

death no more

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by [starsforevren](#)

Summary

A ghost.

Maybe that is what she is.

Or perhaps a healer?

Still, her prescence is seen.

Notes

yeah bitch another scp au we ROLLLLLLL

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

This is where he dies, he thinks.

Cube sits on the floor, back pressed firmly against the cold walls of the foundation site. His abdomen hurts, and he can feel warm blood seep out onto frigid floors.

He pushes his glasses up, taking slow and steady breaths before it all ends.

Footsteps, he hears them growing closer as he shuts his eyes tight.

Cube grasps at his jeans, as the footsteps cease. Carefully, he opens his eyes until he is met with someone in the same clothes as him, crouched next to him on one knee.

He didn't feel scared.

There could be only a few features that he took note of. Dirty blond hair that went down to the shoulders, and emerald green eyes with a gaze fixed on him. Their face had a shade casted, only leaving a piercing, empty stare.

"Who are you...?" Cube asks her.

"Stand up." She says instead. She stands up first, red lights flickering in a chaotic flash. She holds her hand out, rolled up sleeves revealing markings of stylized eyes and moons that faintly glow with violet.

Cube takes her hand, and he feels the wound become full again. He looks down, only to see a black haze around it, becoming a blur in his vision.

"Who are you?" He asks again, looking up at the taller figure in the sight.

She disappears when he blinks.

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"SCP-8832," Cube reads out.

Her object class was keter, but there was no instances of her harming anyone. Code name; 'revival shade'.

"You were pronounced legally dead for three hours, Cube." Leo tells him. "Then you woke up with amethysts forming in where you were shot by Chaos Insurgency agents. They tried removing it but everytime they tried to, they just kept growing."

"I saw someone." Cube says. The memory flickers in his vision, of that SCP practically saving him from death. "I think she had... brown or- or blond hair? I don't know, the more I try to recall, the more faint the memory gets." He adds on. "I don't think she's a cognitive hazard, I just... forget the details."

"Like a class-C amnestic?"

"Kinda." Cube says. "Does she affect others, too?"

"Anomalies and people, yeah. It's random, but if the subject can die and has organic matter, then yeah, she'll appear." Leo answers. "She showed up while Subz was dying after GOC agents raided Site-15 and he had an enormous amount of amethyst growth because he got a grenade blow up in his face."

Cube looks down at the file on an open folder, sat on a metal table.

He pockets his hands and is surprised to feel a piece of folded paper inside. He pulls it out as Leo looks at the paper in his hand as he begins to unfold.

"That's Turkish." Leo points out.

"Well, maybe 'cause she first appeared to someone in Turkiye." Cube remarks. "Can you read it?"

" 'Do not give up, it is not your time'." Leo reads out. "Some sort of, uh... grim reaper?"

"No, no, I don't think she's a grim reaper. More like.... healer or something like that." Cube says.

She roams the halls of the site. As an invisible being, fazing through the scarce people scattered throughout corridors and branches.

Maybe she was a healer, for once.

They get shivers from her prescence, but they don't see who does such a thing. For the first time in ages, she liked being a spirit.

End Notes

i have an unwavering attachment to s3 pog god help me

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