints? Five, maybe? Someone died here. Or *was* dying. Based on who we’ve been looking for in these woods I don’t think it’s a far off guess to assume it’s Clown Pierce.”

“You mean Clown *Prince*,” Cube corrected, and Mid scoffed playfully.

“There isn’t a single consistent database entry on Mr. *Pierce*,” she said. “I doubt ‘*Clown*’ is his birth name.”

“Well, Clown may be a nickname, but we *do* know his brother-” she cut him off.

“He has a brother?!” she asked, but Cube just snickered.

“I’ll tell them to test that blood for Clown’s DNA, but if you’re wrong you owe me a coffee.” Mid rolled her eyes, but didn’t say anything as he left.

She couldn’t tell him how she knew. That had never been an option. Watson didn’t have to know about the dark corners Sherlock crawled about in the night.

Mid watched analysts take samples and foot prints, knowing barely any of it would be useful. Knowing the rest would be classified and put away. As she stared at the crime scene she chewed

on her nails, lost deep in thought.

What she knew about Clown Pierce amounted to very little. She'd read every police report, every newspaper article about the local criminal menace. But most of them were dedicated to making him out to be some kind of boogeyman and monster, not an actual person. She didn't even know he had a brother - Cube must have been talking to some locals while she was busy with her own work. What she *did* know was this: at some point, he had been very real, and then he disappeared. And now the local crime lord was nothing more than a ghost.

And yet he kept haunting the town. Taunting the local police force. He's what she came there for to investigate originally. Before she'd made contact with her own personal nightmare, and got stuck.

...

Maybe she really *should* go into politics, considering how well paranormal investigation had turned out.

## End Notes

yea i voted mid for no.1 catgirl of lifesteal. what of it.

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