Sonic IRL (series)
by Cutegirlmayra

Summary

In a world where Sonic and his friends are real, virtual creatures that can only be seen through the walls of Sega, comes these cute and epic mini-stories about the adventures of Sonic and Amy, who slowly grow closer through their experiences together. Take a trip into the secrets of Sega, and their living and speedy Mascot’s journey of discovering love with the ever so cute Amy!
One Foul Comment

Sonic IRL:

One Foul Comment

(One Shot!)  

By: Cutegirlmayra( I know, I know. What about Instincts!? Hush there now, my dear friends, I'll get to it. But this was too good to pass up! And I know I'm not the best with one-shots… but I'll try my best. Please enjoy! I thought this up, and I just couldn't stop myself from writing it down!)

"Sonic! Come on… we need you in the upcoming gaming experience that's gonna go Global mind you, and your… well, your being a bit of downer right now!" The angry Sega employee stated, talking to Sonic who had his arms up on the office table, his head down, as he moaned through his lips, whining.

"Sonic… now… you read one silly little Fans critique on your lastest bunch of works, but that doesn't mean anything… its one kid." A more sensitive looking employee with big animator glasses bended down slightly and tried to comfort the blue hedgehog.

"One fan?" Sonic's head slightly rose up. "One fan could mean an entire generation who hates me!" Sonic got up and jumped off the desk after looking to the man with a bit of animosity mixed with sorrow and disappointment in himself.

"I mean, in my old days… hoho, my old days… I was a contender against Mario! I was running at the speed of sound, with new colors, an exciting story,… Guys, I was-" he looked at his hands for a moment, keeping his mouth open as he was about to say his next line, shaking his head. "I was a hero back then…" he let his arms drop, and his hostility as he became a very blue hedgehog again…

"And you still are one, Sonic! My kid loves you!" The animator got up, moving closer to Sonic, and trying to convince him. "Just cause this fan letter hurt your pride a bit doesn't mean…"

"Pride!? Is this all about pride?!" The other man, looking to be more in a director's position, through his arms up and waved a piece of paper in Sonic's direction. "I told SEGA we didn't need to give him anymore tragic flaws!"

"Oh, would you please be a bit more considerate of his feelings?!"

"HIS FEELINGS!? We have an E3 demonstration to get ready for and our main star is mopping about like he's lost his precious stardom!" The director hollered out, and stomped away, giving up and walking out of the office. But before he did so, he turned around to the hedgehog and the animator. "Look here, either that hedgehog performs his lines and shoots the trailer or AT LEAST a scene worth showing at Comic con, we're gonna be hanged for postponing a paid for production, and hanged by Sega of Japan for time wasted on some dramatic teenage identity crisis!"

"B... but sir." The animator tried to say something, but was cut off by the man re-opening the door.

"Get that hedgehog out of the dumps, or so help me, I'll have you fired!" he slammed the door again.

"You can't do that! It's not even his fault, I won't let you." Sonic defiantly crossed his arms, and
glared to the door with some amount of authority by his status as SEGA's leading mascot of profitability and revenue.

The man opened the door again, "Then he can work outside on the streets of San Francisco wearing YOUR HEAD and a 'SEGA this way' sign!" he slammed the door again, and you could hear a 'RAH!' from outside as a few employees scooted back in their chairs, as he walked out and kicked a water-filter, seeming to hit his big toe though, he let out another whine and bounced on his other leg for a moment before limping away.

"Heh, and he's calling me the dramatic teenager?" Sonic spat out his restrained comment.

"Oh Sonic… don't say that." The animator sweat, sliding his hand over the other and looking to Sonic, nervously. "He's just under a lot of stress is all, honest. But.. maybe it would do you some good to just… I don't know. Read the good section of the comments?" The man suggested, nodding to the computer where letters we're scattered everywhere on it.

"And just ignore the opposition?" Sonic stated, moving his hands out and then rolling his eyes. "I just can't… it's too… too personal." He slowly put his hand back on the office desk, picking up that one letter with the harsh criticism on it…

"I just feel horrible for letting the boy down..." He stated, sighing. "He said I was his hero… and I failed him in recent activity I've been involved with." He then turned to the man, "And it just bites! You know that?! Every had someone tell you that you weren't good enough!?" he motioned for the man to respond to him, for which the man stood straight, after a moment of thinking, and stated.

"Yes." He pushed his nice office jacket down, "My Son."

Sonic's face turned to a very sympathetic one, and he looked down and away.

"I'd… ehem." He got a grip of himself, and put his hands to his hips, shifting his eyes to the man, and then away again, lifting his head up high to not look so guilty, though he definitely felt that way. "I'd think a kid would be thrilled to have his father be such a great animator…"

"Well, that means missing a lot of baseball games." The man took his glasses off, and then took out a wipe from his jacket pocket, wiping the smudges off. "But he isn't old enough to realize I have to work so many hours to keep him and his mom well able to afford the groceries. Heh-heh.." he put his glasses back on, and smiled. "Ah, there we go." He then looked to Sonic, rubbing his hands together, before parting them to show off his new cleaned up glasses.

"Heh, stylish." Sonic complimented, looking up and returning his smile, but it wasn't very strong, nor very real…

"You think so? Sometimes I think we need to clean off our vision of things to… well to necessarily move on." He had a two cheeks that popped right out with his smile, so genuine and honest, and his eyes were full of the optimistic point of view in life. "Now, think we can work on something before the night hours kick in, eh?" he slightly nudged Sonic, bending down to do so. "I'll promise a chilidog at the end of it!" he threw in a gimmie, as he felt it was, and waited for Sonic to take the bait.

Sonic smiled, looking down, but feeling the sadness seep in again. "Sorry, pal." He moved his arm closest to the man up, and patted his shoulder twice, "I'm just not feeling it. I hope everything works out with your son… I'm gonna take a walk." He started for the door, but the man rose up, looking worried and desperate, and finally shouting out.
"Y-you know!... he… he said he wished he… he wanted me to be more like you."

Sonic's foot stopped at the door, his heart sunk in the depths of sorrows, as he turned around, not even bothering to fake a smile and stated, "Well… Tell him he's already got a hero…" And slowly walked out of the office.

Tails watched him leave, he was looking over some story board art, and put his pencil up beside his ear to rest there a moment as his tails swished by his concern. "Sonic…" He shook his head, knowing there was nothing he could do to cheer Sonic up from his nostalgic dreaming of the good old days, when fans never wrote letters like that…

"Ha! Look at the blue hedgehog now, gang!" At the kitchen sit in, Jet squawked as Sonic passed by.

Sonic looked to him and stopped a moment, listening to what the green hawk had to say.

"So, how does it feel buddy? Being an 'old timer' as it were with the rising generation? Ha-HAH!" he crowed out as he kicked his legs up on his stool, laughing and clutching his stomach. "Ohh Boy~ If only you're past self could see you now! From glorified hero-" he raised his arms up, as if praising something, "To bonafide ZERO! HAHAAHAAH!"

Sonic clinched his fist together, as he stood a little ways away from Jet.

"Oh come on, that was funny!" he looked to his friends, who looked down with faces like they didn't think he was funny. Then, they got a good look at Sonic's face, fuming with anger, as they quickly scooted their stools away from Jet's. "H-hey, where you hopping off to, eh?" He then looked to Sonic's expression, his whole face and three feathers on his head drooped down in horror. "Uh oh…"

"UAHHHH!" the next few seconds had Jet racing on his board, fleeing with ballistic swishing of his arms through the air as he cried out in fright at Sonic's blue blur racing after him. "Someone help me! He's gone nuts!" he cried out, dashing through the business halls of Sega of America and racing to the elevator. Hopping off, he sighed, relieved he was freed of the hedgehog.

Then the camera panned right…

"Boo." Sonic stated, and glared as he held his fist up.

"AH! OFFPH! HELP! THAT HURTS! WHY YOU! WAIT! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! HONEST! OWW! SHOW SOME MERCY!"

When the elevator opened, Jet was flung out of it, critters tweeted around his head as his eyes swirled when Sonic walked out, dusting his hands off and standing forebodingly over him.

"Sonic!"

Sonic flinched, being snapped out of it for a moment to look to the right of him, down by the hobby's big round area with an empty space above, as many onlookers glanced down over the railings to see the spectacle down below. From the entrance, a man with a brief case was about to walk in, but suddenly turned around and out of the door to avoid the sudden drama he saw coming.

"…Amy?" Sonic saw the young pink hedgehog look at him with a glare, clearly upset by his actions, as she was just having a nice conversation with the lobbyist in front of the desk near her.

"And what, might I ask, are you doing!?" She leaned her head forward, put her hands to her hips,
and in every manner of a upset girlfriend, she marched right up to him and stomped her foot right in front of him. Poor Jet twitched out of his knocked out state by her stomp, and looked up to her, making a frightful noise at her expression.

"Amy, this is none of your concern!" Sonic swooshed his arm out and then withdrew it back to his side, not taking anything she was going to throw at him today.

"None of my concern eh? Then how about my business!" she got down and lifted Jet up forcefully by his cheek.

"Ow, ow-ow!" he got up, but her pinch was cruel, and he had his hands just hovering over her hand, fearing her reaction if he tried to stop her.

"Don't you know your Sega's icon? What happens to celebrities who make a bad image for themselves by getting into brawls, hmm?" she stared right at him, and he leaned back slightly.

"Nehh.." he looked away, through gritted teeth making the disapproving sound at her lecturing, and looking away from her.

"They lose their E rating!" she shouted out.

"She has a point-ow!" Jet pointed to Amy, siding with her before she pulled him back a bit, and pitching a little harder to get him to shut up.

"Don't make it worse on yourself pal by sucking up to me." She stated, but really was just protecting him from Sonic's wrath. "This isn't like you, Sonic. Your not prone to this kind of violence. Now, I've heard you've been reading some fan mail… did something upset you?" She took her other hand, and giving a more gentle expression of love and concern, tried to place a hand on his muzzle.

"Pah!" he moved his head away from her reaching hand, and walked toward the elevator, but then looked around, made another upset noise and just releasing his built up aggressive tension, and walked toward the lobby's center. He saw the lobby lady looking at him, but she quickly avoided eye contact and went back to reading a popular magazine of hers. "Hmph." He let some air out of his nose and then rubbed it, not feeling very friendly at all now…. "Is everyone judging me today..?" he mumbled a little scornfully. "Can anyone just GIVE ME A BREAK!" he yelled, making his voice echo off the walls of the round arched lobby.

Amy, in her new found fury, let go of Jet's trembling state of trying to find the right words to ask nicely, not really his forte, for her to let go of him. Once released, he shouted his joys of freedom and dashed off, as Amy marched back over to Sonic.

"You think you're the only one allowed to have a bad day and mop about it!?!" Amy cried out, standing to the side of him before making her way in front of him, stomping her foot down again.

Sonic growled, but made sure he looked to her without the hostility in his voice, he didn't want to get mad at Amy for something that wasn't her fault…

"Just leave me alone, Amy. I don't have the patience today." He started to walk away, when Amy reached out and grabbed his arm. "Hey!"

"You're coming with me, mr. grumpy quills!" She held her head high, "Hmph!" and started to forcefully drag him behind her as he stumbled to keep up with her, moving over to the door that led out of Sega company walls.
"A-Amy! What do you think your-?"

"I'm taking you for a WALK." With as much hostility as he had once held back, she glared back and spat out her remark. "We're going to the mall, you need some fresh air!"

"Fresh-what!?" He ripped his arm away from her. "And who suddenly made you my therapist?!" he returned the hostility, not holding anything back now…

"The moment she quit!" Amy rebuttled, not liking his attitude today nor his tone with her. "And you'd do best to show a bit of respect toward me, Sonic!" she reached for his arm again, but he moved so quickly it was a literal 'grab at the wind' as he only moved a inch or two away from her grasp.

"No." He stated very plainly, and shook his head only a moment, defying her at the very best his abilities. "You have no power over me."

A quick glare his way, and the cat and mouse game was on.

"GET BACK HERE! OHHhhHH~!" Amy whined, rushing up the stairs only to see him dart down, spin dash clear across the large circled space to the next open hall, and rail the railing before jumping up, grabbing the next floor, and parkouring upward before finally settling on a few stories up, smirking to Amy and waving to her as if in a flirty fashion.

Amy had steam rising from her head, before Sonic stuck his tongue out at her and raced into another open doorway. Now her ears fired out the steam of true hatred, as she raced to the elevator.

A man in the elevator saw her storm in, and saw her panting.

She looked so committed… like she wasn't going to give up no matter what.

The man, looking very Japanese, smiled as he looked ahead at the closed door of the elevator.

"He's on the roof." He whispered, as Amy suddenly lost her focused glare on the door, and looked up to him surprisingly.

"H… how do you know that?" she asked, incredulously.

"Because I'm the writer." He stated, and smiled a wicked but kind grin down to her.

She looked shocked at first, but then returned the smile and winked at him back. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it."

"I'll bake you a cake."

"…I do love cakes…"

"Did you just write me to say that?"

"What do you think?"

"…hmm…." She looked down and then up, thinking to herself, and putting a finger up to her mouth. "…Strawberry?"

"My favorite." He winked and stepped out of the elevator as it hit his floor, "Sayonara!" he waved back to her.
"Arigato!" she waved cutely back, before the door closed, then her ears spiked inward in a devilish way, and her laugh turned creepy as she rubbed her fingers together, scheming…

Just as the young writer said, Sonic was up on the roof, taking in the wind on his face, and sighing as he thought about each hurtful comment the letter had stated. "First one I read too.." he looked up, and watched the clouds move faster than ever over him. "Windy day.. they used to be my favorite." He grumbled out, and then closed his eyes, trying to adjust himself a bit and get relaxed enough to sleep.

"Yu-whoo?"

Sonic's eyes opened quickly, and looked down from his spot on the roof, a high pillar where a flag was being flown on, and some pipes for obvious reasons. "You just never quit, do you?" he wasn't even hiding his snarky comment from her, just was fed up with her personality traits for one day.

"I told you! You needed fresh air!" she hollered up, putting her hands around her mouth to make her voice project louder, but she didn't really need too… she was loud as it is.

"Who asked you to try and help ME? I'm fine!" he shouted down, and moved away from the edge, out of sight.

But not out of heart…

"Sonic… I'm your girlfriend! And Girlfriend's care about their boyfriends!" She shook her arms up and down, trying to yell loudly so he could still hear her.

"Your not my girlfriend!" Sonic shouted back.

"That's a matter of opinion!" she shouted right back.

He rolled his eyes, and took an old hat that had blown up that high and placed it over his head. "Amy…. Just go away…" he groaned out.

"What?!" Amy called, not sure what he said with all the wind.

"I SAID JUST GO AWAY!" he moved back to the edge, placing the hat on his head, and holding it down by his hand. "YOUR VOICE IS SO ANNOYING WHEN IT'S LOUD, YOU KNOW THAT?!" he screamed back.

"DOES SCREAMING HELP YOU RELEASE SOME OF YOUR BUILT UP AGGRESSION!?!" she shouted back.

"Ah…MAYBE?!" he suddenly looked confused, not sure if this method was actually working or not. "Wait, were you- I mean," he shook his head, and the hat on his head blew off in his amazement at suddenly realizing her tactic. "ARE YOU TRYING TO CALM ME DOWN BY YELLING?!"

"-OUT YOUR FEELINGS, YES!" she called back. "IS IT WORKING??"

"NO!"

"I THINK YOUR LIEING!"

"I F I WAS, I WOULDN'T BE UP HERE AVOIDING YOU!"

"WHAT?!"
"YOU HEARD THAT, WOMAN!"

"RESPECT ME AND CALL ME BY MY NAME, GOSH DARN IT!"

"WAS THAT AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP THIS RATED E?"

At that statement, Amy giggled, and realized he wasn't so upset anymore. She was happy her little decoy at getting him to let go of some of his anger was working, but now for phase two.

"MAYBE?" she then laughed. Sonic looked down at her with a puzzling expression. He lifted one eyebrow up, and then slowly, but surely started laughing too.

"YOU'RE INSANE! YOU KNOW THAT?!" he said this as to not offend her, as she looked up to him cutely, showing she knew, even if he was screaming it to her, that he wasn't meaning it in a harmful way.

"I GUESS SOME PEOPLE NEED INSANITY TO HELP THE ONES AROUND THEM WHEN THEIR NOT ABLE TO CONTROL THEIR INSANITY!" she called back, and then motioned him to come down, "COME ON! LET'S GO SHOPPING! I'LL BUY YOU FOOD, MY TREAT!" she used her other hand to funnel her voice to travel a bit better, and finally let her arms rest as she moved them forward and back, rocking on her heels, cutely trying to entice him down to her.

But mostly, she was relieved he wasn't so angry anymore… she was really starting to worry about him…

"Heh… typical Amy Rose." he looked away, and then sweetly back to her. "Fine…" he mumbled, getting ready to scale down the building to her.

"WHAT?!"

"I SAID- Oh… hold your horses!" he got tried of yelling, and just raced down, jumping at the last moment and then flipping in the air, stylishly landing in front of her with his feet landing first, then him slowly straightening himself up and posing like a hero, a thumbs up and a wink.

"There's my Sonic!" She grinned, and raced over to him, arms opened wide for her typical hug of the day.

"Uh… n-now Amy!" He sweat dropped in awkward expectance of the hug, and just braced himself as he held out his arms to try and stop her, but his footing completely stated he knew he was about to be charged and so did his face. "Heh, you know, one of these days… you just gotta let me say mad." He teased, and looked down to her, as she pulled away and chuckled at his comment.

"That'll be the day!" she kept a closed-eyed smile to him, before opening her eyes and cutely trying to bump her nose against his.

"Eh-woh!" Sonic moved back, dodging the 'affectionate attack' and moving at a safe distance away from her.

"Oh, come on." She pouted. "You were acting all sweet too… and we're up on the roof.. together.. alone.." she placed her hands together, looking at him like she was trying to make him feel guilty about backing down as she swayed her body to and fro, trying to act cute.

"Would you stop the 'innocent' act? You know full well we're just friends!" he humorously tightened his two arms down to his sides, shouting at her with a big anime mouth as she laughed.
"Quick reminder for something you should already know Sonic…" she suddenly looked to the right of her, and then started to flirtatiously walk up to him, eyelids halfway down, as he remained in place, looking at her in a bit of wide-eyed wonder.

Once she was close enough, she moved her hand up to his chest, and started speaking to him as if her words we're so charmingly seducing. "I. Don't. Give. Up." She tapped his chest with each word, as he shuffled his feet as quickly as he could back to the railing of the roof, and gulped.

She smiled, and ran up to him, gripping the rails to the sides of Sonic so he couldn't move and continued, "Especially, the things I know are worth fighting for." She then flicked his nose and walked away.

Sonic glared, but mostly with a pout on his face at her attempt to 'make a move' so to speak. "If that's how your gonna act.." he started, getting upright and tugging on the ends of his gloves.

"Then I'm not going on that walk with you anywhere."

The moment he stated that, Amy stopped dead in her tracks, surprise covering her face, as she looked back at Sonic's backside, which he purposefully had facing her.

"You mean… you'll go? With me?" she said, a bit dumbfounded.

He continued to not look at her, and fiddle with his gloves. "I supposed to thank you for helping me relax a bit, it might not be such a bad idea." He finally turned around, "But it's not a DATE." He declared, and looked over at the skyline of the building, taking in the view without his anger blocking its beauty and the radiance of the sun on the windows of the other buildings. "Besides… You said you'd do anything to get what you want, right?" he looked back to her, and with his quills rushing in the wind, he moved them back and grinned. "Well, they say if you can't stop them, join them, right?"

"….You… you're just trying to repay me for being the one decent friend that was willing to try and help you when you acted like you didn't want it, but needed it the most." She was getting teary eyed, and this made Sonic uncomfortable.

"Aw, come on Amy, you're not gonna cry are ya?" he looked to the side, smiling slightly because he thought she was actually being pretty cute, and was slightly glad she knew the real reason for agreeing to spend time with her now.

"Oh Sonic!~" she jumped forward, and startled him as she rubbed her crying head against his awkwardly laughing face.

"Alright, alright… don't make me have to suddenly calm you down too…" he joked, as she pulled away and let him get up a bit, since they were now both on their knees from her tackle. She sniffed, rubbing her eyes, "Thanks Sonic…"

"For what? I'm thanking you, not the other way around." He was genuinely happy again, and didn't even bother getting up for a moment.

"So… we'll go to the mall," she finally got her crying under control and happily looked up to him. "And then, you'll completely forget about that fan letter!"

"…." His smile slowly faded, as he was reminded of it's words and looked down a moment, recollecting them.

Why are you so dumb in your latest games, Sonic?
Aren't you suppose to be cool? What happened? Why are you saving aliens and turning into a Halloween character?!

I don't know what you think you're doing, but shape up alright and start being Sonic again!

I miss the old you, the REAL you, the cool and adventurous you!

What's with the new designs on that one thing anyway?!

Do you even care about your fans and what they think?

"Sonic?"

Sonic snapped back to reality, and shook his head. "Wh-wha?" He was suddenly downstairs in the lobby, and realized he must of let Amy allow him to follow her all the way back down here.

"You were really silent on the elevator… is everything okay?" She was worried he didn't really want to go with her, but she wasn't going to bring it up. He was going to have fun with her at the mall no matter what! And she was going to make his day turn from a downer to an upsy-daisy day!

"H-huh? Oh… fine.. yeah, it's all good." He looked down, and his words didn't match his state at all…

"…Sonic…" Amy looked worriedly to him, but didn't say anymore.

"Sonic! Where do you think you're going?!" A man intervened on their way out the door.

"Huh? What's the matter?" Sonic grew suspicious, as Amy stepped up.

"I'm just taking him out is all, what's the big deal?"

"All of a sudden?! We have a big deadline coming up! We need Sonic, right now!" The man walked to the side of Sonic, "Come on, if you're more calmer now, then we need you, pronto!"

"…I…" Sonic looked to Amy, and then the man. "I can't."

"What's that suppose to mean!?!" The man looked a bit panicky.

"Look, I'll come back and the first thing I'll do is head to the shooting room, k? We'll get the trailer out there and start work on the game, but before that I really do need a moment out in the free world." He gestured to the doors. "America doesn't like to be waited on." He joked.

"Neither does Japan, but eh." Amy chimed in, shrugging as Sonic looked back to her with a joking expression like, 'Really?' but with a smile on his face.

"B-bu-but!" he pointed to Sonic, then the elevator, then to Sonic again. Looking in the opposite direction each time his hand moved one way and another.

"Sorry, pal. I'll be back in a Sonic second! Promise!" he winked, and gently put his hand on Amy's back, moving her toward and out the door.

"S-Sonic? Only a second?!" She seemed depressed by that promised, but let him move her as he wished too.

"Just keep walking, I'll speedily get things done with these charming schedule addicts-"
"Lunatics." Amy teased, rolling her eyes.

"Yes, that. But in a more indirect way." He joked right back at her. "And get things later with them." he finally finished, and they were safely out the door.

"Now then," he clapped his hands together, trying to ignore the awkwardness of placing his hand on Amy's back. "Where to first?" he really didn't care though, he just didn't like his hand there for that long.

Especially knowing Amy would think more of it...

Which she did.

"Oh! Let's go look at the clothing stores first!" she raced to the mall, grabbing his arm quickly and having him tag along.

"...Clothes...?" his horror showed in his eyes along with his disappointment. "Do we have too?"

"Yes! I'll pick out the cutest little outfit for you!"

"Outfit? Cute?" he cringed, he was only meant to EVER be cool! He then flung his arm back to the Sega Building, "Wait! I've changed my mind! I'll be productive! Honest! I'll work till my bones ache! Nooo!" he was pulled away, as Amy giggled and raced girlishly to her first destination.

"Wear this." She held out a hat for him.

He studied it, and looked up to her, and then shook his head, keeping his arms folded. "No!"

"Wear it~" she said a little more forcefully this time.

"Nope." He turned his head farther away from her.

"Ohh.." she pouted, "SSSONNIC! WEAR IT WEAR IT WEAR IT!" she leapt at him as he tried to get away, holding his feet she made sure he couldn't run and then sat on them.

"NONONONONO!" he cried out, having chibi tears in his eyes at being pinned against his will.

"Just remember, you said you'd come with me!" she huffed, and placed the hat on his head. "There!"

"I said 'come with' not 'go and be your personal ken doll' with..." he mumbled, and looked up. All the humans couldn't see them... figments of imagination we're all his kind we're to the consumers. All of them... they just saw him as a hero of a video game...

You don't do anything new or cool anymore!

Why can't you just do this! Or this! Then you'd be cool again! Yeah! Oh, but for giving you the idea, I want a bit of profit too ;)!

Are you really gonna let Sega make a fool out of you!?

Why are you sucking up to Nintendo? If that's the case, then just let them own you! At least THEN you might make a cool rival to Mario...

"SONIC!"
"Ah!" Sonic snapped out of his thoughts again, and was now sitting on a bench with cushions on it, as he looked to see Amy wearing a very modern attire on.

"You… you okay? You seem kinda spacey today…" she leaned up, putting her hand over her mouth in thought and concern.

It was then that Sonic saw Amy a bit differently… She was wearing something more her age, not her old, kidish red dress anymore.

"Hmm?" Amy noticed his silent and studying stare, as she looked down, and grinned. "Hehe~ Like it?" she did a little spin, and Sonic got a little of the back lash of her skirt spinning up. Giggling, she pushed the skirt down and stopped spinning. "Sorry about that. I like it's length though, actually keeps my legs warm!" she teased.

"Yeah… it's pretty, Amy." He smiled, and for a moment she looked at him a bit shocked.

The next second, she had a hammer dangerously close to his head, "Who are you, and what have you done with Sonic?!" she demanded.

"WOAH! Amy! Calm down! It's not that shocking that I complimented you, right!?!" he was a bit taken aback by her reaction. "I mean… come on, you know you're not that bad without me saying anything, right?"

She lost her crazy look, and gently went back to her normal looking self, as she put her hammer down and fiddled with her quill that gently curled beside her right cheek. "I… I guess so… I mean, I am cute right?" she winked, striking a pose.

"…You really need me to say something… don't you?" Sonic looked a bit sad, how could Amy, his cute little admirer, be so self-conscious?

"I… well, I mean it's nice to hear you know…." She took her hammer and covered her blushing face with it, a bit embarrassed.

Sonic swiftly got up, after a moment of debating with himself whether he should or shouldn't do this or not, and moved the hammer out of her face. "You're pretty." He said, staring right at her, and not faltering on his strict gaze to her.

"Ah… R-…really?" She blushed in embarrassment, but also at how direct he was…

"Really." He stated, and nodded his head. "No joke. You're very cute."

Her face suddenly lit up with a red fume as her eyes spun in swirls. "Oh Sonic~ You're so cool!" she slightly drooped a bit in her flustered state of being, but Sonic just let her hammer go and looked away, a little anime tear drop slightly appearing on the side of his head.

He took the hat off, after realizing it was still there, and put it on a human mannequin's head. "Come on, Pinky. You're starting to turn a deeper shade." He kid.

"Ohhh~ It's cause you springed that on me so quickly!" she still had the blush on her face, but she quickly ran in the dressing room, and came out with her ionic red dress on.

Sonic pouted slightly, "And we're back to you…" he stated, referring to the red dress, but Amy didn't get it.

"What?" she said, placing and adjusting her headband on just right.
Sonic sighed, "But I guess you'll do." He then looked away. "You know… I'll admit… I can't really get that kid's letter out of my head…"

Amy's expression changed as he heard him, and she looked at him with such love, wishing she could somehow help him.

Then it she shook her own feeling off, and knew she had to do something! Anything! Because it was for Sonic!

"Well, he's just a ranting out his feelings. You shouldn't take it so much to heart. Come along." She closed her eyes, stuck up her nose, and grabbed his wrist, pulling him once again behind her as she briskly manner as Sonic hopped on one foot for a moment before gaining his balance and walking behind her.

Staring up at her, he watched as she strongly pushed through the moment, striding onward as if making a steady path through his troublesome thoughts so he could more smoothly get through his doubts and fears. Even though Sonic wouldn't admit it, he really did fear letting his fans down… and that letter kinda set that whole insecurity into motion.

As she walked on, Sonic smiled. He knew he needed to make it up to her, she was trying her hardest after all… and she was the only one gusty enough to challenge him at the peak of his rage. He might as well carry on and humor her a bit longer before heading back home…

He walked quicker up next to her, matching her speed as she noticed him beside her and slowed down. She'd always wanted to walk beside him… but never got that chance…. Sonic always moved faster than light to her, and she never had a second to just…

Suddenly, Sonic rotated his hand, and gripped hers as well.

Now, instead of her just pulling him by his wrist, they were legitimately holding hands. And you know what? Sonic didn't even look like it bothered him, as he kept his face glued forward or off to the side, looking at store windows.

"So? Where to next?" he seemed ready for adventure, as he looked to her with a pleasant face and waited for her reply.

"Oh...oh-o-oh me?" she pointed to herself, completely stuttering out her words and blushing, flustered by this sudden acceptance of him letting her hold his hand… it was so grand to her, this whole moment, that she lost touch with reality for a second. A Sonic Second! One she wasn't planning on loosing, wasting, or forgetting now!

"W-what ev-v-er you want!" she quickly spoke out, and looked away from him. A moment in time stopped, as she took another quick glance at their hands.

They weren't even intertwined, but she could feel the heat coming from just the gentle hold on her, that secure and kind pressure of his hand holding her own… and hers holding his… except right now that is, since she feared her hands would get sweaty or something weird like that and in her suspended moment of disbelief she actually wasn't holding his hand back, and he was just holding hers.

After realizing her terrible falter, she gently gripped his hand back, and looked away.

Sonic studied her face for a moment, trying to figure out what was happening in that silly little brain of hers, before he let out a quick, "Pfft!".
"Ah! W-w-w-wah-what's so funny!?!" She stated, looking back at him and feeling like she might of done something wrong and spoiled the whole moment.

"Haha!" he laughed quickly with his eyes closed, trying to hold in his laughter, "If I'd have known holding your hand would save me the trouble of convincing you to do what I wanted to do, I would of started holding your hand years ago! Hahahaha!" he finally just lifted his head back and started laughing even more, not holding it back. He really did need to laugh, and seeing her act so cute and flustered made him feel a bit better too. It wasn't so awkward now that he felt he had some control on the situation. So, by far he was enjoying himself right now, a bit to Amy's expense though…

"H…Hontoni…?" her true Japanese nature leaked out, and she slapped her other hand over her mouth. "Opps! Sorry, I was just so surprised I-!

Sonic's ears flicked up slightly, and he looked back to her. "Don't be sorry! Your Japanese for crying out loud! It's cute!" he grinned. "Anata wa tottemo kawaii desu, Amy. Haha!" He spoke out too, and Amy blushed.

"We're… we're in America right now though…" she looked down, blushing more than she had ever in her whole life, while Sonic just laughed his nose off.

"Come on, now Amy! What's with the whole shy act?!" he pulled her hand just enough to have her body face him, since she was looking away, this forced her to turn back to him. "Your not trying to get me to fall for you, now, are you?" he stuck up his other hands pointer finger, and waved it around, almost in a 'tsk tsk' movement before winking to her.

"S…Sonikku…" Amy couldn't believe how he was acting with her just now. But his grin just grew bigger with his eyes closed, as he suddenly leaned away from her, satisfied with his good little laugh, he looked around.

He suddenly saw a game stop, and noticed one of his old games on the rack of games for sale, along with all the oldies no one bought so they were putting the rejects at a cheaper price in a pile that looked like a dump. His face grew cold and stared on with emotion he dared not show….

Amy followed his gaze, and her pity and love over came her rapidly beating heart and flustered appearance. She quickly tugged his attention away from the sad sight, making him move back and almost fall before gaining his balance and looking up to her.

"You choose. Where to?" she stated, changing the subject and smiling to him.

He looked at her with a clueless expression at first, before smiling at her gesture. He straightened himself up and looked around again, avoiding the game stop.

"Now… where do I want to go..? Ah!" He saw something down the mall's long stretch of stores, and swooshed his leg under Amy, getting her to fall where he wanted her to so he could just sweep her up and into his arms, bridal style. "There's an arcade over there!" he excitedly stated, "And we're off!" he kicked one leg up to the side of him, before sprinting off towards the Arcade.

In the front entrance, Sonic stopped on a dime and looked up toward it. "Heh, think there's any Sega games here?" he curiously questioned, and looked down to her. "Geez, Amy…" he pouted, "If you keep blushing like that, your muzzles gonna be permanently stained that color…"

"S..Shut up!" Amy got out of his arms, and covered her face. "Y..You… your being so nice all of a sudden…"

"What do you mean?" he put one hand to his hip, and let the other hang down beside him, leaning
his weight on one leg, he looked in a pretty cool stance, as he smiled to her with an eyebrow raised at her reply to him. "I always carry you like that."

"I didn't mean it like that! Owhh, you'll never understand the young girl's heart!" she turned from him a bit and stomped on the ground, "Why are boys so oblivious?!"

"Why are girls so strange?" he scratched his head. "Anyway, let's just go in and play a game or two alright?" he walked in, and looked pretty excited. He whistled, seeing the energy in the room at all the kids playing and enjoying themselves. "Looks like this place is pretty lively today, huh Amy?" he looked behind him, and saw Amy walking up beside him, pouting at his comeback against her own.

"Are we only gonna play the Sega games?" she asked, looking a bit disappointed she may not be able to play the others due to company loyalty.

Sonic gasped.

He slowly turned around to face her, staring at her with a dead-set stare in his eyes as he stated, "Amy…Rose...!" As if he was offended by her last comment.

She had a sweat drop on the side of her face.

"Of course we can play other games." He stated this just as seriously as he did the first line, and placed his hands on his hips.

"Haha, I'll let you pick the game. But no matter what you'll pick…" he suddenly changed to a cheery mascot of Sega again, in a literal tick of a clock, and that fast too, maybe even faster.

He then leaned in and struck a confident pose, "You'll never be able to beat me~" he chimed out. "Hehe~"

"Oh? Is that so!" Amy smiled, liking the fact that her silly Sonic, even if he was acting more sweet around her for some reason…, was finally being playful again! Like he usually was… and this time, she wasn't gonna mention the letter again!

"I'll be I can beat you with…" she looked around the Arcade. "Ah-ha!" she ran towards one of the games, as Sonic looked to her slyly, as if he knew something she didn't know.

Smugly, he put his hands behind his head, and walked behind her, slowly, as to not cause her suspicion. "Alright. Just don't cry if I win." He grinned, and smirked in the highest of pleasures at her glare back to him.

"We'll see!" she stuck her tongue out at him, and pointed to the game. "DDR!"

"Dancing…. huh?" He looked to the two humans vs. each other.

"Yep!- Wanna back out now?" she lowered her eyelids and struck a confident pose, putting her hands on her hips and looking smug in her decision.

"…With my fast and fancy foot work?"

Amy's eyelids shot up, as she realized her horrible mistake.

"N-not that one." She moved on, as Sonic suddenly did a really fast jig with his legs, further proving her fault of choice as he looked like an Irish dancer as his top half never moved an inch
besides up and down as his feet we're a blur that made it look like he had six or eight legs moving around.

"Ha! You can't possibly win at this!" She walked over to a big booth and held a microphone in her hand.

Sonic raised an eyebrow.

"Karaoke!" Amy wiggled the microphone in her hand. "So? Chicken out now while you still have a chance!" She beamed, leaning on the railing of the uplifted platform in front of the booth.

"…Two words Amy…." Sonic held up to fingers. "Sonic. Underground."

Amy slowly opened her smug little eyes which filled with horror slowly as she bent her back down in failure yet again.

"But… but that was a long time ago!" she tried to defend her opinion and choice in activity. "You we're just a kid! And it was just a silly show, I mean, you've gotten older so-!"

He looked back at her with a very sarcastic expression on his face.

"… you're right, you'll sound ten times better now that you're fully grown.. and your voice got deeper…" she imagined for a second, day dreaming, and looking off dreamily at the picture and sound in her head, before shaking it off.

She threw the microphone back and stomped off the stage, "NOT WHAT I MEANT TO PICK! I MEANT…Uhhh…." She looked around quickly, loosing the battle before it's even begun…

"This one!" she pointed to a game with snowboards.

"Sonic Adventure." Sonic stated, "2." He held up his two fingers again, smiling at her grabbing her hair and wiping her head back in anger at her foolishness.

She stomped over to another one, growing increasingly sad at each game she pointed to, which he continued to state how obvious he was going to win at it without actually uttering the very words.

"Gun game!"

"Shadow the hedgehog? No thanks."

"Ha! But you've never held a gun before! Violence is restricted in most Sega games! I can win! Hehehe-HA! Prepare to lose!" she struck a pose and held her pointer finger high in the sky, spreading her legs like the 'warrior' stance in yoga, and putting her other arm on her hip to show style and class, which she must of clearly been going for.

"….Amy…” he looked at her like she was being a fool again, the 'oh hon' kinda face. "…You've never held a gun either…"

She slowly let her cocky demeanor fall again, as she fell to her knees and started tearing up.

"Uh… hey, now.. what'd I say about crying?" Sonic suddenly got worried and awkwardly bent down to try and get her up again. "Come on, don't-"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAH!" Amy burst into tears, and Sonic let his arms drop and roll his eyes as he put his hand on his face, rubbing between his eyes at the little bit of blue skin that remained there.
"Really? You're going to throw a tantrum now?"

"IT'S BECAUSE I CAN'T BEAT YOU! AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN PLAYED ANY GAMES YET! WHAHAHAHAHAHAAA!" She laid on the ground, kicking her legs up and flailing her arms about.

Sonic felt embarrassed by her, just watching her wiggle on the ground so pathetically, you could hear the huge anime tear drop appear and slide down the side of his head. "Did it ever occur to you I might of actually let you win once?"

He sighed as she ignored him and kept kicking up a rant and crying out, "NOT EVEN ONE GA-AM-AM-AME! I COULDN'T FIND EVEN ON-UN-UN-NE!"

As he looked unamused for a moment, thinking 'well, this is highly unattractive.' He suddenly noticed a game to his side, and his eyes lit up, as he smiled to her.

"Hey uh… what about that one?"

"Wha…what one..?" she calmed down enough to sniffle that line out, as she looked up from the ground.

**Whack-a-Mole**

"Tis a miracle." Sonic teased, putting his hands together and cheesily lifted one leg up, daintily. "How could I possibly hope of beating Amy at a game that involves hammer smashing?~ Oh, woo is me~" he dramatically held the backside of his hand up to his forehead, and placed the other hand on his chest. "Boohoo…” he then put his hands up to his muzzle, having randomly pulled out a handkerchief and chibi fake crying.

"Ah!" Amy's face lit up with joy as her smile grew big when she placed her hands on the edge of the game.

She picked up the hammer, and twirled it skillfully in her hand. Gasping, she then looked back at Sonic, a devil's sneer as she laughed, "WOH-HO-HO-HO! You've met you're match, Sonic! Now, I, Amy Rose, shall finally have your handsome little face experience the expression of DEEEEFEAT!" she raised the small hammer up, as Sonic put on a fake mustache and clapped for her.

"Yay… Amy… you can do it." He faked cheered, not even trying to hide the fact it was him or keep up the disguise.

The game flickered on, and Amy inserted three rings in the coin slots, and immediately, almost by magic, the game ringed with the sound of the rings being magically changed into coins, as it came on.

**GAME SET!**

The screen displayed, as Amy held the hammer out, ready…

Sonic yawned, leaning on another game behind her.

**WHACK THAT MOLE!**

Amy went skillfully down on each of the moles that appeared. With the grace of a dancer but the fierce speed and strength of a warrior, she was able to successfully hit each and everyone of them.
WINNER!

3,000

The 3,000 blinked in red over and over again, as Amy huffed and puffed, before looking up at it.

"AH!" her open smile returned, as she turned to Sonic in utter triumph. "Ha! Beat that, Sonic! But of course, you probably won't. It's not like you have experience with whacking things with a hammer, now, do you?" she taunted, doing some cool tricks with the mini hammer that was attached to the game by a thin black cord.

"But I do have experience with hitting things." He retorted, seeming very confident which made Amy step back and let him pass her to the game, growing slightly worried and hoping he didn't have a trick up his sleeve, or glove, this time.

"What are you..?"

He looked back and smiled at her, getting the hammer and looking it over. "Eh." He tossed it to the ground.

"What!? Sonic!"

He inserted his three rings, and the game converted them to coins and flickered on again.

GAME SET

He suddenly put a foot on the machine.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? GET OFF OF THEIR!"

WHACK THAT MOLE!

Sonic just looked back at her from on top of the game, smirking, as he had his hands on his hips and looked completely ready to secure his title as a gaming master.

He spun into his spin ball and started using his homing attack to hit every mole that appeared.

Amy's mouth slowly dropped as she watched the blue blur zing around such a tiny space as fast as he did hitting every mole that dared popped it's head up.

WINNER!

3,000

Sonic jumped down, and uncurled, looking to the screen with a smug nod.

He then looked to Amy, completely dumbfounded and heartbroken.

"Oh…Look! We tied!" he gestured both arms to the game. "Yay~" he faked his excitement by bending his arms and moving them like a high school girl out in front of him, but clearly, his little act was pleasing Amy to well…

She looked down, her eyes covered in black shadows of betrayal. "…you cheated…"

"Cheated? Me?" Sonic pointed to himself, disbelievingly looking at her as if her accession couldn't possibly be correct. "Amy, the hammer's there as an option." He stated, explaining his case. "Kids
can use their hands to pound the moles, but then they could hurt themselves, so the hammer's there to give the extra aid. I, though, use my body to hit things, so clearly, the hammer wasn't needed. Thusly, I tied with you." he bent forward a little, bowing to her. "Well played, Miss Rose. Good game!" he held out his hand, trying to show some decent sportsmanship, but Amy just looked up to him with a glare.

"The highest possible score you can get in this game is 3,000!" she angrily shouted out to him, her fist shaking in her fury.

"Uhh… n-now Amy… I thought we were having fun here…" Sonic slowly started backing up, knowing what was surely going to come next…

Amy summoned her hammer, crying. "YOU JERK!"

"AHHH-WA-WAAAAH!" he dashed off, as she raced after him with her hammer.

"YOU SAID YOU'D LET ME WIN!"

"I said I could!"

"But you didn't you, you jerk!"

"Amy, we tied! Can't you be happy with that!?"

"You just can't bare to lose, can you!?"

"Mamma mia! It's-a Sonic the Hedgehog!"

"…huh?..." the two stopped in their very tracks, and slowly looked away and at the screen from the red and blue Plummer behind them, with him, was the ever so lovely pink princess of the mushroom kingdom.

"Is that…?" Sonic began, completely frozen in mid dash.

"Quick! Smile…" Amy and Sonic slowly turned their heads around, having the most fakest smiles they could muster. "Act. Natural."

"Oh, hiya, Mario! Haha! Fancy seeing you here." Sonic charmingly walked over to Mario, holding out his hand as they did their Olympics hand hold of trust action and then let go, as Mario patted his shoulder.

"It's-a so good to see you-a running around again, Sonic!" Mario commented, smiling and being cheery as always.

"…Again? I have been running around.." Sonic placed his hands on his hips, leaning forward and taking what he said as a bit of an insult.

"Oh, but of course! Of-a course you have! That's why I'm so happy for you!" Mario laughed, clearly not meaning it the way Sonic was taking it.

"Heh heh… right." Sonic felt slightly threatened by his presence here, and just let Mario be.

"Princess~" Amy curtsied politely.

"Aw, Amy! It's-a so good to see you! You-a look so cute-a today!" She smiled very sweetly, keeping her hands in front of her and together.
"Ah, thank you, your majesty. Heh~ Me and Sonic we're just-" before she could finish, Sonic flinched and dashed over to her, covering her mouth.

"Oh, you know, going on a walk~ heh heh." He was worried she say something embarrassing, but under his grasp she fought back, trying to get his hand off of her mouth.

"What was that for?!" She whispered to him, finally getting his hand off.

"It's not a date." He whispered with the side of his mouth to her, and then brought his mouth back to center to smile to Peach and Mario.

"O-..oh?" The two looked to each other, and giggled.

"Well, you could-a say me and Mario are-a going on a little date-a." Peach simply said as plain as she could, not even flinching or making any indication that that was embarrassing for her to say.

Mario nodded, before his eyes shot open and grew wide, looking back to Peach, "Yes, we- WAIT. Princess! Is-a this really a-a date?!” he said, shocked to hear that. He pulled his hat off, and held it in front of himself, clearly being more formal and mannerly now that he knew he was taking her out on a date.

Peach just giggled as she looked to him, blushing slightly to his big red face, and holding her hand gently up to her mouth to block her smile. "Come-a along, Mario. Let's get-a some cake from the-a café." She walked onwards, as Mario followed her movements, and looked back to Sonic, flustered.

"W-well-a,…. Good day!" he spun around, "Yahoo! I've-a got a date-a!" he dashed after her, bouncing to get more distance as he landed next to her saying, "Let's-a go!"

Sonic and Amy we're still close to each other and Sonic's arm was still around Amy's head, but wasn't obscuring it like it was before. The two looked to each other, and Sonic jolted backwards, letting her go and loosening his balance for a moment, swinging his arms to try and gain balance. "Woah-wha-wha-oh!" he finally got his bearings on two feet, and sighed. Straightening himself out, he placed his hand to his mouth. "Ehem, well, that was… weird." He looked out to the mall again, "We should get going…"

"…That was… really cute." She looked down, then off and to Mario and Peach, not so secretly admiring them. She sighed, wishing Sonic would consider at least today a date… they did hold hands...

"…Amy, come on!" Sonic, not looking at her anymore after seeing her expression to Mario and Peach, grabbed her hand again and walked out of the arcade. "Everyone's been judging me today… I don't need you too as well." He mumbled, making her head shoot back to his direction.

"Sonic…” he was still thinking of the letter, especially now since she was envying Mario and Peach's relationship right in front of him. He must of felt inferior to Mario…

"We're going somewhere you want to go now. Any ideas?"

"...." Amy blushed in silence again, seeing their hands interlock once more, and trying to think of any way to cheer him up again. "Uh….em, yes!" she straightened herself out too, she knew exactly where to go! "I want to go somewhere."

"Okay." Sonic turned around, "Where?"

"Your going to have to run us down that way." She had an idea, but she hoped with all her heart it
"Down there, huh?" He looked at the distance. "Okay." Instead of tripping her down and swooping her up like usual, Amy just jumped right into his arms, making him stumble back a bit and get a good hold on her. Bouncing her up a bit to get a good grip. "Woah, easy there!" he replied to her action, but she was serious this time around, she wasn't going to joke with him right now…

"Let's go!" she stated, determined to get it this time right!

"Alright…?" Sonic looked at her focused expression, and wondered what she was thinking…

Dashing along, he stopped. "Here?"

"Nope, you passed it, to far."

He groaned, racing back. "Here?"

"Passed it."

"What? Again? Well, where is it?" He looked back behind him, moving his head around and trying to see passed the crowd of humans that had no idea they we're even there, or alive that is.

"If you move a bit slower, you won't be wasting your time trying to find it." She folded her arms, and stuck up her nose with her eyes closed.

He rolled her eyes at her, and in the most umamused way, drooping his eyelids down, he started mechanically placing one long leg out and then the other, walking as literally like a toy solider and at that pace as he moved passed a store. "Here?"

"Nope."

He marched a little further. "Here?"

"Nope."

He groaned, "HERE?!"

"Yep."

His eyes grew curious, loosing their bored and upset look as he looked around, trying to find what the store was, when he turned to see 'TOYS R' US' nearest to him.

"Toys r' us?" he looked to Amy, confused.

"That's it!" Amy jumped out of his arms. Jogging with her arms swinging behind her like her typical run, she stopped and turned to him before entering the building. "Come on! This'll be fun!"

He had a doubtful face on. "Aren't you a bit to old for this?"

"Get in here!" She grabbed his arm and pulled him inside.

As they walked around, Amy looked for the thing she came in for in the first place, moving through isles quickly as Sonic also surveyed the products being sold here, and smiled at all the funny kid toys he saw. "Heh, I remember when my stuff used to be in here…huh?" He looked around, Amy was no where to be seen. "Amy?" he turned around, and looked down an isle he just passed. "Amy?" he sped around, not wanting to lose her, when he stopped to see her staring
lovingly at two young children… playing with his Sega All Star Racing toys!

"…That's…" Sonic walked over to her, as she shushed him, then put her hands together and watched them play.

"Vrroom! Vrroom! Come on, Sis! You have to make the noise!" The boy stated, talking to his little sister.

"But I wanna play with the dollies." She spoke very young, and it looked like she was barely passed 4 or 5. She giggled, picking up a Tails plushie and making it look like he was walking.

The boy rolled his eyes, moving Sonic with his car around the shelves. "Vrroom! Yeah! I'm the coolest! Vrroom!"

"I…I'm being played with Amy! I'm being played with…” Sonic was so happy, looking to Amy, who fondly looked back to him, and then looking to the kids with excitement in his eyes.

"See. There are still boys and girls out there who admire and love you, Sonic." Amy stated, and looked back to the kids. "I should know, I was your very first number one fan." She teased.

Sonic looked to her, and realized why she brought him here. He smiled, "You know… sometimes you're to good for me." He teased back.

She looked at him and giggled, closing her eyes.

He returned the gesture.

"No, Cindy! Don't choose that one!"

The two opened their eyes to see the little girl holding an Amy Rose plushie, making Amy gasp in excitement.

"But she's pink… and pretty." The girl fiddled with her hand.

"Nah, she's Sonic stalkerish girlfriend, just put her back….here!" He took out a Shadow plushie. "He's pretty cool, you can play with him."

She looked at the Amy plushie and put it back, then grabbing the Shadow plushie and bouncing around in excitement.

Amy's excitement left her all at once, as she started to walk down the left side of the isle, moving away from them, forlorned…

Sonic's heart almost broke, looking to Amy and then the kids. He was completely torn apart by what he just saw and heard and dashed in front of Amy. "Now wait a second!" he stated, holding his hands and placing them on shelves on both sides of her so she couldn't get away. "That's just one little boy! You can't-" he stopped himself, realizing that was what he had done… with the fan letter… and slowly began to feel empathy for Amy. "There may be some opposition against you…” he began, slowly letting his arms droop from their tense hold on the shelves. "But there are billions of people who love and support you, that care about you. And it's wrong to assume that your unloved just by one kid's opinion of what you're doing, or who you are." He looked up to Amy.

She smiled, looking back to him and realizing he got what he was doing wrong.
"Well, we can't all be loved by everyone, but the people who do love us hold us dear to their hearts, and won't let us down."

"… or go…" he placed his arms around Amy, making her freak out a moment as her quills stood on end. "Thank you Amy… for not giving up on me." He gave her a hug, the first hug she didn't have to initiate before.

"S… Sonic." She hugged him back, happy he was finally letting go of that dumb letter, and hopefully, back to the Sonic she knew and loved.

"Alright, let's go home." He smiled, pulling away and ruffling her head a bit with his hand.

"Y-yeah." She never felt so happy before, but she tried to hold it in, not wanting the moment to be ruined, but sadly she couldn't as she just leapt into his arms again. "Sonic!"

"A-Amy! Come on, really? Couldn't hold it back huh..?" he grinned, seeing her caring so much about his well-being really made him feel special again.

They raced home, eating Chilidogs along the way, and Sonic was able to complete his trailer and run-through of the next adventure, being recorded and filmed the whole time, of course.

"Sonic! I'm so glad you're back to normal!" Tails ran up to him, relieved his friend was back to normal.

"Just had to get some fresh air, bud!" he gave him a thumbs up and his signature wink with a smile.

Tails laughed. "I guess Amy can sometimes help, huh?"

"Her strategy may be a bit weird here and there…" he admitted, and then looked up to see some Sega employee girls talking to Amy. "But… it works." He smiled fondly, as Tails looked to Amy, and back to his face, and smiled cheekily.

"You know… she was made to be your girlfriend…" He flew off, avoiding Sonic's tantum.

"WHAT!? TAILS, WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING!? HEY! Get back here or I'll-! I'll-! TAILS! YOU BETTER SHUT UP ABOUT THAT!" he dashed after Tails, but gave up when the fox flew to high up for him to get him.

He tossed his hand out, showing he was done with the chase and just let Tails fly off. "Whatever, it's my decision in the end, right?"

"Wrong!~" The assistant director came out, giggling gleefully. "It's actually OUR decision. But anyway, I did hear about your little date with her, now… nothing happened, right?"

"Excuse me?" Sonic folded his arms, looking up at the man.

"Well, I'm just worried something might of… Sparked… between you two. And well, you know that company policy is stay neutral to all pairings so~" he went around and bent down behind Sonic, putting two hands on his shoulders. "Just… you didn't kiss or anything.. right?"

"…" Sonic glared defiantly at the man. "And what's it to you?" he shoved his hands off of his shoulders by rotating them and then walking off. "Besides, love makes good business I hear."

"SONIC!" the man flipped out.

"But I'm not really interested in that business…"
"Phew~" the man breathed out a long sigh of relief. "Have a good day then, kiddo." He walked off.

Amy saw Sonic and raced to him, "Sonic!" Sonic once again embraced for impact, as she tackled into him. "I saw the trailer! It was so cool!" she complimented.

"Yeah, and the fan letters are praising the new concept for story and game design too." Sonic smiled to her.

"I'm so proud of you! You're reading the fan letters again? Any…” she was about to ask, but he shook his head.

"A few of them, but I just have this routine where if I find one, I place it on the side and find two good ones, read the bad one, and then read the other one to balance it out." He gestured to what he did, and Amy couldn't help but feel glad he was returning to his old self again.

"I'm so glad, Sonic… I'm so happy you're who you want to be again, the real you, and that you're not mopping around all sad anymore…” She was on the verge of tears, which made Sonic uncomfortable again.

"Amy, what have I said about getting to emotional over things…” he slightly glared, and rubbed her eyes before her hand could come up to do it herself. "It doesn't make you look all that pretty. Smile~" he placed both pointer fingers on the ends of her mouth, and forced a smile with them.

She giggled, shaking her head to get his fingers away and laughed. "Alright, alright! But I'm really happy for you, okay?"

"Got it." Sonic nodded his head, "You're so sensitive Amy. Hahaha!"

"Ohhhh~ I'm a girl! We tend to care to much." She looked away, but then joined him in his laughter.

"Never said that was a bad thing!"

"Good!"

And they say, it was the best productivity in Sega's whole company career.

When Sonic Team was asked why, they simply looked to each other and smiled.

One then stated for the gang, "Well, let's just say it takes a lot of love to get Sonic out of a rut."

The end.
Sonic IRL 2

Shut Up and Flashdrive

By: CutegirlMayra

So, I wasn't creative with the title XD OH WELL, lol. I finally found some time from my busy life of college to write another one-shot short story :D A friend convinced me to make many more short-stories based on the laws of this certain premise where the Sonic co. lives in SEGA and can only be seen within their walls and by fellow employees. Also, there are some more rules I'll probably explain or just hint at in the other stories, but this one is cute and so I'm writing it XD enjoy!

"WHHHHHAAHAHAHHAAAA!" Amy, or Emi as they call her in Japan, ran through the halls of Sega of Japan, crying her eyes out as she made her way into the 'foreign affairs' district of the building.

"Wo-woah!" A man carrying boxes was slammed against the wall as she bulldozed through, causing some documents to fly everywhere from the open boxes. "Wha… wha… phew." He was confused, but just glad he wasn't run over. "Hey! Sempai!" He cried out to a man with a clipboard and pencil that was held up by his ear on his head.

The man walked over to him, clearly his superior or manager of the floor. "Yes? What is it?"

"What's wrong with Emi-chan? Did Sonic hurt her feelings or something?" The confused mail delivery boy asked, seeming to be an intern or something.

"No, no… it's not that." The man sighed, rolling his eyes, and slightly smiling.

"What is it then? I've never seen her so distraught." The boy walked with the man, stumbling and looking down and around the boxes to watch his footing.

"Well, it's technically not Sonic's fault, anyway." The man began, laughing and moving into a room full of people on computers. "It's just that Sonic had to be transferred to the American district for code-copying to then create the new Sonic Boom. After all, each of the foreign nations has to have a Sonic, and each has to be created off of the data from the original, which is our very own Sonic the Hedgehog." The man explained, and took his pencil out, looking over another employee's shoulder to check and then sketch down some numbers. He patted the man on the computer's shoulder and then moved on.

"W-wait… so… she's upset cause he's…" the man gulped, looking behind him and then whispering to the man. "Gone?"

"Precisely." The man turned around to him. "I know you're kinda new here. Only been working what… 4… 3 months?"

"2 sir." The man straightened up. "After signing the contract of secrecy and then seeing the characters appear and start walking about for the first time, it was quite a shock. I didn't realize they also can feel and be affected by their environment as well." He fumbled with the boxes, lifting a leg up to try and push the boxes more up so he could get a better grip on them.

"Only 2 months? And you can see them? That's quite an accomplishment. Most people don't believe in the characters and don't see them till a strange almost 'supernatural' thing occurs within
our building. Then they believe, but for you to see them so early…” the man looked quite impressed.

"Well sir, I've been a fan of Sega games for a while, I even… hehe, I saw the monkey just last week sir." His smile was grand, looking like he just met a movie star.

"Yes, he gets that department into a lot of trouble…” the man mused, and chuckled deeply. "I guess you can also see other fictional characters walking around now too?"

"Oh yes! Just the other day I saw Star Fox flying his ship outside. And the week before that I saw a final fantasy character! Cloud was it? I'm not sure. How can that be?” He inquired.

"Well-" the man was about to explain, before…

"WHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAHAAAAHAHAAAAAA!

"Emi! We've given you chocolates, we've tried a salon day, and we got you a puppy!" A man and two women were around Amy, as she held a living puppy in her hand, as it licked her hand and wagged its tail, but tears were still forming in her eyes and her chibi eyes were waving like a heat wave around with grief and misery showing very clearly by it.

"Give us a break!"

"I WANT SONIC BACK!" She cried out, and squeezed the puppy, who just resisted her by wiggling a bit, but didn't seem to be getting hurt.

"Emi… Precious little Angel, we need you to SHUT. UP." The man stated, quite fed up with her behavior.

Amy looked up to him, sniffing in her despair and listening to his words as the two girls tried to comfort her and pet her head and scratch her ears.

"You're crying is sending a ruckus of unwanted complaints. People can't work with you crying out you're misery all the time! We understand you miss Sonic… but for goodness sakes! It's only been three days!"

"But I love him! And I miss himmm!” she leaned her head back and cried again, as the three people plugged their ears. "WHHHHHHAAAAHAHAAA! Why couldn't I have come too? – sniff- they took Tails…” she whined out. "Don't they… don't they need me too?"

"Of course they need you sweetie. But they have to do a few at a time!” he tried not to snap at her, even going down to her level he tried to connect with her, but she just started to tear up again, and he slowly moved away as the crying continued again.

"That's it! Get Sonic on a skype call!” The man cried out, motioning for someone to get on that.

Amy instantly plucked up, "Hurray! Sonic's gonna call me~ Sonic's gonna call me~" she jumped up and started spinning around and jumping after the man with the puppy in her arms, bouncing to her song.

"But sir, that could stop production…”

"SHE'S STOPPING PRODUCTION! Augh! I bet the other countries don't have to deal with this kinda… diva-ish scenario!” the man quickly pulled out a chair aggressively, took a minute to calm himself, and then put on a fake smile and offered Amy a chair.
She happily took it, kicking up her legs with the puppy in her arms, looking perfectly satisfied and happy.

After she was in the chair, the two girls walked off, and the man moved passed them to pick up a speaker. "Sorry for the disturbance, it's being taken care of. Please get back to work, thank you." he put the speaker down. "Girls… why'd we have to create GIRLS for this franchise, eh? We can't deal with all this emotional distress…"

Amy waited for the computer's monitor to turn on, while to the side of her, in an open windowed lounge, Knuckles was playing poker with Vector, Charmy, and Espio.

"Ha! I win again!" he scooped up all the money, making a hardy laugh as he boasted about his winnings and grinned heavenly.

"I think this is rigged!" Charmy flew up but had his hands to the table. "I'm calling cheats!"

"You'll call nothing, you know why?" he held up Charmy's rings. "Cause you have nothing left to give~ HAHAHAHA!"

The others slouched down, groaning as Knuckles laughed again, holding his head high and placing both hands on his hips and letting his chest out as it moved up and down with his loud laughter.

Zing-Zip-Zackle

"Hello? Anyone home?"

"SOONNICC-KUU!"

Amy almost tackled the computer screen, happy to see Sonic's face once again, as she looked into the computer's built in camera, and then down at the screen. She giggled and kissed the camera. "Did you miss me~?"

"Ugh…" Sonic rolled his eyes and then shook his head. "Emi… I heard you've been causing problems lately." He sat back on the screen, and folded his arms, looking disappointed and upset. "What on earth's wrong?"

"Sonic-ku,… I … I miss you so much…” she sloped down from the screen, placing her hands on the table the computer was on and having only the top part of her face now showing, her innocently shining emerald eyes growing big as she felt like crying again.

"Ugh… Emi…” Sonic looked away, not sure how to respond. "Well, can't you keep yourself occupied till I get back? Maybe Knuckles can-"

"Knuckles doesn't help. He's no fun." She looked away.

"Come on, Emi. He's better than nothing…"

"Nothing?" She moved her head up, showing her disbelief in his words as she turned the monitor, showing Vector getting up in the other room.

"I quit! I can't win a stinkin' game with this guy!" Before he walked away though, Knuckles got up and pointed to him.

"You walk away and I get you're clothes!"

"…..Did I really bet my attire?!" Vector ran back and leaned down to Espio.
"You said all in, and you didn't have any rings left. If you fold now, you'll surely loose it all."
Espio had an anime sweat drop on the side of his face, being forced to speak the truth and not
believing Vector could have forgotten that move so quickly.

"….." Vector sulked and walked back to his seat, as Knuckles sat back down, grinning cruelly.

"Oh… wow. I see what you mean." Sonic stated, cringing at the sight and seeing her point.

"Eh-mm." Amy moved the screen just enough for him to see some of her face at the corner of the
screen.

"Well.. there has to be stuff you can do Emi… what's with the dog?" Sonic noticed the puppy jump
up on her lap again, after have been pushed off by Amy's lunge for Sonic.

"The companies been trying to comfort me…" she admitted, and petted the cute puppy.

"You mean appease you, your highness." He sarcastically spat out his witty insult.

"Hey! I miss you, alright!? It's not easy to replace you here…” she looked away, cutely puffing up
her cheek and blushing slightly.

"Oh Emi.."

"When are you coming home, Sonic-ku?" she looked back to the screen, her expression could quite
literally break a heart.

Sonic looked at her for a minute and sighed, "Soon, Amy. I've got some weeks here, you know.
And it's only been… hmm." Sonic turned around to a man off screen. "How long have I been
here?" he asked in English.

A man spoke but Amy couldn't understand his English.

"THREE DAYS?!" Sonic almost jumped out of his chair. "Heh." He clung to the side of his chair,
now being angled to the side on the chair, and his legs up as he flinched at the very realization of
the moment. "Emi…” he calmed himself down and rearranged himself as he moved the chair
closer to the monitor, placed his hands on the counter, and cleared his throat, looking down. "You
know… this doesn't make me look good." He stated, and looked back up to her. "You really need
to be more professional…"

"But…But Sonic-ku…" she cutely pawed the screen, bending down again to where her head was
all Sonic could see.

"No buts, you need to straighten yourself out here, Emi. Can you do that for me?" he turned on his
charm, and tilted his head slightly as he asked her this. "I promise a few more weeks won't be that
hard. You can uh… pet the puppy for me." He looked at the dog now walking across the counter.

"Oh, down boy." Amy took the dog and put him on the ground. "I can't wait a few weeks Sonic… I
want to be there now!" she whined.

"Hey, hey..! What have I told you about whining to get what you want, huh?"

"It got me a phone call with you…” She muttered, pouting and looking away from the screen.

"You cheeky devil,… that was you're plan all along, wasn't it?"

"Hehe~" She grinned.
"Eggman should be scared… another few years and you'll be taking his job." Sonic teased.

"Hey!"

"Gotta fly, Emi. But I need to talk to Knuckles real quick. Can you get him for me?"

"But…" She didn't want to stop talking to him.

"Emi…" Sonic gave her a slightly stern tone in his voice.

"Fine..!" She groaned, leaning her head back and getting out of the chair, sulking off again as she knocked on the other room's door. "SONIC WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU, KNUCKLES!" she cried out, and went back to the monitor. "There." She folded her arms.

"…Alone…" Sonic stated.

"What! But!"

"You keep this rebellious act up and I'll make sure you never go on another date. Agreed?"

She gasped, "How can you be so cruel to me!?"

"Easy. I just have to kick out all that superstar attitude of you and you'll be good as new." He teased.

"Ohhh! You're mean! Jerk! Baka!"

"Hey, watch it."

She stuck her tongue out at him and stomped off.

Sonic sighed, "Have a good day!" he called out, and rolled his eyes.

Knuckles came walking out as prideful as ever as he put a hand to the chair and leaned on it, looking at Sonic. "Oh hey, you missin' us already?" he assumed, and laughed. "Listen, I'm in a really good position in my game right now, so-"

"Quick the big act and tell me why you haven't dealt with Amy's crying yet." Sonic folded his arms, not taking any crap from Knuckles today. "Me and Tails specifically asked you to take care of her till we got back. Tails usually can handle her while I'm gone, but he's here with me right now. And I can't keep being pulled away from work to deal with Emi's stress right now. I really need ya buddy." He stated.

"Huh? Emi's been acting up?"

Sonic face-palmed himself.

As they continued to talk, Amy leaned on the wall outside, pouting and tightly folding her arms, as the puppy walked by her, not interested in her anymore.

"Yeah? Well neither is Sonic!" she spat out, upset.

A man pushed a cart full of electronic stuff, as Amy looked at the Japanese writing on the cart.

"Shipment of data for American district…?"
As it rolled by her, she moved out into the center of the hall, and a wicked idea launched into her head.

She creeped after it, as Knuckles looked down and away from the screen.

"Let me get this straight, you want me to spend every waking moment for the next few weeks entertaining Emi until you get back?! That's absurd!" he cried out.

"Look." Sonic glared from the monitor. "I don't care if she asks you to dress up as a pretty princess or the ogre. You'll do whatever it takes to keep the company from calling me again and stopping production." He stated. "Now, keep an eye on her. I don't want to expect another call, alright? I have a lot of work to do."

"I shouldn't have to be punished for her acting up! This is unfair! Sonic-!" The screen clicked off as Sonic stuck his tongue out to Knuckles. Knuckles got so mad he pulled back his fist, almost ready to punch the screen, but didn't. Then he heard some barking…

The puppy yipped and barked at Amy, as she was hiding in a dark room, where the man had sent the technology.

"Shush! Shhh! Heel, boy!" She pulled him close to her, as she looked around. "Ah-ha!" She found what she was looking for. In a bag, a ton of flashdrives all put together we're just sitting quickly and stone cold. "These must be going with the shipment." She concluded, and put the dog down.

Grabbing one of them, she inserted it into a computer and turned it on. The computer sparked to life at the touch of her hand to the button, as she looked around nervously, afraid she would be caught.

"Well, here goes nothing. Bye, bye, puppy!" she jumped into the computer, as her frame and body turned into a splash of databits and code.

The puppy barked again, backing up as he did so.

She then flew through the computer's programming, all the way to the flashdrive central, which in her world looked like a huge rectangle opening.

She flew up to it, and got in one of its capsules and put her safety belt on. Looking down at the ground, she saw all the files below her with data sticking out of them as paper.

"Gee, I hope there's room… better be, I don't want to have only my butt showing up in America…" she worriedly thought out loud, and looked to see what the gigabytes we're on the flashdrive she was going too. "Hmm… Just enough… oh boy, looks like I'm just gonna squeeze in." she hit the button, and the pod went zooming into the flashdrive, as outside, the little light flashed on the device.

"WOAHHH!" she was sucked into a space, and an icon of her smiling face showed up on the flashdrive's files list.

She was squished! Between all the files and papers, she was completely unable to move, as her face was even squished up against the very rim of the device. "This isn't how a lady should travel.." she concluded, sorrowfully.

A man walked in and saw the flashdrive and the computer on. "Huh? That's not suppose to be there…" he saw the bag of the opened flashdrives and shrugged. "Must have been a forgotten downloaded service." Without even carrying about the screen showing what was on the flashdrive,
he closed the window down and ejected the flashdrive the proper way, so nothing was erased, and shut the computer down.

Pulling the flashdrive out, he placed it in the bag and zipped it up, walking on as Knuckles walked into the room, holding the puppy.

"What is it boy?" He asked, as the puppy wiggled out of his grasp and tried to tippy-toe up to the counter, but couldn't reach it. He just kept barking at the computer.

Knuckles looked around, even below the computer, but couldn't find anything the dog would be barking about. "Huh, you're a funny one, alright." He picked the dog back up, as it licked it. "Heh, heh. I guess I see why Sega never made a dog character. Now,... where's Emi?" he walked out of the room, as the very next day, the stuff was piled onto a plane, and shipped out to America.

"Ah, the shipments arrived!"

Amy reprogrammed herself during the flight to understand and speak English when she arrive, and prepared for her unveiling...

"Alright! The new updates are in!" An American said, as he took out the box which had her flashdrive within it.

"Let's take them to HQ. The gang will be thrilled to see this!"

A few hours later, Amy had fallen asleep, until a light flickered on above her, and she looked up, and gasped in excitement. She tried to look behind her, but just felt the wind of suction as the flashdrive pulled her into the other computer and the pod released her into the computer's virtual space.

"Huh? What's this?" A man, working at a computer, was downloading the content, when the Amy icon appeared on the window. "...? Amy? I thought we weren't getting her till June.." he clicked the icon, but nothing happened. "Stupid double click. When I click it once.." he grumbled, and doubled clicked the icon.

Amy's data burst from the screen, making him freak out and fall backwards on his chair, as she materialized and opened her eyes, looking around.

"Ohhh!~ I haven't been to America in years!" she put her hands up to her face, and looked around in awe at the office building. "It's not so different... well, kinda but not really. I guess every company still has that office feel to it." She stretched, "Gee, I was held up in that flashdrive for forever! Thanks, Mr. American!" she patted his head as he just looked dumbfounded on the floor, as she skipped off. "Now, to look for Sonic-ku!"

The man rolled himself to his stomache, and got up to his knees, having his hands still down as he shook his head. "Well, that just happened..."

"La-de-da-de-dah~"

"La-de-da-de-do~"

"La-de-da-de-
OFFPH!"

Amy fell down, having run into something as she rubbed her head. "Ohhh..."
"Hey! Watch where you're going! Don't you know-…!"

As Amy got up, her vision was kinda off and blurry, till she blinked a few times and saw a mirror.

"Oh… I didn't even see that there."

"…MOM!?"

"WHAT?! Oh, it's American me. Hi American me!" Amy waved her other self. "I thought I told you to call me you're sister in arms to defend love?" she got up and brushed herself off.

"B-bu-but how!?" American Amy helped her up, and dusted off her dress too.

"Don't baby me, now." Japanese Amy lightly patted her hand away, as she fixed her hair. "I couldn't let you get all the fun with two Sonic's, now, could I?" she teased.

"Well, hehe, I admit it's been a pleasure to see the original Sonic again but…" she reached a hand out to her original self. "How did you get here, again?"

"I highjacked a flashdrive." She proudly stated, before pushing her two pointer fingers together, "That was.. um.. headed to America."

"Wow. What a rebel!" American Amy said, impressed. "But won't Sonic be mad at you..?"

"Oh, maybe a little mad…" she thought, "But I'm sure he'll forgive me once he sees how much I did to see him again! He'll be overcome with feelings for me~" She placed her hands on her face and looked away, blushing as she daydreamed.

"Oh! I'm so happy for you! Wished I thought of that." American Amy squee'd right with her, as they both held hands and smiled to one another.

"Do you know where my Sonic-ku is?" Asked Japanese Amy.

"Sure do! He's looking over some in-progress material right now in the movie theater, at least, that's what I call it." She scratched the back of her head. "Stephen Frost and I think Aaron Webber. Though… he should be helping with Project Diva or something like that."

"Hatsune Miku?"

"That's the one."

"Whose Aaron?" Japanese Amy tilted her head in curiosity, putting a finger to her mouth.

"…He's um.. well.. he's a guy." American Amy tried to explain.

"Oh… and Stephen?"

"He..he's a guy too."

"Got it! Thanks for keeping it simple." She looked a bit sarcastic, as American Amy just laughed it off nervously.

They both walked to the theater room as they slowly opened the door, and looked down to see the front rows had two human men, and the Sonics iconic blue quills sticking up over the seats.

"I like that part. Plenty of action." One of the Sonic's spoke up.
"Yeah, we really wanted to get people engaged in not only the story but the feel of the gameplay as well." A man spoke out, as Japan Amy squinted in the dark.

"Whose who?"

"What do you mean?" They both began whispering to each other.

"Well, my Sonic! Which is mine and which is yours?"

"Oh!" Amy squinted in the dark again. "No idea." She confessed, as Japan Amy sighed out her sadness at that fact.

"You must be able to tell them apart somehow..." she moaned out.

"Yes well... sort of." American Amy fiddled with her fingers.

"Hey!"

The girls looked to who was calling them.

"Whose letting the light in?"

"SONNNICC!" Japanese Amy just went for it, running up to the two Sonics.

"AH! AMY!" "AH! EMI!"

The one who called her Japanese pronunciation was the one she jumped too, as he got up and held her back a bit. "What on earth!"

"That's your Amy?" American Sonic got up, looking confused. "They aren't all suddenly coming to America, are they?" He lowered his eye lids, looking unamused as American Amy came up and scolded him.

"That's not nice! She came all the way from Japan to be with her Sonic!"

"You did what?!

"That's right! My love for you would find me a way to always be by you're side Son-" he put a hand to her face and had to kinda peel her off of him. "SONNNICC!" she tried to reach for him, and was upset he was pushing her away. "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong!? Do you know the problems you just caused?!"

Aaron looked a bit confused, "Wait... should we leave this to them now or contact somebody in Japan or something..?" he tried to think of the logical response to this but right now he was just trying not to laugh.

"Two Sonics, two Tails, two Amys? The more the merrier!" Stephen lifted his arms up and let them flop down, showing he could care less and was having fun with this situation anyway. "But yeah,... yeah, we should probably let them know she's here." He then stated, putting his hand up to let his chin rest on it as his arm rested on the chair's arm.

"Amy, you didn't help with this, did you?" American Sonic looked to his Amy.

"What?! No! I just bumped into her, and I don't see why this is such a bad thing... she was coming over in a couple of weeks anyway."
"A month."

"So?"

"Amy, this is bad timing!"

"Everyone is probably worried sick about you! They might be blaming Eggman on kidnapping you again or something!" Japan Sonic facepalmed as he could envision in his head the chaos that must be arising at Sega of Japan. "Did you at least tell someone you were coming here?"

"They would've stopped me… and besides, after all the commotion I caused from missing you they're probably happy I'm out of their hair for a while… and we can be together, oh Sonic!~" she reached for him again, and tried to kiss him.

"E-Emi! Stop it! I've very upset with you…" he didn't seem to be showing any anger, mostly he just looked upset that she acted on her own accord and very selfishly for that manner. "What if the flashdrive only was able to send half of you? Or worse! Corrupt you're data by not being opened or taken out properly."

"You worry too much~" she leaned back, and cutely walked a bit away from him, blinking her eyes fast. "Admit it! You're happy to see me." She put her hands behind her back and cutely swayed back and forth.

"I'm ecstatic…" Japanese Sonic's face clearly showed otherwise…

"Woah, woah, woah. Now let's all take a breath for a second and get this sorted out." America Sonic put both hands up between the two. "Now, you should contact you're people and I'll contact mine. We'll get her back to Japan in no time."

"WHAT!?" both Amys responded, as they got together and held the other hands.

"I don't want her to go back! She just got here… and I haven't even gone shopping with her yet!" American Amy protested.

"Yeah! And besides, they're too busy to stage something like that." Japanese Amy continued.

"Oh, come on! Uh… Sonics? Please let her stay!"

"PLEASE?" They both did their best chibi puppy eyes, as both Sonics leaned back, a trace of sweat moving down the side of their faces.

Aaron and Stephen looked to each other, and then back at the scene. "Well this is getting good."

"I have to admit, much better than the prototypes you were showing us." Arron stated from the side.

"Hey! Those we're pretty good!" Stephen sat up, half-heartedly acting like he was offended.

"Whatever…!" Laughed Aaron, clearly joking too.

"Could you two give us a minute?" American Sonic looked to the two, not liking an audience.

"Oh, pardon us." Aaron got up, as Stephen followed.

"I would of gotten pretty upset with commentary to me and my girlfriend fighting too." Whispered
Stephen to Aaron, as Aaron just looked back at him with an unamused face at his statement.

"You would like them to be like that, wouldn't you?"

"Amy's my favorite character, but that doesn't mean I 'ship' or anything. I just think she's got the three C's."

"What's that?"

"Cute, Cool, and Courageous."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"Shut up, Aaron. I thought if either of us we're getting married, it'd be to our work."

"She's a cruel but fun mistress, Stephen. But I run back to her every time."

"Touché."

As the two exited, American Sonic looked to his original. "Want to be left alone too?"

"Do you mind?" Japanese Sonic looked a bit stressed, and American Sonic understood that.

"Alright, come on, Amy. This doesn't concern us." Sonic started to move Amy out.

"B-b-but!" Amy wanted to stay and watch, but was being gently tugged and nudged away from Japanese Amy, and she didn't want to fight against her Sonic that much.

"It's okay." Japanese Amy comforted her other self. "I'll deal with the consequences; you just have fun with your Sonic, okay?" She waved her off, smiling, but was secretly worried about getting scolded by Sonic…

"Ohh… Go easy on her, Mr. Original! It's not fair that she did so much for you only to scold her!" Amy shouted out, as Sonic sighed and finally started to push her out the door.

"Thanks!" Japanese Sonic called out.

American Sonic just lifted his hand to acknowledge he heard him, and then closed the door.

Sonic looked to Amy. "Emi…"

"I'm not sorry!" She stomped her foot to the ground, and turned her face around. "What's wrong with me just hanging out and not doing anything? I won't cause anyone any trouble! I just wanted to be around you… that's all…"

"But you have caused trouble. For a lot of important people…"

"I didn't mean too! Honest!"

"But you still did." Sonic gave her a very stern look, and then turned his head away from her. "I don't know what to do with you now, Emi…" he rubbed his hand through his quills. "They can't watch out for more than at least two of us. Having you around messes the flow up. We did have this all planned, you know."

Amy looked away, sad he couldn't see things through her eyes, but slightly accepted the fact that what she did was bold and selfish. "But… but I missed you so much…" she turned away from him,
and held her hands to her chest. "I just… I didn't want to be alone anymore…"

Sonic looked to her kindly, but then 'Tck'd and looked away. "As punishment for this act and mayhem you've caused on both sides of the globe, I'm going to ignore you till we're back in Japan." He folded his arms and nodded.

"WHAT?!" Amy turned around, flabbergasted as she shook her head. "No, no, no! Sonic, please!" She lunged for him, and he just turned his head from her, keeping his eyes closed and completely giving her the cold shoulder.

"Sonic! This is cruel! Crueler than if I'd stay home and not seen you at all… please! Please, I'll go back! Just don't-"

"That isn't an option. There's too much activity going on for them to plan a trip to send you back. You're obviously stuck here with me, and while you are, I'm not going to affiliate or be any where near you till it's over and we're back safe and sound at home." He started to move away and head for the door.

Amy dropped to her knees, "Sonic, please! Don't do this! Onegai!" she cried out please in japanese, as he stopped for a moment, and turned to her, seeing how desperate she was as she began to cry.

"I promise… I'll never do this again… I swear! Please don't reject me though… please.. please.."

Sonic took a step back toward her, but then quickly as he did so, looked away in pity and walked out the door.

'Some time after'

Japanese Amy sulked down the unfamiliar halls of Sega of America, as people came up to her to talk or ask her to say something in Japanese.

"Ai. Zankokuna. desu." She stated, which is her just stating, love. Cruel. It is.

"Wow! She's so cute when she speaks in her Japanese voice!" A girl seemed to love her accent.

"I wonder how that works.. since they have voice actors and all.. how can they talk without them..?" another girl asked, as Amy sighed.

"I think once their given a certain voice, they just kinda… I don't know, acquire it? Can you do your past voices too? Hey! Where'd she go?" the girls looked around, as Amy slipped by and headed down the elevator.

She sighed again, it had been a long while since Sonic had talked to her… And American Sonic was keeping him busy with stuff he had to do anyway…

"Like racing after a gig is important… pfft." She remembered trying to talk to her Sonic, and the other Sonic intervened and immediately asked her Sonic to a race, which he obliged in rather quickly as they sped past her. "I just want to cuddle and make up.." chibi tears streamed down her face as she sulked out of the elevator, running into her other self.

"Oh! Other me! Hiya!" American Amy grabbed her hand, and pulled her out of the elevator. "Are you alright? Hungry?" she asked, trying to help her.

"…-sniff- Why can't Sonic just forgive me and move on…" she sniffled out.
"Oh… you can always hug my Sonic… but only once though, cause I feel bad, okay?" she stuck a finger up and looked down as she put her other hand to her hip, moving her body slightly to the side.

"….no…" Japanese Amy looked away.


"….no…" Amy whined out again, leaning her head back now.

"Hey! Is my Sonic not good enough for your foreign taste or something!?" American Amy folded her arms, offended.

"Look, it's life this." Japanese Amy put her arm around her other self, trying to explain. "My Sonic is like… limited edition and original first copy. And Yours is like… A copy of that perfection." She looked to her other self as American Amy fumed with rage.

"MY SONIC IS JUST AS GOOD AS YOURS!" she brushed her arm off of her. "HMPH! Forget I said you could hug him!"

"Uh… I didn't mean to offend you… I just was stating how I feel about my Sonic… I'm sure it's like that for you too, right?"

American Amy looked back at Japanese Amy, and let go of her anger. "I guess you're right… when I first met him, it was kinda awkward, and I didn't feel like he was the same as Sonic either…" She admitted.

"See? There's a difference." Amy smiled, as the two shared a smile.

"Oh! I know exactly what you need!"

"Huh?"

"A night on the town! Come on! You'll love the American streets of gold!"

"I don't know…" Japanese Amy looked down. "I kinda just want to go home… I mean, at least then, Sonic would forgive me and I can pretend this whole thing didn't happen…"

"Aw come on! You can't give up like that! You might of come here for Sonic but…" she took her others hands, and looked her dead in the eye. "But you're gonna be here for me now! And we're gonna have fun! I say so!" She struck a confident pose. "So… will you come with me?"

"Where are you even planning on going?" She smiled, sort of excited to get out of this building anyway.

"Hehe~ Let me show you!"

The two made their way to the computer, and Amy typed in some things.

"Alright, let's go downstairs!" Amy tugged Japanese Amy down to the public parking stacked building slightly underground, where she had her hands over her eyes.

"Can I look yet?" Japanese Amy was holding her hands slightly out in front of her, unsure of her footsteps and where she was going.

"Almost… look out for the curb.. and… WALL-LA!" she let her hands go and Japanese Amy
gasped at seeing her love-bug car from Sega All Star Racers.

"We're driving around town?" She smiled.

"Eh-mm~ In style!"

-Cue Song: Shut up and Drive-

The Amys then have a montage of looking all over the city of San Francisco as Japanese Amy had an open smile, standing up slightly and looking out over the beautiful city.

They went all over the place, as American Amy pulled out sunglasses, and as Japanese Amy sat down, helped put them on her as they laughed.

Mario kart cars started showing up on another road, as the Amys looked, and then glanced to each other and smiled.

With a evil smirk, they crashed through an alley way and joined the race.

"Go! Go!" Japanese Amy cried out, worried they we're on the wrong side of the road for a moment, but remembered this was an American car and they drove on the other side.

They ended up hammering Donkey Kong off the road, and then acquired a red shell.

"What do I do with it?!" American Amy exclaimed, holding it in her hand.

"Throw it, throw it, throw it!" Japanese Amy pointed at Yoshi who was in front of them, and jumped in her seat.

The hit landed, and the girls screamed, "YEAH!" in triumph and excitement. They ended up cheering when they got 3rd.

"Alright!" Amy cried out, as Japanese Amy 'Whoo-hoo!'d as they skidded and went back to a familiar road after passing the finish line. Mario drove up next to them just in the nick of time though, and tipped his hat to them. They kindly and a bit smugly nodded back to him, as they giggled.

"Now that was a race!" American Amy let out, laughing.

"Wow! I bet the Sonics would be proud of us!" Japanese Amy giggled. "Take that Nintendo!"

"Oh come on, we're pretty friendly with them lately."

"Wuss. We're only rubbing shoulders to get back in the game with them."

"Wow, now I see the whole Japanese competitive spirit coming out of ya." American Amy stated, smiling. "But I kinda get it."

"Peach is my friend though, kinda ironic huh?" Japanese Amy sat down, and then laughed, kicking her feet. She then suddenly saw a bunch of people gathering and dancing out near a park. "What's that?"

"I don't know… hold on." American Amy drove them into a parking spot, as they watched the humans dance around them, completely unaware that imagined beings we're watching them as they did their routine for the mass crowd of on-lookers at the park.
"I think it's a flash mob." American Amy stated, and leaned back, taking her sunglasses off as Japanese Amy already had a good long while ago after pointing out the Mario Kart racers.

"Wow! I've never actually seen one before though!" she seemed excited, as suddenly the crowd pushed two people together on chairs, as the boy looked like he was playing the shyly cute boy, but the girl was completely surprised.

The boy then got her up and someone gave him a microphone. "Jeannette. You're the love of my life, and I brought you here today to let you know… that I need to have you with me always, together and forever, not even till death do we part." The girl started crying, holding her hand up to her mouth as the boy dropped to one knee.

The Amys rose up in the car, and we're gapping at the proposal.

"Jeannette..." the boy looked up to the girl, "will you marry me?"

"AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW MY HEART!" The Girls held each other's hand and moved close to each other, then gripped their hearts and started tearing up.

"DID SHE SAY YES?!" Japanese Amy asked.

"I don't know, hold on!" American Amy took the car and turned it back on into drive, and started moving off the road.

"Woah! Is that legal?!" Japanese Amy asked.

"Not really, but it's not like Cops believe in walking talking video game characters anyway!"

They got close enough to see the girl walking back, and then nodding, as the boy walked up and walked to her, arms open wide, as they embraced.

"This... is so cute." Japanese Amy stated, doting on the two lovers.

"Yeahh~" American Amy leaned on her hood, both arms on it and her hands holding her chin up as she fluttered her eyelids.

The two lovers kissed, and the Amys quills stood up slightly, before falling back as the two sighed.

"I want a flash mob proposal... right now." Japanese Amy stated.

"We'll have to hint it to Sonic some day..." American Amy smiled and then started to reverse the car. "...wait!" She slammed the break down, as Japanese Amy jumped a little and had to brace herself with the sudden stop.

"What? What is it?" she asked.

"We can surprise your Sonic!"

"...With a flash mob proposal?"

"No, no, no! Not that! Look," she turned to her friend. "We set you two up to be forced to meet and interact with each other! I'll get you two a room, so to speak, and he won't be able to leave without making up with you first! It's the perfect plan! A sneak attack! Just like a sneaky proposal!" American Amy pointed back to the dispersing group of dancers.
"...y-yeah! That might work! But... how do we capture Sonic?" Japanese Amy looked a little stumped, as so did American Amy, as they both leaned back on their seats in the car, thinking...

"...AH-HA! I GOT IT!"

'The Next Day'

"Did you hear!?"

"Yeah I heard. But I'm not sure where it is..."

"Hey, what's all the commotion about?" American Sonic and Japanese Sonic walked along side each other, over hearing two employees talking over some drinks in the lounge area.

"Oh, well, there's a rumor that there's a chili-dog party thing somewhere and it's to celebrate the new released material for Sonic Boom. But we're not sure where it is."

"Yeah, the companies treat to us. But again, not sure which room is holding it."

"Chili-dogs...huh?" Japanese Sonic licked his lips, and looked to his American counter-part. "I sure do miss American Chili-dogs~"

"Well, not for long." American Sonic looked to the men. "We'll be seeing ya, and thanks for the intell!"

"No problem, uh.. Sonics!" The two laughed.

"I'll zip around, see what's up." American Sonic waved goodbye to his original and set out to find out some more details.

He barely passed the second turn when Amy held out her hammer to stop him. He skidded to a halt, and looked to her.

"Woah! Amy, what's the big idea?" he asked, placing his hands on his hips.

She withdrew her hammer, and strut alluringly around Sonic, touching her fingers on the tip of her hammer as she did so, eye lids dropped just enough to look temptingly beautiful. "I heard about that chili-dog party... somewhere in... oh what was it..? Room 222?" She stated, trying to use a womanly charm that was a bit too mature for her to handle well.

"222? And how do you know that?" he was growing suspicious, as she quickly spun around and walked behind him.

"Just a little rumor..." she teased.

"Oh really?" Sonic grew more suspicious, and walked after her.

Japanese Sonic overheard the conversation, and disregarded how weird American Amy was and just started bolting towards the room. "222...222...two twenty two... ah-ha!" he finally found it, and skidded to a halt.

Creaking the door open, he peeked his head in. "Hello?" he called and walked inside. The room was dimly lit, as he turned on the light switch. In the middle of the room, stood a table full of two plates of chili-dogs.

Sonic's eyes widened as he portrayed an open smile and zipped over to it, not even realizing no one
else was in the room. "Itadakimasu~!" he grabbed a chili-dog after his traditional Japanese table manners we're over with, until the door closed, and Amy stood behind it, smiling.

"Amy, what are you up too?" American Sonic asked, as American Amy looked to her communicator watch, and saw the red light turned green.

"Got'em! Hehe!" she placed her hand over her mouth, and then looked back to Sonic.

"Hello? I'm talking to you here." He stopped and tapped his foot to the ground, obviously not amused by her antics.

"Okay, you got me." She put her hands up as if being caught. "I made the whole thing up to get you to talk to me." She winked.

"What!? Aw man… I better tell Jap-" he was about to turn back but Amy moved quickly, knowing if she lost him now she'd lose him forever.

"Wait!" she gripped his arm.

"Huh? Amy, let go!" he tried to wiggle her off him. "My other me needs me!"

"He can survive on his own." She glared up at him, and then brushed her hair back, putting on a friendly smile again. "Why don't we um… go get a chili-dog of our own? Heh heh.." she awkwardly let out a short laugh, as Sonic raised an eyebrow to her.

"Now?"

"You're hungry, right?"

"What about-" he turned his head again and Amy turned it back to her.

"Sonic… I'm hungry too…" she pouted cutely.

He studied her expression again, his suspicious still apparent, as he sighed. "Fine. But if he wonders where I am it's your fault." He stated, and took her hand away from his muzzle.

"Yay!" She cheered, and grabbed his arm again, letting him 'escort' her out to get some chili-dogs as he scratched his nose and didn't seem very happy with his decision, but was going through with it anyway.

"Konbanwa, Sonic-ku." Japanese Amy greeted her Sonic, looking sly as she placed her hands behind her back, and smiled wickedly.

"Emi? What are you doing here?" He asked, the first time he's spoken directly to her in a long while.

"Ah, so I see you're finally paying attention to me." She folded her arms and shut her eyes, lifting her chin up snottily. "It's about time you noticed me again." "Well, there's either that or this pile of chili-dogs…" he looked back to the plates. "And I'm thinking you hiding behind a door isn't a good sign."

"You fell for my trap!" She finally stated, and laughed like an anime villain. "Who-ho-ho-ho!" she placed the back of her hand in front of her mouth as she did so, but Sonic just rolled her eyes at her and took a bite of the chili-dog.
His eyes opened wide, as he took the chili-dog out of his mouth after it squeaked.

"Hey! This isn't even a chili-dog! It's a toy!" he squeezed it and it made another squeaking sound.

"Gomen~ I had to trick you, somehow!" she giggled, and skipped quickly over to him. "Now, you're going to be nice and make up with me or you can't leave this room." She stated.

"Oh yeah?" Sonic lifted an eyebrow.

"Yeah!" She stated, as Sonic zipped by her and had a hand on the door before she could even say anything more.

"You mean… stop me from getting to… this door?" He pointed to the door his hand was on, and rolled his eyes as his head leaned back dramatically. "Oh what will I do?" he laughed and tried to open the door. He tugged, and twisted it, but it wouldn't budge.

"Hehe~ you think I'm that dumb or something?" Amy held out the keys, and twiddled them in her fingers. "I've gotten you out of a prison before, second Adventure of ours, wasn't it? What makes you think I can't lock you back in one, hmm?" She charmingly looked back to him, as she made a tight fist with her hands as she felt wind rush by her and his hand hanging over hers.

"…..dratt." he kicked the air and walked away from her, as she smirked again, and kept the keys tightly in her hand to make sure he doesn't try and swipe it again.

"Okay, smart one." He sat in a chair, and kicked on leg over the other while one hand held up his head and the other was up in the air, moving around as he spoke. "What's you're brilliant plan now? I'm still sticking to my punishment. So I might as well quit talking to you now." He stated, looking back at her.

"Ohhh! I did this for you! Why can't you be grateful!" she felt hurt, as Sonic looked to her with little to no amusement.

"You freaked out Sonic Team. They had an investigation and found you escaped through a flashdrive. Their first thought was someone stole you and was going to use you're data or something against them. You're lucky that investigation didn't cost us to much or you'd have been in more trouble then you bargained for." He stated, clearly not going easy on her. "You're also very lucky I fought in your defense. Sega would of done a lot worse then just me ignoring you if I sent you back early after what you did."

Amy looked away as he spoke, ashamed, before hearing the last bit of his words. "Wait… you… you defended me?"

"Well, of course. You said so yourself.." he got up. "You only did it to be with me, not in spite of hurting the company or something. So I didn't feel you needed any reprehending from anyone but me. Besides, you've been on good behavior, at least, were before all this. So I figured you'd learn your lesson and wasn't going to try something like this again." He folded his arms and looked to her. "Right?"

She gulped and nodded quickly. "R-….right." she looked away again. "So.. you… you weren't really mad at me?"

"Oh, no, I was mad." He nodded his head, "I just wanted gonna scorn you for it. You just needed a good 'time-out' so to speak. So...? Can I go now?" he put his hands together and then motioned to the door.
"…" Amy looked to the door, then back to him. "No."

"Yes?"

"No."

"Please?"

"I said no!"

"Pretty please? With cherries on top?"

"Sonic!" She grew angry, and finally stated. "I want a proper resolve! A hug to kiss and make up and promise never do this to each other again!" she shook her fist tightly next to each other, upset how he just wanted this done with so quickly after ignoring her for so long…

"And I want a proper apology!" Sonic stated, not putting up with her antics today as he folded his arms definitely. "I didn't do any wrong, here."

Amy looked up to him, tears forming on the sides of her eyes but she brushed them off with her arm.

"Fine! I'm sorry for caring about you so much that I left Japan, all on my own, to cross the seas to find and be with you again! I'm sorry for loving you so much that I couldn't stand not being around you to where I even freaked out our company that I went missing and secretly made it to America to see you again! I'm so sorry! Gee, I'm a horrible person! Why don't you just call me a hopeless romantic and continue to be a jerk!" she turned around and stomped her foot down, not wanting him to see her cry cause she felt she was about too. "Oh and another thing." she turned back around, "Thanks for sticking up for me and not telling me about it!"

"…heh." Sonic had listened to her little rant, and smiled. "You're a hopeless romantic, Oh, and you're welcome." He boldly did as she rhetorically asked him to do.

That was the last straw.

"Sonic! You're the worst person I've ever-!" before she could summon her hammer and hit him upside the head with it, he had sped forward and grabbed her arm in mid-swing, as it was about to move down. Looking dead in her eyes, he made her stop breathing for a moment in shock.

"I wasn't finished. I accept you're apology, and you're punishment is over so long as you never do this again."

She looked deep in his eyes, and saw his conviction.

"….Emi?"

"…Oh, Sonic-ku…" she couldn't hold it back now, as she dropped her hammer and embraced him. "I promise! I'll never do something so reckless again! I realize I could of gotten lost, or the flashdrive could of broke. I understand that it was dangerous, but… I had to do it. I couldn't stand being away from you!"

"….Emi…." Sonic breathed out, thinking it was rather ridiculous but respecting the fact that she was willingly to do it for him. He placed a hand on the top of her head. "Didn't you once said something like, 'I've finally found a good thing about being apart, because it's so great when we're reunited'? Why couldn't you have just been a good girl and waited for me, huh?"
"You… you remember that from Sonic X?" She asked, looking up at him.

"The English version anyway. It was playing on a small t.v screen and I remembered you, before you came here." He looked down, still a little upset, but let it go. "I'm just glad you we're okay."

"Oh Sonic-ku~" She sniffed, and hugged him again.

"H-hey, watch it now, Emi…"

"I forgive you for you're punishment too… you only did it cause you we're concerned I could of gotten into worse trouble, so thank you."

Sonic's hands were hovering over her, and slowly, he let them fall to her sides. "So? Good enough resolve?"

She grinned.

"Not quite."

"…? What do you mean, not quite?"

American Amy stood at the door of the 222's room.

"Open it." Sonic demanded, glaring her down.

"Nope." Amy shook her head, a bit afraid, but knew whatever was happening in their was for the better. "They have to make up."

"Amy…"

"I can't! I won't betray her!"

Suddenly the door opened, as a red faced Sonic bolted out the door, dragging Amy by her white color as she had given him the keys.

"Woah, what happened to you?" Sonic asked, and looked to see Japanese Amy had her hands in fist up to her face, in la-la land as she squee'd.

"Sometimes you have to do terrible things to get out of rut."

"We kissed and made up~3" Japanese Amy cooed.

"You what?"

"Wait…" American Amy looked to her. "You mean…"

"KISSED. And MADE UP." Japanese Amy stated, quite clearly, and winked to her. "I snuck one in while he wasn't expecting it~"

"You sly hog!" American Amy blushed and looked amazed. "I'm so jealous!"

"Yeah, you are!" She kicked her legs up and squee'd like a fangirl again, as Japanese Sonic held a hand up to his face.

"…no…" American Sonic looked to his other self, feeling so much pity for him. "She didn't …"

"The next punishment will be worst…" Japanese Sonic stated, tugging Amy up from her spazzing
fit of joy and walked on.

"See you guys later~" Japanese Amy waved, still blushing and squeeing and letting all manner of happiness come out of her being.

'Final day'

"I can't believe you're leaving!" American Amy was crying, holding onto her other self. "Are they really done with you too?"

"Yep, our new look should be coming out soon." Japanese Amy smiled, making a peace sign and grinning. "It should be epic!"

"Haha! I taught you that slang!" American Amy felt proud but didn't want to let her other self go. "I'll miss you, and all the mischief we've caused together~" she sniffed out.

"Ohh~ Me too!" Japanese Amy hugged her back, also on the verge of tears.

"I… I love you, Japan!"

"American-chan…"

"Japan, I always wanted to tell you this but…"

"America, no. Don't speak."

"But I must!" American Amy held her hands together, looking so convincingly into her eyes.

The two Sonic's head suddenly shot around, watching the scene.

"I can't live without you!"

"No, you mustn't! I… I have to leave with Sonic… it's… it's the way things have to be." Japanese Amy pulled away, dramatically so.

American Sonic dashed off, then came back with two pull-out chairs, as the two Tails face-palmed and watch Japanese Sonic race off, and come back with popcorn.

"Really?" American Tails stated.

"You guys, you're not even into these kinds of things. We're gonna be late…" Japanese Tails sighed out.

"Shhh!" Both Sonic's stated.

"You don't me." Japanese Sonic stated, as American Sonic and him bro-fisted and watched the scene.

"But… remember, that car ride." American Amy put her arm around Japanese Amy, as the two reenacted lovers separating.

"No… I mustn't!" Japanese Amy got out of her embrace. "But… how could one forget!" And then rushed back into it.

"I swear… I will come for you. Sonic must not have you!"
The Sonics sat up more in their seats. "This is getting intense." American Sonic stated.

"Bet you 50 rings my Amy will pick me over her."

"I don't know… wait, your Amy?"

"You know what I mean."

"Can I pretend I don't and hope this is a love triangle?"

"Japan! Please! Don't leave me! I can barely breath without you close to me!"

Both American and Japanese Tails groaned at the cheesiness the girls we're portraying.

"They can't just say a normal goodbye, can they?" American Tails commented.

"Hey, they probably like the attention the Sonics are given them." Japanese Tails concluded, and American Tails agreed.

"America… I… I love Sonic. I.. I can't." Japanese Amy moved closer to her.

"Japan…" American Amy moved a little closer as well.

"America…"

The Sonics started to flip out, slowly getting up as the American Sonic gripped his head, and the Japanese Sonic put his closed hand to his mouth.

"…..should we end it now?" whispered Japanese Amy.

"Quick! Jump in the server you're being transferred in as I turn and act like I kissed you!"

"Ew, gross, no! That's narcissism!"

"Aw… it would have been funny…"

The two parted, and the Sonics both shouted out, "NOOO!"

"Well, that was intense." American Sonic concluded, and the whole gang laughed.

"Ya think!?" Japanese Sonic chuckled out, as they all said their goodbyes and we're off, back to Japan!
By: Cutegirlmayra

It's been a very long time since I've written anything…. And that's mostly because I've been pretty sick and in pain for quite some time. I'm having a lot of bad health start happening in my family, so it's been hard to try and do anything lately… Today I told myself I needed to write for you guys, because I know how it feels to be left waiting xD lol. I know it's not Instincts… but I'll try and get back to that when I feel more capable to do so. Please enjoy! : ) I hope you all cry. Also, found out Sega is not stationed in Chicago T-T My bad, it's in San Francisco.. just ignore the locations of old! Lol. P.S: I did go back and edit this XP be grateful, it STUNK! lol)

"Sir! Sir!" A man ran down the hallway, dodging someone from Virtua fighter and more characters from different SEGA games as he tried to push himself down the crowded corridor. "If I could just-!" he finally just shoved the Monkey on his ball out of the way, making the monkey mad and throw a banana he was eating at him, causing him to look disgusted as he slowly took the banana off his face, and whipped it quickly out of his hands and to the ground.

"Do you have any idea what you could of done!? She's about to be kick-started into launch in-" a man came roaring toward the man with a script in his hand, but the man silenced him quickly by placing both hands over his mouth.

"The Japanese district is on the phone! And they've requested a Sonic meeting!"

"...NOW?!" the man threw the other man's hands down from his mouth, and looked around.

"We're in a complete MESS here! We can't have a bunch of different nationalities of Sonic running amok! Tell them we need to postpone, tell them-!"

"I'm here!" Sonic jumped over the crowd, standing on one of the Crazy Taxi cars in the middle of the SEGA game character crowd, all trying to get into their own assigned building sections but spring cleaning has moved them all out, making them eager to go back and run around.

"HOW DID THE TAXI GET IN HERE?! Aren't they limited to the parking lot?!!"

"Hello?" Sonic moved his arms out wide, still keeping them gently bent as he seemed to think he was more important than the dumb taxi below him.

"Oh, dear…" The man looked up to Sonic as the other began to sweat nervously. "Cooper.. please tell me that's our Sonic? From America?" He didn't even bother looking at Cooper's face.

"Actually sir,…" Cooper gulped. "It's the Jap."

"DEAR SONIC! We're SOOOO glad you could make it!" The demeanor of the man completely changed in a blink of an eye. "I do apologize for the traffic jam. We just finished cleaning the sections of Sega of America after all! Haha!" he placed his hands together and slightly rubbed them
together, holding them, as if it was for comfort and making a good impression.

"No sweat, dude." The Japanese Sonic, also referred to as The Original, gave him a light smile and began to spin dash and bounce over the other characters, while they all responded sourly to his 'head jumping' technique of getting over them.

"I believe you wanted a…." the man gulped. "Meeting?" he looked to Cooper.

"That's right! I've already recruited all my other copies. I just need good ol' America." He patted the man's arm, since he couldn't really reach his back, and looked around. "Where is my favorite son?" he teased, placing his hands on his hips and looking back to the two men.

"Uhh…." The men looked to each other, as Cooper sighed and decided to respond. "He's usually on 'vacation' when spring cleaning comes along…." "He's what?"

On the San Francisco Bridge

Sonic lounged on the very tip of The San Francisco Bridge with dark shaded sunglasses on while one leg was kicked over the other, both bent up, and his arms relaxing comfortably under his head.

Suddenly, another blue streak passed on the other side of him, and the wind sped by him, making him lean up and blink, as the glasses lowered slightly from his face. "Could of sworn…." He muttered, looking over to the other side, and suspicion made his eyes search back and forth, before putting his sunglasses back on and leaning back. "Hmph. Oh well." He smiled and began to chill again until another Sonic graced the scene.

Having his hands on his hips, and slightly tapping his fingers up and down to show he was waiting for Sonic to notice him, he rolled his eyes.

"Typical me. Not evening bothering to keep his guard up when he knows something's up."

"As the fastest thing alive, I could of just dodged anything anyone sent my way anyway. But I thought I'd let you catch me, just cause your so likable." Sonic joked back, and lifted one side of his sunglasses up, angling them, and smiling a charming grin.

American Sonic got up and the two shared a bro-hug, "Long time no see!"

"Really though! Ever since that Amy incident." He scratched behind his head, as American Sonic 'Eugh'd and looked behind him, showing his dislike of that incident too.

"I hope the mouth-wash worked."

"Barely. I barely even kissed her and I STILL can taste strawberry on my lips. PEH-PEH!" He spit in disgust and wiped his mouth.

"Think she'll ever let it go?" American Sonic raised an eyebrow.

"Heh… her first kiss? I only did it to get out, but she's convinced I fell for her scheme and am madly in love with her, and now I'm just 'playing her off' like I didn't like it." Japanese Sonic face palmed, embarrassed, frustrated, and annoyed by her response to the truth.

"Haha! I'm just happy I'm not in your shoes!" American Sonic patted his shoulder, trying for moral support, though it didn't seem to help. "My Amy would of planned the wedding day!"
"June 8th." Japanese Sonic slouched, letting his arms drape forward and down as his face was one that showed how fed up he was with life.

"….Really? And you didn't invite me?!" American Sonic joked, and then leaned back and started laughing his head off.

Japanese Sonic rolled his eyes slowly up to Sonic, sighed and closed his eyes, before straightening himself out. "Luckily, I dodged it beautifully. I got Tails to dress up as me and when Amy figured it out, by then, I was half way out of Tokyo!"

The two Sonic's shared another laugh as they returned to Sega of America's headquarters, hoping the meeting could start soon.

"What's this sudden meeting about?" asked American Sonic. "Other nation's Amys haven't been acting up or anything… right?" he seemed unsure but thinking maybe that really was the case. "I mean… could it be an error in data or…?"

"You know very well if it was an error in code she'd be dying and they'd have to create a new Amy based on back-up coding right?" Japanese Sonic seemed to take that as an insult, not treating a Game Character's death and rebirth very likely. "Their never quite the same, only on-screen… and half their memory is gone."

"I..I know that!" Sonic felt bad suggesting that could be it, and looked away. "I heard it's really tough on game characters… I heard Link and Zelda have to be rebooted often, not from errors in code, but just because they toss the old base out and create a completely new one."

"That's a rumor. They keep the bases, they just store them away. I haven't seen the old Ocarina team for many, many years…" Japanese Sonic admitted, as they entered the SEGA building. "But besides all of that, the meeting is normal, and we just forgot it was today. I, however, have men who are hired to remember for me when things are needed to happen." He smiled, trying to insult America's Sonic.

"Hey! I have a pretty organized place too!"

"Get moving Dead, come on!" A herd of Zombies from House of the Dead moaned and groaned by the two hedgehogs, as more and more traffic jam started happening, even in the main domed hall of Sega of America.

Japanese Sonic casually lowered his eyelids and gently rolled his eyes to his counterpart. "Oh yes, so organized and-" A zombie barfed, leaving an icky and yucky mess on the floor a couple feet away from the Sonics. "Neat."

American Sonic glared at his Original as suddenly from the top floor you could hear two shouted, "SISTER!". The boys looked up, as the camera panned upward to show the two Amys embracing.

"I can't believe your back! I missed you so much!" American Amy lifted Japanese Amy up and spun her around.

"Haha! Easy there! Of course I'm back, silly!" when she was put down, she smiled and the two let each other go with giggles. "Sonic said a meeting was to be held between all the nations."

"Here?"

"Oh dear!"

"What's wrong?" She looked worried.

"I haven't scheduled a room, ordered the tea,… I don't even have a topic to discuss!"

As American Amy panicked, Japanese Amy just giggled and patted her shoulder. "There, there, now! Let me handle that." She winked. "After all, I am The Original, I might as well lead this year's meeting again."

"Yeah… but you do it every year… don't you ever want a break?" American Amy inquired.

"…Do you ever get tried of talking about Sonic?"

"No."

"Then what's the point of a break?"

"To breathe?" American Amy cheekily inquired.

"Haha! Good point."

"Anyway, I should probably find a room… but first!" She took Japanese Amy's hand.

"H-hey! What are you-?"

"Where's the ring?" American Amy moved her hand to the front and back, up and down, but couldn't find it. "Did you leave it behind?"

"Huh..?"

"I heard you and your Sonic we're getting married!" She placed her hands together and her eyes shined in chibi-wonder.

"Oh….um… that… that didn't work out…" Japanese Amy looked away, lowering her head, and then shaking her fist. "He tricked and played with my heart yet again! And I swore my revenge!"

"He-" before she could speak, a Japanese Tails lowered his head from the top floor.

"In all honesty, I didn't want to go along with it! I'm just glad the whole Sonic costume fell apart before the 'I do' came up… I swear! Sonic said he'd save me before then, but he didn't! I was so scared I was actually getting married…" Tails's eyes turned to chibi tears as American Tails also dropped his head down to the girls.

"I don't think what my other self did was right either, but you shouldn't plot revenge. You knew Sonic didn't want to marry you and you tried to marry him anyway! He was, of course, gonna plan an escape route."

"HE LEFT ME AT THE ALTER!" Amy roared, steam coming out of her nostrils.

"No, he tricked you at the alter." Japanese Tails corrected her, lifting a pointer finger up before Amy threw her hammer toward him,

"Ya-oh!" he dodged, before she threw yet another one at American Tails.

"Hey! What'd I do!?" American Tails hollered down after they both successfully dodged the
“Oh no.” American Amy covered her mouth with both her hands, and then reached out to Japanese Amy. "I... I'm so sorry!"

Japanese Amy teared up, but quickly wiped it away, "It doesn't matter now! I'm going to get my revenge, and I think today's meeting will be just what I need to plot the perfect scheme! Whahahahahaha!” she threw her arms out and did an evil laugh, lifting her head up as to dramatize the evil action further.

"Uhh… well, if that's what you want…” American Amy had a sweat drop drip down the side of her head, but didn't say anything more.

The Next Day~

The Sonic Characters, mostly the main 4, arrived in America and were quickly shown their meeting room. From the five main headquarters around the world, after losing Australian and other European operations outside of the United Kingdom due to economic issues, there were only these five left.

However, even though some of the Sonics from around the world didn't have a headquarters of their very own, they came anyway to meet and discuss whatever it was they needed too.

Author's Note on some of the Laws in Sonic IRL

The main five, being Japanese Sonic from Ota, Tokyo in Japan; American Sonic from San Francisco, California (America); British Sonic from Brentford, Greater London (United Kingdom); Korean Sonic from Seoul, South Korea; Vancouver, Canada; and lastly, Russian Sonic from Moscow, Russia, are mostly the 'leaders' to the rest of the Sonics all around the world (Or distributed games). However, Japanese Sonic is 'Father' to all Sonics, since he was 'The Original' and all other Sonics are copies of himself, changed over time due to translations and other game franchises distributed in that other part of the world.

These five, having their own headquarters, have unique authority and power over the other Sonics, and even within the real and virtual world that is their domain. However, these powers are limited to SEGA grounds and/or technology, anywhere else and they can't be used.

An example of this power would be when Japanese Amy was able to download herself into a flashdrive. There are many mysteries to these strange 'Main Game' powers, but no one really knows the full extent, besides the 'leading' characters, of course!

However, The Original has even more power than 'Main Game' powers, but these are almost forbidden to use unless the situation calls for it. However it has to be a 'must use' moment, or the Original could lose script and code from within themselves, causing errors (This doesn't mean always, it's just a risk, a chance their taking to use it). If the Original is to die of 'Virtual Error Death', his backup may have lost 'The Original' powers.

End Note

(Statement: These powers may not be used in this One-shot, but for further reference, they may come up in other One-shots that I'd like to write)

The other Sonics that have arrived are representing different nationalities; there is the Spanish Sonic, French Sonic, Australian Sonic and lastly German Sonic. All other Sonics couldn't make it or might not have been able to find ways to make it. (Which would be a good thing because that'd
be a lot of Sonics xD)

Now, based on the information given in the Author's Note, you may be wondering how the other Sonics, not having these 'Main Game' powers, were able to travel around the world to make it to this meeting, they usually go to another company that distributes SEGA games and use that way, but they can also visit one of the Main Five and ask for them to use their powers to send them where they need to go.

Now, moving on…~

As the Sonics all get into the room, Japanese Sonic makes a statement as he stands behind a podium for speaking and leans lazily on it. "Alright, turn your translators on so we don't have to deal with accents, other languages, and so forth."

The Other Sonics moan, but do so.

"What's wrong with an accent? Mine just so happens to be extremely charming." British Sonic spoke up, upset he had to lose it.

"Well, we're all flattered you wanted to charm us, Brit." French Sonic stated, leaning on his hand as his elbow rested on the table.

"Don't you two start again, your acting just like your countries." American Sonic spoke up, grinning at his little joke.

"I must ask, why exactly are we here again?" Asked German Sonic, as Russian Sonic spoke after him.

"I'm pretty sure it's just one of those meetings where the company just schedules it to be a 'check up' of some kind." He yawned.

"Well, a check up isn't so bad." Canadian Sonic stated, as Australian Sonic looked dead bored, spinning his chair left and right beside him with his head completely leaned back on the top of the chair's back rest.

"Ehem, anyway." Japanese Sonic spoke up, "Let's discuss the upcoming game, and maybe we'll get somewhere with that for the company to go off of."

"Sounds good." Spanish Sonic stated, sitting down as Korean Sonic watched him and then looked up to hear Japanese Sonic speak.

A worker looked into the small rectangular window of the Sonics meeting room, as his higher-up walked up and smacked him upside the head.

"I know it looks cool to see so many Sonics in the same room, but come on, Mike! You got work to do!" the boss stated, as Mike nodded and walked on.

"How many meetings are there? And are there 10 in all?"

"Sure are. There's about…ehm… 4 I think. Sonics, Tails, Knuckles, and…" the man stopped, and turned back. "Now that I think of it… where ARE the other Amys?"

In about 2 doors to the left of the Sonics meeting room, the Amys were having a cute brunch together, squealing in joy and talking about Sonic and other such things.
"You know, my Sonic DID say he loved me in the anime." French Amy gently took a sip of her tea, being a bit all about herself at the moment and even lifting her pinkie finger up, as if to look better than the rest.

"Yeah, and then they cancelled it." American Amy stated, making the other Amys support her with 'Ohh!'s and 'Yeah-ha!'s at her diss.

French Amy slammed her tea cup down, glaring at American Amy. "So rude!"

"Well, she is American." British Amy spoke up, making American Amy turn to her and sparks of rivalry flared between the two.

"Girls, Girls! Your attention, please!" Japanese Amy spoke up, being behind a podium too.

"Oh look, it's mom." Teased Russian Amy. "What? Just because she's the original we all have to follow her?"

"Hi, mom." Also continuing the joke was Korean Amy, waving happily to her.

"Guys, I told you! I don't want to be called mom!" Japanese Amy stated, not liking the title. "I know Sonic likes to fool around and say he's 'the father of all things fast and handsome' but I would rather be like your sister, okay?" she smiled nervously, feeling a bit awkward at explaining herself, and using the bunny ears when mentioning what Sonic says.

"Hahaha! Japanese Sonic is hilarious!" Canadian Amy laughed, holding her stomach and laughing.

"I think my Sonic's the bravest though." Australian Amy commented, holding a finger to her mouth as if pondering her last statement.

"All our Sonics fit the part, it's not like one is more than the other, right?" Spanish Amy looked to Australian Amy, seeming unsure.

"GIRLS PLEASE!" American Amy slammed her hands on the table, making the others look to her immediately and being a bit startled by her sudden action too. "Hmph, Japanese Amy is speaking, stop yapping for a few seconds and listen, alright?" She then looked to Japanese Amy, giving her a thumbs up. "I go your back!" she whispered to her with a wink.

Japanese Amy laughed nervously, and nodded, turning back to the girls. "We're here to exact justice!"

"Justice?" French Amy looked to her and folded her arms. "For what?"

"W-well…" Japanese Amy began to grow shy and embarrassed, so American Amy, feeling bad for her, decided to take it upon herself to finish it for her.

"Sonic left her at the alter."

"AMERICA!"

"Oh…my gosh." British Amy slowly placed her finger food back down on her plate.

"We're you two…going to…?" Korean Amy took her two pointer fingers, standing them upright, and gently bumped them together twice.

"AHHHHH! YOU WERE GONNA GET MARRIED?!" Russian Amy jumped up, pure shock on her face. "Pozdravlyayu! Haha!" she grabbed, rather forcefully, the closest Amy near her and
squeezed her with one arm, holding her tea cup high in the air and then gulping it down quickly in celebration.

"HOW DID YOU SCREW IT UP?!" Spanish Amy placed a foot on the table, seeming extremely mad that she could of ruined her one and only dream in life and hearts true desire.

"N-now, why did he um…" Korean Amy tried to ask why he left her, and maybe even what that really meant, but she was too scared of the uproar that the first question caused to really speak her mind.

Canadian Amy seemed to be having a heart attack while Australian Amy snickered and gave Japanese Amy a thumbs up. "To bad you couldn't keep him long enough to enjoy the honeymoon."

"Shouldn't you think of something other than that!?" American Amy screamed back to her.

"Like what? Kids?" Australian Amy responded, so bluntly and nonchalantly too.

"I'm so glad you said kids." French Amy seemed to relax herself as if she was expecting something worse out of her mouth. "But besides that, why else do people get married?"

"Girls, girls! We need to know why this happened." German Amy seemed to calm the rest down. "Listen, not that I don't believe you or anything, Japan. But why on earth would Sonic agree to that anyway?"

"Because he loves her?" British Amy spoke up, looking to German Amy like she was an idiot.

"I agree with German Amy. It doesn't seem likely that he would just say 'Oh sure Amy, let's do this!' you know?" Russian Amy stated, coming down from her partying state of mind after fully realizing the situation.

"He could have been bored?" French Amy shrugged, just trying to contribute.

"Well…" American Amy looked to Japanese Amy, not sure how to start from the beginning.

An Explanation later

"Gurl, I wish I had HALF your guts." Spanish Amy stated, drinking her tea.

"HAHAHAHAH!" Australian Amy was laughing so hard, "SQUEAKY TOY CHILIDOGS?! That was your BIG PLAN!? HAHAHA!"

"How… how was that inspired by a flash mob?" blushed Korean Amy.

"Okay, everyone! Please, listen. I kinda see how that would be a silly thing, but she did get a little peck on the cheek with it so~" American Amy jumped in to, again, stand up for Japanese Amy, who looked to her like she really didn't need the help.

"The fact of the matter is, I want revenge!" She stated, pounding her fist on the podium. "I mean, I traveled all that way in good faith that he would be happy to see me, to then be punished for loving him enough to do something so risky!? And then plan a moment to talk together for ONCE in a long, long time only to be tricked and embarrassed on American soil!"

"Hey, what's wrong with my soil?" American Amy stated, being slightly offended.

"You soiled it with your bad manners." British Amy leaned over and laughed while stating her own insult.
"Why you-!" American Amy turned quickly to glare at her, but Japanese Amy stopped the two by stretching her arms out, holding a hand up to both of them to stop and quit it.

"Look, if no one has a good idea then-"

"Maybe we can pull some pranks on them." Spanish Amy suggested.

"Or jump into his hard-drive and cause mayhem and havoc! Haha!" Australian Amy said.

"You know only the main five can do that, and we'd be in SERIOUS trouble messing with an original." French Amy stated, not liking Australian Amy's attitude. "Besides, if she could do that, she would of just made him all like, "Oh là là~" if you know what I mean." She winked to Australian Amy, who snickered back.

"Would you two stop." British Amy shook her head at the two of them.

"Behave." Korean Amy cutely, and teasingly pawed at the two of them.

"Okay, okay… none of those are really good enough though…" Japanese Amy lowered her head to the podium, as Russian Amy sighed and pouted, placing both elbows on the table and holding her head up with her hands. She tapped her fingers on her head, as the others started to think too, following after her.

"Hmm… maybe… one of us could dress up as Sonic, infiltrate their meeting, and get the topic to turn to us. We could learn about little things they think about us, stuff they would never say or even admit around us, and use it to our advantage?" Spanish Amy suggested while fiddling with her nails.

"… like… Eavesdropping?" British Amy asked, looking to her.

"No." American Amy got up, making them all look to her as she had a wicked grin on her face, and an evil glare too. "Black mail."

"Ohhh." The other Amys looked to each other, and then they all smiled and nodded.

"B-black mail!?" Japanese Amy looked a bit concerned. "But… what if they catch us? Or find out or something? I think pranking them is a lot better than that… it just seems… kinda cruel.." she looked away, not wanting to hurt the Sonics, just get a little friendly payback.

"We'll bug the room!" American Amy stated, looking to Japanese Amy.

"Yeah! We only need to go in once!" Russian Amy stated, getting up and hyped too from American Amy's enthusiasm.

"G-guys, I don't know if-" Canadian Amy started, as Korean Amy placed a hand on her own and looked up at the others.

"If we do this, we'll be betraying all of our Sonics trust… They could get really mad."

"But~ We'll have our revenge!" French Amy put her fist up, excited too.

"Not just that! But we'll show them that if you mess with one Rose, you mess with the whole Garden!" Inspiringly spoke American Amy.

"YEAH!" The Amys cheered, as Japanese Amy looked around, realizing she may have made a slight mistake…
"Nevermind! I don't want to do this anymore!"

"What? Why not?! This is PERFECT!" American Amy tried to push her into it. She walked over and around the podium, holding Japanese Amy by her arms. "what's wrong?"

"Well… according to Spanish Amy, we'd have to impersonate Sonic!"

The Amys stopped cheering, as their smiles wore off.

"Who would be able to do that?" She asked.

"Ohh…” The Amys slowly sat back down, being disappointed and losing their spirit.

"Hmm… Alright, we'll draw straws!"

"What!?” The Amys all looked to American Amy like she was crazy.

"Any of us can walk the walk, and talk the talk! We’ve known Sonic half our lives! It's in our programming! We just have to mimic him! No big deal." She swiped the air, and then ran out to get the straws.

"Why is she so motivated?” Asked Australian Amy. "I'm just curious."

"She just really wants to help Japanese Amy with this revenge scheme I guess." French Amy concluded.

"Or maybe…” Russian Amy looked off towards the door American Amy left through. "Maybe she's hoping to hear something.."

A few minutes later

"Ready? Three, two, one, pull!" the girls pulled out there straws, and looked around to see who got the blue stripe.

"Eep." Canadian Amy looked to see a blue stripe on her straw, and looked terrified.

The other Amys looked up to her, and smiled in high hopes.

"It's okay, Canada. I believe in you.” Korean Amy placed a hopeful hand on her head, patting it softly for moral support as Canadian Amy looked about ready to cry.

To prepare, the Amys all worked together, getting Canadian Amy prepped to look like Sonic meant they needed his shoes and gloves, which American Amy had to use her main five powers to get into the computer program and 'borrow' a copied data of his shoes and gloves, rushing back to the meeting room, hoping she was unspotted.

Mike was going down the hall with a tray of pizza for the Sonics, when he noticed Amy looking around suspiciously, holding something red and white in her hands, before dashing inside her meeting door, looking around again, and closing the door. He was at the corner of where her hall was, so she couldn't spot him, plus it was getting late so it was dark in the corridor besides the one window at the end of the hallway. The meeting would be over and start again tomorrow, usually lasting a few days anyway.

Not knowing what she was planning, Mike just continued his job, wondering though what was in her hands… "It sure was shiny." He thought out loud, before opening the door to the Sonics meeting room, hearing a commotion inside, and then calling out, "Pizza's here!"
"Pizza!" They all cheered, "Come on in, brother! You are welcomed here!" they seemed to just be partying now, not really having a real discussion anymore.

The 2nd Meeting Day

"Okay, after so long of prepping, then going home to sleep on it, and STILL being sure we were doing this today..." Japanese Amy began, as the other Amys surrounded her in a huddle in front of whatever she was talking too.

"Oh, just hurry up, will you!?" One of the Amys said in the huddle.

Japanese Amy looked up at her and pouted, but then smiled, growing more confident with this plan and excited to get her revenge, she moved away and presented the girls work of art! "Ta-dah!"

Canadian Amy stood up, having her bangs and quills placed back to slick her hair into Sonic's signature look, and painted blue, she looked a little to much like him! She had contacts to make her eyes a lighter shade of green, her clothes gone and replaced with Sonic's gloves and shoes, but she covered herself anyway.

"I'm naked!" she screamed.

"No, no, no. You have to speak more guyish, like Sonic." American Amy stated.

"I'm not walking out naked!"

"The paint is keeping you covered." French Amy stated.

"What about her figure?" asked Korean Amy.

"What figure? All of us don't have much anyway." German Amy stated with little to no emotion in her words at all.

"Hey! That's mean! Have respect for yourself!" British Amy placed two defiant hands on her hips, huffing at German Amy's words.

"It's true." She replied, rolling her eyes and shrugging.

"Okay, remember the plan. You're late cause you're from the Netherlands and had a bumpy plane ride over here, okay?" Spanish Amy explained.

"O-okay."

"No, no! With Sonic's attitude and voice, come on!" Russian Amy hit her back, getting her to stand upright. "With feeling! Get into character."

"O-oh um... Heh!" She put a finger under her fake long nose and rubbed gently under it, making it slightly wiggle. "I'm Sonic the Hedgehog! The Fastest thing alive! If I could of walked on water to get here, then I would have, hahahahah!" She placed both hands behind her head, and carried herself highly, making the other Amys 'Ohh' at her performance.

"I think I fell in love again." French Amy admitted, looking love struck with her hands together.

"Great job, Canada! I knew you could do it! Now, let's get you in that meeting! Did you get the bugs?" American Amy made sure she was carrying everything she needed to bug the room for the girls.
"Y-yeah.." Canada Amy went back to her normal self, and was then pushed out of the room. "Ya-Ah! Ay! That wasn't funny, eh!"

"Don't let them catch that accent! And don't you dare let them find you coming here! Return when it's safe!" Russian Amy stated, closing the door before Korean Amy opened it slightly again.

"Good luck, solider!"

"Solider?" The Fake Sonic dusted herself off, still not liking the breeze that flew by when the window was opened by Mike.

"Huh? Oh hey, the meetings already kinda started, but... you haven't missed much, right through there." Mike pointed to the door, as the Fake Sonic smiled politely, and straightened himself up.

"Right, meeting. Here I go!" She opened the door, and walked bravely in.

"Huh? What a weird Sonic." Mike thought, and continued on sweeping the corridor.

"I keep telling you! If all the emeralds were destroyed, then Chaos energy would have to gather into the master emerald right?!"

"No, no, no, you don't understand Chaos power!"

"There is more to life than Pizza, let me tell you."

"You mean Chilidogs?"

"We have GOT to get a bigger diet."

The Fake Sonic was stunned into a frozen state of being, looking around, she was sure she couldn't do this. How could any Amy fit in with this!?

"Huh? Who are you?" A Sonic noticed her, and she didn't know how to respond. When it was with her own, she could tell each Amy apart by how they were placed, acted, and such. But she didn't know the other Sonics... so she quickly looked around the room, and spotted her own in the mix of Sonics.

"Ehem... Sorry I'm late, fellas!" She just quickly took on his persona, hoping he would notice the similarity and just accept that it was one of his own. She moved over and got a chair, unfolding it quickly with a jerk like Sonic would of done, to her knowledge anyway, and sat down.

The room was quiet... to quiet, as the Sonics silently judged her.

"Where are you from?" The Sonic at the podium stated, seeming suspicious. She jolted, but tried to hide the fact that she did. The Original had the power to take her down to her coding, and see straight through the disguise, if he really wanted too. So to make sure he wouldn't do so, she quickly thought fast.

Kicking her feet up on the table, and leaning her chair back while putting her hands behind her head, she played a cocky approach to Sonic's character. "Oh, you know. Here and there. Haha, nah, I'm from the Netherlands. It's only me here, sadly..." she put a finger in her ear, itching in it, and then moved her hand out in front of her, keeping her voice as close to Sonic's as possible.

"Technology isn't the greatest over there, as you know, so I jumped on a plane. Hehe, reminded me a bit of my Sonic Adventure days." She closed her eyes and let one of her feet tap a bit in the air.

"Anyway~ I'm leaving my friends behind only cause this thing seemed mandatory. So spill, what's
the news?" She opened one eyelid to look at Japanese Sonic, as the others still stared blankly at her, still wondering…

The Sonics finally relaxed, sitting back and taking their suspicions away.

'I've been accepted!'

"Heh, we all know a little about lack of technology and moving around, so no worries. But, for American Sonic's sake, you might want to keep your feet off the table."

"I just don't want my people getting mad at me for dirtying the place up is all." American Sonic stated, glaring lazily at Japanese Sonic. "Don't make it sound like I'm a neat freak."

"Haha, whatever. Anyway, though it's mandatory, if you can't make it, then you can't make it. But we're glad you're here." He smiled.

"Thanks." The fake Sonic took her two fingers and slightly saluted Japanese Sonic, showing some respects as she took her feet down and sat more properly at the table.

"No problem. Now then, what about absorbing the chaos into you and becoming your own walking, talking chaos emerald?"

The whole room went into another loud discussion, or to them, an uproar. But to the Fake Sonic, being in a room full of Amys was an uproar, not this. Especially when 'Who has the strongest arm' game is being played and Russian Amy pulls out her hammer and gets on the table…

She stayed back and let the others talk, keeping her act up though, she only butt in when she knew she could answer something, but tried to mostly stay aloof.

"Alright. I think that concludes the meeting."

'Shoot! The bug!' The fake Sonic placed a tiny device under her side of the table, but wasn't going to risk more than that one.

"Anyway, if we're done, then-"

"Wait!" She spoke up, as the other Sonics looked to her.

"Hmm? Got something to say, Netherlandic Sonic?" American Sonic leaned back in his seat, as Japanese Sonic looked to her as well, curious as to what she would say.

"Ehem." She cleared her throat, almost losing a passing Sonic voice for a moment. "I uh.. kinda have something I'd like to talk about."

"You couldn't have said it earlier?" Another Sonic who she didn't recognize spoke up, as the others laughed slightly with him.

"Well, it's kinda… dumb?" she didn't know how to explain it in a way where Sonic would think it's his own words, so she went with that. Worry started to spring up as she sweated slightly, but hoped the paint would stick together. "It's about Amy." She had to mention it, it was her mission after all, this is why she was here. With the device on, the other Amys could hear this too.

"Amy?" A Sonic looked to her, confusion written all over his face.

"What about Amy?" Another Sonic spoke up, looking annoyed and sounding the part too, as he placed a hand on the table.
"Well… as I said. Technology is still… pretty newish? And I only got a few games in stock. I haven't really… I don't know, met her yet?" she didn't quite know what she was saying, but she just went with it.

"What are you saying?" a Sonic looked more confused now at her words.

"Oh wait." A Sonic spoke up. "Are you trying to say your games are being re-processed? Like, remastered or something? So you haven't, actually, met this Amy yet?"

She had no idea what he was saying, but the other Sonics nodded as if they got that. "A reboot kinda effect then." They all agreed.

"Uhh… yeah. Yeah that's it. So anyway.." she settled herself more into her seat, 'This is it. Time to get them yapping!' she thought, but then got nervous, 'I hope they don't get mad at me…'

"How do I… you know, … deal with her? Well, not deal but… I've got programming telling me this and that about her and how I feel about her and all that jazz, but when it comes down to it, I don't really understand it."

The other Sonics smiled and raised an eyebrow, as they all cheekily turned to Japanese Sonic, smiling as if they knew something she didn't know, as Japanese Sonic looked slightly annoyed by how they all turned to him to answer it.

"What's with the sudden change of mood, eh fellas?" Japanese Sonic leaned back, and lowered his head, shaking it. "Alright fine. It'll make more sense when you actually meet her, but overall just be kind, protect her, and don't get her mad unless you're prepared for it." He explained, as simply as he could it seemed.

"Yeah, and give her an ol'peck on the cheek if she locks you in a room." A Sonic spoke up, as Japanese Sonic slammed his head on the podium, making the others burst out laughing.

"I still can't believe you did that!"

"What was it like? Everything a nightmare is suppose to be?"

"WHAHAHAHAH! Past our wildest expectations of horror and regret?"

"That's enough!" Japanese Sonic rose his head and screamed loud over the taunting the others were giving him. "She had the key RIGHT. HERE." He put a fist up to his chest. "The only way to grab it was to shock her long enough to loosen her grip and drop her hand away! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY!"

"Very logical."

"I think it was the spur of the moment. All those chilidogs just… it got to your head, man."

"But they were fake, remember?"

"FAKE!! What?? I didn't hear that! If she wasn't even willing to go the distance and stack the tables with REAL chilidogs, then she didn't even deserve that kiss!"

"I think there was an error in his thinking and he didn't want to admit it."

"Hey, don't joke about that, bro."

"Sorry."
"Japan… how many times do we have to tell you. You may be gettin' to that age where girls are lookin' cute, but Amy be cray-cray, and so no."

"All of you… get off my back…” Japanese Sonic gripped the top of the podium, leaving his head down in shame.

'What?! This isn't what I wanted to hear at all!' The fake Sonic thought, and looked down, feeling saddened by how the Sonics viewed her and her sisters…

A Sonic must of noticed her shift of character, and looked down at her sweetly. "Hey, man. It's not as bad as we're making it out to be."

She made sure not to blush as to give her cover away, as another Sonic spoke up. "Yeah… she may be a handful, but she's still a good friend." The other Sonics agreed and nodded.

"I would say just treat her as you would Tails or Knuckles, but beware of those killer death hugs."

"She'll want marriage, but if she, or someone else touches you in a-" Japanese Sonic smacked American Sonic before he could finish his 'Classic Sonic cartoon' spill.

"Shut up. She's not that kind of girl."

"Oh yeah. She's really innocent, so no worries on her trying anything."

"Haha! Yeah, and if she did, she'd be HORRIBLE at it!"

The Sonics laughed again.

"Poor thing, doesn't even know how to use her charm at ALL." This Sonic spread his arms out to dramatized the 'all' part before he reached for another piece of pizza, left over from the night before.

"Yeah, she is cute, but… I wouldn't fall in love."

The others stopped and looked to that Sonic who spoke up as he ate a bit of pizza, and then threw Pizza at him while making groaning noises or saying for him to shut up.

"What?!"

The fake Sonic didn't quite get it but she went ahead and laughed, keeping up appearances. "Is falling for her that bad?"

The boys all looked to her, and stared.

"...Well…” Something turned serious in that room, as Japanese Sonic spoke up, the rest looked to him. "SEGA would like to keep it pretty one-sided… and I respect that." He stated. "That's just how it's always been, and how it probably should stay."

"...In other words, if Japan isn't interested, we shouldn't be." American Sonic stated, and seemed to say that without an inch of humor in his voice.

"Anyway, enough talk about silly old Amy. Are we ending this meeting or what?"
Deep inside the Fake Sonic, Amy felt so insulted, like they wouldn't fall for her because 'that's how it is, so we won't change that'? As the Sonics all left, trying to rid the mood that came with speaking about Amy, she went to the boys bathroom, glad and relieved no one was there, and waited for the Sonics to disperse. Once she knew they were gone, she dashed into the Amys meeting room, where she knew they were all gathered and had heard the same thing she did.

Mike walked down the hall to the bathroom, as he was on break, and noticed something blue and spiky walk into the Amys meeting room. "..Hm?"

"Some black mail!" An Amy cried out as soon as Canadian Amy walked in, they all seemed pretty hurt and disappointed by what the Sonics had said.

"I'm not crazy!" Another spoke out, but Canadian Amy didn't want to identify her, she was to busy with her own thoughts before looking around and noticing she was still Fake Sonic.

"Someone… please just get this paint off of me." Canadian Amy stated, pulling her three quills back forward from being pushed into her hair and slicked back on her forehead where it could be out of sight.

"You did great, by the way… I didn't realize it would be like this.." American Amy stated, helping her wash off the paint outside behind the building, as German Amy and Japanese Amy held up a blanket to hide her from others eyes. Since there wasn't really a shower at Sega, they had to make due with a hose and a bucket…

American Amy and French Amy were cleaning her off, since the meeting was over.

"I still can't believe they said it HAD to be one-sided, like, if they wanted too, they could probably talk to SEGA and get that changed! Hmph!" French Amy spoke up, as American Amy's eyes widened.

'That's it!

The 3rd Meeting Day

Fake Sonic, now being American Amy, walked into the office of a higher-up at Sega of America. Leaving the others in the dark, she hoped to surprise them if she could convince this man to change the way they lived in the games and maybe in every aspect of their lives!

"Ehem, Sonic. I… I didn't think you'd be coming here so.. well, suddenly! With all that's going on though, you must be having a blast with your other selves."

"Yeah, we're all like brothers! Haha, family reunion!" Her Sonic wasn't as good as Canada's, but it seemed to work alright as the Higher-up official didn't seem to notice anything wrong. She even, uncharacteristic of him, waved her hands up and a bit girly like. She quickly corrected herself when she noticed this though.

'I have GOT to stay in character!'

"So, I believe you came to see me about something important you'd like to change?"

"Y-…yes." She was still so out of character, and now the man was beginning to notice.

"You… alright, Sonic?" The man asked, leaning more towards him now on his desk and having his arms interlaced together, professionally. He cocked his head to the side, "You seem a bit… off from yourself today."
"Ehem." She took a deep breath.

"Well, you know. We kinda had a meeting yesterday about this, and I'm curious." She mimicked the man's actions, placing her hands on the desk like he did and looked up at him. "As Sonic the Hedgehog, I can make certain…ehmm… decisions about my life's standings… correct?" She started, slowly, becoming more Sonic-like in her actions.

"Uhh… Yes?" The man spoke out. "What is it you think we should do? I mean, you never had a complaint before… well, for quite some time anyway." He stated, the old man seemed to really want to help Sonic, which made Amy bolder in her approach.

"Listen, buddy. It's just… this whole thing about Amy and her place in the world just isn't really fair in my book anymore…" She finally became Fake Sonic.

"W-what do you mean? Amy?" He looked surprise, sitting back.

"Well, the whole one sided thing." She leaned back too, and moved her arms more, something Sonic did to express himself constantly.

"W-what about it? That's been in place for years." He seemed to be panicking, as he opened a drawer below himself and shakingly took out his glasses, placing them on.

American Amy was just fueled by his nervousness, and her Fake Sonic grew stronger in her act. "You see, me and the others were thinking… romance can sell." Fake Sonic placed his elbows on the table, but kept his arms up, hands out almost like a shrug as she continued to go on.

"I just think, you know… Nintendo of all things has Zelda and Link happening right now. What, with that hug happening, and then the whole teases sprinkled throughout there newest addition to the franchise."

"Uh…T-T-The hug? I think you mean the Fall and Catch, umm.. b-b-but, Wha- Sonic wait..!"

"That's what I'm saying! What were we waiting for all these years, huh? A sign? For her to age? Cause I think we're both pretty amped up to go for something now, maybe build up to something in a few games before springing the surprise, eh? Give it to them slowly as to not shock the fans to much with just a giant moment in their face, but, haha. I think they'd love it!"

"Sonic, please." The old man stopped her, and took a deep breath. "Now, I'm confused Sonic. When we gave you the option many years ago you stated you didn't want that for yourself. Now your coming here bouncing around the very thought as if it's a brilliant idea? I thought you said you didn't want to be in love?"

American Amy broke from her composure of being Fake Sonic.

'I thought you said you didn't want to be in love?'

'You didn't want to be in love?'

'…Didn't want to be..?'

"What?"

"Well, that's what you said. Don't you remember? As a young sprite for goodness sake. I'm surprised. We've asked you time and time again, and you always say, 'let it be.' or 'leave it to the imagination of fans' and such things like that. I'm just… well I'm florid." The old man seemed
genuinely shocked by all this happening at once, as Amy was just so hurt and shocked by it all herself…

"T-thank you for your time…” she got up, and dashed out as quickly as possible.

"Hmm? Sonic?” The old man watched her race out, as he quickly turned, and started dialing numbers on the phone next to him. After a few minutes of talking, he finally stated, "Yes, yes. I know what Sonic has said before, but he came in here like a puppy in love! I don't quite understand it myself, but you should get the others in on this too! Yes, yes… I know he's not the original, but if one meeting has made even one Sonic change his mind, well you know how they're all pretty much the same in data and frame, think of how many others were suddenly changed in their thinking too!"

As news got around to the other companies, a few got scared, and wanted the meetings to stop right there.

Others were thrilled, ecstatic even, that Sonic may allow them to be a little more creative in that field of storytelling.

"I'm telling you! It simply won't work!" Now the entire company was having a full on meeting, there was a huge wide screen showing a bunch of important people's faces on the huge monitor, as a group of men sat at a table with a big camera facing towards them.

"It's unbelievable! My Sonic has never said a word to me about that!” A woman spoke on the screen, as another person jumped in on the topic.

"She's too young!"

"Well, she's not getting any younger to be frank." A man on the table spoke out and into a microphone. "She's pretty much immortal so.."

"Fans will get into frantic wars about this. It's a dangerous topic, he's already stated, quite repetitively, that he isn't interested in her being his 'official' girlfriend." The woman spoke again, not easing up.

"Actually, ma'am. He hasn't stated he doesn't like the idea either, only that he doesn't feel up to it at the moment, until now." Another man answered on the board.

"Are you saying he was neutral about this, until some sudden meeting discussion?"

"All of you, listen closely, please." A Japanese man spoke up, as the others silenced themselves, a few people looking frustrated and upset. "If what these men are saying is true, then perhaps Sonic is changing. We have had many discussions of this in the past, and I for one have always stuck with Sonic's opinion on everything. If Sonic would like to give Amy a little more of his heart, then with close monitoring, I think that's alright."

"But Hajime Satomi, as you may be aware, we've already planned it to where there is no definite romances in this franchise." The same woman spoke up, looking completely against this idea.

"I will speak to Sonic."

"They already have, apparently."

"My Sonic."
He said that line as if that was the only Sonic that mattered.

"Good day, everyone." He turned his monitor off, getting up to reach the camera and smiling.

The 4th Meeting Day

The Sonics all happily and comfortably talked one to another, as even one mentioned where Netherlandic Sonic may be.

Then, Japanese Sonic barged open the door, looking ticked as he raised his head from its lowered state, and looked dead set on American Sonic, giving him a glare that could make even Eggman fear for his life.

"Uhh...Jap? You okay?" American Sonic asked, blinking his eyes and getting slightly scared and worried. "You don't look so-

Japanese Sonic punched American Sonic

American Sonic went rolling over the table, and got his grip, gasping for air as he looked up at Japanese Sonic. "What on earth!? Have you lost your mind!?"

Japanese Sonic bent down slightly into a fighting stance, teeth clinched, as he jumped up on the table and started brawling with American Sonic.

"Woah, woah, break it up! What's going on!?" The other Sonics grabbed the two, pulling them off to two different sides of the table, now half of them standing on the table themselves. "Have you both lost your minds!?"

"You traitor! I thought you said you agreed with what I said about it being one-sided with Amy!"

"What? I did! I even followed you up on it!"

"LIAR!" It took all the Sonic's on that side to restrain Japanese Sonic.

"What are you talking about!?" American Sonic hollered back to him, being released by the other Sonics, since it didn't look like he was going to fight him anymore.

"If that's true, then why did my CEO just ask me if we've collectively decided on letting romance into the franchise!"

"WHAT!?"

"He said your men told him you came to your official and told him you were alright with the idea!"

"I would never!"

"Then, tell me, were your men lying!?"

"Hey, calm down, Japan. Let America speak." Korean Sonic pushed Japanese Sonic back, as he looked right about to lunge at American Sonic again.

"I trusted you." Japanese Sonic finally stated. "I really thought you would know better..."

"I didn't say anything! Believe me, my people wouldn't lie, but this has to be a mistake!" American Sonic tried to plead his innocence as Spanish Sonic saw something blink of light under the table.
He slowly moved under the table and was shocked to find a small circular device. He pulled it out and tugged on its antenna. "Uhh… guys?"

"If it wasn't you who went to your people, then who did?"

"Guys?"

Russian Sonic shook his head, "Listen, we need to calm down and think this through."

"GUYS."

The Sonics all looked to Spanish Sonic, as he got up and pointed innocently to the device. "I think I found a bug."

"…No…I think you found a rat."

Back at Amys meeting room, the girls quickly shut off the device.

"Crap." American Amy spit out.

"America…" Japanese Amy looked to her, "What have you done?"

"I…I just wanted to change how things were!" she admitted, "But I stopped! I stopped half way! He must of told the other companies…and then the main heads of the board…"

"He told Hajime Satomi, do you even know what that means!?" Japanese Amy gripped her friend's shoulders; fear of the consequences of this trickery crept into her soul and flowed out her eyes. She looked terrified…

"We're all gonna die." French Amy stated, holding her hands up to her mouth.

Canadian Amy opened a window, seeming ready to jump.

"NOONONONONO!" The other Amys grabbed her and pulled her down.

"Calm down! They can't kill us!" Japanese Amy stated, "But we do have to get rid of the evidence!"

"The speaker, get that thing back into data bits!" German Amy pointed to the speaker in the middle of the table, the one that let them hear everything the boys had said.

"We need to put those gloves and shoes data back!" Russian Amy handed American Amy the data. "It was from your data base, you put it back!"

"No!" British Amy stopped her, taking the shoes and gloves. "He's part of the main five! He'll know someone took his data to disguise as him and trace it back!"

"Then how do we..?" Korean Amy looked scared too, not wanting her Sonic to be mad at her either.

"I feel like we're trying to hide a body, can we not act so guilty?" Australian Amy tried to keep cool and get everyone else to try too. "Deep breaths, everybody, deep breaths."

Everyone stopped a moment, Spanish Amy with the blue paint, and German Amy having the speaker almost completely data bits flying in the air.
"Ha….whoo…"

They all took a deep breath together.

"Good… one more time." Suggested Australian Amy.

"Ha…"

"Oh? Netherlandic Sonic? Yeah… it was kinda weird… I think I saw him go into the Amys meeting room to be honest."

"AHHHHHHH!"

The Sonics all looked from Mike to the Amys meeting room.

"We're gonna die!" "Shut up!" "Pull yourselves together and follow me!"

The Amys dropped everything, the speaker, which reformed it's bits because it wasn't done being de-coded, and the shoes and gloves, which we're just thrown up in the air, and lastly the paint, which splattered everywhere.

"There goes hiding the evidence…" German Amy gravely said, seeing the mess.

"Quick, out the window!" American Amy ordered, shoving Canadian Amy out again.

"Wait what?!" The Amys looked concerned as American Amy grabbed Canadian Amy and jumped, landing in a tree outside and then climbing safely down. "Come on!" she hollered up.

Everyone began to climb out the window, jumping to the nearby tree outside to the back lot and dashing downward as quickly as possible, seeming to move to parking lot.

American Amy, feeling this is slightly her fault, took it upon herself to try and save everyone.

"7….8….9, woop! 10!" She was helping the girls down, and just caught Korean Amy as she flew down from the tree.

"Thank you." She politely said.

"No problem." She let her go and looked to see another figure fall away from her side of the tree. "11?" she thought she might of miscounted and walked over to the dark figure.

Suddenly, as she was about to approach it, three other figures fell, as one came out from the shadows. "So… have you seen a Netherlandic Sonic around here, Amy?"

The Amys all hid behind the corner of the building, before looking around, Japanese Amy suddenly went into a panic when she only counted 9. "Where's America!?!"

"HELP!" She turned around, and saw the Sonics had her with her hands behind her back.

"NEVERMIND! JUST SAVE YOURSELVES!"

"AHHHHH!" The other Amys screamed and took off for the front, but Canadian Amy felt she should turn herself in.

"I'm going back! I can't let her take the blame for this!"

"No! We'll stick together, we were all apart of this!" Japanese Amy took her hand and kept running.
"You guys get the other Amys, I'll meet you there." American Sonic had gotten his Amy from the others, and threw her over his back to carry her.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"It was you, wasn't it?!" he growled out.

"I… I plead the fifth!" she cried out, as he nodded with an 'uh-huh' and sped off to meet back with the other Sonics.

The Amys got surrounded in the front parking lot in no time, as they huddled in fear of what the Sonics would do in punishment.

"Man, why is there just so much trouble in such a small girl?" One of the Sonics stated, looking genuinely distraught with not knowing the answer to this.

"It's not how much is there, it's how much she can cause." A Sonic stepped out from the ring they created to corral the girls together. "Now someone step up and tell us. Whose idea was this?"

The Amys looked to each other, and turned around to huddle and whisper. A few seconds went by and they turned around. "I did it." They all stated.

The Sonics looked confused, looking from one to another. "Y-yeah, but which one?"

"Me." They all said together, as some smiled and giggled.

"This isn't a game!"

"Yeah, but if we keep this up it will soon BE a game." The whole crowd of Amys laughed, knowing how true that was.

"Excuse me!?"

"If we can convince them that 'you' meant what 'you' said to SEGA then we'll be more than just an 'off-screen-fling' if you know what I mean." A Amy winked to her Sonic, who was off to the side as he froze in fear.

"That's enough!" Japanese Sonic stepped out, "Where's my Amy?"

"Ohh~ My?" the girls giggled, stalling as best they could.

American Sonic came right on time, as Japanese Sonic growled out his frustration. "There playing with us, keeping so close together and speaking as one to where most of us can't distinguish between them."

"The Zebra effect?"

"Well… I can maybe use my power..." Japanese Sonic thought about it, "We are part of the mains…"

"WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER! LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!" American Amy shouted out, making everyone look at her.

"What?"

"Good mable syrup, eh!" She looked to her sisters, trying to help them get what she was saying.
"Ohh…" It seems an Amy got it. "Xiàwǔ hǎo!" she randomly spoke out.

"What? What are you doing?"

"Change your nationality, quick! The translator option!"

"Ohhh!" the Amys suddenly started using different languages that weren't their own. Mixing and making sure the Sonics couldn't tell one from another.

"We don't even HAVE a Chinese Amy!"

"What's going on?"

"There stalling, we have to prove to the board that Amy was impersonating American Sonic or-"

"HI-YAH!" "OW!" "Amy!"

An Amy had hit American Sonic, so that he let his Amy go from his shoulder and she ran off with the others.

"OHHHH YOU ARE SO DEAD!" American Sonic clutched his head, enraged.

"What do we do? Your CEO is convinced your to shy to talk about it and is ready to launch the new initiative!"

"Here that, girls? If we just-"

"I think this is wrong, we should just stop this!"

"It's the perfect revenge!" American Amy was getting pumped, and looked to Japanese Amy. "If we just-"

Suddenly, Japanese Sonic outstretched his hand, as Japanese Amy felt what he must be doing.

"NO!" she stepped out, moving American Amy out of the way and stepping in front of the girls, her hands spread out wide. "You can't use your power for something like this! It's too dangerous! It's not important enough!"

"Erk…" Japanese Sonic stopped himself. "You girls leave me no choice! If we can't tell which is which, I'll have to search your code."

"You could tamper with something or worse! Lose some of your code in the process!" she was genuinely worried now, as a secretary looked out the front gates to see this weird phenomenon of Sonics and Amys together and rushed quickly to get the heads of the board out there and witness this too.

"Amy… no, all of you! Quit this act and tell them that you fooled them." Japanese Sonic declared. "This is low, even for you, Amy!" he shouted out in rage.

Amy could feel that and felt her heart break slightly, did she go too far?

They all felt this pain, every Amy… but American Amy. She felt rage too, like they weren't being fair either…

"This is our lives you're taking over, Amy! You can't force this into the games or even out here! This is insanity!" another Sonic spoke out, and Canadian Amy noticed it was her Sonic.
"You can't force us to like you!"

"Then explain why!" American Amy stepped out with Japanese Amy, who was already out there, and looked back to her.

"What are you doing..?"

"Don't you think we have the right to know?"

"Know?" American Sonic stepped out with Japanese Sonic also already being out in front too. "Know what?"

"Why you keep telling them that you… you don't…"

'I thought you said you didn't want to be in love?'

"Don't what? Amy?"

Japanese Sonic took this chance to move his hand to his side, behind his legs. While they were distracted, he used his 'Original' powers and began searching each of their code. 'American….Japanese…. Canadian… Korean… German…' each code then lead to files, which he opened to see different languages and identified each of them.

"… why don't you want to fall in love?"

"Sonics! Listen! German, Korean, Spanish, French, British, Australian, Canadian, Russian, American, Japanese!" Japanese Sonic had found and pointed to each Amy as he listed them. When he finished, each Sonic dashed and grabbed their Amy before they could run or move from where Japanese Sonic had pointed to them.

"NO!"

"Hold still!"

"Let me go!"

"Funny, I thought you always wanted me to hold you!"

"You brute!"

"You spy!"

"Eavesdropper!"

"Oh please, I've never dropped an eaves!"

American Amy was once again held hostage by her own Sonic, as he grabbed her waist and pulled her hands back. "It just… it isn't fair!" she screamed out, stomping her foot down. "Why don't you want to be in love?"

"…Amy…” Sonic glared down at her, but he looked sad, as if he couldn't say what he wanted too. All he could do was remember the time at the mall... and wondering what happened to her.

"Now then, can we please have some order here?!" Japanese Sonic looked to his own Amy, who wasn't fighting him when he caught her. "Tell them you pulled this whole ruse off, Amy. Please, this isn't right. You should know that!"
The men started to come out of the building, even the man Amy had talked to as Fake Sonic.

A moment of silence was made, and everyone was breathing heavily. So much chaos, so much disorder… for what? A simple act to get back at someone? Was it even worth it? What did they gain…?

But the real question was,

What were they willing to gain?

And what were they willing to lose?

When all Japanese Amy really wanted was to just give up and go home, she looked over to American Amy, head down, ears back. But American Amy looked to Japanese Amy, and gave her such a strong and determined look, and slowly shook her head.

The message she gave was clear.

'She's… not giving up?'

And even though she thought it was wrong, she was going to try it anyway.

"…Oh Sonic-ku." The ultimate betrayal, the ultimate sacrifice, just for a moment to know the truth. "I love you too!" Japanese Amy jumped into his arms, and the people gasped.

The other Amys looked and did the same, cooing and squeeing, making it seem like the whole incident was Sonic confessing or something.

Since all the Sonics did have Amy in their arms, the people were mistaken to believe that might have been an act of love.

"I knew you cared!"

"I'm so happy, hold me!"

"Oh Sonic, why didn't you tell me you felt this way!?"

The Sonics kept trying to push them away, but the on-watchers thought that was just their way of keeping face.

"Well then, I guess this does it." A man said. "Let's tell the Chairmen."

"NOOO!" The Sonics screamed, as the Amys waited for the people to walk back into the doors, before lifting their voices and joyfully sharing in their victory.

"We're gonna have love in the games!" They cheered one to another.

"Nothing we tell them will make them believe anything we say against it now…" Japanese Sonic looked down, as all the Sonics felt they had been defeated, Amy's lie would affect their lives now…

American Amy turned around, and glared at her Sonic, sticking her tongue out. "Watch! This will be good for you! You'll learn to love and respect us this way."

"….What happened to freedom…" American Sonic turned away from her, so hurt by her actions.
"...W-what?" That sank deep in Amy's soul. "B-but."

The other Amys stopped celebrating too, as the men slowly began to walk away and into the building.

"You really think we'd like you NOW?" one said.

"I really never knew you could be this... cruel, Amy."

The Amys looked to one another, "Have we gone to far?"

"It's our fault they're like this... we only did it to get back at them, not ruin there lives!"

"I don't want my Sonic to hate me and only fake liking me on the screen!"

"I agree, we have to stop this!"

"I'm sorry! I was the one who faked Sonic!"

The Sonics turned around, "What was that?"

"Canada! No!"

"And... And I faked American Sonic... but I never thought he would tell the other companies! I stopped before I really began... I never knew it would get this bad, honest!" American Amy confessed.

"Please don't hate us..." Korean Amy pleaded.

"Y-yeah... we just... we just wanted to get back at you for hurting Japanese Amy!"

"What? I would never!" Japanese Sonic turned completely around, insulted. "When have I ever hurt you?"

"You stole my first kiss and didn't even mean it, you jerk!" She finally spoke out. "You... you left me at the alter!"

"You were going insane! You first, locked me in a room full of squeaky toy chilidogs and then planned a wedding based on my last minute resort!"

"I...I'm sorry!"

Click!

"W..What was that?" The Amys looked around.

The Sonics smiled.

"What... what just happened?"

"Oh... I don't know. Maybe this whole conversation was just recorded?" American Sonic took out a recorder. He clicked the reverse button and clicked play again.

"I'm sorry! I was the one who faked Sonic!"

"Canada! No!"
"And... And I faked American Sonic... but I never thought that higher-up would tell the other companies! I stopped before I really began... I never knew it would get this bad, honest!"

He clicked off the speaker.

"We... We've been played." American Amy gasped out.

"Well, to be honest. It's payback." Sonic tossed the device behind him, being caught by another Sonic. "Send that to our friends inside, will you?" he folded his arms.

"I would be happy to oblige." The Sonic raced off.

"Now then, I wonder what SEGA will do this time... since last time I really stopped them from giving you your proper dues but now... eh, I think you'll be okay." He teased, and walked off, as the other Sonics left too.

"Causing this much chaos and confusion... Japan! They'll rewrite us all!" French Amy gripped and pulled on Japanese Amy's arm, scared. "I don't want to disappear and be replaced! Amy!"

"Amy, help us!"

"You can stop this right?!"

"We didn't mean any harm!"

"You've got to save us!"

"Come on, they'll listen to you!"

"Please mom..."

"STOOP!" Japanese Amy was looking to them all in fear, as each of them jumped on her to help them, she gripped her head and dashed off.

"Japan..." American Amy knew this was mostly her fault... if she didn't try and pull off Fake Sonic again, they could of just gotten there one little eavesdrop and that would have been that! She dashed after Japanese Amy, who ran off with her hands to her face, most likely crying...

"I... I have to make this right." She told herself, and dashed toward where the Sonics had gone. "I... I'm the one that encouraged this... from the beginning... they wouldn't have done this if I didn't support it so much! Sonic! Wait!"

"So... you're all telling me that the Amys set this up?"

"Yep, and we have the proof too."

The Sonics let the tape play, as the people on the monitor screen listened and nodded.

"That darn girl! First the incident with the flashdrive and now this!" the same frustrated woman said.

"Please, this is just a huge misunderstanding. I'm sure it was just them goofing around."

"Well, I believe Amy's been goofing around for to long now, we need to be stricter with that girl."

"Poor guy, haha, she really scared you bad, huh?"
The Sonics had awkward sweat drops on the side of their heads with that comment.

"Well then… Hajime Satomi?"

Satomi looked around at the Sonics, and then down. "I just can't see Amy doing something that hurtful to Sonic. But the evidence doesn't lie. This is the second case where something unfortunate and chaotic has happened that was her doing. I'm afraid I'm going to have to-"

"WAIT!" American Amy came charging in, huffing and puffing and leaning on her knees.

The Sonics and people in the dark room turned around, letting her pass them as she walked slowly up to the monitor.

"Please, listen to me! It's true we all cooperated on the Fake Sonic the second day of the meetings... but we never meant any harm by it! We only wanted to get back at Sonic for being so mean to Amy… I-I mean the other Amy, the… well, your Amy." American Amy recognized that this must be the CEO of Sega of Japan, and bent her ears back in submission and embarrassment.

"Hmm?"

"Long story.." Japanese Sonic looked away, scratching his head.

"So.. there's more to this story?"

"Please! I'm the one that told Sega of America that Sonic was okay with love again, well, in the Fake Sonic get-up… not as me. But I'm terribly sorry! I'll take all the punishment, but please! Please don't let the other Amys suffer because of my selfishness…"

"Your… selfishness?" This seemed to surprise Mr. Satomi. "Hmm… I think you might have an error…"

Amy froze.

The American Division of Sega gasped.

"W…what do you mean… an error?"

"In your code, Amy's not selfish. She can act rather for herself, but she's never cruel or selfish. Making someone believe Sonic has changed his mind and wants to share a romance with you, but plotting to trick him into that lifestyle, even to the point where I would of thought he was complaining out of shyness is just too cruel of a selfish desire. Amy can be selfish, but never to that extent. Never to hurting Sonic or restricting him from the things he loves, or believes in."

If what he was saying was true, Amy could be…. Dying…

"Amy…" American Sonic looked to her, seeming concerned, as she looked to him.

"…W-well…"

"We'll do the tests, sir." A man behind her spoke up, "We'll make sure her coding is fine."

"Good, I'd like to hear back on that. Now then, you're accepting all punishment then? Is my understanding right or is my translator not working properly?"

"Y…Yes sir."
"Hmm, well then. I'm afraid I can't do that."

Amy's head shot up to the screen, "What? No! Please!" she reached for the screen.

"I can't do that… until it's proven you're clean from errors. I hope you don't glitch or anything, but if there is an error, you'll turn into data bits and we'll have to create another American version of Amy based on backup data. So what I'm saying is, if your of sound mind, I'll tell your people what to do with you, if not, then your backup will receive no punishment for your actions that were not it's own. Understand?"

"…So… I lose either way."

"You have done something uncharacteristic. But apparently, so has my Amy." Satomi looked to his Sonic, who sighed.

"Well…" he looked down, scratching his head. "It wasn't… to out of character.." he stated.

"You're defending her?" American Sonic spoke up.

"If your Amy is corrupted, then she may have convinced my Amy to do things she normally wouldn't do. I can understand the high-jacking the flashdrive, but not shoving me in a closed room."

"How do you know that wasn't her idea?"

"I just… know." He looked to American Sonic, and for the first time, American Sonic noticed a deeper kindness in his eyes.

"Amy, did you… did you also convince the other Amys, including Japanese Amy, of this idea?" American Sonic instantly believed Japanese Sonic was right, especially when Amy turned around, heartbroken and almost complete guilt in her eyes.

"…It wasn't my initial idea, or my idea at all… but I wanted to go with it, when Japanese Amy knew it was wrong…"

"Then, I'm pretty sure there's an error in-"

Suddenly a large glitch happened in Amy, her bits split for a moment and she phased before turning back to normal.

"….."

Everyone gasped and remained silent.

American Amy…

Was dying….
Got to be Virtual

Sonic IRL 4

Got to be Virtual

By: Cutegirlmayra (I… I just had too xD I felt we've been focusing on American Amy for a little to long, and her relationship with Sonic. So steering off America for a moment… I want to give Japan Sonamy a moment to bond like I did for my first one-shot. Please enjoy! :D)

As the frantic struggle to cure Amy's error continues on the American shores half way around the world, Japan is working hard on the set-back, planning to continue life as if nothing had happened….

But Japanese Amy… couldn't forget.

Not that easily.

Tails and Knuckles saw Sonic flash through the hall, racing through every path the building had to offer before bolting out a window, and going into the town.

"He must be bored… what with all the in-activity due to one of the Amy's having a malfunction."

"Knuckles!" Tails turned to Knuckles, hitting him with a rolled up game magazine he was reading. "How insensitive can you be?! You know-!" he was about to scold him, waving the magazine up in his face before Amy walked by the door, sulking…

She sighed, coming in, getting some water from a water cooler, and slowly drinking it, before walking off and throwing the little cup away.

"….You know Amy's been down ever sense American Amy took the fall for the other girls… and with her glitching and all, she's just really concerned and worried sick!" Tails whispered, seeing Amy was going far enough away to be out of earshot, hopefully.

"Yeah… but they can make a new one." Knuckles shrugged. "I mean… that's life! The price anyway… and even without half of her memories I'm sure-"

Tails punched Knuckles, making Knuckles head completely move his body to the right, before he shook his head and looked at Tails, shocked.

He placed a hand on his cheek. "W-what was that for!?"

"Don't be a fool, Knuckles!" Tails straightened himself up, glaring up at his friend. "She loved her American counterpart! They were like sisters! She was never as close to her other copies as she was with American Amy!" He defended her, seeing as Knuckles was treating her like nothing more than data bits. "I swear, you're almost as bad as the programmers sometimes…. Just because we can be re-made, edited, and pretty much everything that a living thing never has to go through, doesn't mean we don't know hurt or change! We feel too, thanks to this… this miracle." He looked down at his hands, remembering when everyone first figured out how to use the magic of people's hopes, dreams, and belief in the characters to actually jump out of virtual reality and be out in the real world like this. "We'll never be real… but we'll always have hearts." He finally concluded.

"O..Okay…" Knuckles looked away, ashamed at his behavior.
"Heh heh, I know you didn't mean any harm, Knuckles." Tails laughed and tried to comfort Knuckles. "It's just that you should watch what you say, especially around Amy... In fact..." he looked out the window Sonic just jumped through, and saw all the blurry blue lines of where Sonic was streaking around down. "I bet that's why he's trying to get out and away from here... after that fiasco with the Amys... he might feel a bit bad that Amy had to endure all of American Amy's influence, and then grow so close to her, only to find out her dear friend was dying..."

Knuckles looked down, and folded his arms. "Yeah... we both were in a completely different area of Sega of America... we had no idea what was happening till recently..."

"I talked to my other selves yesterday, and they said their Amys aren't taking it very well either... it seems every Amy is in a state of depression or mourning." Tails sighed, closing the window. "I just hope Sonic can forgive her in time so that he can help comfort her... I don't think it's fair what they tried to do, but the fact that is was mostly American Amy and her errors that caused it shouldn't effect how the Sonics treat their Amys now... it wasn't entirely their fault. Haha, you know how loud and charismatic Americans can be, I'm sure she was very convincing." Tails joked slightly, before walking over to get a drink himself. "I just want everything to be as it was, calm and quietly content. I think we were all happy about that anyway..."

"Yeah... Do you think we should step in for Sonic for a bit? Till he at least talks to Amy and helps her out again." Knuckles looked up to Tails, waiting for his say on the matter.

Tails took a drink, and then leaned on the water cooler. "Hmm... I wish we could... but what could we say?" he looked to Knuckles, who shrugged and shook his head.

"...should we tell her...?" Tails asked, looking to Knuckles.

"...About... about when she had a glitch?" Knuckles turned to Tails.

Tails nodded. "She lost only a portion of her memory, and we caught the glitch in time to where we didn't lose the original Amy Rose, which would have been disastrous."

"Granted, we did try a little harder."

"Haha, good point... but..." Tails looked away again, looking greatly troubled for his friend. "I just pity her so much... she forgot that time in her life and doesn't even realize she once had an error too... I can only hope that America can somehow pull through and get the right technicians to find the error and keep her-"

"Alive?" Shadow walked into the hall, having heard a bit of the drama.

"Shadow..." Tails stopped leaning on the cooler, and looked at his friend, a bit puzzled. "You... you came out of the game world...?"

"I had heard that Sonic had to kiss Amy to get out of a particularly foul move on her part, I was going to inquire about how that must of gone." Shadow cruelly smiled, folding his arms and closing his eyes, looking downward. So, obviously, Shadow was going to make fun of him and poke Sonic on his bad side a bit. "You do realize were all virtual, correct?" Shadow looked up at Tails, slightly more serious now.

"W-well... Yes, but-"

"This life you see now, with the other humans who control and maintenance our lives... they are alive. They are living. We are nothing more than toys to them. Entertainment when their little lives seem dull." He began to walk on. "It's disgusting. That's why I don't like affiliating with them. I
truly feel like a created being meant for nothing more than to-

"Be loved? What's wrong with that?" Knuckles raised an eyebrow, looking to Shadow as he stopped, and looked over his shoulder at Knuckles. "I kinda like having a bunch of adoring fans, praising me in art works and stories." He smiled, raising his head up in pride. "What's wrong with being a little good, and entertaining, fun?" he opened his arms, gesturing with a bounce in them a kind of shrug to Shadow.

"Hmph, you wouldn't understand... your back story doesn't involve something very similar to this situation we live in during our time in this world." He looked forward again, and seemed to be getting annoyed with this conversation. "Where is Sonic?"

"He went out." Tails looked away, not liking his view of their existence, and took another sip from his cup.

Knuckles used his thumb to point to the window, giving Shadow a half annoyed look as well. "Just left."

"...Hmph... thank you for your time." He seemed to almost hate saying that last line, but didn't care nonetheless, as he skated at super sonic speeds around the corner, before Tails looked out to see only a moment later him heading towards the city.

"What's that guy's problem anyway?" Knuckles gruffed out, placing his hands on his hips.

"He was just programmed to be a bit of a sourpuss..."

"A bit?" Knuckles raised an eyebrow to Tails, questioning his sentence, before laughing out about it.

Toyko Japan

Sonic had one leg up on the side of a roof top, as he looked down at everyone passing along, the busy streets, the brilliant lights that just blinded him slightly as the sun started to set, and it would be dark soon.

Shadow zipped up the building, and landed firmly to the ground quite a ways behind him, and then put one hand to his right hip. "I was searching for you." he stated.

Sonic turned around, be shot out of his thought bubble for a moment and turned to Shadow, leaning up from having his hands crossed on his raised knee. "Shadow? Heh, wasn't expecting you to be looking for me." He brought his foot down and walked slightly up to him, closing the distance a bit. "I thought you didn't like this realm?"

"I don't." Shadow glared and walked to the side of him, looking out over the city himself as well.

Sonic chuckled once, motioning his head down and closing his eyes, before opening them to a roll of disbelief at his attitude having not improved since last time they talked, and turned around as well. "Gee, you must of missed me pretty badly than." He grinned teasingly, before shaking his head at his gloomy demeanor. "What can I do for you, my friend?"

"...I was here to speak with you concerning Amy Rose's little folly with you in America. But now... I believe I should convince you to return to her side." He stated, arms folded as the wind rushed by the two of them, and Sonic stared at him for a moment, shocked by his reply.

He leaned on a nearby railing, and wiggled his nose with a huff, looking away and keeping no eye
contact with Shadow at all. "So you came to make fun of me, before deciding to focus at the issue at hand?" Sonic then took a glance at Shadow, smiling to himself for his next comment. "Oh, Shadow. You might want to be careful. it almost sounds like you have a heart." He then laughed at his own joke.

Shadow groaned silently and rolled his eyes, scowling at Sonic's words.

"Haha, come on, that was funny." Sonic nudged him.

"If you were desperate enough in that situation to kiss her, than why not be desperate enough now to comfort her?" He looked to Sonic. "You clearly are feeling something for her in this situation, you just don't know how to help. Is that it?"

"….Geez, why so serious?" Sonic looked down, and kicked at the ground, obviously not wanting to talk serious about anything right now. He then glared up at Shadow, "And for your information, I might have… fibbed a little about that moment…" Sonic stated, looking embarrassed.

"..? You didn't kiss her when she locked you in the room?" Shadow tilted his head.

"Ehh… we might have… accidentally… both leaned in… at the same time…" Sonic looked away, blushing only slightly, but feeling awkward about admitting it.

Shadow blinked his eyes.

"She was trying to sneak one on me while I was trying to sneak one on her to get the keys and get out, and-! And, well-! It wasn't a legit kiss, but we both put effort into it unintentionally!" He admitted, looking away. "I just couldn't tell my others that… they wouldn't have taken me serious."

Shadow looked away, and then to the side, as if slightly uncomfortable and not really knowing how to take the information he just received. "Ehem, well…” he cleared his throat. "I believe I understand why she was trying to marry you after that.."

"Yyyeeahh." Sonic ruffled his spines on his head.

"Hmph." Shadow smiled. "I didn't think a 'kiss on the cheek' would get that kind of response, but it makes sense now."

"….Don't tell a living soul or I'll kill you." Sonic teased.

"That should be easy… most of my friends aren't living." He smiled back to Sonic, as Sonic looked to him and than pouted with a slight glare.

"I am too, real."

"You're virtual, as is all your friends."

"I have friends who are humans! And outside the game as well!"

"The employees only treat you as what you are, a game star, an idol. Nothing more."

"Gee, you're a pocket full of sunshine, aren't ya? Can't you just be happy your not just a pile of code stuffed into a base format?"

"I accept my reality, I am what I am." He looked to Sonic. "Do you?"

"Nope."
"That makes much, but I didn't think you'd accept your reality so lightly… What do you believe you are then?"

"….Another kind of living."

"And what living would that be?"

"The living within people's hearts." Sonic rose himself up, standing straight, and taking a serious tone for once. "I live through people who love and need me. I live through my fans. Their smiles, their cheers, their laughs… anything they give me to live off of, I accept gladly."

"…You sound so humble." Shadow looked away from Sonic, but seemed to respect this form of Sonic, the one who took things a little more seriously.

"Heh, a hero has to have a big heart! And know he's not the only one who he fights for…" Sonic went back to his regular silly self.

"….Sonic… we don't live. But we can somehow feel… whether it's in our programming or not… we still feel…" Shadow looked away. "Amy is feeling something I once felt once, when I had lost Maria…" he stepped away from the side, and walked back to the center of the buildings rooftop again.

Sonic turned to watch him, seeming curious about his words. "Is that why you cared so much as to come out here? And talk to me?"

"Hmph, you barely visit the game world outside of a new world you've explored only a few dozen times." Shadow held a slight gloomy but meaningful tone to his voice, and his actions. "Sonic… He turned to look over his shoulder, but didn't actually look over it to Sonic, he just stared… forlorned towards the ground. "..Don't let her be alone… not now, not when all she wants is someone to tell her it'll be alright… I didn't have anyone. Bitterness grows from within your own lonely thoughts and deep sorrows… wallowing in self pity."

"….Shadow." Sonic took on another serious tone again, straightening himself, but his tone sounded more desperate, more… unsure of himself. "How? How do I tell her it's going to be okay? After all that's happened… after…"

"After she, herself, once glitched?" Shadow looked back at Sonic. "Isn't that what they call it up here?"

"….Yes." Sonic looked down, breathing out the word as if it pierced his very soul to admit it. "My American self can't keep his head on straight… he keeps trying to find a way to save her… just like…"

"Just like you did?"

Sonic remained silent.

"You know… They weren't going to allow themselves to lose her. She's the original, is that it? And to lose the original is-"

"I know, death. Death for the character, because there is no backup, and death on all copies if they were to glitch, there'd be nothing to copy to create a new one…" Sonic took a shaky breath in, trying to calm himself.

"…She was very young… wasn't she?"
Sonic chuckled slightly, and sniffed, pulling himself together and placing a hand on his head. "She was so new..." He smiled. "We were barely even started with her... and I didn't want to lose her... not forever."

"...they cured her though." Shadow folded his arms. "Maybe it's time to tell her, what really happened... back when she was Rosy, before Sonic Adventure."

"...you weren't even there." Sonic looked annoyingly towards Shadow, "How do you know if I should tell her or not? It was the first time in my life I experienced someone glitching... and now... this is the second time I've seen it, but this one is worse... we caught Amy's glitch before it got so bad that she started shifting into bits and phasing, ... American Amy did it right before our very eyes..." Sonic looked away. "How can I promise Amy it's gonna be alright with her other? That she might not have to help create a new one through a backup system? We've both never seen someone die and disappear, Shadow! No one in Sega has ever glitched that badly! Why is it always an Amy? Why-!" he started growing upset, when Shadow cut him off in an instant.

"Why don't you tell her... the truth."

Sonic looked to him, seeming full of feelings he couldn't express really well, and... perhaps some water may have formed within his eyes, proof of this would be the gleam in them, and the light of the city reflecting off of them. "Truth? What truth?"

"...that you're just as scared as she is..." Shadow held his look, it was one of sympathy, or maybe even empathy, as he watched Sonic almost break down in front of him. "Go to her, Sonic. You both can heal one another, and perhaps, your heart won't be so troubled any longer..." Shadow turned and in a faint split second, his being turned into radiant light blue and lime green coding, that computerized and faded as it flew upward, but just barely reaching the sky.

Sonic let his eyes scan the fading code left to right, realizing Shadow must of finally retreated back to the virtual world. Sonic turned his head, not sure what to say, and dashed down the building.

Sega of Japan

The following day...~

"Oh Sonic!" Amy leapt into Sonic's arms.

"H-hey! Not now, Amy! Ugh..." he struggled in her arms, as the film man called out, 'cut!' and the scene was over.

Within the virtual world, Sonic looked up to see the screen where the animators were working with him to create the next adventure.

"Okay, how did you like that animation? Did the movement feel smooth to you? Not awkward or anything?"

"Nah, it was alright." Sonic nodded up to the screen with the man in it.

"Okay, and you, Miss Rose?"

Sonic looked to Amy, as she looked down at a virtual flower, gently standing, and rocking in the wind.

"..Miss Rose?"
"…Amy…"

Sonic gently touched her arm, which made her jolt back and out of her thoughts. "O-oh, I'm fine, yes, no suggestions here… hehe." She had an awkward sweat drop on the side of her face, as she held her hands up to her face and shook them towards the man in the screen.

"Great! We have a few more scenes with you guys, as you may have already seen the script. So just sit tight and I'll run the program for you guys to go through!" the man shut the screen off, as the two could now chill and wait.

The awkward silence was killing Sonic, as he looked away and dug his feet into the newly designed stage ground…

"Amy… uh… looking forward to going through the whole game soon? No more rehearsals?" He looked to Amy, who was now bent down and peering down at the flower.

"…Amy?"

"It's glitching…"

Poked the flower, and it glitched into two, before fading back into one. "If you step or touch it, it glitches into two, and then when you move your hand away, it's back to one…"

Sonic's heart almost broke, but he looked away, not knowing what to say, and scratched his head. "W-we'll… ehem, we'll let them know about that. Before the beta testers get here." He stated, and folded his arms, looking back up at the clear virtual sky above him. This was his world, a new adventure awaited for him to explore and have fun in. Usually he would be ecstatic to go through the rehearsals to get things right for the first few tests of pre-game. But today…

He glanced back at Amy, seeing her heartbroken expression, as she poked the flower again. She then got up, and tried to step on it, gently of course, moving slowly. The flower split between her foot, and her frown and droopy eyelids seemed to lower even further. "It's like… it doesn't want to be stepped on… or trodden over… or something."

Sonic had never seen Amy so sad before, and worried that her smile may have faded forever…

"Amy…" Sonic reached for her for a moment, seeming to equal her sadness with his sympathy, before the screen flickered on again.

"Okay! Here's the next part! Let me change the stage first…"

Sonic looked to Amy, and then withdrew his hand, looking away from her.

The Next Few Days~

"There has to be a way to make her happy again!" Sonic paced in Tails's house, still staying in the virtual world, for now… at least…

"I don't think she could be happy again, not without American Amy being alright." Tails admitted.

"There has to be some way…" he placed his finger to his mouth, pacing more rapidly now. "I CAN'T STAND HER THIS DISTROUGHT! It's not like her! It's not in her programming!" he pointed a finger to Tails, who looked a bit frightened by his direct pointing at him.

"W-well… she is naturally happy." He admitted, as Sonic walked back into his pacing routine.
"But she is also programmed to be emotional, loving, and kind. I think it's safe to say she's not acting any different from her normal self, Sonic…" Tails's head followed Sonic's movements, trying to hold a conversation with him while he moved back and forth, left and right, all across the room. "She can feel sad, it's just not likely. And besides all that, I don't think you've ever really seen her sad before…"

"Have any of us?" Sonic thought, continuing to pace.

"Yep, when she, herself, was glitching. She feared the worst; it was almost heart breaking to see how terrified she was. One second alive, and the next dying… but she forgot all about that. But maybe… her heart… or the core of her being, … never forgot that fear and anguish." Tails thought, as Sonic slowed his pacing down.

He finally stopped, his eyes covered in shadows, as Tails looked to him, wishing there was someway he could help his two friends. "I just… I don't know, she's only happy when she's with you anyway… maybe.. you could, I don't know… be there for her? I bet she would appreciate that Sonic."

"…Be there for her..." Sonic rose his head up.

"Yeah! I'm sure you two can work things out and maybe even visit American A-"

"She's only really happy when she's with me… cause she loves me." His head rose up, with an open grin as he breathed out excited gusts of air.

"...Sonic?"

"I got it!" He dashed to Tails. "I'll use my Original's powers to create another copy of myself! One that I'll program to love Amy Rose." He poked his friend, looking cheery as if he just figured out how to rob a bank successfully.

"...Beg your pardon?" Tails didn't seem to like his idea one bit, and looked wide-eyed at him. "You're gonna do WHAT?"

"I'll delete him later." Swiped his hand at his friend, playfully as he thought on. "Yeah…yeah… I'll make him devoted to her every whim. How could she NOT be happy? He'll buy her flowers, and make sure everyone knows it's not the real me, cause we wouldn't want that whole 'fiasco' like last time to occur." He was moving himself all over, first talking to Tails, then scratching his head to further develop his idea, and then started kicking his feet and moving his hands and just being giddy.

"Uh… Sooonic?" Tails tried to get him to calm down and listen to him, but Sonic was already up and off the couch.

"This'll be great, Tails! Not only will I feel better about Amy's status, but she'll have the man of her dreams!" he took his fur and puffed it out, even though it was to obviously too small to puff out or even hold a strand for very long, but it was the gesture of popping the collar out that he was going for.

"Sonic! You can't just create a fake love to make Amy happy! That's not gonna make her happy AT ALL!" Tails whined out, seeing as Sonic wasn't getting the huge error he, himself, was missing. "Amy doesn't want a fake! She wants you!"

"And she'll get a me! A true me! A 'real' me." He zipped over to his friend, putting an arm around him and trying to convince him of his idea, but did the bunny ears over the 'real me' part. "Oohh!
I'm tellin' ya, Tails! If this works, she'll be happier than Big finding Froggy!"

"Sonic! Stop! What if she finds out!?"

"She won't find out!"

"How do you know?!" Sonic was already racing out the door, as Tails jumped off his couch and ran to the door, shouting out to him.

"I just know Tails!" Sonic shouted back to him, before dashing into the forest.

"Computer!" Sonic skid to a halt, and waited patiently.

A computer android box arose from the ground, a few things on it, but it was mostly silver with a green light that moved back and forth across a thin rectangle at the top of it. "State your character identity please." The computerized woman's voice spoke out.

"Sonic. Sonic the Hedgehog." Sonic winked to the rounded rectangular box.

"Sonic the Hedgehog confirmed voice analysis. What is your objective?"

"Take me out, Scottlyn!" He nicknamed the robot woman's voice as a Star Trek joke.

"Right away, Sonic." The machine wizzed as the whole world virtualized into data strands and blocks, all spiraling around Sonic as he now stood on a grid, and Scottlyn did as well. "Enjoy your stay in the real world."

"Thanks!" Sonic was then turned into data that slowly started from his head to his feet, as he was shot up and through the hard drive of the computer, than shoved through a few more compartments before materializing form the computer screen of an office room and into the real world.

The man at the desk didn't even flinch, or even seem to see Sonic for that matter, but the man adjacent to his lost it as he hollered in Japanese and fell back, seeming to almost have a heart attack. The others rushed to his aid, as the man whose computer Sonic just materialized out of looked at him on the ground, unsure of what he was doing.

"Anata wa sore o mita?" (Translation: Did you see that?)

"Mono o miru?" (Translation: See what?)

The man on the ground got up, gesturing to Sonic, who looked at him and tried desperately not to smile.

"Kare wa chōdo anata no konpyūta gamen no soto ni tobidashi! Anata wa sore o miteinai!" (Translation: He just popped out of your computer screen! You didn't see that?!)

The man at the desk looked to the man in puzzlement. "Ehh..?"

Sonic grinned, rolling his eyes humorously up to the ceiling, then putting his hands behind his back and walking with a skip in his step slightly off and away. Obviously, the man at the desk didn't have enough faith in Sonic to see him, but the other man did.

As the man on the ground scoffed at the other man in disbelief, the others helped the man up and asked him what happened, as he clearly explained that Sonic just flew out of the computer as data-bits before materializing from the other man's computer screen. The others nodded, accepting his words, and explained that Sonic doesn't really care which computer he pops out of, as long as he's
there in one piece.

The other man, being older and slightly fatter, looked the others as if they were crazy, and just shook his head, putting on his reading glasses and getting back to his work.

Sonic then got right into step 1 of his plan, and snuck around to find a concealed location. Seeing a janitor just unlock a door to grab some cleaning equipment, and head right out without locking it. Sonic dashed in the door, peeked his head out and placed both hands on the door, before snickering and slowly closing the door, his ears bent to look like the devil's horns.

"Now then." He cracked his fingers out. "Time to make me Amy's dreamboat!" he wiggled his fingers and flung some data out into the open, and then swished his hands all around in it. "Let's see… doesn't need that, won't be needing that… she'd probably appreciate if I kept that… alright!" once he was done mending the code to his will, he grabbed the huddled bunch of it, and slammed it down to the ground. It began to glow and morph, as he slowly began to move up, letting the code settle for a second as it started to grow, and started to grid out into a similar frame as his own. "Well… you have a nice frame." Sonic teased, patting the gridded Sonic base on his shoulder, as it looked at itself, and gestured to Sonic. "Oh, don't worry. I'll give you the program you need to understand everything in just… one… second.." he flicked his hand out, and the Sonic now had base coating. "And.. some flare!" He added the next coat of layers, and then started to quickly refine and finish the Sonic up to look exactly like him.

"Dashing!" The created Sonic stated.

Sonic gasped, "Your first word!" he teased, placing his hands up to his chin and folding them together, looking admiringly like a father at his son. He then laughed, "Alright, here's the mission. You are to please and comfort Amy Rose, who loves you dearly, and keep her happy and smiling for me, alright?" Sonic smiled, shooting the program right at the Sonic's heart. "Peww!" he made a sound effect for the added data.

"W-woah! Hold on." The created Sonic shook his hands out to Sonic, to get him to stop a moment. "What about intel? I gotta know the girl I'm wooing, right?" he folded his arms, raising an eyebrow to his creator.

"Oh, stupid me, right you are, me!" he took out from his own being a file, that materialized as he dug around in it. "Let's see… memories." He copied the data and shot it straight at the Sonic, whose being absorbed the file as it turned back into data-bitted code. "Current knowledge of personality, abilities, and strengths." Shot that too. "What else will you need… uh…" he looked at a file that read 'status/relationship' but placed it back down. "Already rewrote that in him…" he mumbled.

"What?"

"Ah! Here!" he shot another one in him. "How I act around her, that should do you good. But remember, you have to be kinder than me." He dodged the other Sonic's question and continued. "Now then, good luck soldier! I expect a smile on Amy's face till this whole… American deal is over and done with… understand?"

"Yes sir!" the other Sonic saluted, looking confident and ready to perform.

"Good! All eyes on you! Get ready to start your adventure." Sonic opened the door. "And remember, let others know you aren't really me, and that you were just created by me to aid Amy, and don't let Amy see you doing it, alright?"
"But-but… why couldn't you have just done it yourself?" The other Sonic wondered.

Sonic froze as he kept the door open for a second, then smacked his lips together and shook his head. "Don't question me, solder. I'm a very busy man." He then moved away from behind the door, and kicked the other Sonic in the butt to move him out. "Come on! I gave you the program to walk didn't I?"

The other Sonic fell down.

"Oh… I must have forgotten that small little detail…heheh…" Sonic stuck his head outside, and had an awkward sweat drop on the side of his face.

As Amy rounded the corner, the other Sonic dashed out, holding flowers in his hands as he presented them to her. "For you, Sweet Rose." He bowed politely.

"….Eh?" Amy looked at flowers, and then back to Sonic, before slowly taking them and giving her nose a whiff of the smells the flowers let out. "Oh Sonic… this is… I mean, wow. Hehehe." She moved a quill back and out of her face, looking away slightly and blushing. "What's this for?"

"This is for the most beautiful girl I know." The other Sonic winked to her. "And it's safe to say that if I ask her for a night on the town, she may just grace me with a yes?" he took her free hand and kissed it lightly.

"…!" Amy's face blew up like a red tomato. "S-S-Sonic-ku?"

Sonic watched from around the corner at the two's interaction, then leaned his head back to where he wasn't spying on them and 'yes'd! While doing the appropriate gesture for such a moment as well; Lifting his fist up, and thrusting his arm back as he lifted a leg up.

The Following Days~

Cue Song: To be Real by Cheryl Lynn

The other Sonic and Amy are hanging out more together, seeming to date. They head out of Sega's walls, and into the city. The other Sonic places a flower in her hair, as she giggles and cutely looks away, as if being shy.

~What you think ah!
What you feel now
What you know ah!
To be real!~

They walk down the streets of Tokyo with shopping bags as everything is kind of slow motion, Amy skipping up ahead, and looking back to him, smiling and laughing as he has a bit of a skip in his step.

They try on clothes in a montage, and then Amy drags the other Sonic over to a huge photo booth that lets them customize their photos. The other Sonic keeps looking at Amy, falling more and more in love with her as his programming only stated to please and make her happy, but it seemed love fit somewhere in that category, or maybe, maybe it was unintentionally suggested.

~What you think ah!
(I think I love you baby)
What you feel now
(I think I need you baby)
What you know ah!
Oooh ah
To be real!~

When they head back after wearing the most trendiest clothes and shades that Japan can offer, the other Sonic opens the door for her back into Sega, making her blush as she happily walks back in.

"I'm telling ya, what's to stop us from downloading ourselves into a human body?" Vector asks his team as they sit inside an office room with a see-through screen that stretches from corner to corner.

"Well, if there was some sort of device that humans put on there heads that could make computer's influence thoughts, than I don't see why not." Charmy chimed in, flying slightly upward in his chair to lean over the table and speak his mind.

"You both do realize you're unintentionally planning a robot takeover strategy, right?" Espio states, before the gang look out to see the other Sonic and Amy walk by, looking happy, before the other Sonic pulls her back, and lightly kisses her.

The Chaotix team's mouths hit the floor, as Charmy slowly floats upward from his seat.

The other Sonic remembers his programming, and turns Amy's towards the screen, so his back is now facing them, and holds up a sign that reads:

I'M NOT THE REAL SONIC.
I WAS CREATED TO MAKE AMY HAPPY.

He then turned the sign over.

BYE NOW.

He put his arm around Amy and walked her away.

The Chaotix team was frozen, still, except for Charmy, who was spinning over on his belly like a dead goldfish in the air, and bumpy gently like a balloon on the ceiling, his face still frozen in pure shock.

"I WANT TO CREATE A COPY THAT'S SOUL PURPOSE IS TO MAKEOUT WITH GIRLS!"
Vector screams, slamming his hands on the table as the others snap out of their shock.

~It's got to be real
To be real!
It's got to be real
To be real!
Aaah yeah~

While they're walking around, hand in hand together, the real Sonic sees them coming by, and quickly jumps into a Sega employee's cabinet. As they pass by, he peeks out, having a paper sit delicately on his head. He looks up and tries to first blow it off, but it doesn't go very far off his head, so he finally shakes it lose. "Heh heh~ Looks like my plan is working perfectly!" Sonic snickers, as one of the men he was speaking to earlier turns to him, looking shocked but upset.

~ah real real real
To be real
"Song slowly fades out

"Uhh… Sonic-kun.." he starts, his voice deep and raspy. "What… was that?" he gestures with a handful of papers to where Amy and the other Sonic had just passed by.

"That! My friend, is how you stop a woman from moping around all the time." He dusted himself off, and sat back in the cabinet, having no real desire to get out yet, as he kicked his feet out and let them cross over the other as his hands went behind his head. "It's simple really,… use my Original powers to create another unofficial copy of myself to please and entertain Amy into forgetting her troubles and cares! Why, look at her, she was glowing!...she was glowing right?" he took on a serious tone at the end there, as the Japanese man looked stunned.

"Simple?" He stated, as he placed one hand to his chair, and leaned forward on it, and the other hand was cocked up and on his back, where the papers were sticking out from his hand holding them too. He took a deep breath and let it out.

"What's wrong?" Sonic asked, sitting upward in the file cabinet with all the papers now crinkled or ruined completely from their organized places.

"This… this helps nothing." The man admits, his English being good, but his accent being definite. (Author's note: Sonic can speak various languages, -note to 'pick your language' on most video games- this man happens to speak English, but that doesn't mean Sonic is speaking to him in English. It could just mean that the man is hiding this conversation from anyone who may be overhearing it nearby. But Sonic and the rest of them are definitely speaking Japanese, to make it easier on me, I just type in English. Except for that one funny part with the two men at the computers, that was just funny to Google Translate that. xD)

"How does this help nothing!?" Sonic seems insulted by the man's words. "She was happy, right?"

"Yes, because she assumes that is you!" The man points to Sonic, gesturing with an open hand toward him. "What do you plan on doing when she realizes it's not you?!"

"Well… it's only till American Amy is fixed up." Sonic looks away, shoving the possibility off as if it couldn't happen. "Don't worry, it's all taken care of!"

"Don't worry? Don't worry!? All taken care of?!" The man looks upset, as he looks to Sonic as if he can't believe him. He finally turns away from him, walking slightly away, before placing the papers down and moving his hand through his hair. "This is unacceptable! I am in charge of making sure this all goes to plan. If you hurt Amy now… after all this mess has already come and should of hopefully passed then… then-!"

"What? You think I'm causing more drama?" The blue hedgehog got up and pointed to him, as if a teenager was being accused by his mother.

"You have started the drama!" the man waved another hand to him, sweating now in fear.

"Oh, come on, Goya-san! I-"

"Get out! Get out and beg for forgiveness before you make her grief even worse!" The man seemed to be shooing Sonic out, gesturing with his hand as he picked up the pile of papers and waved them to get Sonic a clear visual message. The man looked like he was really feeling for Amy right now. "I know you are to young, and maybe not like us and don't have the same experience of death as we humans do, but you should know better!" Sonic didn't understand why the man was being so
emotional about Amy, before he looked down to see an old picture of a man in a military uniform, standing next to a younger looking him.

Sonic understood, and couldn't even speak out his regret at what the man must have been feeling. He probably knew what Amy was going through… feeling like she's about to lose a friend, and must of felt Sonic's 'solution' was cruel.

Sonic huffed, not liking having to admit he made a mistake, and got down, feeling grouchy, but mostly at himself. As he did hop down from the cabinet, you could see that some papers got spiked by his quills, and were now all over him.

The man rolled his head to the side, seeing the scene, and looked away, still stricken with grief, "Sonic… Sonic-kun, your… ayah…" he walked over to Sonic and pulled out the papers. "Be who you know you must be for her, Sonic. She may just lose someone dear to her, possibly forever. Even with the backup, it will have no memories prior to when it was installed, so all the bonding over the years that Emi-chan has gone through with American's Amy will be vain."

"Emi…" Sonic thought about it for a second. "Heh, all this time, I was calling her Amy."

"We all are." The man replied. "It's a sign of respect, that her and her friend were one and the same. We don't want her to forget her, nor forget herself."

Sonic looked at the man, and questioningly narrowed his eyebrows. "Wait… was that an installment? I don't remember thinking of doing that…"

"Hai. The officials up top wanted to make sure everyone would peacefully mourn her. It's not likely she may live, not with how far the errors have taken her already."

Sonic suddenly realized how grave the situation really was… he thought he could just distract Amy from her pain, and now he realized that her pain was common. Anyone would mourn their friend in a hospital, worry about them, and even be off their game in the daily workings of their life in thought of them. Sonic shouldn't have tried to make her happy… when her pain was showing how much she loved her other self, and how much of a friend she really was to her.

"Pain comes, and then goes. The memory of such pain, brings memory of the ones we loved that have moved on.‖ The man explained. "You wanted to make her happy, which is not a bad thing. But, to have her try and forget her friend's suffering, that… that was where you were misguided, and everything went wrong.‖ The man spoke again.

"Goya-san… I…‖ Sonic didn't really know how to fix this, as he looked up at the man, who had finished taking the paper out of his quills. "I don't know how to help her.‖ He admitted, looking down and his eyes tearing up again at feeling useless. "I thought I could create a me that could be there for her. That could give her the strength to move on and forget her worries. I… when she was… when she glitched, I swore I would protect her for the rest of her days… but there was no one really there to comfort me. And in the end, she was saved and nothing really awful happened besides her memory of the event and a few other things were lost. That wasn't so bad, but now…‖ he gripped his head.

"You must listen to your most powerful weapon, Sonic-kun. The weapon that never lies, and never speaks."

"What do you mean?‖ Sonic looked up to the man, as he placed his hand on his chest, where Sonic's heart beat in programmed rhythms.
"Your heart, Sonic-kun. It is a hero's most valuable, and prized possession besides his sword." The man got up, and pounded his chest like a military man, standing straight as he did so. "One must fire at a man's heart, for that is the only weakness a man should have, and it is also his greatest strength! To defeat your enemy, you must aim for their weakness and their strength! The heart!" he proudly recited this, as if he had lived by it all his life.

Sonic admired the man, and nodded his head, placing his hands on his hips. "I understand. Thank you." he then gave the man a thumbs up, smiled, and dashed out of the office.

"Amy! Amy!" Sonic continued to do what his program told him too, and called Emi by her American pronunciation.

As he came across the main floor of the faculty assemblies, he saw his other self and Amy walking to another section of the building, just making there way around, and talking.

His other gently stopped her from her walk, pulled her close, and then went as close as possible to her face, smiling. She giggled, liking the intimacy as Sonic chickened out, and raced to the side of the corner, to listen in on the conversation.

"Sonic… I don't quite understand though.. why are you like this now? Aren't you still mad at what me and the other Amys tried to do?" she looked up at him, uncertain of his intent.

"Amy.. I may not have liked what you did." He slightly looked to her as if the scold her, turning his head to the side before placing it back near her face again, and letting the tip of his nose just slightly brush against her cheek. "But I can never stay mad at you for too long… I just couldn't."

Sonic, hiding behind the corner, gripped the corner with all his might. "I may have made him to good…" He growled silently out, seeming to fume with jealousy and embarrassment at his actions.

"I… I really am sorry.. but.. but I worry about American Amy everyday… I just.. I want to visit her again! It can't spread so.." she looked down, her emotions getting to her again as this Sonic lifted her chin up to him again, and smiled.

"Hey, hey… enough of about that. You know you can't leave here like you did with that flashdrive, and besides,..." he put his arms around her, making the real Sonic clench his teeth down and narrow his eyes down to where the middle part of them was touching his muzzle. "I would miss you. To be honest, I miss your smile right now. Can I see it?" he poked her muzzle, mostly her nose, as she giggled. "Ah, there is it." He smiled.

"But… Eh-heh. Sonic I'm so happy you want to comfort me right now… that means a lot… even if your acting a bit… strange, I'm okay with that! But… I can't just forget about America…" seeing the pain on Amy's face, Sonic dashed out from his hiding spot, and punched his other self.

Amy gasped, as the other went down.

"I NEVER SAID YOU COULD TOUCH HER LIKE THAT!" Sonic stated, fuming mad at his actions, as he looked to Amy, suddenly losing his anger and straightening himself up, but not being able to look Amy in the eye. "A-Amy I… I'm…"

"…This… this wasn't.." she looked to the other Sonic, and then it all hit her, as she covered her mouth with her hands and looked to Sonic, gasping. "You couldn't…" she started crying.

"Amy… Amy let me explain!" Sonic began, as she stepped away from his advance towards her.

"You… you tricked me… was this… revenge?"
"No, no! I would never! I created him to comfort you, but I didn't realize you mourning your other was what a real and true friend was supposed to do!"

"You... You didn't think my suffering was... was right?" she looked offended, dropping her hands and glaring at him in disbelief.

"I... I just wanted... I wanted you to be happy again..." he looked away, knowing this was wrong as his other got up, shaking himself off.

"You didn't have to hit me, I was just doing as you told me too."

"...Shut up." Sonic swiped his hand, and the copy of him turned into data bits that quickly faded away.

Amy watched as she looked to Sonic, and swiped her hand too, changing her outfit from data bits to her normal attire in a blink of an eye. "I trusted you." she looked up at him, crying now, and softly. "I thought you really were trying to comfort me... how could you?"

"Amy... Amy, I'm sorry!" He grabbed her arm, trying to get her to look at him as she just couldn't and looked away. "Amy, listen to me, when you were first created... before Sonic adventure we had to-"

"Amy! That Sonic's a fake! Don't kiss him-! Ohh..." A woman had run in, looking quite young as she saw the two and looked at them both, "Sorry... is this the fake one or the real one?"

"Real." Sonic looked upset by her interruption, as Amy sniffled and took her arm away from Sonic.

"I'm going back to America." She stated, wiping her tears away.

Sonic looked back at her, "What?"

"Please don't bother following me to apologize or anything. I won't be back till Amy is alright... or... or..." she sniffled again, not being able to say it, as she dashed toward the woman. "Oh, Shigeko!"

"A-Amy... what about the game!?" possibly the worst thing he could of said at that moment, as Amy stopped right before reaching the woman.

She turned around, glaring at him till it shook his very core. "What about the game?" she stated. "Not everything is a game, Sonic. Not everything... not me."

Amy ran forward and jumped into the girl's arms, as the girl stumbled a moment with holding her, and finally just picked her up like a mother would a child, and patted her on the back.

"Oh-oh-OH!? Ah... there there... there there..." she looked to Sonic, as if confused, and then back to Amy. "Shi-tsu, Shi-tsu..." She shushed Amy as she bounced up and down, just treating her like her little sister or something, realizing that Sonic must have been trying to beg for forgiveness, and understanding that Amy must have been hurt by his trickery.

As Sonic turned to leave, Shigeko suddenly shouted out to him, feeling the impulse too. "If you really loved her... Unō... You should try and just be beside her!" she shouted out, not really sure what she was saying. "That's all we really need... is someone to lean onto... even if you don't know what to do, you shouldn't... you shouldn't just place your responsibility on others! Baka!" she then ran off, realizing she just insulted the mascot of her company that literally pays her bills.
Back in the Virtual World

"Amy's GONE?!!" Tails shouted out.

"Em-hmm."

"Where?!!"

"To America…"

"…O-oh… did you-?"

"I was about to tell her… tell her everything… even about… well you know."

Sonic looked away from Tails, remembering how that day he decided not to fall in love with Amy either… the day… she was saved.

"Sonic… you know you have to follow her right!?" Tails shouted out, not sure what else to say. "I mean… you have to tell her!"

"How Tails?! She hates me now!"

"Well, I tried to warn you… but you wouldn't listen to me!"

"I know what I did wrong.. but how do I do what's right?" Sonic looked to his friend, troubled and puzzled as much as he was.

"…I..." Tails sighed.

"I don't know…"

(Still didn't edit XP but I hope it's okay. TO BE REAL~ -starts singing- ahh~ that song just fits PERFECTLY! So yeah… they had some bonding… or… not… more like a fall out, but… ANYYYYWAYY~ hope you liked it and it gave you feels~ I'll try and work on the next chapter someday :p When I'm free, lol I wanted to write another big one, since most of my chapters on my other stories have been short, so here XD lol)
This… Is This What You Wanted?

Sonic IRL 5
This… Is This What You Wanted?

By: Cutegirlmayra (I'm gonna cry… you're gonna cry, we're all gonna cry, so let's say something before we even start this little adventure into heartbreak and pain with a saying. Ehem, repeat after me, "I will not threaten Mayra. I will not hurt Mayra. And I will realize that Mayra is a wonderful, and beautiful human being, who I shall not hate, for the feels falling out of my eyes." Thank you for participating, I feel I'm slightly safer now. –gets prepared to leave fanfiction forever-, while I'm packing-I mean panicking- I mean, writing this please keep all hands, arms, and feet, inside the feel trip at all times.

Thank you.

This will be hard.

Cause I'm crying just thinking about it…

And if the author cries…

You should cry.

Just saying.

Seriously though, I am crying, like, there are legit tears forming in my eyes. I'M NOT LYING. I might need a second to even start typing.

Hooo…. Okay… here we go. –sniffs-

Also, sorry, but I have vlog, and if you want to ask questions, leave a comment below okay? :) watch?v=Qa4vT1RY5_o&list=UU5qMq2pnvVgXBHE-V601aiA)

American Amy laid on a long table, she grew tired from having to stay so still for so long as the programmers worked tirelessly through her code, looking for the core of the problem, but only really finding little things to tune here and there. They had found some glitches in the swirling vortex that looked like a beautiful light blue universe above her. She could see the 0's and 1's, the flow of data and words, and everything that could possibly make up her being.

Heck, at one point she even saw her base folder fly by, totally showing off her plain body structure to every man in that room.

She closed her eyes, just done with it all.

She wanted it to end… the endless walks of shame she had to take every time she dared go out of her locked folder compartment because Sega feared her glitch may effect the others, though the programmers confirmed it wasn't a spreadable virus or something like that, just an error that grew out of proportion. Even so… she was sleepy…

Laying on the table, listening to the clicks of men on their computers, and three others rushing along the table, doing the manual searching and touch ups while the ones on the computer were looking through more of my massive and extensive coding, she could hear a pen fall from one of
the three men.

The pen was specially designed to only touch coding within the virtual space, which Amy's code existed in. In fact, we game characters can bring the virtual out with them through a space of 'creativity'. When large amounts of this magical energy exist, usually in company environments, then characters can push their wills out and control this energy, allowing for the virtual world to mix with reality. No one really understands quite how it works yet... only that the faith and love they put into their characters seems to help them be able to see the characters. As if faith, and a true fan's heart, was all it took to behold them.

But you also had to be a company employee of some kind, apparently. Which still didn't make sense to most people. And trust this, most people who have tried to figure it out are very smart people, so it's best not to doubt that this force can't really be explained or defined quite clearly. (Author's note: but if you do have questions about this reality and world and whatever, just shoot me a question! ;D)

"Sorry, guys." The young man got down, grabbing the edge of the table and picking the pen back up.

Amy looked over to him and sighed, before another pen touched her cheek and forced her back into my forward position.

"Sorry, Amy. We can't have you moving, just one move and your whole code shifts with you. We'll lose are place." The man was right... If Amy moved even a little bit the code they're hands-on working with will bundle into a ball, reacting to her will and moving accordingly. Her code was like her body, which is weird to think, but it's almost reversed in humans. Code moves according to will, code makes her arm move up and down, but will cannot dictate her headband's color is red, that is something only Code controls, and so visibly, people see that because Code dictates that. Will is like the brain to a game character, as their code does effect their will, stating what they want, what their suppose to do, their role, their opinion, their wishes, the way they speak, their personality, etc. So it's an endless circle... Code dedicates, Will demands, and Code responds, and Will is met. All things pertaining to this law are usually met... and errors occur... when this delicate balance is disrupted. If the character is acting out of hand, not their usual self, or just being weird, then Will may be showing a sign that Code has been tampered with. If Will has been affected, that's only a sign that Code has been affected. So if someone finds something wrong in code, then that would explain the character's demeanor being changed as well, however, if it was a purposefull change done by a human doing his usual job of fiddling professionally with it then usually no errors could happen. As long as he does his job right.

However... within this world... sometimes code gets damaged, the...other way around.

This brings the topic of 'choice' into play.

Could Will be so strong as to effect Code. Unlike Code effecting Will, could there be in fact a way for a game character to break Code, maybe even without knowing it, through will power alone? Most would disagree... But then again....

Walking, talking, and seeming to be alive creatures from within only the imagination are scampering along the halls of companies everywhere.

And Will is what made them there in the first place, through the game characters wanting to have more than just oh, let's say, 1 or 2 main games to live through. Who'd want to stay in confinement for that long? Why not explore and keep living? Even outside the game?
The originals are the first to do this, which then leads to others following.

But again, let's ask ourselves, could Code be rewritten?

Absolutely NOT.

However…. Could it be that…

Code can be damaged to then satisfy Will?

unintentionally, that is what the current experts are assuming causes errors in these seemingly alive characters.

Amy seemed to reflect upon this matter… could something she had wanted or done make her Will incompatible with her code? Resulting in these… bizarre errors?

She wondered if maybe the Code couldn't do it's job, if maybe… that was why she was dying right now…

Because Sonic wouldn't let her love him… the way she was made too… the way she wanted to love him…

He was restricting her… keeping love away from himself causing her to go against code by forced will?

Did she choose to realize this?

Or what this just errored programming in her.

Were the errors making her think differently than Amy Rose?

"Alright, everyone. We're exhausted." An older gentlemen finally broke the silence, and put his hand on his side towards his back. He obviously wasn't having a swell time standing up for so long, with his old age being a factor and all. "It's almost time for me to head home, I think a break for you, however, is in order." He put down his pen and took off his glasses.

"I think the young lady deserves a breath of fresh air too." The man untied Amy's straps, since her errors were causing her to glitch at some points, moving and causing a shift in her code, which could be disastrous if the men accidentally misplaced code or switched something around. Then Amy's time-clock would really be ticking... "There you go my dear, you shouldn't glitch to much, from what we've done anyway…"

"So you've found the core?" Amy asked, getting up, seeming to have the last shreds of hope riding on this answer.

The men looked to her sadly, before looking away and starting to pack up, all but the one man in front of her. His bushy white eye brows curved in a sign of love and sorrow, as he shook his head. "No… I'm afraid not."

Amy's ears bent down, and her whole body seemed to recall itself downward towards the ground.

"We found small and minuscule errors that were easily taken care of, but nothing seemed to lead to the overall error." The man deduced, but everything seemed to just soak into Amy, as she remained silent with her head hanging down.

"…I'm so sorry, my dear. But we need more time. I… I have nothing left to say…" He patted her
head, and then walked away.

The room was full of men packing up and going home, as they walked by her, to cowardly to say or do anything for her… really not able to do anything more, in there minds, to help her.

After spending a full work day searching her code, they vanished from the room, disappearing out the door as they turned off the lights, barely even looking back.

"What a depressing atmosphere." One of the boys that was working on her said, leaving the room. "The poor thing is too corrupted to even pin-point a start, she's just done for, I say. Simply done-"

He was nudged in the side by his comrade.

"What!? Your not saying your-"

The friend glared at him and gestured with his head in the direction behind him.

As the boy turned, he saw Sonic the Hedgehog, outside the room, and on the opposite side of where they were heading.

He had his back up against the wall, head down, arms folded, and one leg put over the other.

When he heard what they said, and noticed they had stopped due to spotting him, he put his turned foot back in front, and then lifted it up to the wall. He unfolded his arms and put them bent to the side of him, and lifted his head only slightly.

"Done for… huh?" his voice was lost of life completely, and his entire being seemed striped of all or anything joyous in this world. "How long would you say she has left?"

"..W-well I.." the boy looked to the friend, who only looked back to him, not giving him a clue on what to say.

"…You…what?" Sonic finally turned his head only slightly to the boy, still the same look of nothing… nothing but wanting answers.

"I don't think I'm authorized to-…"

"I'm Sonic The Hedgehog! Anything and everything is authorized when it come to me!" Sonic snapped, yelling was not something he usually did, and especially at an employee.

The two boys lunged back, terrified as Sonic had completely pushed himself off the wall and was now standing a ways away, but threateningly.

"S-she still has some… t-t…time left! Maybe a few weeks or so…months even!" the boy held up his suitcase, afraid that Sonic might spin dash him or something.

As the two boys coward together, Sonic ’tsk'ed and swung his head to the side of him, walking up to the railing of where down below the lobby lay, and above were just more flowers in squared layers leading up to a top, clear but not see through, ceiling.

"…Some time left…" he lowered his head, hitting the railing in his misery.

The two boys looked at one another, and then Sonic.

"Hey… since she's dying and all… I mean… will you finally tell, at least us, if she really was your gir-"
Sonic lifted his head only a slight bit to glare at them, and they got the hint and dashed away as quick as they possibly could.

Sonic sighed and let his head bang against the metal railing again.

Amy still hadn't come out of her operating room…

Amy sat inside, still stone-cold frozen in her gloomy spot. Stuck in the dark. Alone...

Sonic moved quickly to the door, even reaching out for the door knob… but held it there. He hesitated,… before finally dropping his arm and spinning to lean against the same part of the wall as before. Waiting…

Amy finally lifted her head slightly up, and got down from the table. She maneuvered thorough the darkness and opened the door.

"…!" Sonic's eyes quickly looked to the open door, as he moved from the wall and looked around the door. "Amy...!"

Amy was walking off the same direction as the men had just gone, as Sonic ran, at a normal running speed, to catch up with her.

"Are you alright?" he asked, reaching for her arm but never touching it.

Amy looked down to see his hesitation, and gritted her teeth. She spun around and looked him dead in the eye.

"What?! Scared to touch me and get glitched too!?"

Her outburst scared Sonic, but he was already used to her change in behavior due to errors running throughout her programming… so obviously, she wasn't going to be the same Amy he knew…

"Keh…..That's not it!" he reached out and grabbed her arm, proving he wasn't afraid of that. "I'm just worried…" he gritted his teeth too, but his eyes showed every big of concern and desperate wanting to aid her right now… somehow…

"Well… then what is it, then!? I'm not allowed in the virtual world and I'm barely allowed outside the locked file! So what on earth do you-" She sounded like tears were being held back, as she whipped her arm out of his grasp.

He didn't let go until he had to though, and shook his hand out when he had too. "Amy, stop being so difficult! I'm here, and I want to help you!" he stated, quite clearly for a Sonic too, usually… they keep most of their feelings to themselves…

"Help me? Help me with what?" She stepped closer, and he dared not move away from her. "There's nothing you can do." She stated, and now he could see the glossiness in her eyes, the tears that she dared not drop now… very uncharacteristic of Amy Rose…

"W-Well…" He had moved his hands and arms up as she approached so closely to him, but he planted his feet, not wanting her to think he feared her, when that wasn't the case at all.

"Closure?" She suddenly spoke out, and he looked away. "Gee, thanks. But I don't need your pity love." She turned and started walking down the halls, leaving him looking after her, arms still up but slowly withdrawing down as he let out a soft gust of air from his nervous lungs.
"Why are you so..!" he stopped himself, he knew she was doing this cause she's angry, cause she's sad, cause she knows she's going to disappear someday and there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. The error had spread, and it was almost to the point of hopeless and desperate searching to find anything that could lead to the overall problem.

This had been happening since the counsel closed. They had been searching long and hard, but could only find tiny, and meaningless things to fit. As long as she was separated from her data folder, she didn't glitch so much. But the errors were still there… they were still affected her even from long range…

Even after that characters started avoiding her,… or rather…. Amy avoided them. She feared what they would think, and hated the pity she saw in there eyes. Sonic tried to comfort her, but she would just push him away too. He was the worst… seeing his eyes,… she couldn't take it.

Amy stopped and turned around, "At the counsel you said something about freedom right? What about it? Well,… well where's the freedom in you forcing yourself to care about me just because I'm finally leaving this world? Huh? Oh, all a girl has to do is be in a life-threatening situation for you to notice her! Is that it!"

"..Amy…"

"Don't 'Amy' me! Apparently I'm not really acting like myself anymore! And from the extend of these errors, I'm not even really Amy anymore!"

"No… your headband…" Sonic swallowed hard, as if saying that word was killing him inside, and possibly the only words he could muster at this point.

"M-…my what?" Amy looked up, and gasped. Her headband was doing what a fuzzy analog t.v screen with rapid changing colors like white, yellow, light blue, green, purple, red, and blue flashed across her headband like static.

Her code….

Was getting worst.

She covered her headband, leaning down and getting ready to cry before her coding fixed itself and the headband returned to it's proper red color.

"..Amy, let me be there for you… you don't have to go through this alone!" He stepped toward her. "Please! I'm choosing this! This isn't a matter of being forced out of pity, I really want to be with you right now!" he pleaded his case, but Amy looked away, still holding her headband.

"I…I-I-I can't trust you…" Amy looked away, shaking her head with her words. She knew she had to be dying… how could she say that to the man she supposedly loved with all her heart and soul?

"..Amy… please…" Sonic continued to approach her. "Don't push me away… I… Amy, I…! You're my friend! I care deeply about your situation and I just-!"

"Japanese Amy please!"

"Miss, I beg of you! You must return!"

"Japan will be in an uproar!"

"Where's my other!?"
Sonic and Amy turned to the side railings, and both quickly glanced at each other before racing to the sides, almost slamming up against it as they both looked down below to the lobby.

A group of people were following Japanese Amy as she stomped and made her way through the crowd. Only stopping to glare with power and a bit of cute pouting aggression at them before putting her hands to her hips. The crowd kept trying to tell her to go back, or do this, or do that before she finally just stomped the ground, whipped her head back, and straightened her arms out to the side of her.

"WHERE IS MY OTHER ME!? I want American Amy in front of me RIGHT NOW!"

"How's about overhead?" Sonic smirked slightly. Seeing the real Amy… how she was suppose to be…

Like a breath of fresh air to him.

"Wifeu?"

"Huh? Amy!"

Japanese Amy turned to the side to see them, and made a big open grin at seeing her. "You're okay! Uh… and it's Waifu… but don't call me that…" she looked away, looking embarrassed at her referring to her as that, and had a bit of sweat on the side of her head, like anime characters would do when their awkwardly embarrassed too.

"I'm fi-… well, I mean,… how'd you get here?"

American Amy raised an eyebrow, as Japanese Amy cutely sucked her lips in, and rolled her eyes along the ceiling, before finally rocking back and forth.

"Ah… oh, you sly little cutie, you. You totally broke the rules. And for me? No wonder all these people are in a panic."

Japanese Amy cutely continued rocking before swaying herself back and forth. "Anything for my favorite friend~" she acted so innocently adorable that American Amy smiled and tossed her hand to her a bit. "Besides… I did it before~" she mumbled to the side to herself.

"Oh you precious little rascal, you." she cooed down to her, almost praising her as she giggled.

"heheee~"

"Ehem." Sonic cleared this throat, and looked away from the spectacle for a moment. "Can someone explain to me what's happening here?"

"I just came out of my operation routine to suddenly see my original and gorgeous wifeu-"

Japanese Amy cleared her throat, looking up at her with a very discerning look and lifting an eyebrow up, correcting her.

"Oh… I mean Japanese 'Waifu'." she looked down, having a face like she bested her other, as Japanese Amy just rolled her eyes and shook her head, sighing. "demanding to see me."

"No, no, I got that." Sonic placed a hand up, having the other hang off his other arm's elbow space that was made by when he folded his arms to listen to his Amy speak and explain. "I mean how'd she get here?"
"Oh, yeah. What rule was it this time?" Amy leaned over, excited to have a guest come to see her, not pity her, not wish her the best of luck, but to BE with her, and to SEE her, and make her feel like she usually did without this darn glitch in her! "I'd thought for sure they'd have you on lock down after all that happened."

"Surprisingly, after you admitted it was mostly you and they blamed the errors, I was off the hook." She shrugged, showing that was the honest truth and nothing was even done to her.

"...REALLY!?" Amy screamed down.

"Fo' sho', home girl!" Japanese Amy shook her head side to side, being sassy, as American Amy laughed her head off.

"I taught her that." American Amy felt so proud, looking over to Sonic for a minute as he looked to her like she was going insane.

"So you just... got here?"

"Yeah! What? Hard to believe?" Japanese Amy looked up to American Sonic, crossing her arms and not backing down to him. "I just twisted a few arms but I'm here, and I'm taking her out on a walk for some fresh air!"

Sonic's eyes widened.

-Flashback-

"You're coming with me, mr. grumpy quills!" She held her head high, "Hmph!" and started to forcefully drag him behind her as he stumbled to keep up with her, moving over to the door that led out of Sega company walls.

"A-Amy! What do you think your-?"

"I'm taking you for a WALK." With as much hostility as he had once held back, she glared back and spat out her remark. "We're going to the mall, you need some fresh air!"

"Fresh-what!?" He ripped his arm away from her. "And who suddenly made you my therapist?!" he returned the hostility, not holding anything back now...

-End Flashback-

Sonic let his hand slide off the railing slightly, looking around and breathing a little heavier now. 'Was this... was this how Amy helped people in need or something..? Why am I hearing the same words again? Amy...' He looked back to his Amy, as she squee'd and giggled, happy to hear that she was finally going out to have some fun again.

"Amy you can't!" he grabbed her, and pulled her away from the railing.

Japanese Amy lost her confidence and her smile, trying to look over the railing and see what's happening, she then took off for the elevator she saw.

"Miss Amy wait, please!"

"Oh no! Don't anybody lose her!"
"Somebody call Japan!"

The horde of people kept following after her, begging for her to stop and go back home again, but she just took out her hammer once in the elevator, stopping everyone cold flat.

"Ehem." She gestured her head down to a man. "Could you click the floor, please?"

The man, being a bit afraid, leaned his head in and only turned his eyes away from hers when he was looking for the floor America's Sonic and Amy were on. He pressed the fourth button and leaned his head out.

Amy put her hammer down and leaned on it in front of her, smiling. "Muchas gracias." She completely switched her language, seeing as the man was of Spanish origins due to his pen having a spanish flag on it.

He nodded to her, as the doors started to close and the people roared up their disapproval before it was too late. No one DARED put there hands on the door with her hammer out.

And as they tried to plead for her to stop, Amy just looked at her nails, completely content as the doors closed.

"What's your problem!?!" American Amy pushed Sonic off of her. "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong!? You can't go out there! You're… sick!" he argued, gesturing to her before finding a word he approved of to use for this situation.

"...Sick?" Amy looked confused, and a bit offended. "I'm dying, the correct term, is dying. And before I sing hosannas to kazuyuki hoshino, I'm gonna go two point seven seconds on a bull named Fu Manchu."

"Stop quoting 'Live like you were dying' and making bad puns and listen to me!"

"Why!?! So you can remind me of how terrible my situation is?! That my life is gonna flash before my eyes LITERALLY as I see code fly all around me before being destroyed and trashed in cyberspace?!" she spun around, after a while of walking to the elevator as she finally just couldn't hold it in anymore. "You've always wanted me to leave you alone Sonic. For once, do the same!" she walked off, leaving Sonic hurt and completely at a loss of words.

The elevator door opened as Japanese Amy stood coolly manner, "Could the American Amy Rose please step aboard?" She looked with a sly smile before seeing Sonic's face… and the whole reality of what just occurred seem to pass over her head as she wondered what on earth could of made him look so hurt and torn apart. "Amy… what happened to-"

"He's fine." American Amy declared, walking in and clicking the lobby button. "Let's go and get something to drink. I'm thinking a café."

The elevator doors closed as American Amy tried with all her will power not to look back and down at Sonic. When the doors closed, she 'Oh chaos'd and covered her face, crying.

She knew the real her would have NEVER said that to Sonic… never deliberately hurt him like that… never push him away or deny his comforting arms…

"Japan… I'm lost! I'm already dead!" American Amy almost dropped to her knees, but Japanese Amy caught a hold of her and helped her up.
"What do you mean? Shush, shush… there, there, you're okay, what happened?" Japanese Amy held her head to her chest, and let her cry. She was trying to desperately put two and two together and figure out what had just happened, what would make Sonic emote that way… such sadness… such pain…. Emotional turmoil wasn't even gonna cut the description of what she just saw on Sonic's face. She patted Amy's head while looking to the floor's slowly going down to the lobby.

She didn't think she'd ever saw that face on Sonic before… until she remember her own Sonic… and what had happened back in Japan…

"I'm not okay… I'm not… I'm so not okay!"

"There, There. It's going to be alright… I have you now… you're not alone, okay?"

The people swarmed them again, even some trying to use 'forced data' techniques to force the data into a flashdrive or other data storing device to get Japanese Amy back.

They pushed through the crowds and we're finally making there way out to the parking lot.

"What do we do?" American Amy sniffed. "They're trying to get you back. I don't want you to leave me!"

"I said you're not alone and I meant it! I have an idea!" She used her data to pull out her air-gear. "Hop on!" she got up and helped American Amy on as she wiped a tear away.

Sonic stood looking out a window… watching her go away and taking a deep breath.

"…Your letting her go?" Shadow appeared behind him, folding his arms and looking out to the girls.

"Huh!? When did-.. how.." Sonic looked around, confused.

"I'm worried… if your Amy caused our Amy to act out of hand… what will she have her do this time around?" Shadow spoke, looking out the window as well at the two rushing away from the people below.

"Our Amy…? Wait… are you-?" Sonic suspected this might not have been American Shadow, but the Shadow just smirked, seeming to confirm his suspicion.

"Amy did say she had help breaking the rules, did she not?" he rotated his arm. "She wasn't lying when she said she twisted some arms." He rubbed his arm. "Anyway, Wifi is a lovely device." He sneered.

-At a local Café-

The Amys slipped a bit of their drinks, as American Amy started to put her spoon in her cup and swirl it around.

"…Hey, Japan…"

"Yep-pah!" she said that after taking a long sip, so she let her lips smack together and then lick any residue of the sweet taste still left on them off.

"…I can… ask you anything and… considering the situation, you would… do it, right?" Amy stopped spinning her spoon for a moment, and looked up at Japan, who was pouring some more of their shared beverage.
"Eh-hmm~" She chimed, before taking another slurp and loving the American drink.

"….What if I asked you… to…" she looked away, bending her ears slightly.

"Uh-huh?" she stopped drinking to make that noise before politely lifting a finger, grabbing a napkin, dabbing her mouth, and then drinking some more.

"…To rewrite my code..?"

American Amy ducked down, letting go of her drink and spoon as she nervously knew what was to come next.

Japanese Amy's eyes shot open, and she spit out her drink, before slowly putting it down and looking at the mess she made on the nice outdoor table.

"….So… is that a yes?" She smiled weakly.

"Pah.. well I should hope not!" Japanese Amy reached for her napkin again, cleaning up herself and the place. "What on earth are you talking about!? Change your coding?! It's already messed up as it is!" she kept looking down to clean, then back up at Amy, and then down again to clean some more.

"Japan-… Amy!" American Amy reached out and grasped her other's hand. "Listen to me… please…" She slightly glitched, phasing a bit as Japanese Amy gasped.

"What?" American Amy looked herself over, and then let go of her hand, holding herself until it passed. "S-s-so-r-ry.. i-it been happening l-l-la-tely…" the glitching finally stopped, and Japanese Amy looked heartbroken.

"You want me to change your code… and increase that?" she let out, feeling so much love and concern for her friend.

"Please, you're the only that is kind enough to do this for me." American Amy stood straight, and looked out to the city before her. "I've never felt so free… to be someone I'm not." She stated.

"Wha… what do you… mean by that?" To Japanese Amy, she was talking almost crazy, and she looked at her with a new eye now, one that… wasn't very trusting it seemed.

"I know this sounds like… well, blasphemy, but you could alter my code into whatever I wanted to be right? What if I could… customize myself and be who I always wanted to be?" She looked back and slightly leaned over the table to her other self. "What do you think?"

"I think we need to go back." Japanese Amy swished the napkin down, and started getting up. She looked frightened...

"No, no, no! Amy, stop!" American Amy grabbed her arm.

"America, your scaring me." She stated, looking back with tears forming in her eyes. "I'm worried about you… more than ever now. The errors… they're effecting your thinking! Amy, what your talking about it's… it's suicide! You'll die faster than ever if I do as your suggesting!" she swiped her arm out of her grasp and grabbed her hand, stomping off. "We're getting you back in that operating room where you can get healed and-

American Amy ripped her hand out of hers. "NOOOO! I won't go back! I won't lay and watch as I wait for an answer to be found! I'm already to far gone, A-A-A-Am-y." she glitched again, but only
slightly, phasing into two Amy's that seemed to split from one, and revert back to that center one. Her voice was distorted for a moment with it too, and she put her hand to her mouth.

"...See..." Japanese Amy was being ripped out from her very core, seeing someone she cared about so much being so far away from her it seemed... so far gone... so...

Dead.

"And this will only get worse." Strongly stated American Amy, as she looked up to her original.
"With your power, you can rewrite my code and let me live the very end of my life in complete bliss. I don't have to be restrained by what someone writes on a piece of paper, or drawn or animated into moving a certain way, to act a certain way, to even... have someone else's voice to be called my own I don't want that anymore! I want to be... I want to be..."

"What!? What do you want to be, a freak of nature? Amy, your not a living being! You're a computer chip! A-a... program meant to be loved and adored by children who call themselves fans everywhere! Amy-"

"I'm tried of being confined to Amy Rose!"

The loud outburst made Japanese Amy step back, terrified and completely heartbroken at her words.

"Your... tried of being...
..me?"

"Yes! I'm sick and tried of it!" American Amy kicked a garbage can over. "Why not have wings?" She suddenly said, looking over to American Amy and rushing to her, grabbing her trembling hands. "How about it? Haha! I could fly!"

"...we're a hedgehog... hedgehog's don't have-" Her voice was faint, watching her friend slowly losing her mind... not sure what to do.

"Yeah, I know that, but think about it, Japan... Come on, Japan!" she shook her a moment, and looked deep in her eyes, showing the longing she had. "I could be free, flying the skies..." she looked up, seeing the clouds above her. "I wouldn't have to see everyone's disapproving looks... their pity, their agony..." She looked back to Japan. "Wouldn't that be somethin'?" she breathed out. "Being who I want to be? Not who someone said I should be? Living... flying without restraint or remorse. Without anyone judging you or seeing you a certain way!"

"..I.." Japanese Amy gaped, and finally narrowed her eyes, finding the courage to speak her mind. "No!" she stated, and threw American Amy's hands off of hers downward. "They look at you like that because they love you and worry about you! Your not alive, Amy, but you are to me and to them! And now your asking me to erase the last strand of decent code from your being to create something that will end up killing you!? Amy how could you ask me to kill you!"

"Japan... look at me. I'm dying." American Amy laughed out. "What more could possibly happen than for me to wait and die?"

"They could save you!" Japanese Amy shouted out, fighting back tears. "They can recover the good script of code left and find the bad and destroy it before it overcomes you!"

"...Japan... I'm already a dead gal walkin'..." American Amy gestured out to herself, and let her hands fall to her sides. "Please... just this once, the only time I got, let me die in peace?"
"...Y-you... speak as though you want to die." Japanese Amy held a hand to her heart. "Please tell me that isn't the case...?"

"...What more is there for me... Even if I had the chance to survive... even if they found the core of the error and fixed it... I'd go back to an angry Sonic who doesn't trust me, a group of them, actually..." she giggled, turning around and facing Japanese Amy by her back. "I'd be pampered and feared... pitied and only seen as a trouble maker... the trouble maker who glitched."

"That's not true!" Amy started to cry, leaning forward and trying to state her case.

"How would you know!?" American Amy flung back, glaring at her. "It's the rarest case to glitch! How would you know what's like!? To have to come to reality and realize, hey, I could die! That's a new one. Huh!? When have you ever lost all your lives and suddenly there was nothing, the end! No restart, no play again, nothing! Well?"

"...I...I don't know." Japanese Amy looked away.

"That's what I thought."

She gripped her dress. "But... I feel like... like I do." She turned to Amy. "I feel like I somehow can understand! Your not scared... your done being scared, you just want to break free of it all and get even worst while doing something you see as impossible and going out with a bang! Is that right? You tried of feeling hopeless and are just ready to, not cave in, but cave OUT."

"..." American Amy turned around, looking at her with slight anger but realizing she did understand her pretty well. "Well, will you do it?"

"...I can't." Japanese Amy turned around this time, gripping her arms over her chest and crying. "I could never kill you..."

"Please... Your gonna have to anyway. When you use my backup data to create another me-"

"Do you even realize how I'll die the day I have to do that!? Amy... Amy you're breaking my heart!" She turned around, stepping into American Amy's face and desperately trying to make her snap to her senses. "Please understand... I love you... you're my dearest friend... I couldn't." She shook her head, and then turned away from her. "I couldn't bare to try and see her as you... not you, I actually-" she stopped herself, as American Amy urged her,

"Go on..."

Japanese Amy took a deep, shaky breath, and spun around. "I really liked the glitch Amy!" she declared, as American Amy's eyes widened. "I like how she didn't seem to be an exact mirror of me like the others, how we bonded, how we made up schemes together, how we pretended to be gay for one another to get the attentions of our Sonics!"

"Yeeeah, that was a good one." American Amy giggled.

"I loved how she cared and how we schemed things together and I COULDN'T HAVE THAT WITH ANOTHER YOU!" she cried, wiping her tears as best as she could. "She... she would have forgotten... her other self and..." she took a shaky breath again. "I could never treat her the same..."

"...Please... Japan..." American Amy hugged her friend, mother, original self... "Please help me in... doing my last dying wish."
Japanese Amy cried in her arms, and nodded. "I… will do it. But only because… because you said there's no chance of fixing you… and because I love you, Amy. I…” she gripped her, holding her back and just letting the tears fall.

This was the last time she'd see even a glimpse of the Amy she knew.

And the Amy she loved…

-Under the Sega Building-

"Can't we use the Wifi?"

"Nah, don't got the password."

"O-oh…"

"I have to get in through the main cables… and that's way under here."

"…it sure is… industrial."

"That's a polite way of saying metal and bland."

"Haha…well…yes…"

The two Amy's made their way down to the power lines, as American Amy opened one and started fiddling with the cords.

"Don't electrocute yourself!" Japanese Amy warned.

"Relax, we're pretty much made of electricity. The worst it could do is burn my hand and give me a sugar rush." American Amy reassured her, before finding the right cord. "Ah-ha! Got it! This cord should lead us into the computer's power outages! We'll work our way to the operation room's computer where we'll open my locked file and start rearranging and editing my code!" Amy started to pixilated herself, and sucked herself into the energy current, creating a portal.

"Come on, already!"

"Oh…but… what if it sees me as a virus? I'm a foreign code you know…" Japanese Amy pigeon toed and held her hands near each other, looking scared of this all this 'breaking into the system' stuff.

"Amy! You high-jacked a flashdrive, man up!"

"Ohh! Don't you 'man up' me! That wasn't breaking and entering, that was being a stowaway!"

"Yeah, well, now you're taking the train." She pixilated her arm out to help Japanese Amy get in. She moved her fingers in the universal sign of 'come here'. "Come on. The system will read you as me, the only difference is it'll read you in Japanese."

"B-but…” Japanese Amy looked worriedly at the hand, and then looked behind her, frightened.

"Come on, Waifu!"

"Oh man, I'm doing your every beck and call, aren't I? I really am your waifu…” Japanese Amy placed her hand on her head.
Amy pixilated her head, "Yeah, you are!~" she moved her eyebrows up and down in a flirty manner, but was just teasing her and grabbed her arm, pulling her in.

The two got sucked into an upward air flow of electricity, as they held on to each other, American Amy flying more upward, and Japanese Amy holding on to her hands extended down to her.

The two finally found a balance and flew at the same height, as the yellow bars turned to jagged lines that propelled upward like backwards lightning.

"Woah!" Japanese Amy clung to her American self, who just laughed at her fear.

"Oh, get over it. It's something new." She looked up, looking for the right outlet to exit through.

"Well, excuse me for not fearing anything cause I'm not already dying!" she hollered out.

"Pfft~ One day I hope you'll be this brave without 'awaiting death already' being a stimulator." American Amy teased. "Oh, look! There it is!" she pointed to an exit outlet and flew Japanese Amy with her, "Come on."

The two re-pixilated in the operation room, as Japanese Amy looked around, and American Amy just rushed to the computer, booting it up and turning it on.

"Is this… where they placed you?" Japanese Amy stroked the side of the table, and looked shocked to see straps on it.

Her eyes suddenly widened.

Why did that seem familiar…?

Amy had a massive headache for a second, before she seemed to be having a flashback.

-Japanese Amy's flashback-

Amy's coding began to retell blurred events, as if the coding was confused on what was being triggered, and had just scarcely found the file to create this odd and loopy flash back. Nothing was really visible, but he words were slightly muted or distorted, but Amy could still make some of it out.

"You… remain still." The voice was fading in and out, and Amy could only see what looked to be figures of men walking around.

"...Scared!...Son...Sonic!...Hel...help...Me!"

"Stay...still child."

More distorted voices until-

A blue smudge entered the hazy memory.

His voice wasn't distorted.

In fact, it was completely in tact.

"Hold on, Rosy… I promise… I'll never love again."

What… exactly did that mean? But before the image could finish, the vision blurred and contorted
and swirled. Amy had lost her backup memory chain, and the coding around it was so loosed and badly scripted that that was all it could muster in bringing up that forgotten memory...

-End flashback-

"Woah, hon, you okay?" American Amy placed her hands on Japanese Amy's shoulders, snapping her out of her trance. "You look a little pale there..."

"H-huh? Oh, I'm... well... What have you done?" She skipped the question entirely, kind of like how American Amy did when she asked, and looked toward the computer.

"Oh, well I turned on the computer and got the folder that has my data inside." She explained, rocking back and forth.

She glitched to the right, completely teleporting it seemed, but Japanese Amy didn't notice this, as it happened behind her, and she was moving towards the screen. "That's it?"

"Yep! That's the one." American Amy was acting weird, more cheery than usual, but Japanese Amy didn't notice this either. To her, that was her usual self, so it didn't phase her experiencing that again.

"So... we just digitize inside, right?"

"You got it!" American Amy pushed Japanese Amy inside the computer.

"WOAHH!" Immediately getting pixilated, Japanese Amy looked around. "W-where...?"

"In we go! Haha!" Japanese Amy floated around before helping Japanese Amy to the ground of the board. "Sorry, I had to make sure you weren't chickening out." She stuck out her tongue, playfully.

"O-oh." Japanese Amy was starting to notice the change, "When did you get so happy..?"

"So what now?" American Amy playfully put her finger in her ear, as if cleaning it out. "Well, anyway, here it is! My corrupted data file!" She happily walked towards it with her normal walk, as Japanese Amy stopped and looked at her strangely, suspicious even of her behavior before looking up at the folder.

She gasped.

The folder looked wrinkled, and a spark kept flashing off the side of it, like it was having an electrical circuit problem.

"Why is it... sparking... like that?" She asked.

American Amy glitched, "I-I-If I-I'm T-t-to close it will start e-ef-ef-eff-effecting me and the true nature of how m-mu-much much damage has actually o-o-o-coc-oc-occur-occurred will be m-more more-re noticeable." She didn't seem herself, and the glitching was intensified now.

Japanese Amy felt her heart stink inside herself, holding back her sadness, but failing to keep it concealed, she was more than afraid for her friend.

She was already mourning her.

"C-come O-on, th-th-this'll b-be-be-be-be fun!"

"...Alright."
Japanese Amy marched on, realizing how far gone Amy already was, she felt that if her last wish really was to do this, then she would have too. To respect her friend, to lose her… she would do anything for American Amy. Even her death wish…literally.

They entered her file, feeling a bit of zap as Japanese Amy looked at her burnt sides. "Ite!" she 'ow'd in Japanese.

"H-here is my main dat-a-da-data frame." American Amy was glitching harder now, and Japanese Amy could barely look at her without forming tears. She closed her mouth, not wanting to show that she gaping at the fact that the girl she just had a drink with was really this …. Being away from her data, not having it travel with her allowed for her to stay some-what functioning.

There really was no hope… and to someone like Amy… no hope… was just like death.

"M-make me-me-me have win-wing-wings!" American Amy lifted her arms up, excited about all this.

"…Alright." Was all Japanese Amy could even say. She was looking at a ghost. Her Amy was already dead before she got here, and no one knew it… no one but the operators who wouldn't give up what they were meant to do. She now understood the straps, being this close to her data… she must of glitched quite a lot, and maybe even lost it once or twice with them…

Japanese Amy moved up to the tight ball of light, as she was about to put her hand to it, the whole background became a billion rectangular screens, dark silver and clear.

Amy sighed.

At least that was normal…

Till she saw large sparks from the side of her, and ducked.

A few of the screen were tearing off, only being held by some cords. Some of those cords were scratched up, and leaking 0's and 1's and other data codes.

She realized how damaged American Amy was just by looking at the state of the data frame. Everything… everything was falling apart…

No wonder they were having such a hard time finding the core… there were to many little odd and in things that needed fixing, and they seemed scattered, not in one place as Japanese Amy tried to not think about it.

She couldn't fix her with her own code.

She may experience errors and then die herself.

And it killed her knowing she couldn't sacrifice herself for her friend.

Her coding had protection to it, and it wouldn't open to her Will. It would only open if Japanese Sonic broke that code with his own coding. That or Sega of Japan needed to go in and do something to it.

American seemed more open to the idea of leaving code in accessible files, whereas in Japan, everything was in lockdown and high security.

If she used her original powers… no, the errors wouldn't be fixed by that… she would still be
killing her Amy, by creating another her, just like Sonic created that other Sonic…

Thinking back on it, Amy realized how little the meaning of life meant to game characters like her and Sonic.

It took Sonic only moment to swipe his hand and delete the other Sonic, who she had even kissed believing it was him.

Worst of all…

She didn't even respond after it faded away…

She was so used to the idea of a restart… of a continuation… when a character jumps off a cliff, he reappears at the last checkpoint with no rings.

That was death.

The only death she really knew.

The only death any of them knew.

It wasn't her hurt that blinded her when that other Sonic was wiped from existence… it was the very fact that she couldn't imagine anything being wiped out of existence.

But here she was… ready to end her friend's life by mixing and creating code to her delusional liking…

She looked back, seeing American Amy dancing around, glitching…

"What's wr-wro-wrong-wrong-wrong with chu? Hurry UpIca n't waIT anylonger." Even her speech was failing her.

"…Alright." Japanese Amy shed another tear. "Alright…"

She looked back at the ball of glowing light, with the similar texture of the screens edges sticking out of it from time to time, like a fading disco-ball, coming in and out of reality.

"…Wings?" she opened the ball, which formed a panel out in front of her. This was something only she could do… being an original… only they could fiddle with code like this.

She took a deep breath, and leaned her head up, closing her eyes. "…Goodbye Amy." She let a few more tears fall down, but remained silent, not even letting a single sniffle or whimper escape. She lowered her head, and pulled out data that she started to re-create.

American Amy, or what was left of her mind, sprouted pink, perfect furry wings on her back.

"Ha…hahaha! Look! Wings! I h-h-av-av-av-ave wings!" she flew around the space, flapping them as she went. "WWWWINNNNGGGGGSSSS!"

"Anything else?" Japanese Amy felt dead inside, her eyelids slightly droopy, her face a permanent frown, and absolutely nothing in her heart but sorrow and lost.

"Ne-new-new-new outf-fi-fi-fi-fif-fiffffi-fit!" Amy glitched to the point where her head band and dress were now the loopy static from before, different colors and occasionally white and black specks that equaled to nothing much but interference.
"Alright." She swiped her hand through the panel and created a new look, using existing data that stung her hands, due to it's corruption and her security features not allowing it to enter her as she also released code to create more for American Amy, and then slowly, after the code was constructed, no matter how poorly, she lowered her hands.

The code spun in a circle, and was absorbed by the panel, as the screens around, all configured in a circle, glitched and even a large portion came out of the wall.

"Ah!" Japanese Amy ducked, having the sparks fly everywhere.

"Mor-e-e-r-e-more! Give me Mo-or-ore!"

"..I… How can I? There's not much to work with and if I get you out of here now we may still get a week of you left!" Japanese Amy watched more panels fall out, and even more cords start flinging and sparking around.

"The whole place is gonna fall apart! Amy, what more could you want?!"

"Make me co-coo-coo-cool and bo-bo-bold-bold-bold." American Amy glitched through the falling screens, which didn't seem to even effect her, as if she couldn't see them. Her dancing and joy continued, as Japanese Amy watched in horror and at the same time… love.

"Alright,… but only one more thing!" Japanese Amy got up, hanging over the panel as it disappeared and reappeared, making a fading noise as it did so.

A red light appeared behind the Amys, showing that the file was about to be lost forever.

"One more thing… and then… only one more day…" Japanese Amy read the remaining code, and knew it was collapsing in on itself… "One more day…"

She started to create the code, knowing it would damage the rest of her already disrupted personality and being but she couldn't help it! It was American Amy's last wish… to be someone … or … something else and not be confined to someone else's wishes.

"There! Now let's go!" Japanese Amy grabbed American Amy, glitch or not, she was getting what remained of her out of there!

The whole place started to fall apart, as a huge chunk of the ceiling came crashing down, and soon, glass from the screens shattered like a sonic boom as the panel finally faded away.

The Amys made it out on time, as the file now looked to have sparked a flame.

The flame moved… slowly at the lower left corner of the file, and moved like a sloth.

American Amy shook her head, having been flown away from Japanese Amy due to the explosion and crash.

"W-woah…" she shook her head. As Japanese Amy slowly got up, looking at the burn and noticing it's meaning… filled her with dread and shock.

"Sorry about th-that-that. Whenever I'm nea-near-near-my file, I tend to get loo-loo-loopy… hahah." She scratched behind her head, but her arm now moved through her head. Her base had been tampered with to get her outfit on, and so her imitators on her limps and such were gone.

"..Do you… even see that?" Japanese Amy clutched her fist.
"…huh? What do you mean-mean?" American Amy turned to look at her file, seeing the fire slowly spread. Where it already had burnt the corner, was completely pitch black.

"…That's how long you have left to live." Japanese Amy couldn't hold in her feelings anymore, she started to twitch and shake in rage and grief. "When that flame completely consumes that file, you'll be nothing. Dead. A mere deleted waste of beautiful time, love, and work completely wasted because you wanted to be selfish in the end!"

"…Jap-pan-pan-pan.." American Amy looked to her, seeming to not understand but still wanting to comfort her somehow. "I'm not sor-or-or-ory for my ac-actions."

"…Well, I am..." Japanese Amy spun around, pointing to the file. "Because I brought the apocalypse to you early! Because you convinced me I had to let you go! Die in peace you said… hmph, DID ANYTHING IN THERE LOOK LIKE PEACE TO YOU!? Did you even look around and realize that what was falling apart was YOU!? Your very essence!?"

"…I-I-I chose this f-fa-fate." American Amy lowered her head down slightly, but never stop looking firmly at Japanese Amy. She was sort of back, but not really. This was distance… this was only a matter of time…

"YOU?! I brought this fate! ME! Because I was foolish enough to believe that this was what you wanted! But you don't know what you want, Amy… the errors have corrupted you to the point where they convinced me to kill you early! I'm the reason your dying! I didn't create the errors but I sure as chaos helped them!"

Japanese Amy was past her boiling point, in fact, her emotions swarmed her, over took her. She was letting out everything, blaming herself only because she was in misery, yelling only because she had unfinished business that could never find closure now. She was crying uncontrollably as the very computer couldn't contain the data she was releasing into it. It couldn't hold her emotion of what her Code stated was in her, and it couldn't conceive the Will power that was forcing the Code to express multiple sides of her heart, her kindness, her selflessness, her weakness, her compassion, her sorrow, her grief, her woe, her anger, her frustration, her meekness, her humility, her stress, etc.

The computer began to fry, not being able to properly and quickly process everything as the original Amy rammed into American Amy, pushing her out of the computer as it sparked and shut down.

Laying on the floor… American Amy looked at her unfamiliar hands… her new outfit… her new wings… and realized that maybe Japanese Amy was right… she had lost her mind.. her code, her very will..

"It's-me." She glitched, missing a word out. "It's – the me I always wanted to be."

Japanese Amy got up, stumbling to the wall and trying to hold herself together. She couldn't control her emotions, and she'd never had so many at one time. She felt her head on fire, as her code tried to process everything on it's own. Everything in her being that pertained to what Amy Rose would do concerning what had just happened… She was sure her programmers never expected her to have to go through this kind of emotion drama to the point where everything they just gave her concerning her personality would be overloaded to the break of over exhausting a computer hard drive and end up leading her to overheat.

"No… It's not you."

American Amy looked to Japanese Amy, not able to move her legs due to the limber of them now.
They wouldn't connect with the floor…
"...I'm so sorry...I'm so so sorry.."

Her regret over came everything else in her system, causing her 'fever' to come down.
"No...no... you miss heard me."
"...Wha... what?"

Japanese Amy turned around, seeing American Amy use her wings to get up, and hover.

"I didn't want this... I just wanted to-to have someone love me... to see if any-anyone would do what you have done... for me. I think that's what I want-want-wanted in the end... to be loved. To have an ac-ac-t-t-act of pure love like that."

Japanese Amy clutched where her heart would be programmed, and felt it beating fast.

"Yes... that is what I... what we would of wanted..." She dropped her head.

A kick came from the door as suddenly the door was flung open, "What's going on in...!? Amys!?"
A man looked around, as Knuckles and Espio were outside the door.

"It is the Amys!"

"So that's where they went off too."

Sonic zoomed into the room, apparently, they were all looking for them it seemed. "Am-!...!?" he noticed her flying with wings, and her new outfit, and the steaming computer that Japanese Amy accidentally over-ridded. "What... on earth?"

He looked to Japanese Amy, who couldn't help but start weeping again.

"What... did you do?"

"I'm sorry, Sonic... I'm so, so sorry... I thought... she wanted this I thought... I was doing what was right, I... I-"

She fell to her knees, not being able to stop herself from wailing in heartache as American Amy flew out the door.

"Stop her!" Knuckles cried out, but she was already dodging people, her legs now not functioning, and her color started to turn static too.

"How long..." Sonic looked back to Japanese Amy, and got down to her level, shaking her. "HOW LONG!?"

"A few minutes..." Amy looked up into his eyes, not able to see clearly from all the tears that were still falling. "I thought she wanted this... I thought this would ease the pain... was already dead, wasn't she? Why... why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you say anything..." Her voice was one of a mourning mother and friend, and Sonic felt himself losing it around her too.

He looked away and looked back and forth on the ground, side to side. "I didn't know how to tell you... and I didn't know how to tell her."

He admitted, as he held in his own forming tears, but code stated he couldn't cry.
"No wonder you wouldn't let her leave… you… you wanted to spend the last few weeks she may had had left with you… you wanted to .. be there.. when…” Amy realized she should never have come to America, and now….

"No one but me could say goodbye to her…No one… but me." The pain of her realization, how she had just caused everyone to lose Amy unexpectedly, that not even her Sonic could even give her a proper goodbye… no one could.

And it was all her fault.

The Sonic characters and even staff were all preparing to say their goodbyes… and Japanese Amy had been fooled by Amy's errors into killing her off early…

"Go…” Amy couldn't even look at Sonic, but was just staring off at nothing to the side of him. She breathed out again, "Go and catch her before she fades forever…"

Sonic looked back at Amy, and dashed.

-At the top of a huge skyscraper-

American Amy had flown out of Sega and to the top of one of the highest buildings, letting the wind whip by her and blow around her being.

"Is this… freedom?" She asked herself, completely a shell of nothingness… Her data already making her far gone and barely even a slimmer of sanity left.

She started to lean, about to fall when a blue blur raced up the building, and grabbed her by the waist before she could fall.

"Hold on, Amy! Hold on!" he had used his other hand to grab the spike at the top of the skyscraper. "Please Amy, just let me say it! Just let me say-!"

"Goodbye?" The detail in Amy's eyes turned off and were erased. All that remained of her detail was now just an empty base.

"…Amy…” he could barely say her name, as he was getting choked up in his throat, unable to really speak, seeing her completely being depleted down to her main data core. "Don't leave me… I need an Amy… I need an Amy Rose!" He wished, at that moment, he could cry. "You're the side of me that… that I need, that I never knew I wanted but I do! You're the better half of me! The half that can complete me! All my flaws, are your strengths, they always were! You were made for me, Amy! Amy! Please!"

Amy blinked her now brown eyes, as her base was a light brown color. She was now completely detached from controlling her body. Even her lips didn't move as she spoke, and her body was like a puppet in the wind. "Say goodbye… and let me go… Love the next one… because she'll be the last one…"

"What…Amy! I can't Amy.. I…Amy… Amy, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Amy, or what was left of American Amy, had glitched and phased through his arm.

She fell down the skyscraper, her data pixilation around her, as she spread her still barely functioning wings, and flew through the sky, gliding.

"I know now… that any Amy who tries to love… will find my same fate… A-an-an-and perish.. to
their curse… of loving Sonic the Hedgehog."

She closed her eyes.

The feeling of the wind…

How she longed for it for so many decades…

From the time she was born and on…

But she was free now…

She didn't love Sonic.

She didn't love anything now.

Because now, she wasn't anything.

As Amy glided, her pixels had no core feature to return to… and so…

Nothing remained in the wind… but the last 0…of her data…

Sonic raced to the park, where the 0 almost fell to the ground, before he picked it up, and caressed it.

"I won't… I will never … leave you unloved again."

He held the 0 up to his face, and as he slowly opened it, it had all but dwindled slowly into the air, piece by little data bit piece… until there was nothing left.

Nothing… of the American Amy Rose.

-Back at Sega-

Sonic walked into the lobby, seeing everyone there crying or torn apart by what had happened. He looked around and noticed his face looking back at him.

"…America…" Japanese Sonic approached him, and placed a hand on his shoulder. "We need to talk."

"You sure as heck picked a perfect time." Sonic shoved it off his shoulder, and walked to his Tails and Knuckles, who embraced in a group hug.

Japanese Sonic watched the moment, and had to look away, feeling the pain from years before, and knowing he had to help Sonic in dealing with it now… more than ever… when there was no one for himself.

"Everyone…"

Everyone turned to Japanese Amy, as she held in her the backup data, a ball of pure white light, like the one she experienced before.

"I have… an idea."

-A few hours later-
Everyone gathered around, knowing their part in this as Japanese Amy began to do what Japanese Sonic had done in creating another Sonic. In almost the exact way and order, she reconstructed another base and build, taking her own files and creating copies to place into the new backup.

"Everyone ready?" She softly spoke out, as they all nodded towards her.

American Sonic took a deep breath, and finally gave his nod.

Japanese Amy nodded back, and wondered if he held any resentment toward her… after what had happened. He had already stated that her idea made up for her folly, but she knew he would need far more time to truly get over this.

Amy moved the data down, and slowly brought it back up, as a new Amy stood before her.

The American managers and employees rushed over to the new Amy, inputting things that were specific to the American computers of which will harbor her data and extracting the same code into 'forced data' capsules, which they tried to use to capture Japanese Amy and ship her back to Japan.

After the Amy was properly connected to the American district of Sega's company, she opened her eyes, and looked around.

"W-…what happened? Where am I?" she asked, and tilted her head cutely.

It took everything in Japanese Amy to not cry, she took a deep breath and in a very sad but understanding tone stated, "You're home."

"We have something for you….Amy." American Tails brought over a letter, a letter swarming with data in it.

"O-oh? Really? What is it?" The new American Amy looked at the strange letter, curious at it's glowing and data swarmed being, and smiling in her fascination with it.

"This… is all my memories of you… All the memories.. outside of the game world." He let go of the letter, almost like his birthday gift to her, a file containing every memory of Amy outside the games, even the counsel and her errors.

The data flew up and was absorbed into her memory file.

"W-….woah." Her eyes widened.

"Welcome to Sega of America… Amy." Tails smiled and then winked to her.

One by one, they all gathered their letters, and raised them up in the air. It was as if this exact moment was their final goodbyes. A lasting memory of her existence,… and who she was.

"We know we can't restore your memory, Amy…” Japanese Amy spoke out, "But we'll try." She giggled lightly, still fighting back tears. "Oh, we'll try."

The data letters all morphed into data code and flew into the new Amy, who absorbed it all with a smile on her face. She spun around, letting the code embrace her, and laughed.

"Oh! What a sort I was!” she giggled. "No secrets then! I know everything about who I was and what I can be!” she grinned, simply beaming, something American Sonic hadn't seen in a long time.

It made him cover his mouth, and gasp for some air, shakily. Closing his eyes and remembering his promise.
He moved through the crowd, and released his data letter to her.

"….!" She turned to him, as he stood only a little ways away from her.

They stared into each other eyes… and her smile faded, turning into one of love, worry, and pity. He couldn't look into those eyes… not yet anyway, as he retreated down the corridor.

This was Japanese Sonic's chance.

He dashed after him, as Japanese Amy watched from a ways away. She wanted to follow him, but waited until everyone was done greeting and welcoming the new American Amy before she left her side.

"Mother…" The new Amy spoke, still looking to where American Sonic walked away. "Why did he make a promise he couldn't keep?"

"I'm not mother, remember? And what are you talking about?" Japanese Amy walked over and held the new Amy's hand. Surely, just coming to life would be odd for anyone, well, at least she thought so. Since the other Amys's were a bit afraid, after all.

"Oh, that's right. I remember." She turned to Japanese Amy, and poked her nose. "You don't like being called Waifu though."

Japanese Amy made a face and then started laughing. "But what do you mean, a promise he couldn't keep?"

"Well, he lied. I saw it in the memory he gave to me of her. The old me." She looked back after him.

"What do you mean?" Japanese Amy's heart raced. "What did he say to her?"

"Hold on, Rosy… I promise… I'll never love again."

"What did he promise her?!"

"He said… he promised he… Would never leave me unloved again."

-Down the Corridor-

"Sonic! Hey! Earth to me! Quit ignoring me and listen to me!"

"I can't!"

"Oh, yes you can! And you will!"

Japanese Sonic spun American Sonic around, since he was just as fast as him anyway, it wasn't hard to keep up.

"What do you want, Japan." American Sonic was holding himself back, in the mood to talk at all right now, as he was just mindlessly running the corridors, trying to shake and lose the feeling he had right now.

"I need to tell you about my Amy.. what happened… before your Amy…" he scratched his head,
looking nervous. "Listen… My Amy-

"Your Amy.. your Amy? If she was your Amy, you'd have claimed her as that by now…"

"What are you saying?"

"…" Sonic clinched his teeth, and shook his fist. He couldn't hold it in any longer…

"Is there something you need to say to me first?" Japanese Sonic asked, as American Sonic spun his head around to face him.

"How long…" he was fuming with rage.

"What…? How long for what?" In confusion, Japanese Sonic stepped back.

"How long until we realize that were the reason Amy always glitches…"

Japanese Sonic's eyes widened. "What are you talking about…?"

"Can't you see it!? My Amy just died because she couldn't keep to her programming! She wasn't able too! And it's all our faults!"

"…Sonic… calm down, your not making sense… and to be honest… after all this… it's worrying me." He raised a hand to his other, scared that he may glitch or something.

"Oh trust me, I'm not glitching… Every Sonic is a glitch!"

Japanese Sonic froze in place. "What…?"

"YOU HEARD ME! All this time… who has been the one causing all these glitches Sonic!? US! We have! And if we don't stop it now, then every Amy is going to glitch all around the world!"

American Sonic breathed heavily, screaming and trying to keep his pent up anger and aggression together was not seeming like an easy task right about now.

"Are you suggesting that we killed Amy!?" Japanese Sonic was offended, leaning forward and challenging his American look-a-like. "How could you say such a thing!?"

"You know how!? I'll tell you how… because in the end, if Amy can't love us, then her code can't keep her alive."

"…No.. are you suggesting..?" Japanese Sonic started moving back. "No.. stop it.. Stop it right now!"

"Because you won't love her… and force us to do that same, even when our coding would of stated the opposite if you hadn't changed it in yourself… we now have to watch our Amys's suffer and die because if their coding tell them to love us, and we force them to not be able too, then who really is the killer!? The error!? The coding!? Or us!"

"Stop it! Don't say another word!" Japanese Sonic rammed into the other Sonic, as an all out brawl started.

"Why!? Why did you use your own coding to rewrite yourself!"

"Shut up!"

"Why won't you love her!?"
"I SAID SHUT UP!"

Punches flew and two slammed hard down on one another, till Japanese Amy came around the corner, before gasping and about to intervene.

"AMY GLITCHED TOO! MY AMY!"

Japanese Amy stopped dead in her tracks.

The two Sonic's huffed and puffed, to focused on each other to notice her a distance to the side and away from them.

"She… glitched. And before I thought she was about to be lost forever… I …"

American Sonic wiped some spit off his mouth, since the two of them couldn't bleed, or they wouldn't be rated E in the game world if that kind of coding was allowed in them.

"... You what?" Asked Sonic. "Swore you'd never love her?"

"...I loved her very much..." Sonic looked away. "I decided… since she was dying anyway… to give in to her. And it made her forget her troubles…and for a while, it did the same to me… Then they thought they found it." He leaned his head up, taking a deep breath. "After a while of dating, they found it… they found the core of the problem, but she would lose half her memories. You wouldn't understand, it was a different time back then, she was… she was still Rosy the Rascal, and they couldn't lose the original. If they did… well, you know, Originals don't have backups, they make them." he admitted, and then looked back at Sonic. "I thought she was going to be lost forever, so I swore I'd never love again… that she would be the only person I'd ever care about like that..."

American Sonic stood and watched, as Japanese Sonic clutched his head. "I tore out my coding that allowed me to cry…!"

"...So that's why I can't mourn the ones I love?" American Sonic finally spoke up.

"Yes… that's why." Japanese Sonic looked away again. "But they… they saved her." He lightly laughed. "They saved her, no new love interest, no nothing. But there was a catch… she wasn't herself…" he walked a ways to the side of Sonic.

"She had become Amy." American Sonic concluded.

"Yes, she became Amy in Sonic Advanced. I promised Rosy I'd love her and only her… and then comes along Amy… it's still her… but not her… renewed… remaded… I couldn't love her…. Because she wasn't…"

"The girl you fell in love with." American Sonic clutched his own head, "Son of Ultimate Chaos… WHY!?" he kicked the wall behind him. "That's not fair… I understand your promise but why US!? Why do we have to follow you!?"

"...Because we all work in the same universe… the same script,… for the same game. There can't be any falters or differences in any game… THAT wouldn't be fair." Japanese Sonic finally concluded, and turned around to see Amy quite a ways down the hall, frozen, and looking at him with such disbelief.

"...Amy...?" He almost couldn't believe it. "...Wait… Wait, Amy..! AMY!"
She ran off, thinking she had cried all her tears away before her data created more need for them.

Japanese Sonic's legs froze, his worst fear… he couldn't move.

"No..." he dropped to his feet. "You weren't... suppose to..."

American Sonic looked off after her and then to his Sonic. "I lost mine... are you willing to truly ... lose yours?"

"...I already lost her." Japanese Sonic couldn't take his eyes off from where she had ran.

"...No, you big idiot... you didn't." American Sonic growled out, angered by how he could say that. "She changed, grew up. And what do you do? You refuse to love her. It's still Rosy's data in her, it's still Rosy the Rascal, but she's matured, she's grown up. There shouldn't be a promise you have to keep, but you pretended there was. Because you were afraid to love again. Afraid to lose and prepared to let her go and suffer for it. When she didn't go... you did."

American Sonic was about to dash away, but Japanese Sonic grabbed his leg.

"...Please..." he formed in his other hand a data letter. "...Give her this... for me." He let the letter drift up, as American Sonic caught it with little to no respect for it.

"I'll see what I can do."

Keeping his head down, Japanese Sonic let go of Sonic's leg, and let both his hands fall.

The pit of misery is where our Japanese Sonic and Amy lie now, as American Sonic must keep his new promise to his new Amy, but how can he when Japanese Sonic has made it impossible to do so?

Find out, in the never ending story of the one-shots of Sonic IRL!

(Stayed up till 4:30 Am to write this... you better have cried as much as I did or I'm gonna feel like I failed. If you didn't cry... I plead sleep-deprived.)
Broken Code… or a Broken Heart?

Sonic IRL 6

Broken Code… or a Broken Heart?

By: Cutegirlmayra (To be honest, with all my stories, I only daydream a scene and then add things I want in it that retain and uphold the current story and the plot I already have going on. So in all honesty, I usually just 'wing-it' for the rest xD I never know how a story is gonna turn out till it's done, and by then, I'm to exhausted to re-read it and to excited to post it that I don't edit it xP But with this one… this story… I really do love it. I really do love what I'm doing with it and can't WAIT to find out where it's going :D *I know a little of where it's going but:* anyway, enjoy! :D In other news, I do indeed have a Dr. Hope XD He's a dentist though…and a guy… so. Lol I didn't base my doctor off of him okay!?)

A woman walked bristly toward the doors of Sega of Japan. An American with fluent Japanese it seemed. She was young, maybe in her twenties or close to hitting her thirties but not quite there just yet. Then again, that could just be how she looked, but not really how her age was. It was hard to read her, as she wore a buttoned up white shirt and a jacket over it that puffed up and spiked her shoulders with padding as the middle buttoned with a clip in the front. Her skirt was tight but just barely below her knees, and her hair was golden and placed upward in a bun. She wore dark sunglasses, and her high heels sent a ring of powerful footsteps through the lobby as she entered.

She held some files in her hands, and placed them down in front of the lobbyist, who flinched back by the loud nose of papers falling to her counter.

The woman then placed her hands, interlacing, on top of the files, and smiled. "Good day." She greeted with a bright smile and a warm charm within her voice. It was like the first initial impression of her was completely wrong, but maybe she was a strong woman after all, even if she now seemed to cheery to be very… well… intimidating.

"H-how do you do…" the woman bowed her head, as the American kindly bowed hers as well, and lifted her sunglasses up and to her head. "Are you… the Video Game Counselor?"

"Ah, bright as ever." She shifted her head to the side, giving a playful smile and obviously agreeing with the woman's suspicions. "That would be me, and I've been told I'd be given my own office and employee badge." She stated.

"But… you're so… young." The young lobbyist stated.

"Well, you're quite the young thing yourself!" the woman gestured to the girl and smiled, seeming very peppy. "I'm not just a Video Game counselor either, you know." She continued, "I'm also a very well respected Scientist on the leading theories of how Video Game characters and other media characters can just… poof up out of no where and how they are able to live and seemingly breathe around us. Well, only to the employee's with the proper hearts and mind-sets. My dear, have you seen the characters of Sega out and about, by chance?" She narrowed her eyes cutely to the girl, asking her with cute and playful curiosity.

"W-well I.." the woman started, before looking up at the counselor, seeing her excited grin and how her head bounced around almost like a child waiting for the answer as she smiled too, seeing her peer in her. "I have seen some arcade characters walk by a time or two." She beamed, loosing her fear or confusion of the woman.
"Oh! I know! It's exciting!" The counselor seemed to just… spring with overflowing life and wonder. How could anyone be intimidated by her?

"Dr. Hope? I presume?" A man with a few men behind him came walking out of another area where the walls were clear windows on top, and then the normal walls that you could stick a tac in under them.

"Ah, my new boss." The woman looked to the rather pudgy man, and moved her files off the lobbyist counter. "Till we meet again." She winked to her, and walked up to the man. "Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you!" She offered her hand.

The man bowed a little and shook it.

"Oh!" she corrected herself and bowed as well. "Forgive me, I've only just arrived in Japan after my last visit for my scientific research on the theory of 'Heart' playing a role in Game Characters 'Will and Code' formula I suggested to the three leading scientist on the matter of 'creativity' and how Game Characters can walk and speak among us." She rambled a bit, trying to maybe show off her credentials to prove she was up for the job.

"Doctor, I'm the creator supervisor of the Sonic division that we currently have going on here." He stated, "Also, you have wonderful Japanese." He bowed again.

"Oh, thank you. It's a pleasure." She bowed as well.

"Will you walk with me?" He gestured to a hall.

"Oh, certainly." She followed after him, bowing again.

One of the three men behind him handed him a file. "Now Dr. Hope, as you may have been informed, our company has been suffering for some time now with the recent loss in America." He stated, and handed her a file to match her already large stack she was holding in front of her.

"Oh, yes I have been greatly informed on the subject by the American staff there as well." She politely held her hand up, stating she didn't need the file and wasn't going to take it.

"Ah, I see. I was uninformed if you had the complete data of it." He handed the file back behind him, as a man took it at once. "In that case, you should look at the files for Japan."

A man came to the side of the woman with an even larger stack of folders that the man just dumped on to her.

"Offph! Oh… oh dear." She stumbled as he just dropped them into her hands, and she fumbled to get a good grip on them as she bent down and then started to count to three, before lifting her back up and only stumbling a little backwards. "I… Ehem, shall read them tonight then…" she stated, as she hastily adjusted her sunglasses on her head before dashing to save her files from falling to the side of her.

"Oh, terribly sorry." He gestured with a flick of his hand for two men behind him to take her files from her, as they rushed off.

"Oh, thank you, um… where are they going with them?" she adjusted her jacket and looked back after them, as the man kept walking, and she hurried to quickly catch up with him.

"To your office, of course." He looked slightly back to her nodded his head, before walking on.
"Oh… right... right." She adjusted her glasses again and pulled on her shoe, reaching back for it as to get her bearings straight again. "Listen, I hate to cut the tour your obviously going to give me, but I must get to work on those files right away, but even before that, where is Sonic?" She started to take hold of herself and her objectives right away.

"Oh, you mustn't meet Sonic yet." The man stated, looking back and shaking his head, waving his hand below as if secretly only telling her that that was out of the question. "I must inform you of his personality, traits, backstory-"

"Sir, I know him." She stopped, as the man looked puzzled, and fully turned around to look at her.

"You what?"

"I've read everything there is to know on Sonic The Hedgehog. 'The' in his name, is capitalized as a funny joke an American did to state he was 'The hedgehog' and the name stuck. 'The' is his middle name. How do I know this little tidbit, sir? Clearly, I've done my homework and research, you see…" Like a true American, she started to take charge and show the man she was more than capable of figuring things out on her own, with seemed to startle and frustrate the man with her boldness. "The leading theory is that only an employee with a true fan's heart can see a character. In order to fully be a proper therapist to them and counsel the poor little dears is to, of course, become a fan." She grinned from ear to ear, clasping her hands together.

The man just raised an eyebrow to her.

"So sir! I'd like my badge that officially makes me a SEGA employee and immediately meet this Sonic The Hedgehog at once!" she stuck her head up high, showing her confidence at her craft.

"...I wonder of your professionalism, Dr. Hope." The man insulted her.

She was highly offended.

She placed her hands on her hips and narrowed her eyes. "I've spent 3 months at Nintendo, Curing poor Luigi of his 'inferiority' complex after that 'Year of the Luigi money loss' fiasco, convinced Link he could stand up for himself and have a 'voice' of his own without actually saying anything, he could still do something; I've talked with Spyro about his addiction to chasing things and BURNING their butts off, like he was infamously known for doing back in his golden years and he's improving, wonderfully! In fact! It's been four hundred and eighty two days before he last burned an employee's behind and I've meet the Assassin's Creed's boys, oh, lovely gentlemen with horrible night terrors. I've also seen-"

"Alright, Alright! That's enough." The man stopped her and sighed. He looked disgruntled, and motioned for the remaining man behind him to hand him her badge. "With this badge, by your theories, Dr. Hope, you are now officially apart of the Sega team." He placed the badge on her and clipped it on.

She beamed with pride and joy. "Thank you sir, and now where... exactly, could I find Sonic.. at this hour?"

"Oh, Miss Hope?"

Something tugged on her skirt below, as she looked around and then down, seeing Cream holding cheese in her arms, and holding her skirt cutely, like a child would.

"Ah, you must be polite little Cream, How do you do?" She took her dainty hand and shook it. "Your such a lovely little lady, you are." She cooed to her, patting her head as Cream giggled.
"Oh, Miss Hope, I believe Sonic is up at the roof right about now. He's been so sad, Miss Hope… Can you help him? And everyone here feel better?"

"Chao Chao!" Cheese seemed to beg too, as they both had adorable little worried eyes, staring right up at her.

"Oh... your so precious! The both of you! Aww!" she hugged the two of them, bending down to do so, as Cream held her back with her free arm, before they let go and she nodded to her. "Alright! I'll start with the roof!" she smacked her knees and lifted herself up and back on her feet again. "Run along now, I'm sure your mother, Vanilla-" she rotated herself to look at the Creative Supervisor, who looked away with folded arms, obviously not enjoying not having much power over her position right now, since she knew what to do already and had everything she needed, it seemed. "Would be wondering where you are." After proving her know-how of the Sonic universe once again to the man who questioned her before, she rotated herself back to Cream. "Run along then, you adorable little rabbit you." she let the girl go as Cream bounded off to find her mother.

"Goodbye, Miss Hope!"

"Chao Chao!"

"Goodbye sweeties!" she waved back.

"Dr. Hope, I do hope you'll show a little more respect in the future." The man stated, and turned around and left.

"I do hope you show a little more respect…neh neh neh." She turned away from the man, and started mocking him, not liking his disrespect for her. "Respect me first and my work and I will." She muttered, and looked around the place.

"Oh crap." She stated, "Where's the roof..? Ugh…" she groaned and started a hurried pace around the place.

"Dr. Hope? I presume?" Tails smoothly rotated himself around the corner she was about to pass, before startling her and making her grasp her heart.

"Oh! It's you! Goodness, you scared me." She laughed.

"Yep! Miles Tails Prower, but you can call me, Tails. All my friends do, anyway." He held out his hand politely, and she shook it.

"How do you do." She nodded.

"You sound a bit to polite in Japanese." He smiled. "In America, I'd assume you'd be cast as British." He joked, smiling.

"Haha! You know, I do believe your right." She actually used English this time, and tried to sound British. "Top of the morning to ya! Jolly Good!"

"Cheerio." Tails played along, as they laughed together. "I thought I should introduce myself, you know, considering we're probably going to be seeing each other a lot." He rolled his eyes.

"I'm a counselor to the Sonic characters of Japan right now, so yes, yes we should be seeing each other quite frequently from now on." She went back to Japanese, and bowed to him politely. "It's so unique how you can change your voice to the current Tails voice actor in America, what does it feel like? You used English before, did you… I don't know… borrow it from your American
double-ganger for a moment through the virtual world or-?"

"Haha! You're a curious one. But I guess being a leading mind in the theories of how we work and how we're able to exist in this dimension would be somewhat a requirement for your field." He placed his hand up to his chin, and nodded. "I like your type, the inquisitor of our world, I suppose. Haha! But much more pleasant."

"Ah, right… because you're the 'smarty pants' of the Sonic universe, aren't ya?" she smiled, "It's nice to have a fellow smarty on my side." She kid, placing her hands on her hips. "Oh, shoot! I need to catch Sonic before he disappears and runs off to some other place I will have to find to catch him. Shoot. Do you know where the roof is?"

"The roof? Oh… lately he's been spending hours there… we think it's to…"

"Avoid Amy Rose?"

"…Yeah." He looked away, not liking the answer she gave, it seemed…

"…I'm sorry… I'm sure he's unaware of how it's affecting you and the others." She kindly acknowledged his feelings, and used a reverent tone as she placed her hands in front of herself and together.

"Well, heh, now you're here. And if what I heard is correct, about you and the other Game characters you've helped? Then I think we'll be okay with placing our trust in you." He smiled to her. "Doctor… or therapist?" he joked, turning back to his clever humor, and raising an eyebrow at her with a sassy smile on his face.

"Doctor of Science Therapy." She responded, teasing him back, and winking to him. "But all my friends call me Dr. Hope." She nodded to him.

"So prestigious." He rolled his eyes, sounding sarcastic as he played along. "Good luck." That time he sounded genuine, nodding back to her. "I sincerely hope you can make all this… craziness… go away." He was walking away, but slowly, kicking his legs out as he did so, and when he got to 'craziness' he lifted his arms up and waved them around in circled rotations in the air for a moment, before finally letting them shoot away from each other and fall down, letting them swing as if they were limp.

"…He seems pretty done with all this drama." She concluded, analysising him as she had spoken with him and nodded to herself. "He needs some hope."

She quickly called back to him. "Hey, Tails!"

He stopped, turning his head back, but looking pretty down.

"You're my favorite!" she called back. "I'm a huge fan!" she smiled.

He gave her a quick smile back, raised a hand with a quick wave, and continued to walk solemnly away.

"There… that should give him something to smile about…" she thought out loud and to herself, before walking on.

"The Roof?!"

"Up the stairs.." Tails called back to her.
"Thank you!" she literally screamed back, since he was already far away and ran for the stairs, continuing to head upwards till she found a high door all the way at the top of them.

"Woah, this thing is huge.." she seemed a little frightened by it, and wiggled the doorknob. "Huh?" she pushed on the door, and then slammed against it a few times, ramming her side into it. "It's jammed! … ugh, great!" she moved back and kicked it down, making it swing open and startling Sonic as he stood a few feet away.

"Hey!" he cried out to her, looking upset. "Don't you know it's rude to not knock!?"

She stared at him for a moment, and started her analysis. "Whose there?" she answered.

He looked puzzled for a moment. "What?"

"What who?" she continued.

"What…What?!" he was genuinely caught off guard by her. "Who are you?"

"Well.. first off, you said Knock Knock, and it's rude to not finish a joke." She stated, as she smiled to him and played it off. "And I'm Dr. Hope." She continued to smile politely, but didn't move from the stair case. "May I come in?"

"Wha…? I said 'not knock'… oh." He suddenly got it. "Right, you're the American Psychologist.." he rotated his wrist as he looked down, turning away from her as he suddenly remember the name.

"Therapeutic counselor." She corrected him. "How do you do?"

"Bleh, I don't need you." He stated, throwing his arms up as if to toss her away, he kicked the ground near him, which indicated to her that he was upset with something, and it clearly, wasn't her.

"Apparently a lot of important people think you do." She stated, raising a sarcastic eyebrow to him. "May I come in?" She asked.

"What?" he turned around, "Come in where?"

"To your space, of course." She gestured to the roof. "Being Sonic, I didn't think you really had a 'room' you called your own. You're naturally a nomad, you run where ever you want to and sleep where ever a pleasant breeze is blowing by a comfy tree. Something you seem to find rather quickly, no matter where you are or how far you've traveled." She stated, and looked humorously around again. "So, may I come in?"

He looked at her for a minute, and raised his head slowly from behind slouched down.

"….Come in."

"Oh, thank you."

She had to slightly leap a little to get over the extra space from the stair to the door's step and then stumbled out of it. "That door needs to be 10 inches lower to that first step!" she exaggerated, but her exaggeration made Sonic laugh, since he knew what she was talking about.

She immediately noticed his laughter, and smiled.
Everything going according to plan…

"You're a weird one, lady! But that's definitely a hazard, well, for humans anyway." He kicked another loose pebble from the roof's top as it went bounding off to the other side.

"Ah yes, you could fall, feel the pain, but end up with no broken bones or even a scrapped knee." She remembered, "Makes you more cartoony than anything."

"Yeah… no concept of death either…"

He opened up to her, and he didn't even realize it…

She smiled.

"Oh? I've heard there was a death in the family. I'm… sorry for your loss." She decided she should step a bit closer, after all, this was only an exercise to examine his current state. What was his code telling him? Most people would think the human route, 'what's he thinking/feeling/etc.' but she knew a little bit better. She had a fellow scientist inform her on the way computers and coding process, and even the suggestion of alternative intelligence. However, currently in the world, AI's we're just theory, and a sentient being created by a computer wasn't exactly made by humans… but by the creations of humans themselves.

In other words, humans haven't created computer people, but the computer creations, like Sonic, made themselves real in this dimension, and that still was a mystery of how that happened.

She spoke with some of the first game characters ever invented, and learned a bit of how they felt they came into this world, but even to them, it was still a bit of a mystery…

But what was Sonic's code… telling his Will to do? Well for one, had learned about his personality, and knew if she kept the atmosphere light that he wouldn't see her as an annoyance or threat, trying to take over him or his space, as he clearly must of locked the door so no one could disturb him.

Next, he was isolating himself. Well, he's a loner, he does that, but this was different… he was shutting out his friends, stating he was upset and sad about something, but would never let the world see it.

He was kicking the ground, all these indicators coming from what his code was telling him to feel like, and in that, his Will obeyed and also told Code what he wanted to do because of that feeling, which Code then made his leg move forward and solemnly kick a ground, making a rock from the flooring get loose. This result caused more of his Code to react, and the process continued from there in a never ending circle.

So… she knew a butt-load of things just from his small actions and dialogue, and every little thing he did was telling her what she wanted to know, like reading a book that was visual.

"Yeah.. thanks." He seemed to be avoiding her now, not wanting to discuss it further.

He wasn't the one to respond to prying, so she had to use an alternative way of getting him to speak further.

"I was thinking it wouldn't really affect the Japan district but… I can understand if she was a friend." She stated, having the theory he would brust out at her, for being so insensitive in the beginning.
"Wouldn't affect?!!" He did just as she predicted, which meant her understanding of him was pitch perfect, so to speak, and she might not even have to read all those files of him after all.

"I'm sorry… I didn't mean to.." she waited for him to interrupt her.

"Yeah, well, ya did." He did! Ha! She had him right where she wanted him!

She kept her thoughts to herself and moved away, turning to the other side, and giving him some room.

"..Anyway… how is everyone… the same as you?" she held on to a railing, the roof seemed just as old as the building probably was, even if they renovated the inside of the building, the building was still pretty beat up. Even the railing stopped at a certain point, but there was evidence there was more of it before it was cut off like that.

"What is that suppose to mean?" he kept following the small pebble, kicking it around.

'Pent up energy.' She concluded. 'Someone whose used to moving so much and not thinking all the time tends to need an outlet.' She thought to herself, and studied him further, before her silence made him look up, and she quickly turned her gaze away.

He wasn't being mean, like his words might of suggested, he was actually being rather melancholy, and it sounded like it in his voice too…

He was under some kind of emotional distress, but she couldn't tell what it was…

The death, perhaps?

"Well?" she stayed silent for too long, he was starting to suspect her of something now.

"It's just… they all seem rather sad and forlorn..." She started, also doing body movements to help him maybe see what she was trying to convey. She kicked the railing, mimicking his behavior with the pebble, and showing she was somehow who liked to stay active with herself too. She then leaned on the railing, moving her torso out and over the side before jumping back and pulling the railing, leaning back.

Everything she did was to make him more comfortable with him, showing she was just there to talk, and signaled no sign of authority or threat to him in anyway.

Now to see if it worked…

"Was she special to you? That… American Amy?" she asked, not making eye contact with him, before finally taking a chance and looking off in his direction. She climbed up to the railing again and leaned on it once more, looking off and into the distance.

"…" he studied her, and she knew he was so she tilted her head cutely, and smiled.

Her gesture seemed to not cause him any distress, and so he himself looked away, and began to speak more of his mind, not even realizing she was manipulating him into telling her more about his feelings.

"No… she wasn't special.." he stated, being swallowing. "Not to me." He then stated and walked off, to the other railing on the opposite side, and leaned on it, just like she was with her arms, but didn't climb up it or anything, just let it catch him is all.
"...Your other self loved her?" she knew that was wrong, but she had to make him believe she was a bit clueless on everything, she had to learn from him telling her this and not just having him say nothing.

If he knew she knew everything he would feel like he didn't need to tell her anything and then feel like she wasn't doing her job of fixing anything. His expectation would be to high and he'd challenge her place to much.

She had to be gentle.

And she had to be smart...

"No..." he turned to look at her funny. "You didn't know?"

"That you can't love or that you won't love?" she asked, tilting her head and smiling.

"What happened... didn't they ... I don't know... prep you? Like anyone else." He looked down, kicking the railing again.

It was all in his legs...

All that pent up energy...

He really had been up here for hours... just... avoiding the world and all who dwelled in it.

She stared at his legs, and then back up at him, before turning her back and leaning on the iron railing again.

"Yeah... but,... only the game stuff." She lied. "You know,... how you act in game or rather... should." She teased. "No one dictates you." she looked away from him. She had concluded earlier, by all his head swings of not looking at her, that he wasn't comfortable with eye contact just yet.

Not with her... anyway.

Maybe not with anyone, there were those who didn't like to look in people's eyes, so she just did what she felt was more comfortable for him.

He didn't even realize he was telling his life story to a stranger... the time went by and he kept telling her story and story. About what he heard from Sonics all over and about their Amys mourning and fearing glitching as well...

He suddenly did though, and she noticed as he stopped right after he mentioned the fight that occurred between him and American Sonic... after American Amy had passed away and the new Amy had been given those memory card letter gift things.

"Why am I telling you all this..?"

Hours had gone by, it was sunset, and he just noticed how honest he was being with her.

His head flicked to the side, still not looking at her.

"Did you..."

He then turned to her, anger in his eyes. "You used your weird doctor powers on me, didn't you?" he glared to her, but his anger wasn't necessarily to her, it was more to himself for being so easily manipulated.
"...I thought after all that, we'd be friends." She stated with an air of complete relaxed peace. She didn't want to come off threatening, as he was desperately trying to pin a big target on her head, but was failing with now having some trust for her already set up from the beginning with her 'knock knock' joke.

"Lady, look." He turned to her, finally addressing her and actually standing in front of her.

That was a good sign.

She smiled, but then put that away as he looked up. She just blinked her eyes and held her head up a bit, looking down at him and waiting for an answer.

She held eye contact, but he quickly laughed it off for a moment and looked away before looking back.

So... he seemed to be quite familiar and comfortable with her now.

Good.

Granted, she had needed to listen to him ramble on about important and key things that those files wouldn't have provided for her. They didn't provide his perspective and she needed that more than ever to help him. But now, she was close to being at a 'respected friend' status with him. After that, he can start treating her involvement with making him feel better and handle what was going on with more respect and seriousness, keeping it light but going deep enough that it helped.

He needed to trust her, and this was all part of the plan, even him figuring it out.

'Took him long enough, though.' She laughed in her head, 'I got more than I bargained for!'

"I appreciate that you want to help me..." he held his hands out, keeping them straight and his fingers together as if he was setting a path in front of her. "But you should be helping my American self,... I don't need any counseling." He shook his head and let his arms flop down to his sides, looking at her like he just excused her and then started to walk away, letting a gust of air out of him lungs, lowering his head, and shaking his hand through his quills.

"..Really? Cause you seemed more than willing to confess about everything that was ailing you a moment ago." She got off the rail, and took on her natural persona, not faking herself anymore.

He seemed to notice, and turned around, looking her up and down in confusion.

"Look, mister." She mimicked what he had done to her, which made his eyelids drop as he seemed annoyed with the mocking gesture. "I'm here to help YOU. Not your American self." She stated. "And trust me... you need someone to talk to, that is an outside party with little to no affiliation to what has occurred or your company, and to just get some honesty for once in your sad little adventure right now." She then pointed to her heart. "It's happening in here, and it has loop-de-loops and all kinds of stuff and I just can't help but feel like that may be an area you need an expert to help you explore. Every hero needs a sidekick, right? Tails is great, but he doesn't seem familiar with this field as much as I am."

Sonic huffed a quick chuckled, hearing her mention Tails.

This indicated to her that he missed his friends very much... and didn't like isolating himself for this long without going back to them every now and again.

"So maybe we should talk again, when you're ready, that is." She nodded her head, this was a lot,
and plenty, for her analysis and what she needed to do. Now he just had to think about it, but if all worked out the way she hoped it did, he would be walking in real soon. "Take care of yourself, kiddo." She gave him a friendly wink. "I'll be inside if you need me."

As she turned around, she noticed Sonic looking off after her, and in his rebellious nature, he huffed and folded his arms, looking away.

Oh yeah… she had won his heart alright.

She smiled, happy she charmed him and that he would trust her more in time with what was troubling him so.

Now, she had to open her office.

That night, she studied all the ridiculous amounts of files the man had given her.

Every last one.

And she realized that Sega, themselves, had no clue what was really happening.

All she knew was that something happened during that fight with his other self.

And she needed to know…

Exactly what.

-The following days pass---

The cast of Sonic had all been charmed or forced into seeing Dr. Hope at some point or another, but it had been days since she last saw her MIP, most important patient, Sonic The Hedgehog.

"Alright, now if you need me, I'll be in here okay?"

"I HATE YOU LADY!" Jet screamed back at her, wiping what looked to be tears from his face as he marched out of her office. "YOU DON'T KNOW ME! AND DON'T YOU DARE ACT LIKE YOU DO!" he sniffed, as he suddenly embraced his teammates who looked shocked by his odd and uncharacteristic action.

"You okay, Jet?" Wave asked him, as he shook his head.

"I'M FINE!" he declared, and leaned back, letting them go and placing his hands to his side. "I just… I just needed to let that out." He stated, and looked back to Dr. Hope. "She's a she-devil." He stated. "And I never want to see her face again!" he looked about ready to cry again as he jumped on his board and took off, crying again.

"What was that all about?" Knuckles asked, looking to Dr. Hope.

"Oh, you know… pride issues." She looked back at him, smiling. "But that's all confidential." She then looked away, and opened her door wider. "Are you coming in?"

"Oh no, no… no…NO." Knuckles waved his arms out in front of himself, but clearly stated he didn't want to go in. "Nah, I just.. um.." He leaned his head down and scratched the back of his neck. "Uhhh…" he looked around, swaying his arms up and down and whistling, looking around.

"Okay, let's get this over with." He quickly ran in. "I just feel so under APRRECIATED!"
"Uh-huh." She smiled, and closed the door with a smack of her lips.

As the day went by, Dr. Hope was finally on lunch break, and walked over to get a donut and some milk she had in the office refrigerator.

When she walked in.

In the mirror beside her, Dr. Hope almost spit out her milk, but chose to try and remain calm.

From what she heard… she wasn't doing so well, and she barely went outside of her room.

"..Miss Hope?" Amy was keeping her eyes locked to the ground, as she gently closed the door, and placed her hands in front of her. "May I have word with you?" She finally looked up, and Dr. Hope turned around, heart being melted by the way she was portraying herself.

Dr. Hope instantly analysed that she was unbearably lonely, uncontrollably sad, and unrightfully confused. "Dear…for you I could spare quite a few." She immediately placed her cup of milk down and scrambled over to push out her seat for her.

"You look terrible child, what's wrong?" She looked desperate for some counsel, and Dr. Hope was dying to give it. "In all my years of counseling, I've never seen someone so broken..." she didn't even realize she was speaking out loud, as Dr. Hope moved to her desk and seat slowly, not taking her eyes off of Amy, and feeling like she, herself, was on the verge of tearing up as well.

"...I... I didn't know how else to..." she swallowed, obviously she was about to cry herself. "How else to cope or talk to someone else about this..." she admitted.

Right off the bat, Amy was honest. And the Dr. Hope was shocked that she didn't need to win this character's trust for her to be willing to speak with her.

"...Alright, well..." Dr. Hope leaned forward on her desk, looking down at her papers. "...Go on." She stated, wanting to be there for Amy.

Hours passed as Amy poured out her heart to Dr. Hope, and by the middle of it all Dr. Hope had leapt from her chair and the rest of the conversation was done with Amy in her arms.

"Oh child..." Dr. Hope began to cry right along with sniffling Amy, letting herself cry too. "I can tell all you needed was someone to hold you and tell you everything's okay..." They were both in the pits and looked terrible, just crying and sobbing with one another.

"Thank you..." Amy had her hands up to her muzzle, and her head down as Dr. Hope gently rocked her in her arms.

"There, there, you precious little angel..." she laughed out through the tears. "I can't believe this all happened to such a sweet character as you."

"Character...? Why not girl?" She looked up to her. "Miss Hope?"

"Heh, your right. Girl." She corrected herself. "Sorry... and you can call me, Dr. Hope. Or better yet, call me Sophie," She petted her head and scratched behind her ears as Amy smiled.

"Sophie... that's a pretty name."

"It means wisdom." She also smiled, continuing to rock the poor helpless child in her arms, and having her head on hers. "So is Amy." She then stated. "Do you know what it means?"
"… I hear it means beloved." She stated.

"Dearly beloved." Dr. Hope closed her eyes, and then leaned down to look at Amy. "Hey, I think I know how to help you… but first, I need you to help me." She stated.

"…Okay." Amy nodded.

"Okay?" Dr. Hope smiled and kissed her forehead, before leaning her head back on Amy's. "Okay…" she patted her back.

-The next day--

"You have to tell yourself it wasn't your fault." Dr. Hope stated. They had been in this session for hours, and everyone outside was growing antsy.

"How long are they gonna be?" Jet shook his hands out, pacing. "I gotta give that woman a piece of my mind!"

"Or your heart." Wave was looking at her fingers, before turning her head to Jet, as he blushed and went on a full rage how she was wrong. Storm just looked terrified as he coward behind Wave, but she just folded her arms and stood her ground, not at all phased by his yelling in her face.

"She didn't mean it like that, Jet! Honest, she didn't!" Storm tried to calm him down.

"I WON'T TELL HER A SCRAP ABOUT ME! Hmph." He folded his arms and looked away. "I just… like her free candies… is all." He looked away.

"You also look away when your lying…" Wave shook her head and rolled her eyes. "She must be trying to help you on your anger issues…"

"MY WHAT!?"

Back inside the room, Amy took a shaky breath.

"I know…Ehem." She cleared her throat. "I didn't cause the errors that… that took her away from us… but I did cause her and all her friends to not be able to say goodbye, and I acted selfishly… Ehem." She was finished crying, after only a moment ago she was balling, but she still was having a hard time speaking properly.

"Go on.." Dr. Hope stated.

"But I should move on, keep her in my heart always, and know that I didn't know." She shook her head and started crying again, lowering it.

"There we go." Dr. Hope reached over and patted Amy's back. "Now that we have that settled for now… why don't you tell me about Sonic. Why he's been avoiding you lately."

"Sonic?" Amy rose her head slightly, she tried to breath correctly and calm down. "He lied." She stated, and wiped her tears away. "And he couldn't tell me the truth, face to face, so he told me indirectly, and it hurt." She stated, taking another tissue and blowing her nose.

"Lied to you?" She was getting somewhere, now that she was helping Amy, she might get more information on what's troubling Sonic.

"He um… was in love with my younger self." She stated, and looked away from Dr. Hope. "He loved her very, very much." She looked up and tried to take deep breaths.
"Oh… well shouldn't that be a good thing?" Dr. Hope concluded. "I mean… your Amy Rose… you obviously love him too, right?" she leaned forward, and put her arms together. "What's wrong with that? He was too shy, yeah… not very manly, but hey, he confessed right?" she stated.

"No… you don't understand…" Amy looked back to her. "He wasn't in love with ME." She stated. "He was in love with Rosy…"

Sonic walked down a darkened hallway, as he came across some old T.V screens hooked up to computers. Bending down to type, he put some commands into the computer and the T.V flickered on.

"He thought I was gonna die of glitches… The younger me, anyway."

The opening sequence of Sonic CD came on, as it rolled through, Sonic sat down with a remote, and watched it.

"He made a promise… that since she was going to die… he'd never love again."

When the part where Rosy came in played, he paused and slowed the video down. The image moved in his eyes, as he sped it up back to normal, then clicked for it to stop, rewinded, and played it over again.

"He tore out some coding in him… like the ability to cry."

He then threw the remote at the old T.V shattering it and breaking as he leaned back, looking distraught and gripping his head. If he could cry… he would be doing it right now.

"Rosy… that's the girl he loved… Not me."

He turned his head to see the video on the computer had disconnected with the T.V, and was frozen on Rosy, looking back over her shoulder at where Sonic had run off too, holding her hands up to her face.

"I mean… it is me… but he just can't see that."

Sonic walked over to the computer, and lifted his hand to the screen. His hand traced her face gentle, before he turned the computer off violently and stood there, his hands holding him up as he leaned his body over the computer.

"He promised he'd love her and only her… But he just can't see. He wanted to believe he was keeping a promise, when really… He's just blind. Afraid to love. Doesn't want to love again because he's to feel loss like that again, crying without end, and truly believing I'm not who I once was…"

"Amy…"

Dr. Hope thought about what she had said, before coming to a conclusion. "Hold on." Her head shot up. "You said he tore it out, he didn't delete his code right?"

"Of course not." Amy sniffed out, "He would force a glitch in himself without that code…"

"And SEGA wouldn't allow it. They wouldn't allow the original to delete his own coding forever… they gave him that for a reason, they wanted him to have love and the ability to cry…" she looked away… thinking…
"There was other code too… I just don't think he included in it the memory within the letter." She wiped her eyes, as it seemed she stopped crying now.

"No, no, no. You don't understand." Dr. Hope grew excited, sitting up on the edge of her chair and waving her hands out to stop Amy from talking for a moment. "He couldn't have destroyed it within him without SEGA knowing about it… which means…” she got up, thinking more and more as she suddenly realized it.

"Which means… what?" Amy stated.

"He's hiding it…outside of his code he's transferred it somewhere else… somewhere safe… where SEGA can't force it back into him. He's keeping it a secret, you see!" she looked around the office, and then pointed back to Amy, who leaned away a bit from the finger that was quite a distance away.

"Hiding it?"

"Yes! It's not gone from existence! It's there! But it's locked away where only he knows about it!"

Sonic had wandered off to the basement, opening a truck, and blowing dust off an old laptop.

"Code can't be destroyed without the company stating so. And most of the time? They don't delete ANYTHING. It's why they got junk all over the place. Store away… they call it their 'history' but it's really just old stuff or rejected designs and ideas…. But he would of have to have hidden it somewhere where someone from SEGA couldn't access it… something… not connected to it."

"But how?"

He flipped the laptop open, and turned it on. The screen was old, from times where laptops were brand new. And on that laptop, was one single file. Sonic moved his finger over the small square that moved the mouse, and hesitated over the file.

"I don't know kiddo…” She stated. "I have no idea… I mean… how can one hide something so precious as code from the very people who gave it to him? Talk about rebellious and selfish. He sounds like a full on criminal for hiding code from his masters, hah!"

Sonic finally gritted his teeth, and clicked open the file. He moved his hands up and in a pose where he was ready to catch something. When the file was loaded and opened, a white and light blue data pool was shot out of the laptop, and Sonic held it in his hands.

He looked it over… and lowered his head. He bounced it up and down, just looking at it, and finally, plunged his hand in it.

The ball of light opened up and revealed some coding with memories, and they started playing in screens around him. Different moments with her, different things he's thrown away. He got up and moved over to get a beach kind of chair, the one that allows you to lay on it. What that was doing in the basement was beyond Sonic's knowledge but he really couldn't care less.

It gave him something to sit on.

He laid down, and let out a sigh of relaxation as his memories he's stored away for 10 or some years played out in front of him. So many screens… all of Rosy's face, giggling or twirling about, saying his name… He put his hands behind his head, and watched, smiling slightly and chuckling as he watched them, not having any memory of them due to locking them away.
"You need to remain still." A man stated, surrounded by other men as they were in an operating room…

Rosy was strapped down to a table, but was struggling, and trying to free herself.

"Quickly, get Sonic. He's the only that can-!

She kicked the man, and started to fight through the procedure.

"Ah!"

"Sir!"

"I'm fine! She's just scared, get him now!"

Sonic, classic and young, was brought into the room, as they opened the door and he was right outside.

"What's wrong?"

"She's resisting."

"AHHH!" Rosy screamed as the men tried to stop her flailing.

"It's the first time we're trying to fix her this way, and I think it's got a good chance to work, but every time she moves, so does her code, and we're losing our places."

"…Rosy…" he looked to her, though all Modern Sonic could see was a cinematic retelling of the event, as his past self had re-envisioned it so that the fullness of what happened could be told before he forgot it. I mean… who wants to watch a movie where it's through someone's eyes?

Sonic walked over to Rosy, as she looked to him. "Sonic! I'm so scared! Tell them to go away, Sonic! Sonic, please! Help me! Help me, Sonic! If you really are a hero, than save me!"

"Stay quiet and still child." Another man tried to calm her, but she just shook her head violently at his touch.

"NOOO!"

"We have to do something now, or we'll never be able to cure her in time!"

"She's being too unreasonable. Sonic, we need more time or she'll loose herself and not just her memories!"

Sonic nodded, letting tears form in his eyes as he nodded his head to the man.

"I… understand."

He already had been preparing for Rosy to die, but this was… more difficult than he tried to make it.

He had fallen for her…

At first, it was only to make her last days happy and full of laughter.
But he had truly, honestly, and with every bit of his heart fallen for her.

She was made for him.

A breath of fresh air to him.

He couldn't bare to lose her now, and no amount of preparing could help him now.

He took her hand, her trembling hand as she looked to him, tears running down her cheeks and pure fear in her eyes. She looked to him, and he felt his heart break for her.

He was going to loose her, wasn't he?

He already knew the answer to that.

Or at least he thought he did.

He then made the most important decision in his life.

"Hold on, Rosy… I promise… I'll never love again."

"We're using the stunner, please stand back." A man pushed Sonic away, as Sonic stopped him, grabbing and tugging on his hand, even in his little frame he was pretty strong.

"No! Don't hurt her! She'll comply! She won't move now!"

"…Sonic…" Rosy stopped crying, touched by his words.

"Just remain still, Rosy." He stated, "If they do save you… if they do…" he started to cry. "THEN I'LL MARRY YOU!"

She gasped, and he ran out of the room.

"Well?" she stated, seeing the men stop working as she straightened herself out on the table, not moving an inch. "What are you waiting for!? Hop to it!" she demanded, as they all look to each other and started working again.

As the memory faded, Sonic recounting on why he hung on to the lesser memories of Rosy… they equally hurt him, but maybe not to the extent that these memories tucked away in this old laptop must of hurt him.

So much…

That he never wanted to cry or see them again.

He felt for his past self, and got the memories into a pile and big all again, before putting them back in the laptop, saving, turning it off, tucking it away, and walking on out of that dark, dusty basement room…

"When will he see me?!"

Dr. Hope was pacing in her room, it had been a few hours after Amy had come in to see her, and she had already began treatment on her, but Sonic was still her main focus…

"Darn it! I could of sworn that boy would have-!" She suddenly heard a knock on her door.
"…Who is it?" She had frozen in spot, before flinching at the sound of the knock.

"…It's me,… who else?" Sonic knew it was too late for her to have any appointments, and he wondered why on every schedule she had lying around on every wall that this certain time at night said, 'For those who need it now.' But refused anyone who came in.

She, of course, was indirectly trying to get him to come around that time, and he knew it, he was just avoiding her.

"Come in!" She scrambled to the door, and opened it, before fixing her hair, which she kept down now. "Welcome in!" she seemed ecstatic, and he just rolled his eyes and let out an exasperated sigh.

"You sound like Amy…" he groaned, and just flopped down on the seat, letting his body slip down it to where he was literally laying on it, his hands on the arm rests, and his head just barely touching the bottom cushion on it. "Let's get this over with…"

"Oh thank goodness!" she jumped to her chair, and quickly pulled out a crossword puzzle.

"I've been meaning to see you all day! I'm so glad we get this chance!"

He looked down at the crossword puzzle, and up to her. "Huh? Wasn't that what you were hired for?" he rolled his eyes, "Never mind, look, I hear you're really popular with everyone else cause you do a good job. Heck, even Jet's upset with how well you do your job." Sonic put a finger in his ear, and seemed to be cleaning it out. "So I'll tell you straight. I was hopeless to save Amy when she was Rosy and glitched. Rosy's memories we're gone but they saved her. I remembered and was in a state of depression, yadda yadda, I tore out some of my coding and now I don't allow any of my other selves around the world to love Amy in that way, and cry, and some other stuff that doesn't need to be mentioned-"

"Sexual attraction." Dr. Hope stated, looking at her crossword puzzle and twirling her pencil in her fingers.

"…What?" Sonic had leaped up, sitting up in his chair and looking at her with amazement. "How did you..?"

"For the crossword." She stated, but she was lying. "It was 16 words down, spaces don't count." She wrote the word in. "That… and you stated that when you accidentally kissed her on the lips that one time when you were trapped, that you didn't really feel anything, but wasn't willing to tell her that and hurt her feelings, you were just embarrassed."

"..I told you that..?" Sonic was slightly gawking at her deducing that, but he was more unbelieving how he had unknowingly just blapped about that. "Huh. Oh, your good." He nodded his head as he moved it to the side, eyeing her down.

She clicked with her mouth as she winked to him, and bit her pencil a bit as she looked at more words. "Go on…"

"…Heh, can't you deduce the rest? Miss Sherlock Homes?" He moved back on the sit, sitting properly, put one elbow on the armrest and held his head up with his hand. The other lay relaxed on the other armrest and his leg went over the other where his ankle was on his other legs knee.

"Well, since you allowed me to." She started writing another word into the word puzzle. "You have your hidden code tucked safely away somewhere off of Sega's computer's and only look at them when you feel you want to remember or contemplate the pain as you constantly restrain
yourself from having feelings for Amy. Especially after you had a fight with American Sonic who
is now trying to love and care for his Amy, however you won't let him due to the whole code you
locked away and left no trace for even a pirate to find the X. Oh yeah, you also feel terrible about
Amy and worry about the consequences of your actions and wonder if your promise to her was
even sound in the first place considering she's still alive and well and you wonder if she's really
Rosy, even without her memories, though you justify your actions and say, 'it's not her because she
doesn't remember herself and the real Rosy I loved is dead' which is a lie, and you know it,
because in all honesty your afraid to love again and experience that hardship of loss, which, at such
a young age, can be scarring. To be truly frank, you probably watched some of those tucked away
memories right before coming here because you wanted to discuss with me if you should
reprogram them into your hard drive again for American Sonic's sake and give him the closure he
needs along with you falling for Amy again, if that's how fate intends it to end, because-" She
slammed her pencil down and looked him dead in the eye.

"You are killing her."

Sonic stared at Dr. Hope, not a thing she said was false… and he knew Amy or the others must of
told her the rest of what she needed to know.

"...Rings." She picked up the pencil and wrote in the word. "5 letter word that people wear on their
fingers,… to easy. However, you seem to use them for other reasons."

He got up and walked out the door.

"Oh? Gonna run away again from your feelings I see." She didn't even look up, as Sonic stopped
right outside the door, keeping it open. "Gonna just let Amy and Rosy down again by rushing off
to fight crime, yadda yadda, as you say, and leave her to be unloved and unwanted. Forcing her
code to react differently than it should because you were selfish and tore out your own coding
which her coding was designed for. It wasn't just you who was suffering… but you had to
unwillingly go and make her suffer too." She thought a moment, "Betrayal. 8 across." She wrote
the word in. "Seems kinda harsh of your other self to just… tare out important features of himself,
don't you agree? It's like not having bonus features on a DVD, tsk tsk, such a shame." She shook
her head, and bit her pencil again.

"Sit down and face your gosh darn fears, Sonic. If not for yourself, then for her. Come back to me
when you've reprogrammed your other coding in and I can help you with grief and help you realize
that your precious Rosy has been here the whole time."

Sonic moved his head slightly over his shoulder, but didn't fully look back at her.

"Don't complain, you don't get that luxury anymore. Every hero has a flaw, every chosen one has a
fear, and everyone has a responsibility to fate and destiny."

He stared ahead again, not moving.

When she realized he was being stubborn with her, she looked up, angry that he would still be so
selfish and slammed her hands on the desk and got up. "GROW UP AND BE A MAN,
ALREADY! Death is apart of coming to this dimension! It's apart of everything! Whether you're a
living being or not! Everything has an end! Guess what? She has amnesia! She doesn't remember
past a certain point in your games, now who gives a crap, because she's STILL. ALIVE. You want
to keep faking to yourself that she's dead, then you can keep causing her to glitch, just like French
Amy!" She slammed a paper down on her desk.

Sonic turned around, and slowly walked to the desk, his eyes searching the page. "…W…What…
what is this?"

"She glitched this morning." Dr. Hope stated. "I'm tried of being nice to you. Your other Sonic from France is flippin' his lid because he doesn't have the necessary code to be there for her. Just like you left American Sonic without a thing to do!" she threw the paper out of his hands.

"Now look me in my freakin' gosh darn beautiful eyes and tell me that you will stop hurting her by running away from your feelings. You'll stop KILLING HER this time!"

She was inches from his face, and furious with him.

Sonic was gasping for air, breathing hard, as he looked up to her with completely guilt and sorrow in his eyes.

"...I'll do as you say..."

He looked down, and held his hand over his face, as it shook violently and he gripped the desk, crumpling papers in his grasp.

"I'll do whatever you say...

"Good. First things first. Give every Sonic his original data back, by accepting your own again."

She leaned away and stood up, back where she was, and pointed her finger back down, to show she demanded that action be done. Most likely, she wanted it done tonight.

"I can't..."

She tilted her head, "Excuse me?"

"...I just can't... accept those feelings again... those memories... that state."

He moved his head away.

"I don't want to be weak and helpless again... I'm afraid to love again and I'm afraid to even try."

"...Did you just say, No?"

She picked up her pencil, and looked at her crossword puzzle. "Dastard. For something sounding similar to another word, go 7 down, to a word that rhymes with dwell."

(Author's note: There is a hidden meaning in that last sentence, but I don't cuss, so maybe you figured it out?)

-The following day-

Amy was asked to come down to the basement, as she followed instruction, the letter also told her to locate a chest.

She did so, though she didn't know what kind of treasure hunting game this was at all....

She opened the trunk, and coughed at all the dust, before reading with her flashlight to get the laptop.

She did so, and opened it up.

On this laptop there will be a file.
She had turned it on, seeing how old it was made her snicker a bit, but she found the file and moved the curser over it, and looked back at the letter.

Open this file.

She shrugged, and did so.

After the loading screen, the ball of code rushed out and whammed into her, frightening her as she stumbled back. As she crawled away backwards in fright, it slowly followed her, and she recognized it as coding.

"What are you doing in there..?" She wondered, and opened the ball of coding.

The data spread out into screens, showing the memories, as she felt her heart sink with each one.

"These are… these are…" She stood up, reaching her hand to each screen she saw, and spinning around in pure shock and realization. She looked up, "…Sonic's… these are Sonic's lost memories.. which means.." she looked back at the computer. "Sonic's lost code.. this is it!"

She looked back at the letter.

Once you are done looking… please head into Dr. Hope's office with the code.

ASAP.

-Dr. Hope's office-

Dr. Hope sipped her drink and didn't look behind her, where Sonic was sitting in the chair, his finger tapping, his legs shaking, and his heart pulsing with each ticking moment.

"She won't forgive me." He stated, and looked up at Dr. Hope. "She won't remember either!" he continued.

"Her memory may have been damaged during the procedure, but that doesn't mean it's gone forever." She stated, and continued to drink her drink. "Just calm down."

"AUGH! I CAN'T!" he gripped his head, lowering himself down as he thought about what Amy might do. "I loved Rosy! I admit that! But she's not her! She doesn't act exactly like her, and she's just not!"

"Who is this for..?"

"Shut up!"

"I SAID WHO IS THIS FOR!?" Dr. Hope swung around and shouted above him. "I didn't want it to come to this either, but you leave me no choice. If you won't listen to me to give you the data back, then maybe you'll listen to her. Dang it, Sonic! Italy's Amy just glitched, and Korea's got their Amy on lockdown because their paranoid as heck that it's spreadable. And to be honest, as long as Amy loves you, and you don't have the right code to respond to that, and they have to react to that code, their code doesn't know what alternative to do, and they DIE. It's your fault! And you have to make it better! For not only Amy, but for yourself!"

"I just don't know if I can do this…" he gripped his head tighter.

"You were a young boy! How torn up can you be? You couldn't even grasp what true love was! This is just a man who is thinking he can't because he has forgotten what he felt like. And is
terrified by the unknown of what his past self experienced, and if he went through drastic measures to get rid of his data, than you are pretty darn right terrified of how it's going to be, right? NEWS. FLASH. You were like... 10 or something! Now that you're older and wiser, you won't be as emotionally distraught as before, and you'll see that Amy IS and ALWAYS HAS BEEN Rosy!"

"...but how do you know?" he looked up at her, looking genuinely afraid and worried. "How could you possibly know?" he asked, and that stopped her, as she looked at him with such love and sympathy.

The door opened, and a glowing ball of data was in Amy's hands, as she was crying, as she made her way through the door, and saw Sonic.

"..."

"...."

".....well... I think we should set that data right here." She had a flashdrive on the table, but Sonic and Amy couldn't stop looking at each other.

"10 years... 10 years you've hidden this from me... and only now has the glitching started." Amy spoke, as Sonic watched her and didn't dare not listen to her words.

"10 years... American Amy finally learned the truth. And the error didn't happen because of broken code, oh no... she didn't die of broken code, Sonic! She died... of a broken heart."

Sonic just watched her, as they both didn't move a muscle, and as Dr. Hope didn't dare interrupt.

"10 years... and you finally see that you were too delusioned by grief and misery to think clearly enough to not tare your own heart out!" she shouted.

"I did it cause I had a promise to keep!" he moved forward, narrowing his eyes and not letting her see how much her words effected him. "You're not Rosy..."

"I am Rosy! And the fact that you can't see that is because you're in denial!"

"YOU DIED!"

"I WAS SAVED!"

"YOU FORGOT WHO YOU WERE AND WHO I WAS!"

"I LEARNED TO LOVE AGAIN AND YOU LEFT ME TO WITHER AWAY WITHOUT LOVE!"

Sonic turned away from her, shaking his head and not wanting to accept the truth. He slammed his hand on the desk.

"I did... what was best... for myself." He stated. "I couldn't look at you... knowing you weren't her..." he fell towards the desk, seeming unable to handle all this emotion he was feeling.

"...Accept this back... and look at me with new eyes, Sonic." She held the data out to him, as he weakly looked back.

"No..."

"Accept it... and move on." She spoke more softly now, "I'm done crying, Sonic. I'm done waiting
for you to change. You have to accept this! The only reason you didn't glitch was because you
didn't destroy this! You couldn't! So you hid it away and stayed far from it! Far from this data,
resulting in it not effecting you! Just like American Amy could somewhat function when away
from her data! You did the same thing! You lied to me!"

He squinted his eyes in the emotional pain this was causing him and turned away, and Dr. Hope
stepped back, not interfering, but silently crying for Sonic's poor state. His code had no where to
turn too... and he was so close to his data now... it HAD to be effecting him... the sorrow and
mystery.. the aching he was feeling now would only get stronger.

"I never... lied to you." He could feel the data in Amy's hand influencing him, he knew it because
he would never usually be this torn up and emotional about anything but his code was responding
to the rest of it, now that it was so close... so close to reaching it's original server...

"You did. You said you'd marry me if I survived."

His eyes widened.

"SHUT UP! You're not Rosy!"

"You said you'd never love anyone but me again!"

"AUGH!"

He plugged his ears.

"STOP IT!"

"Sonic! You promised! And I remember! That's the only memory I have left but I remember!"

He suddenly stopped.

Dr. Hope covered her mouth and gasped.

Her hunch was right.

"I only see blurs and people talking but they fade in and out!"

Sonic slowly turned to Amy.

"I remember being terrified and calling out to you!"

He slowly moved towards her.

"I didn't know why American Amy's operation room triggered your younger self saying his
promise but I did! I remembered! And I didn't understand! But now, seeing this, seeing your clear,
and perfect version of it I... I get it. I remember every word you said! Clear as day! I heard it then
and I hear it now!"

Sonic reached for her.

"Hold on, Rosy! I promise! I'll-!"

He grabbed her wrist, and she stopped, but kept crying.

He pulled her closer, as she held the ball of data in her hands.
She remembered…

She had proven to him that Rosy still existed… somewhere in there.

Because she wouldn't lie to him.

She couldn't lie to him.

It wasn't in her too.

Because Amy Rose couldn't lie to Sonic The Hedgehog.

"Oh Sonic…" she sobbed. "It's me! It's Rosy!"

"…Rosy…"

The ball of light was so close to his frame, he could feel it influencing him.

"No… not Rosy anymore."

Amy's face moved down, as she looked completely grief struck.

He removed one hand from her wrist and moved her face back up with it.

"Amy… My Amy Rose."

With that, she smiled, and he finally had the courage to let Rosy BECOME Amy to him.

He smiled to her, as she cried in laugh tears of joy.

He had accepted her as Rosy, but he was willing to now believe that Rosy had aged to Amy.

Amy had proven she lived as Rosy.

He was ready to give up now.

He placed his hand back on her wrist, and pulled her hands to his chest.

The Ball of data pierced through and his chest blasted out data, as it started to swivel as ribbons and streams of his data launched out of him and started to reprogram around its missing code, bringing it back into its proper place at last.

-France-

Sonic clenched his heart. "What is this!? Some kind of… download?" he wondered, before looking out, and dashing to his Amy.

"Woah! W-what are you doing!? N-no! Stay back! You could glitch!"

He had grabbed his Amy and swung her up, holding her above him.

"No, my dear. This isn't glitching."

"D-dear..?"

"Come here!" he gave her a hug, letting her fall into his embrace as he grasped her. "Now that I have you, I'll never let you go again!"
"W-what!?" Amy's code was cured instantly, but no one knew it right then.

-Italy-
Sonic had run up to Amy and started dancing with her, making her look strangely at him but not daring to ask why as she happily danced with him.

She was cured at once.

-Korea-
Sonic forced the men to release her from confinement, as when she was released, he jumped in and demanded that if she was confined, so would he. as well. be.

-America-
Sonic felt his heart burn with light,… and then the sorrow and agony came, as he fell to his knees, and touched his face.

Tears…

He slowly laughed…

Before bursting out in laughter, and crying as much as he felt he possibly could for the loss of his Amy.

The new Amy came rushing in, "Sonic! What's wrong!?" her worry gave him comfort, and he looked back to her.

"Come here." He laughed out.

She saw him crying, and didn't dare move closer.

"It's not a glitch, I promise." He grinned, and reached out for her.

"Please… come here."

She walked slowly to him, and bent down in front of him, looking in each of his eyes, frightened… and afraid of what this could mean.

"It's okay, Amy… don't worry. This is how it should be."

He moved closer to her, and kissed like he would have if his Amy was still there…

-Japan-
Sonic and Amy had embraced, as Dr. Hope tried to disappear in a corner, not wanting to disturb but slightly feeling like a fourth wheel here.

"…I love you." Sonic finally stated.

"… I love you too…"

Amy shifted, using her coding, to the last basic data it had of Rosy the Rascal.

Sonic had leaned his head back, wondering why she sparked with a white light for a moment, and suddenly saw her precious small and pink face.
He started to cry, laughing through it, and dropped to his knees.

He shifted into his classic form, and the two embraced.

A tragic love story…

A misunderstanding and horrible fate…

All this… leading to what should have been there all along.

It only took about 10 or so years…

But the two finally kissed and confessed.

Dr. Hope stood as witness, though she stood a bit awkwardly behind a office plant.

Blushing and smiling from ear to ear.

"I always did kinda ship it." She stated.

"No harm in shipping it some more." She peeked over the plant's leaf, and grinned even more.

"Aww… they were so cute when they were young… wait, should they be kissing in that form? Isn't that a bit… um… well, they are just game characters… hmm… but should that matter or..?"

The End

But really

Just the Beginning.

(Author's Note: So… remember when I said, in my youtube video about Sonamy, that you have to BUILD IT UP IN SONIC to have a really romantic scene happen with these two? –gestures hands to all the one-shots that could easily equally a BILLION chapters all squished into 6 one-shots- TUH-DUH! Now THAT'S how you build Sonamy.

I am proud.)
Happy Ending?

Sonic IRL 7:

Happy Ending?

By: Cutegirlmayra (So, I was done… and then… I wasn't? lol! This might take some time to write out, maybe even going all the way to 2 hours or more to write. I don't know, I'll find out. But it's not entirely a happy ending, let's find out what will ensue next, shall we? I'm a little to much into Japan's sonamy right now to flip back to America, I feel they need time to grow and I'll probably write one for them when Sonic Boom comes out and I assess Boom!Sonamy and how their dynamic works. So let's have some patience, hmm?)

Dr. Hope picked up the last of her suitcases, and started to walk out of her office, taking a quick look back before sighing, "Well,… I'm gonna miss this place." She scanned the room and then looked out, seeing some familiar game faces who looked like they were faking a smile, but really, they were sad to see her go.

"You know, that cute guy you had your eye on was just getting the courage to talk to ya." Tails kid, walking up to her as she smiled and bent down, giving him a hug.

"Haha, yeah right…but seriously?" she leaned out of the hug to look at him, before laughing again.
"I'll miss you, kiddo. You always were my favorite." She winked.

Tails chuckled and felt a bit embarrassed, scratching behind his head and shifting his head slightly down, blushing. "Awh, shucks. You were mine too."

She beamed.

As the rest of the cast members, human and game character alike gathered around to bid her a farewell, a voice shot up through the crowd.

"Excuse me, pardon me, making my way downtown here, could you just? Thanks. Sophie!" Amy pushed through the crowd, trying to angle herself to fit in-between the tight corners of the space other characters made between themselves and others. She outstretched her arms and ran into Dr. Hope's arms, as Tails rolled his eyes with a smile and side-stepped, knowing she needed the goodbye more than he did.

"Hey there, little darlin'." Dr. Hope was thrilled to see her, as her smile went from ear to ear, and her rosy and youthful cheeks went brilliantly with the sparkle in her eyes from seeing Amy again.
"I'd have thought you'd be to hard to pull away from Sonic to have seen me off."

Amy giggled, and looked down… there was something she wasn't telling her.

"Actually… about that…" Amy really wanted Dr. Hope to stay. There were still things that didn't make sense to her,… things Sonic was doing that made her feel like last week never even happened…

"Hmm? What is it, love?" Her smile vanished, as she was filled with concern and sincere curiosity. Wanting to help her friend was one thing, but realizing her job and mission she was sent here to do wasn't fully fulfilled yet troubled her as well. "What do you need to tell me, sweetheart?"

All at once, before Amy could even say anything, the man she first met walked through and past
everyone, and stood in front of Dr. Hope.

Dr. Hope looked up, and slowly rose. "Is there a problem, sir?"

"No, not really. Only that we need your temporary badge back." A man next to him walked up to her and unclipped the badge.

"Hey!" The second he did so, Amy and the rest of the game characters vanished from her sight.

Her eyes scanned the floors, since the characters weren't exactly very big, and she always had to look down to see them. She was in a frantic state at the moment, Amy and Sonic might still need help with their new found feelings, and she can't exactly tell SEGA that just yet cause how would they react to Sonic's almost criminal attempt at keeping data away from them? Data that rightfully belong to them in the first place, considering it would be them, not Sonic, that had the right to take or not use data the data they justly made and put into him.

"H-hold on, I think your making a mistake. I might be needed here a bit longer..!" Two men came up and placed their hands on both her arms. "H-hey! Get your hands off me!

"The contract was very specific. We'll call if there are any further problems. Of course… if you did your job right, there shouldn't be any. Correct? We can always call someone else. Perhaps, more… affordable, if necessary." Could a man hold a grudge or could a man hold a grudge? He seemed to not like her from the get go, and still had that biased opinion of her not really understanding or being fully qualified for this job. Maybe he just didn't think this kind of job was even a job at best. He didn't seem to blink an eye when the characters all glared at him, shouting things at him but he barely seemed to recognize their existence.

Perhaps… it was all business to him, maybe he barely could see them…

Or maybe he couldn't see them at all?

"Sir, I must insist! Just in case-"

"Goodbye, Dr. Hope. And thank you for your work, but it does seem like things are going a lot more smoothly this past week. Sonic is even back to his typical, brimming with energy, self again. I feel no further assistance is required."

Oh, wow. He really was a stick in the mud!

Dr. Hope sighed, feeling the two men gently tugging her on as she shook free of them, adjusted herself, and nodded. "Y-your… ehem, you're right. My apologies I… I have stayed through the agreed time frame, and now it's time for my leave. But um…" She scratched her nose and walked up near his shoulder, whispering something to him. "If I do get a call back, which I definitely hope I don't, I may just offer a discount to SEGA. Then again, after being rudely escorted out, I might just triple it. Oh, and considering I'm the only one in this profession that knows a thing or two… well, I might even brag a bit and say I MADE THIS JOB available and even teach it online at universities, it may be a tad bit hard to replace me. I would definitely think about how you treat me and… take my bargain deal, won't you?" she walked out on her own, and waved behind her.

When she walked past the cute boy she had her eye on these last months, she stopped, turned to say something, but ended up making odd noises that weren't English or even Japanese.

"I'm sorry, was that English or..?" the man seemed confused by what she was trying to say.

"Russian." She lied quickly, and pointed a finger behind her. "Ehem, gift shop?"
"Oh, uh, left."

She smiled, "Thanks." She started down the hall again, slamming her right foot down, "Dang it!" she shoutedly whispered. "I can give romantic advice to anthropomorphic hedgehogs, but heaven forbid I take my own advice!"

Amy slowly stepped out into the middle of the hall, and delicately placed a hand on her chest, feeling her dear friend might be gone forever. She grew teary eyed before Knuckles placed a hand on her shoulder and patted it lightly.

"Yeah, well… we'll see her again. Hopefully not soon, I mean, that'd be bad, but ya know..?" he rolled his hands as if juggling the possibilities, or maybe just making a weird shrug, when Tails came up on Amy's other side, and gave him a look.

"Stop that, Knuckles. You're not helping." He scolded, and looked to Amy more softly. "Are you and Sonic, okay? I tried asking him about what happened but he keeps dodging the question."

"Yeah, well… he's been dodging us BOTH lately…" Amy held herself, saying such things made her sad after what had happened… but she knew the few reasons he had given her… why… why this wasn't going the way she thought 'happily ever after' usually go…

-A week prior-

"Emi… can you not?"

"Going back to calling me Emi now, huh? Hehe~! You don't have too, you know~ its okay by me!"

"Fine, Amy. Even though Emi sounds better to me,… Why are you shoving me into closets?"

"Well, you said you wanted to give everyone some time before we told them we liked each other… so~"

Amy moved closer, reaching up for a kiss when he stopped her.

"Quit that!"

"What's wrong? You didn't have a problem kissing me in front of Sophie…"

She swayed herself to and fro as she stepped away from him, trying to look cute to maybe encourage him to kiss her like he did before.

"Sophie?"

"Dr. Hope!"

"Oh."

"Sonic…"

"Amy…! Amy, just stop!"

Sonic took Amy's arms and held her there, stopping her swaying as she was moving back closer to him again.

"Look, … it's true I like you, a lot! Surprisingly…"
"Hey!"
"But anyway, that's not what I meant! Augh… look… no, better yet listen, okay? I'm still trying to… to figure this new data out, and you're moving a bit to-"
"Fast?"
He gave her the squinted eye, as if being insulted by that.
"Hehe! Okay, okay… I get it. It's all a bit to much to take in right now, right?"
"Yes… VERY to much."

He let her go and turned to lean against the door, placing a hand up to his face, and squishing the middle part of his eyes together, thinking…

"W-well… I get it! So it's alright… You don't have to kiss me if you don't want too.." she reached for his hand, as he flinched a little, looking at her, and then looked away, blushing a bit as he gripped her hand back.

"Thank you." he stated, closing his eyes and not bothering to look at her. Still seeming a bit unused to this new fondness for her touch, and of her presence around him.

She chimed, "Hehe, that's what girlfriends are for, silly! We have to keep our man happy." She leaned against the door too, but not with her back like Sonic was, but just with her side, as she poked a finger at his arm, and then started moving his quills back, loving the new closeness she was now permitted to have with him… well, permitted secretly, by Sonic and not SEGA, that is…

"So… when DO we tell them?" She asked.

"Not now." Sonic spoke very seriously, looking away and taking a deep breath as he opened his eyes, and scratched an itch his nose for a moment. "These things need time… and to be honest, I don't even know if we should be dating right now or not.."

Amy moved back, as she glared his way and removed her hand from his head, but not the one still holding his hand. "Are you saying you don't want to date the girl you love!?"

"Is that all that matters to you? The official part of it all?" he glared right back at her, as her anger was lost to a new feeling of being accused and hurt by it.

"…Sorry. I didn't mean to shout out like that." He apologized quickly, "It wasn't my intention to hurt you. I just… Ghaw! This new code is almost unmanageable! I'm starting to understand why my other self pulled them out. So… frustrating." He shook his head, holding his head again before looking to Amy, seeing her concern.

"Ah, don't worry about me. I'll get the hang of it and..." he shook her hand up and down with his own, trying to keep the mood light. "Everything will be okay." He smiled up at her, as she grinned in return, but more kinder and softer now, as she had lost her earlier enthusiasm. "I just don't think I'm ready for this to get so… so intimate. It's nothing I'm used to and nothing I-" he stopped himself, seeing he was hurting Amy again. "I mean… I want too. Amy… I do."

He moved himself off the door and stood in front of her, holding her a bit closer, and letting go of her hand to hold her sides. He leaned his head in slightly closer to hers, making her look down as if she was growing shy from this sudden movement, but quickly moved her eyes back up into his sight, not wanting to miss a moment of his affectionate actions that before, only seemed like a
fleeting daydream.

"Just give me time…. and all this will be worked out, okay?" he placed his head on hers, and she giggled.

"So… no kissing then?" she made a pouty face, only kidding around as Sonic shook his head.

"Not right now. No." he then pulled her closer, "That was a release of built up happiness at you being alive, I suppose… all these years… not knowing you were… well, you!" he started to tickle her, making her squeal and beg him to stop. When he did though, she looked up and glared at him.

"You said stop!"

"I didn't mean it, you idiot! I've been waiting for a rematch on a tickle fight since 1994!" she leapt at him, and he went crashing down on the supplies in the closet as she started tickling him. "You won last time! But I'm a LOT stronger than before! Ah!"

He got the advantage again by rolling her over and getting a good tickle attack back in on her.

"Ah! Sonic! Stop! HAHAHAHA!"

"That means don't, right? Cause there's no mercy now!"

"Ah! Haha! Sonic! No! HAHAHAHAHHA!"

Everything seemed to be okay then… until…

-a few days after that…-

Amy was walking down the halls, listening to her music on earphones Tails specifically designed for their kind, since their ears weren't like humans and the headphones would be placed so high up that the string would hand down over the top of their eyes, making it very distracting. Anyway, she listened to her tunes while heading to the lounge area to sit on the couch and watch some good old drama shows when Sonic zipped into view.

Her face lit up as she dashed toward him. "Son-!"

"Sonic! There you are!" A man walked out into view as Amy stopped.

Sonic didn't seem to notice Amy as he shook hands with the man, and the man led him away as they seemed to be discussing things.

If her ears could bend down, they would have. But her eyes certainly did, seeing as he didn't even bother to notice her.

Every day since then she couldn't seem to find Sonic, as if he was avoiding her. She knew he had to get everything back up and running since he was dodging his duty for so long… but even then, did he have to exclude her completely?

She felt alone and isolated, did he even mean what he said? That he did want to be together? Just not now?

Not now…

Always waiting…
Was this her curse?

"I know now that any Amy who tries to love will find my same fate, and perish to their curse... of loving Sonic the Hedgehog."

Japanese Amy stopped a moment, and shook her head. Thinking back on what American Sonic had heard her said... thinking of those words... it shook her to her very core.

Dr. Hope had said she was so far gone in corruption... that those words shouldn't mean anything to her. But they did... and they scared her.

-A few weeks after Dr. Hope left-

"Come to me, Samantha... let me show you my world, a world of wonder and love. Where we can hold one another without any fear of who sees, and who doesn't see... because all I see is happiness in the days to come. Where are love will grow and create a paradise... just for you... and me."

"Oh, Mr. Ripley... If only it could be just... us..."

The woman on the television rubbed her stomached, as the macho and handsome looking foreign man moved down, and held his hands to her stomach.

"Samantha... is it?"

"It is yours!"

"Well, no duh."

Amy sat on the couch, eating some chips and looking bored as heck. Sonic STILL hadn't seen her... and every time she tried to see him, it was like he was one step ahead of her. She was beginning to wonder if he ripped out his data again or not...

She sighed, "Ugh! Just kiss her already and go off to Paris!" she yelled, wanting to throw a chip at the T.V screen, and seeming just about to, before looking at it and feeling pity on it.

What if it was the best chip in the world? And she was just gonna waste the delicious taste of it just because she was mad at the drama series?

She sighed and ate it, before a woman came in and turned the T.V off.

"Hey!" Amy screamed, "I was watching that!"

"Miss Rose, it's 2 in the morning." She placed the controller down.

"2..? Then why are you still here?" She asked, looking back at her as she put her jacket on, getting ready to go.

"Because I had to stay in and work late tonight. You need to get some rest, I'm starting to worry about you. All you do is coop yourself up in this room and watch romantic movies. Their not even very funny, just... emotionally traumatizing." The woman looked at Amy's face. "Is everything alright?"

"Just... dandy." Amy lied, rolling her bag of chips up and throwing it on the table. "I'll clean everything up, you just get back to your family." Amy stated, getting up with some groans and starting to clean up after herself.
"Thanks, and by the way, I think it's wonderful that Sonic's running around again like his old self, don't you?"

"Yeah... marvelous." She was beginning to sound like the old American Amy, and she laughed at the memory. Maybe she was influenced a bit by her...?

"Oh, and I wouldn't watch the rest of that drama series." The woman stated, grabbing her keys and walking out the door.

"Huh? Why not?" Amy turned to her, curious.

"The baby's not his, it's David's." she waved her goodbye as Amy's mouth dropped.

"SPOILERS, HINA-SAN, SPOILERS!" Amy fell back on the couch. "Augh! I got to get out of here!"

Amy suddenly felt a buzz in hammerspace. She reached back behind her back, and magically pulled out her cellphone, seeing a text. "Oh... great." She flipped it open,...

She sat up quickly and moved her quills back out of her face, and read the text again.

AA: Having girl's night with the Nintendo girls! You should too! :D

She huffed.

JA: Your mingling with our rivals?!

AA: Hey! They were sad when the old Amy died too! And they want to get to know me better... even though I'm pretty much the same but with different memories, well, you get it. Anyway, you should hang out with the Japanese versions of them too! They're really nice!

JA: There are frienemiy!

AA: Well, start using the 'Frie' part of the deal! Lol!

Amy flipped the phone off and sighed, leaning her head back. "Hmm... I could use the support of my fellow women."

-The following day-

Amy grabbed her car and started to make her way out from Sega's building, looking back at it and shaking her head. "They said I'm grounded... till the ends of eternity." she shifted the gears.

"Well, how bad can it get, now?" she drove off, moving down the roads pretty smoothly... considering she could move through the average car like a ghost, but hey, that's the advantage of 'not really existing' so to speak.

She was thinking of that kiss with Sonic... and how anyone could just completely ignore someone they had been missing for years... how could he do this to her? He promised her... even to marriage!

She laughed, but knew he probably wouldn't follow up on that one.

Though... he never broke a promise before?

Suddenly, as she was lost in her thoughts, something slammed into her car's back rear-end, and she freaked out, stuck at a red light that she didn't really have to obey, but by doing so made her feel
like she was somewhat real in a sense.

She looked back and saw a red and angry Echidna jump up at her and start screaming in her face. "AND WHERE, EXACTLY, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!??"

"Eh…eh-heheh… Knuckles…" she turned her head slowly, smiling weakly and nervously as some sweat drops formed on the side of her face. She leaned down in her car, still having her hands on the wheel.

"Pleasure seeing you too."

"THIS ISN'T FUNNY, AMY! YOU'RE GROUNDED! REMEMBER? FOR ALL TIME-"

"And eternity, yeah, yeah. Whatever." She rolled her eyes.

"This isn't funny!"

"It's hysterical."

"Are you listening to me!? You can't leave Sega grounds! You, and your kind, have been causing too much trouble lately!"

Knuckles stood up in the back, lifting a leg up on the side of her seat that could only really fit two people if she squished over enough, kinda like what her and the old American Amy did. Boy, did she miss that closeness and friendship right now…

"By lately, do you mean glitching and dying, by any chance?" She wasn't in the mood to talk about rules right now. Not after all the rules Sonic was making up. Was he even that in love with her? He said he was… it felt like he was… then why was he treating her this way!? She deserves love and better love than what he was offering! Hmph!

She puffed up the side of her cheek, growing more and more mad about the thought of Sonic abandoning her and pushing aside his newly found data stating his feelings for her again.

How dare he be so cruel…

What a jerk!

"Helllllo!? Turn this car around, I'm taking you back to HQ and telling an official about this-"

Amy was getting real tried of people telling her what to do, and tried to think of what the old American Amy would do… if she was in this situation.

Suddenly, Amy looked up to see the light turn green, and the thought raced into her mind, like lightning striking her think-box!

Knuckles was reaching over for the wheel, as she slammed on the gas, making Knuckles stumble and lose his balance as he fell off the car, and she raced away.

"A-Amy! AH!" he dodged a car, and lay flat to let another one roll under him. However, his hand ghosted through the car's wheel, and he freaked out as he got up, and looked it over.

He looked back around his shoulder, twitching in anger. "That girl…!" anger marks showed all over his forehead.

"GET BACK HERE!" he jumped up in the distance and started yelling, as Amy felt the adrenaline
rush leave her and parked, huffing and puffing as she hid her car in a tight dead-end alley way it seemed.

Letting her head rest back on the side, she started to slowly laugh, letting her fear catch up with her and thinking how proud the old American Amy would have been of her.

"Did you see that?" she looked up at the sky, as if talking to the old American Amy. "I've never felt so bad in my life!" she said that in a good way, and laughed again.

Getting out of the car, she peeked over the street corner she was meant to go too, and gasped, seeing the Nintendo Starlets all eating cake together, and gulping.

"There they are…" she thought to herself.

She noticed one of the girls, dressed in red with brown hair, Pauline…? Was it? Get up and leave, waving goodbye and walking away while pixelating into data and falling away from reality and into the virtual world.

Now there was just Toon Zelda, Regular Zelda, and Peach.

She took a deep breath, "For the company! Don't. Look. Stupid!" she flipped her hair back after her small pep talk and walked out to meet them.

"Ehem, hey guys!" she greeted, as she sat down by the table, seeing the small cakes around her. "Thanks for getting my message today!"

"Not at all!" Peach greeted, and looked to the Zeldas. "We were just mentioning how great it is to see you. After all the horrible things happening with your copies, I'm glad you're still smiling."

"Ah!.. Emhmm." Zelda made some speech noises until a box appeared below her.

[ It takes a strong woman to go through that kind of pain and stress on her own. I wish you'd contact us sooner. Us girls should stick together! ]

She placed a hand up and shook it, "Em, em!" showing she meant that last line.

"Ah-ha!" Toon Zelda flew around, being in her ghost form and placed her hands together.

[ Everyone can support each other! Isn't that wonderful? ]

"Em, I agree." Amy smiled, happy that their old rivalry wasn't showing through right now, and pleased that they would look past that to help a friend in need.

"Oh, here! Have some cake." Peach offered her a slice, as Amy nodded.

"Thank you very much!"

"Ah-mmh!"

[ Don't be shy! We're all big eaters when the boys aren't looking! ]

Toon Zelda materialized into her other form, having flesh and bone, and picked up her slice of cake and taking a fork and eating a piece of it. When she liked the taste, she shook a little and smiled, as music played in the background.

Amy smiled, but had an awkward tear drop slightly on the side of her face. Small, so no one would
see it. "Umm… does music play whenever she does something?" Amy leaned over and whispered to Peach.

Peach covered her mouth and giggled, "I think it's cute!" she chimed.

The girls laughed before the regular Zelda began to speak again, "Um…emm…?"

[ So… how are you and your copies doing…? Better I hope… ]

Amy froze up a moment, her body jolting lightly as she felt the sorrow of her friend's lost race back to her heart and mind… Though, they never did leave… except for when Sonic told her the truth… and when he confessed he loved her… and… and he…

She shook her head, now was not the time to think of their kiss! Or that situation! She came here for support, since Dr. Hope was gone, she needed someone or some people, to talk to about this.

"It still hurts, you know? It's never easy losing someone for… well, forever. But I know she would want us to be happy… so we're trying to move on with our lives, you see?"

The girls smiled and nodded, as Toon Zelda wiped a tear from her eye.

She sniffed, as her text box popped up.

[ T-that's… that's so touching… ]

"Em, ha."

[ Very strong of you. ]

"I agree!"

Peach clapped her hands together, and gave a closed eyed smile down to Amy.

"T-thanks you guys." Amy smiled, holding back her sad feelings to try and keep the mood light. "But the real problem now is… well…" She looked away, wanting to talk about Sonic… but worrying about his image for a moment.

"Hmm…?" Zelda tilted her head.

[ Don't tell me… ]

"Ah!" she opened her mouth real big, holding a hand up near it as well.

[ He's been being mean to you! ]

"Grrr… ruh, hah!" Toon Zelda materialized back into her ghost form, and looked upset. Moving up and kicking her legs, she punched and then spun around to do a round house kick.

[ If he's been rude to you… ohhhh! I'll have to give him a talking too! Ha-yah! See what I mean? ]

Amy giggled, these girls were so kind to her… she felt bad about thinking of images at this rate… it would only ruin things, and everything was going so well too…

"Actually, what um… what do you girls do when…" she was getting nervous, not sure if she should ask this question right away or not, and held her hands down in front of her, on her knees.
"Sweety…" Peach gently put her hand on her chin, to help her look up. "We're here for you, okay? Please don't be afraid to speak your mind."

The Zeldas nodded, all seeming anxious to hear her out and to lend some knowledge if needs be.

"Ha-ha!" Toon Zelda pounded her chest, looking proud about something when her text box appeared, as was usual for how she spoke in games, carried to this world as well.

[ They didn't give me the triforce of wisdom for nothin'! Spill girl! ]

She seemed to be beaming with energy, as her counterpart looked to her and giggled, smiling at her response.

"Well…"

They all leaned in, "Hmm?"

"It's just…"

"Ah..?" they urged her on, leaning in closer again.

"Um,..um!" Amy was about to burst from wanting to talk to them about everything that's been happening, as she opened her mouth and finally let it out. "How do you get your man to want you!?"

The girls's face we're frozen with their previous open smiles...

"Eh…" Toon Zelda's was the first to flinch, the girls blinked their eyes and leaned back, blushing and looking nervous or covering their faces out of embarrassing.

"Ah!.! Ah..! Emmmmmmm, yee-ahh!" Zelda covered her face, shaking it back and forth.

[ To-to ask something like this… so suddenly,… Noooo! I'm not prepared! ]

"Ah hah, emm! Yeeahhh!" Toon Zelda pounded the air and then covered her face again.

[ I-I don't know what your talking about! It's not like I manipulate him or something! He just... I don't know, he's never called me cute before… but he always looks at me like I am so he never has to tell me and- yeeeeahhh! Stop it, stop it! Your making me blush! ]

While the two Zeldas went on with their little embarrassment spree, Peach calmed herself down and held a hand to her chest, and then lightly tapped the table. "Girls, this is not how princesses should act."

The Zeldas stopped and peeked through their hands to Peach, before straightening themselves up and looking away in embarrassment in opposite directions, still blushing.

"Ehem, Amy. I believe a girl shouldn't have to do anything. If he loves you, he'll love you just the way you are." Peach spoke very calmly, but with her usual high pitched and sweet voice. "Just stay calm and do what you have to-a do. Oh!" she covered her mouth.

The Zeldas laughed, as the regular Zelda explained.

[ She's been trying to lose her accent all year, it's rather humorous. ]

"It's a goal I wish to keep at." Peach refrained herself from getting emotional about her mishap, but
you could see the small tears in her eyes. Apparently… she wasn't holding back her emotions very well either.

"S..So there's no way to make him want me any more?" Amy looked down, a bit sad about the answer, since that meant she was still left with no options on how to get Sonic to notice her again… "Even after all that kissing…" she accidentally spoke out loud, and sighed.

The girls froze a moment, before leaning over the table, "WHAT?!" "EHHH?" [ SAY WHAT?! ] [ Huh?! Say what now!! ]

Before Amy could explain herself, or even calm down from her own mishap, her phone rang again and she pulled it out.

"O-one second please!" the girls were in an uproar of questions and curiosities ran high before Amy pulled out the phone. Not wanting to be rude, the girls sat down and started chatting among themselves, as Toon Zelda hovered in delight, having her hands put together and her chat box just exploding with new sentences by the minute.

"H-hello?" Amy leaned away from the girls, moving her head down and over the chair's side.

"Amy! It's Tails!" the voice rang out in worry.

"W-what's wrong, Tails? You sound flustered about something.." Amy narrowed her eyebrows, he didn't seem mad at her, but rather frantic about something.

"It's Sonic! The development team took him in for something, you know, regular work stuff, and came out hauling him towards another room. He looked pretty out-winded by their reactions and seemed unamused and all, but here's the creepy part! They we're all wound up because they found some data in him that hadn't been there before! Someone might have tampered with Sonic!"

"…uh oh.." Amy realized what had happened. Sonic hadn't told them yet… "Listen to me, Tails. It's not some evil programmer's doing. He's lost the code for a long time, or rather… hid it, but it's all okay! He's fine and-"

"They're strapping him to the table!"

Amy's eyes widened.

"They're strapping him to the table!"

"… strapping him to the table …"

"…strapping him… table…"

Tails's words echoed through her mind, as pure horror shone in her eyes.

"Not again.."

Her eyes started to shed tears as she dashed out of her chair, racing to her car.

"I.. I'm sorry! I… I have to go!" Amy turned around quickly to explain to the girls, who looked a bit confused, but saw the sheer terror in her eyes and how quickly she had bolted from her spot.

"…oh…" Toon Zelda slowly turned her head to Peach, looking concerned too.

[ It seems a lot of weird things are happening at Sega… it's… kinda scary. ]
Zelda nodded, "Em."

[ Yes… I hoped we helped… even a little…]

She kept her head down, feeling she didn't really do much for the poor girl in the little time they spoke together.

"...She'll be fine." Peach smiled, looking off after Amy as the Zeldas looked to her in amazement. "A leading lady must learn to how to handle these things…” she closed her eyes as she kept talking. "And remain strong through them. No matter what happens, the game must go on." She opened her eyes and seemed to be full of hope for Amy and her company.

-Back with Sonic-

Sonic lay with little to no amusement sprawled out on the table and strapped down as the men started to dig through his new code.

"Like I said, it's old code I re-embedded into my core. Geez, you don't have to make a big deal about it…” he looked away, but had to keep his head firmly still as they worked through him.

"Don't worry, Sonic. We're only analysising the newly found data… though, I'm not sure how you 'lost' it in the first place." The man stated, as Sonic smirked, knowing EXACTLY how he 'lost' it.

"Wow!" A man found some code that shined a little brighter than the others. The men looked at it, seeming awestruck as their jaws opened at seeing it.

"That's fresh data…” A man said. "Not even touched or accessed yet… dang, Sonic! How long have you not had this?!!" A man, younger than them all, walked over to look at it.

It was untouched, completely original script, and I mean, fresh like a newborn baby's bottom. It had never been read before,… meaning that the situation that would call for it to be tapped into never occurred yet, or… it never had the chance too.

"How is that possible? What does the coding even say?"

This is where Sonic got nervous, having a sweat drop drip down the side of his face as they were about to access it. He shifted his head, and the data moved away from them along with his head.

"Sorry, boys. But isn't it cooler to leave it untouched?"

"Very funny, Sonic." The men moved his head back, making him upset and annoyed, as they wrote down what they found. "But the bosses need to know EVERYTHING that was taken away from you, to then understand what can be used, kept, altered, upgraded, taken out, and so forth."

"Taken… out?" Sonic thought about the program that stated he liked Amy Rose, and shook it from his head. 'Not again.' He thought. 'I can't do that ever again… not to her. She doesn't deserve it.'

The door slammed open as Amy burst through the door, huffing and puffing as Tails was right behind her.

"Don't touch a HAIR ON HIM!" she ran over to his side, as he moved his head to look at her, and so his data moved with him like a swarm of birds in the sky.

"Amy… What are you doing here? I thought Knuckles said you left?"

"I did… I mean, not forever or whatever, but Sonic! That's not important right now! What are they
"..." Sonic scanned her eyes, seeing the fear and quickly smiled. "Hey, come on. I know this room and this table make you scared, for good reason too, but this room isn't a death sentence."

She looked up at him, crying without a noise.

"Hey, shush-shush... don't cry. I'm fine." He couldn't reach up and comfort her, but he could smile, and so he did. Closing his eyes and smiling, he tilted his head, trying to show her he was alright. "Nothing's gonna happen to me, or to you. Alright?"

"Wrong."

The two looked to a man who walked in the room, having cuffs on his sleeve and adjusting the buttons on them.

"I'm afraid, from what we've gotten from the data reports and are still getting, the company is concerned about their precious little hero. Which is why I'm here. To make sure Sonic is who he is suppose to be. Excuse me."

He rudely shoved Tails out of the way, and stepped toward the table.

"H-hey!" Tails was thrown back, but quickly gained his balance, and glared at the man.

"What do you mean, suppose to be? I am me!" Sonic shouted back.

"Haha! That's cute, really funny. But actually, with this old and outdated data that hasn't been used in oh.. say... some odd years, maybe a decade or two, it's unnecessary." He put his hands in his pockets, and moved to the side, rocking back and forth on his heels, wearing a high-end suit with a tie and everything.

"What do you mean... unnecessary?" Amy narrowed her eyes, something was suspicious about this whole thing... and it worried her greatly.

"Well, you see..." he moved forward, holding his head down before flicking it back up again, stepping with some kick in his feet, and looking harshly but slyly down at Amy. "Sonic already has a persona. A personality given to him that the whole WORLD knows and loves. But more importantly, can recognize!" he smirked, holding his hand up with his thumb and pointer finger touching. "We can't just ruin that because Sonic has some new data. I mean PFFT, come on!" he looked back at his men, and then to Sonic, seeming charismatic. "I mean, that's a whole new marketing scheme no one's willing to pay for! And if their not willing to pay..." he stepped up, as Amy tried to shield Sonic from him.

"Then he doesn't change."

He leaned down, hanging intimidatingly over her, as Sonic quickly tried to get out of his straps, leaning up, but to no avail.

"Hey! It was my fault this data was lost! I'll take responsibility for it! But that doesn't mean you can just take it away and delete it like it never existed! Just because the fans don't know about it!? Well, what's wrong with showing them a new side to me, huh!?"

The man just smiled at Sonic's struggling, leaning up and laughing a bit at it.

"Ah, see. That's cute. Really it is, but um..." he moved his hand over his chin, rubbing it.
"There's just nothing I can do on this matter."

He dropped his hand and held it out like 'oh well!' and placed his hand back in his pocket like the other one in the opposite pocket.

"I don't make the rules, Sonic. I'm just here to enforce them." He snapped his fingers.

"Okay people! Let's get this big boy BACK to his original heroic state, come on now! Chop, chop! Time is money here!"

He snapped his fingers over his head and then started walking out when Amy looked back at Sonic.

"They'll take it away." She breathed out through her tears.

"They'll change you back into not loving me again…"

Her hands fell from the table, as she slipped to her knees as well.

"American Sonic won't be able to keep his promise again… A..Amys will start glitching all over the world again..

Sonic stopped her by looking up at the man. "Hold your men!" he demanded.

The men stopped, as the man stopped walking out the door, and was right in the middle of its frame.

He sighed, and turned around, "…what?"

He looked around and swayed a little, as if completely content, and not even caring about the gang or they're feelings at all. He puckered his lips for comedical effect, as if he was acting his way through not being framed the bad guy, when clearly, it was too late for that.

Sonic then looked down to Amy, "I won't let that happen again." He stated to Amy. "I'll make a new promise to you. I'll talk to Satomi, no… I'll talk to everyone!"

Amy giggled, seeing the determination in his eyes as Sonic leaned his head against her own, as tears kept piling up in her eyes, and some… even in his own.

"I won't let you be lonely and forgotten again, Amy… I promise! I won't keep this data away any longer!"

"Sonic…"

"Wow! Touching!" The man looked around and started clapping, walking back in the room and looking at everyone. "Yeah, yeah, way to comfort the bae." He teased, and looked down at Amy. "Listen little missy, he won't have time to talk to his people, cause his people have already spoken. And you know, when big boys feel their wallets getting a little lighter, they tend to panic. Because this is their big boy!" he pointed to Sonic, "And he has to be protected at all cost!" he picked her up by the back of her neck.

"H-hey!"

"AMY!"

Both Tails and Sonic called after Amy, seeing him carrying her out of the room as Tails charged
him, grabbing his leg.

"Leave her alone!"

"Ugh."

The man wiggled his leg and then kicked Tails off of him.

"Offph!"

"Tails!"

"H-hey… you can't do that."

A man who was working on Sonic spoke out, as the man holding Amy stopped, and slowly… turned around.

His eyes lost that false sense of friendliness for a moment before he tried to regain it. Walking back over as he took his other hand rubbed his chin again, looking down before up at the man's face, he seemed very threatening at this point.

"Are you… stopping me… from doing my job?"

The man froze up.

"Heh."

The man looked behind him, pointing to him and saying, "Look at this guy." And then looking back at the man.

"I could have you fired like THAT." He snapped his fingers.

The sound of the snap made everyone jolt, but Sonic only grew more in his anger each second.

"Now then…" the man turned before Sonic called out to him.

"Let Amy go and tell me your name!"

The man stopped again, shaking his shoulders out and mumbling, "Why do I have to deal with these kids and things kinds of things every day, just trying to get my work done and they just…"

He spun around and walked right back to Sonic, "The names Cyrus Clyde. Cy, for short. And this?" he held Amy up, as if she was a kitten dangling by the extra skin on the back of her neck, and wiggled her around in the air, making Sonic glare even more at him. "Is coming with me! As to not cause disruptions, of course." He grinned, and then frowned quickly. "Anymore questions?" he put her down to his side, but didn't let her go as she quickly fought through her fear and summoned her hammer, swinging it around before he held her away from him, and dodged her swings.

"Woah! Hey-hey! This is a new suit! Someone please…Please!?” a man ran out and grabbed her for him, as he dusted himself off and adjusted his sleeves and cuffs. "Get to work!"

"…CC…?” Sonic teased, as the man just glared at him and stomped his foot.

"NOW!"

-A few days later-
Amy hadn't seen Sonic in a long time, no one was allowed near him… but she had to plead his case! They were still working on analysing the data before destroying it, and she had to convince Sonic Team, or any of the officials for that matter, that that data could be desirable for the franchise and for Sonic himself! But… how?

"Amy, your requested to come down stairs at once. We have a guest coming that we need you to meet." A man had opened Amy's file, since they had confined her to it, and wouldn't even let her out into the virtual world, worried Sonic may vanish to it too.

He unlocked her file and she was able to enter reality again, as he told her what to do.

She walked solemnly downstairs, still worried that they would finish analysing Sonic at any minute and then take his feelings away…. The feelings… he had kept away from her all this time…

It still didn't explain why he avoided her… was he that cautious? Not wanting them to find out about his hidden data by hanging out with me to much? Too often?

She had originally thought it was just because he was getting settled with his new data, but some of that data hadn't even been unlocked, so Tails heard in rumors, so then … was it more than her that he ripped out of his data core?

She opened the door, swiping her hand over the card reader as if it was her identification and waited for the front company doors to open up.

She gasped.

Dr. Hope was drenched in her trench coat and completely soaking wet.

"Why am I BACK!"

(A new story plot unfolds as we now meet are newest villain! Cyrus Clyde! Will Sophie Hope show him what's what!? Will love triumph? Or will they have to go to even EVILER odds to defeat this evil rep!? Like… Another Doctor… perhaps? ALL NEW CHARACTERS WITH ALL NEW PLOTS! And familiar characters you haven't seen in this story yet make an appearance in this all new plot formula! :D What will happen to Sonic and Amy now!? And the whole gang for that matter!

Find out! In Sonic IRL!)
"Hope!" Amy was so glad to see her old friend, as she raced to embrace her, before seeing Dr. Hope stomp right through her, as she looked at her hands and turned around. "..W-what?"

Dr. Hope stomped to the receptionist and slammed her briefcase on the counter. "I need a badge." She demanded. "And what the heck happened?!" she started straining out her trench coat, leaving a large puddle on the ground beneath her. "Are you kidding me!? I can't believe the rain in Japan sometimes… it's like a full on shower!"

"U-um.. Ma'am?"

"WHAT?!" She slammed her hands on the counter, obviously, not happy.

The receptionist at the counter jolted in her seat, put a hand to her heart to calm herself, and took a deep breath. "You don't need a badge, we're logging you into the system so you'll have full access to wherever you feel you need to be. As you know, we filled you in on the details regarding our mascot, Sonic The Hedgehog." She calmly and professionally placed her hands on the counter's lower desk, keeping them together and trying to hopefully send her zenful vibe to the other girl, and calm her down as well.

"Yeah, I knew about that before the memo!" Dr. Hope wasn't calming down, as she continued to wring her coat out, and then touched her hair, before letting a huge sound of disappointment and frustration out of her mouth. "This is just not my week!" She flung her coat down and looked about ready to cry. "I was going on vacation you see.." she pointed to the receptionist, who wasn't accustomed to break downs in the work place. "I was gonna brag to all my friends how I saved Sega's mangy blue hedgehog from depression and… some other things best not mentioning." She thought it best not to say anything about the Sonamy she experienced back at her old Sega office. Considering nothing was mentioned in her briefing, and believed that perhaps Sonic didn't 'announce' that little detail to the world just yet. "The point is, miss. I'm exhausted. And I'm pretty fed up with lovesick hedgehogs and- uh, referring to Amy Rose of course,- and darn frustrating blue weasels!" she stomped her foot, as Amy glared at her, pouting.

"I don't think I like your tone…" she didn't like a lot of things Dr. Hope just said, but felt bad about pulling her away from a well-deserved vacation for her 'lastest' accomplishment.

"Well, apparently you did it wrong. And we need you back to finish what you started." The woman clarified, as Dr. Hope raised her head slowly, glaring at the woman as she handed her some files and began typing things into her computer.

"...what…did you just say?Not completed?! EVERYTHING WAS FINE AND DANDY TILL YOU PEOPLE WENT AND SCREWED IT UP!" Dr. Hope shouted, continuing to break down as
she swung her arm in at the receptionist, but not to harm her, just to get a point across that she was referring to everyone at Sega, not just her. "Now, I just got one measly little question for you people…"

"Who do I need to kill to make this all better?"

The Receptionist pressed enter, and she became an official Sega employee again.

"His name is Cyrus Clyde!"

"….?"

Dr. Hope slowly turned around to see Amy behind her, as her frustrated tears still hanging in her eyes finally died down as she smiled and the two embraced.

"It's good to see you again, Amy. Even if I really didn't want to see you under these conditions… Still, work is work. What's going on that they're not telling me about, huh?" Dr. Hope moved back, still bending on her knees to be at Amy's height, and moved some of her bangs to try and comfort the girl, hoping she could, anyway.

"It's Sonic's data! They're analyzing it right now and deciding what they want to keep or trash! It's awful! I've been confined to my file and they won't let me or Sonic see each other!"

"That's awful!" Dr. Hope looked shocked to hear that, but also appalled.

"I know right!?" Amy's hands were shaking up near her face as she grabbed Dr. Hope's hands with both of her own. "Please, Dr. Hope! You helped Sonic and all of us last time! Can't you stop Cy from taking Sonic away from me? From us?" she pleaded, looking so worried as her eyes turned glossy, with tears that just couldn't form anymore from how much she had been crying over this.

"…Oh you poor little child… what horrible things have they put you two through?" Dr. Hope touched her head, seeing her poor mental condition and already evaluating her emotional level. "I'll see what I can do, this Cy guy is not messing with my OTP!"

"Uh, yes he is. Considering it's his Job-bah."

Dr. Hope and Amy looked to the side of themselves, as Cy held a clipboard in one hand, and his other was again, in his pocket. He had said that last word with a 'pop' of his mouth when pronouncing the 'B' in job.

Dr. Hope slowly rose up, keeping her eyes down for a moment at Amy, before glancing over to Cy, looking calm and collected. "So I've heard." She stated. "What are you, anyway? What gives you the right to-"

"Marketing." He grinned.

"Oh, I hate those guys." She muttered, as she leaned down to whisper to Amy, but clearly, allowing him to hear her as well. "There all a bunch of trolls!"

Amy giggled, as he smirked at how brave she was to state that right in front of him.

"A little bold, are we? I believe your profession isn't exactly taken as seriously as you would hope. Oh? But isn't that your name? Or your status?" he scoffed, giving her a look like, 'Game on, sister'.

Dr. Hope glared, getting a snarl in as well, as she held her ground.
He looked down to Amy, "Didn't you know you're supposed to be locked up in your pretty little pink file, sweetheart?" he was like a snake with each word, and Amy narrowed her eyes and gritted her teeth at every line he uttered. He was clearly what Dr. Hope had said, a complete and utter troll!

"Didn't you know? The witch wants her black cat back." She spat out, as Dr. Hope slapped her hand to her mouth and looked down at Amy, holding in a burst of laughter.

She put her hands on her hips and looked up to him smugly.

He hissed at her, since he got she was referring to him as the cat.

She growled at him as Dr. Hope moved her hand over her, pushing her gently back and away from the possible confrontation of insults she was about to throw down. "Listen, Mr. Clyde. I don't want to tell you how to run your job."

"Good."

"But I am." She tilted her head and pulled off an impressive fake and snooty grin. "Sonic doesn't need to be changed. He's still himself. And Fans will love to see some old code that hasn't been used before shown and finally see a side of him they've longed to get to know."

"…Miss Hope-"

"DOCTOR… Hope, if you will be so kind. I worked hard for that title."

"I doubt you did."

Her eyes widened with hateful rage.

He stepped forward a bit, "I've been told to watch out for you."

"Good advice." She hissed out through clenched teeth, holding her head up and at an angle from him.

"Heh, you see,… I have a job to do. And I heard from other … oh, friends of mine that you like to mess with the system to ensure the … health and… happiness of the characters so let me make one thing straight..." He said 'health' and 'happiness' as if they were whimsical things that didn't really matter, and then grew gravely threatening, standing a little too close for her liking as he stared her down face to face. "…I do love my job. Whether I'm the bad guy or not, I just love to be entertained by funny little passionate and feisty people who don't realize their place in this world. So watch your back, and don't nip at my tail, sister." He walked by her, grinning smugly as Dr. Hope turned around, enraged.

"You don't control me! Or these characters for that matter! You can't fire me!"

"And who can?"

"Oh, you really think I'm gonna give that information away? Nice try!"

"Heh, I like my competition being smart…"

"Witty, and you better believe I'm going to cunningly CUT. YOU. DOWN."

"Bite me."
"Is he flirty with you?" Amy looked up confusingly at Dr. Hope, as Dr. Hope suddenly grew flustered and adjusted herself.

"What?! No! These are clearly insults!"

"Y-yeah.. but the tension between you two was kinda-

"DON'T SUGGEST SUCH THINGS! IT'S CREEPY!" Dr. Hope shivered with awkwardness from her observation, and clearly must have been worked up too much to realize that he was slightly flirting with her. "That's just wrong in so many ways!" she shook her head and then grabbed Amy's hand. "Come on! We've got to find some dirt on this guy and STAT."

"B-but how can he see us? It's a q-question I've wanted to know! Wait!" Amy was being dragged away, as Dr. Hope pulled her along and angrily looked around for her old office building. "I mean, he can't be a true fan,… right?"

"Of course not!" Dr. Hope spat out, and kept looking for her turn to the right hallway that lead to her old desk and lovely fake flowers she always liked. "He clearly only cares about the money value you guys give him and the company. Some people can just be fans of the ratings and income profits!" she cried out, as she finally found the door, "Ah-ha!" she kicked the door open and swung Amy with one hand into her seat. "Stay here, I'm going back for those papers and my briefcase!"

Amy slowed her moderately heavy breathing down, before taking a deep breath and letting out a sigh. She wanted to believe that Dr. Hope had some kind of power to save Sonic.. or at least let them plead their case.

Dr. Hope headed down the hallway again before seeing a office water cooler and stopping at it. Being exhausted, she put down her briefcase and opened it slightly to just slide, or rather shove, her new papers in it before going to get a drink of water and maybe one for Amy, before remembering Amy's not a real person and doesn't need real water, but fake digital water, and just sighed after already pouring the second cup up. She leaned, exhausted and jet-lagged against the medium height wall that separated each cubicle from one another on that floor of the building.

A man walked up, seeming to want to get a drink as he saw her draped over it, exhausted, and smiled.

"Ehem." He cleared his throat, and then spoke English, "Are you alright?" He asked politely.

Dr. Hope moved her head up, with hair all over her face in a messy array due to her hair drying and frizzing out. She looked awful to be honest… "Huh?"

"Heh, you seem to have had a long first day." He took one of the cups, and began to pour himself one before she stopped him, and handed him her extra one.

"I just can't seem to snag a break before another virtual crisis arises and calls me back again." She swung her head quickly to the side to get some of her hair out of her eyes, but some stuck to her face due to being wet, and she just sighed and mustered up a smile. She began handing him the drink as he nodded with a slight bow, as was accustomed in Japanese culture. "Your uh… English is pretty good." She commented, lifting her arm up to rest on the wall and using it to puff up her hair and fiddle with it, almost looking a bit sexy if she only had good hair to complement her pose…
He slightly chuckled, seeing as she was drenched but was still playing cool even with her appearance being completely ruined. "Thank you. I studied in America for film animation, but came back here after getting the degree I wanted, and took a few more classes here for video games. I thought it'd be funnier somehow, since I love to play anyway." He shrugged, and drank his drink slowly.

Dr. Hope took her drink and took it like a shot.

He gulped and smiled at seeing her behavior.

She crushed the paper cup and threw it toward the trashcan on the other side, and it amazingly rebounded off the wall and went into the small trashcan.

"Oh, nice shot." He nodded, lifting his half full cup and slurped down the rest, before getting another cup for her and filling it up, handing it to her. "You really should take it easy though. On my plane back from America, it took me at least two days to get fully settled from the time shift. Best of luck though!" he raised his cup and took it like a shot too, but squinted his eyes a bit and shook his head, blinking and seeming not to be used to the action as she was.

She laughed, "I've never had a single drink in my life." She teased, "I just like to pretend I can do a shot."

"O-oh." He smiled, feeling a bit like an idiot before she laughed again, and he laughed too. "I don't drink either, I was just trying to impress you."

"Well… consider me impressed." She gave him the eyes that women usually give to let a man know she's interested, before realizing she was, in fact, interested and widening her eyes, moving away from the cooler and quickly rushing to get her brief case and get the heck out of that perfect little moment she was having. "I gotta go." She slightly whined and rushed the words out weirdly, being weirded out by herself, and took the drink he offered her like another shot before rushing to her office again.

Amy turned to see her walk in, "What took you so long?" she followed her hurried body over to her desk with her eyes, and watched Dr. Hope sit down and gasp a moment.

"N-nothing. Just… catching some water, I mean, fetching some, I mean! Ehem,… I was getting a few shots-CUPS of water…" she couldn't think straight, and so she took her name plate and pressed it up against her face. "Best cup of water I ever laid eyes on…"

"What?"

"I mean drank!" she put the name plate down and sighed, "Anyway, let's not talk about me right now. Let's talk about you." she went back to her routine, and placed her hands together, leaning on the desk. "It may not be too late to save you and Sonic's secret little romance. I have an idea, but were gonna need the big man.." she looked annoyed.

"Who?" Amy blinked her eyes and tilted her head.

"ESPIO!" Dr. Hope shouted, as a plant in the front and behind Amy suddenly jolted and fell over.

He faded into view as he seemed to have been invisible. "That's impossible, how did you know of my whereabouts?"

"Lucky guess. Now listen," she cleared her throat. "I have a mission for the Chaotix."
"..We're all ears." Espio got up, holding his arms and straightening himself up as he stepped forward.

-The Room-

Sonic was now strapped upright, stretched out vertically with his arms and legs spread out to either side on a table with a grid that had little lights move and zip around like little orbs behind him.

There were a ton of people in the room, as they all were now working on the computer, not touching him directly.

"Well, that's it boys! He's completely scanned up. Now we wait to hear what stays and what goes." A man got up, stretching, seeming old and wrinkly as the others took their stuff and started packing up.

"..? Hold on… you're not leaving without taking me down from here, are you?" Sonic had been bored and upset all day, but they were all mostly walking by him till he finally spoke, and the old man approached him again, rubbing his neck before scratching the back of his head.

"Well… you see… Sonic… you have to stay there till we come back. They'll have answers by tomorrow so… just hang in there, okay?" The man patted his shoulder as Sonic looked to the gesture, and then back to him.

"Wait! Come on! You can't just leave me here! I'm Sonic The Hedgehog! Hey! Wait! Come back!" they all left and closed the door behind them, only that guy took one more look, before closing the door and shaking his head. Obviously, he didn't like the way things were either, as Sonic just hung there, gasping in rage and fright at just being left cold turkey, and looked very worried.

It seemed all his power was stripped from him just because he re-downloaded all this old data… that wasn't fair! "I should have the right to love and feel whatever I want to!" he cried out, trying to struggle and get off the board, but it was no use, the scraps were tightly held down by nails that the fabric was ringed through like a button.

Sonic looked up at the strap on his left hand, before beginning to lose hope and let his head fall, hanging down as he closed his eyes shut, and worried about the future to come.

"…There there, now… Sonic The Hedgehog? Looking so down in the dumps?"

"Huh?" Sonic looked around, lifting his head up and scanning the dark room, squinting through it before seeing data fizz around, glowing almost but really just being reflected by the green grid that still was on and holding him there against it.

"Surprise~!" Eggman's glasses shone in the green glow as he put his hands close to his face and out, turning his head to the side and showing off a big huge grin, as Sonic freaked out.

"Augh! Ugly! Get it away! Get it away!" he tried to kick, but his knee just slightly struggled in it's place. He turned his head away as Eggman leaned back and laughed.

"Whohoho! Gets them every time." He chimed, placing his hands on his tummy, before raising one up to his chin to look over Sonic and placing the other behind his back. "Hmm… they really strapped you up good there, huh? Sonic? I've heard Amy's put you in tight situations before… but I never thought she'd string you up this bad, whohohoh!"

"Excuse me?" he glared up at him. "What are you talking about, Egghead?"
"Oh come on, the company may not know but that doesn't mean it's much of a secret among us virtual friends…~" he waved his hand out in front of him, before grinning evilly, and rubbing his hands together. "I know all about your silent small talk with Dr. Hope and your secret little white lie about your hidden code… I also know that Amy's the reason why you're even here in the first place." He took his mustache and tugged on it lightly, before delicately stroking it and looking very witty.

"…Amy's not at fault here." Sonic knew denying it wouldn't help any better. Everyone did know, it was almost yesterday's news, except for the humans…

"4Ds have no right to take such precious feelings away from you, I get that." 4D is a derogatory term for the living humans or workers in the world. The ones that control them. Most villains and other evil doers use this term to insult those who are considered 'normal' or 'not virtual' as most use it out of jealousy for not being considered 'alive' and having no control or power over their lives.

Eggman… was apart of the jealous group. As he was the only human really in SEGA, he thought he should be able to have a right over himself, but his company still considers him the same as all the other characters. 'A Character' is still controlled and given lines, animated, and such. So Eggman was still stuck being a virtual puppet like the rest of them, and hated every second of it! He never came out of the virtual world because of it,… until now…

"But even with the stupid company doing this and that to you, don't you think it would all have been simpler if you just… didn't love her? I mean, considering the advances and disadvantages.” Eggman moved his hands like scales, showing the two different sides. "On one hand, you could of continued your daily life without falter, and now, you can have chaos reign, your life completely changed, and maybe a kiss or two but does that really amount to anything?" He held an innocent 'I care deeply about what's happening to you' look on his face as his mouth turned to a 'o' of pity as he clearly was faking his remorse. "You poor, poor little rodent…"

"..HEDGEHOG." Sonic corrected, clearly annoyed by him already. "And they're just doing their job."

"Managing you? Can't you manage yourself? Why do they need to make it their job when you've clearly proven to think and act on your own?" Eggman was clearly drawing from some experience of his own… "Lousy 4Ds… always thinking their better just because they designed your brain and place doesn't mean you can't fight BACK." He growled out.

"…Eggman, why do you care?" Sonic didn't want to respond too much, he knew Eggman was trying to get him more upset, but also knew something fishy was happening…"

"Oh, yes, my apologies~" Eggman turned back, acting all jumpy with delight and 'a caring heart'. "I just felt you needed a… well, a friend after all that's happened to you… I also have a proposition for you!" he chimed, before his face turned into one of an evil genius, as he put his hands up against the other and wiggled his fingers to tap the tips of the other ones. "Why not give me your old/new data, hmm? I could keep it safe~ And then give it back to you after they think you're all better, hmm? The old, switcheroo?" he moved his hands over the other, showing the gesture of a 'switch'. "What do you think?"

"I think you're insane in thinking I would ever trust you as a friend, Doc." He was so over it, he just wanted Eggman to leave him alone. "I'm not Knuckles, Eggman… Don't think you can fool me so easily.." he hung his head low again, as Eggman did a secret scowl before quickly changing his face so Sonic wouldn't see and looked away.

"…What about poor Amy? If you allow them to get away with this… won't she be hurt?"
Sonic's head slightly twitched upward a little, as Eggman's smirk grew in size, seeing he had struck a heart string. "Ah..! So she is that important to you now." He turned around, putting his hands behind his back, before letting one come up and gesture some whimsical movements. "You want her just brimming with joy and wonder over having you love her at last! Ah! After all this… what, 20 years or so of being left alone and forgotten? Oh, to find your little Rosy wasn't dead after all?" he pinched and wiggled Sonic's cheek, speaking to him like a baby now, "I bet that made you happy, wappy, right? Seeing her so cheery, weery… After all the pain you've put her through from keeping that precious data a secret. And not to mention the cruel act you've done to your other copies as well…" he released his cheek and stood back, taking on a more serious tone. "So, Sonic the Hedgehog has finally fallen in love, huh? Then maybe he's also willing to die for it as well." He started to turn away. "Such a shame.. I would of really loved to help…Ta-ta…Hedgehog.." that last few lines seemed pretty dark and brooding, as Eggman's frame slowly began to disappear in the back darkness of the room…

"…Wait!" Sonic reeled his head up, looking desperate.

Eggman's face was still covered in shadow, but all you could see was the white of his teeth, before he turned around, looking loving and having pure intent in his actions, "Yessss~?"

-The next day-

"Team Chaotix reporting for duty, ma'am!" Vector and his crew stood straight and saluted, as Dr. Hope giggled a little.

"Ah man, you three really are iconic. I need your help." She stated.

"Perfect! What can we do for you? At… a reasonable price, that is! Hehe~" Vector leaned down and rubbed his fingers together, offering her his hand to give him something in return.

"…How about I not tell Amy here your crush oooonn~" she held the 'on' out, waiting for Vector to stop her as he immediately tensed up and slammed his hand on the desk, rushing over to do so, and looking to her worriedly. She knew no one really knew about his little crush on Vanilla…

"I-I-I thought that w-w-was confidential to patient and doctor!" he cried out, sweating galore.

"I'm not always the best of doctors. I like to break rules for the common good. Now then,~" she put on her sunglasses and grinned, looking at some files. "I need you to break Sonic out of that room."

"…You mean.. THE room?" The three of them shook slightly in fear. "But that's the room where glitches are found and characters are rewritten! Nu-uh! No way! There's no amount of pay that could make us want to take this case-"

Dr. Hope kicked Amy's chair to make it spin around to them, showing them her big, sorrowful eyes, her lower lip trembling, and the cutest little sorry face you could ever imagine.

The three's attitudes suddenly dropped as did their eyelids. "Aww…."

"So?" Dr. Hope grinned. "Will you not help this cute little solder of love reunite with her romeo?"

The Chaotix team tried to resist, but Vector ended up giving in. "OHMHH ARLIGHT! We'll do it for the little girl hedgehog!" he cried out. "But only because I'm a sucker for cute and dramatic love stories!" He cried out, "Like my favorite sitcoms!".

"He watches them all in Spanish…" Charmy muttered to the side, looking away as Vector blinked and then grabbed him.
"WHAT DID YOU SAY!? Are you judging me!"

"N-no sir! Well, a little? HAHAAA!"

"WHY YOU-!"

"Get a hold of yourselves! We have to rescue Sonic before-"

Tails came crashing into the office. "They've done it! They came in earlier and Sonic's been officially rewritten!"

"….No." Dr. Hope put her sun glasses down and walked out, following the rest of the gang as Amy held her hand close to her heart, begging in her mind that they didn't find it, or didn't delete it, and that somehow… some way…

He still could love her.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! No need to gawk! It is I- the one and only, Sonic! Sonic The Hedgehog! Woo-baby!"

A large party with press interviews was happening in a certain room, as Sonic stood on a tall pillar, and confetti sprayed behind him after he stated his name. He danced to his own music and jumped down, touching his feet behind him in a cool fashion before moon walking and skidding along the table with goodies he fazed through, before doing a break dance move and spinning on his head and landing on his knees. Arms spread out, and with a big signature smile, the press ate it up as he continued to show and goof off.

"Wha… happened to him?" Dr. Hope stated, seeing him so bold and carefree all of a sudden. "I mean… I know he's suppose to be like that… but he HASN'T been like that for a while now.. not with all the drama happening here." She gawked, clearly seeing that they made him a little more… well,…. fake to be honest.

Tails flew up to Sonic, "Sonic? Are you okay?".

"Tails! Buddy!" Sonic grabbed Tails's hand and spun him around.

"W-woah!" When he released him, Tails spun a bit with his eyes rolling around before shaking his head and regaining his focus, looking back at Sonic and seeing him dancing about.

"What took you so long!? The party's already started!"

"But-but… Sonic… what about…" Tails looked around, before flying up to Sonic's ear. "You know who?"

"Who? Eggman? Not invited!"

"No! Not him! Someone more important, you know… Amy!" Tails flew down, seriously troubled by Sonic's actions.

"Oh, yeah, right!" Sonic looked to see Amy, the Chaotix, and Dr. Hope at the door, before sliding over in a cool fashion to Amy, and grabbing her hand. "Care to dance?"

"H-huh!?" Amy was pulled out as the press took lots of pictures of her confused face as she tried to crack a smile for image reasons, and pretended to dance next to him. "Sonic! What are you doing!?"
"Dancing! What about you? Just trying to shake it and make it or what!?"

He didn't seem to get what she was talking about, which made her huff before really getting worried about what they did to him. "Sonic, a word, in private?"

Sonic stopped dancing and looked at her, before shifting his eyes to the side, and then looking back at her. "Uhh… sure? Be right back, everybody! And enjoy the chilidogs!" he pushed her back and to the opposite door where an adjacent room was. Closing the door and peeking out of it, he looked back at her. "What's the deal? Are you trying to make me look bad? Why couldn't you just smile and wave?" When he said wave, he actually did a dance move where he lifted his arm and the action thereof moved through him until he let it go on the other side with a gesture of his hand.

"Stop it! You're not a party animal! I mean… you shouldn't be right now, anyway!" she stated, holding her hands up to stop him from moving so much as he looked at her with a surprised expression, not sure what she was doing. ",..Did they.. you know." She looked away. "Did they take you away from me?" she tried to not sound so desperately hurt when she spoke those words out, but couldn't contain her tone of voice and it ended up saying more than she wanted it too. "Oh Sonic.. I've been so scared. You told me not to worry… but they'll do anything they want to us! We have no say… not unless we make a plea but now.. now look at you.. what's happened to you?" she was on the verge of tears, which made him uncomfortable as he wiggled his arms out of her grasp on them and gently pushed her hands away from him and to her sides.

"….Look, Amy… I know … some things happened between us before… but I think it's best that I didn't rejoin with that data from by younger years, okay? It was a mistake for the company, and besides, America Me doesn't even know what he was talking about! I'm sure everything will return to the way it was and we'll all have fun again, okay?" he winked and gave her a thumbs up, as Amy's heart literally shattered into a million pieces.

"…For the company?" she gasped out.

"…Well, for all of us! You and me included..!" He scratched behind his head, not sure why she was getting all worked up over this. "Look… we had our fun, okay? But was it really worth all the trouble you started? A few kisses and this and that, it-I mean it didn't really mean anything in the long run, anyway. I think we should just… stick to how things were, alright? It was better this way. And maybe we'll talk to the company about your glitches in your copies, okay?" He smiled kindly, but all Amy could see was an imposter, as he held her hands with his and tried to play it off as nothing but Amy quickly moved her hands out of his own.

"…N-no.." she felt her programming kick in. "Don't do this… Sonic please! I can't fight you on this! I won't be able too! My programming will-!" She clutched her head, wishing to fight for her love, but knowing that she would love Sonic regardless of who he was. She loved Sonic, whomever SEGA made Sonic to be… even if it wasn't the Sonic she really wanted…

."..Amy?" Sonic was confused, seeing her actually fight her own programming to try and fight for the love she tried so hard to obtain.

"I'm begging you, Sonic! Take it back! Tell me it'll be okay and you'll come back! You told me everything would be alright! But you're not my Sonic.. you've changed! You've.." she felt her will being overrun, her body starting to not follow her orders but the orders of her code, as her hands fell to her sides and her head tilted. Tears being forced back as she was made to smile.

Sonic watched the transformation and lowered his eyelids in what looked to be pity. "….Amy… Don't fight it. It's… who we are. If we're ignorant, then it will seem like our will,… and not their own…” he turned away, as if he'd given up on fighting it.
"Sonic… I'm glad your back." She was forced to say, she was forced to accept this fate, and she was made to love and accept him. "Please..." she wanted to say 'don't see me again' but she had to say, "Have fun at your party, okay? Hopefully, you won't be too partyed out to enjoy a little date with me~ hehe!" she dashed off with a skip in her step behind him to the door, flinging it open and racing past the people, holding a smile but keeping her eyes shut, holding back tears…

Had they also programmed something in her too? Or was it always like this? Amy couldn't tell,… but maybe… that's what American Amy had meant about true freedom! To feel the way she wanted to feel! And not have code dictate otherwise!

Ignorance… he had said something like ignorance is bliss…

That wasn't something HER Sonic would say…

He wouldn't give in like that.

What had they done to him?

And what could they do to all of them?

"Amy!" Dr. Hope and Tails turned back to her, not knowing what had happened, as they quickly went after her, but Sonic grabbed Tails.

"Let her go."

"Let her go!? Sonic! Have a heart! Don't you know what you've done!?" The cameras turned to Tails, as he freaked out and pretended to dance again, smiling as he continued to speak to Sonic. "You've given her everything she could ever hope for and more, and then just ripped her to pieces by taking it back!"

"I never promised anything~ hehe~" Sonic danced too, faking his smile.

"It's not like you to hurt her! What were you thinking?"

"I might or might not have fallen in love, oh well, c'est la vie!"

"Don't you DARE go French on me!" Tails pretended to spin, and accidentally hit Sonic as Sonic held his head.

"Ow!" he pretended to quickly incorporate it into a break dance move, as Tails began to fly out.

"The Sonic I know wouldn't just toss Amy to the side after he said he LOVED HER. Have they taken you're humanity out? You're no friend of mine if you treat me that way! At least my code allows me to fight with you! SHE CAN'T! She can only stay mad at you for so long, you jerk!" the cameras couldn't take pictures of words, so Tails dashed out as microphones started popping out.

"Hmph." Sonic looked away, before seeing Eggman walk into the room, grinning. "Oh! There you are!" Sonic dashed over to him, as a SEGA representative turned the holograms off, as was the illusion of Sonic and his friends dancing. However, Sonic did run off the screen, and as the representative took over for interviews, he followed Eggman into the nearest closet room.

"What gives? I thought I told you to wait till AFTER the party?" Sonic tapped his foot, and folded his arms, upset by Eggman's early arrival.

"Hush, what did Amy say to you?"
Sonic sighed, putting a hand to his head, "She was making a scene, as usual!" he snickered. "But I played her off, great!"

"Shut up, you! If anyone finds out you're not the REAL Sonic, I'm screwed!" Eggman whacked Sonic on the head, as he 'ow'd and whined about it a bit.

"That hurt!"

"Quiet! For the last time, you must act exactly as I re-programmed you to do. Hehe! Sonic was foolish enough to give me his data, allowing me to tamper with him after they were done editing him! Now, my OWN code runs through your veins! Well, virtual data veins, anyway, hehe! Now, go cause mayhem and destruction for the company and friends, hmm?" he adjusted Sonic's quills, almost like a dotting father, as this Sonic 'pfft'd and shook his hands out in front of him to get Eggman's hands off of him.

"Whatever! I'm tried of being a goody-two-shoes! When can I reign some havoc, hmm?" he rubbed his hands together.

"Oh trust me. Break that little girl's heart, and then you'll be able to completely destroy Sega from the inside out! Oh, and remember-!" he flicked his nose. "I always win in our boss battles. No matter WHAT the programmers command you to do~"

"Of course! Dad~" Sonic nudged his side as Eggman 'ugh…hehe?'d and didn't really know how to take that.

"Quit that and get back out there!" he kicked his butt out of the closet and turned his pocket watch on. "Cubot, stage 3 is ready to go! Fire it up!"

"Bzz….Yes Doctor Eggman, sir! All systems…bzzz… ready to go!" Cubot's voice sounded through the fizzing radio.

"Excellent! With this fake Sonic running around, and the REAL Sonic completely destroyed, I'll have no trouble in taking over the company and being named as Sega's TRUE mascot and most beloved character of all time~ WHOHOHOHOHOHO!"

…..Outside the door, a small blue hedgehog listened in on Eggman's dialogue, and gruffed. Classic Sonic rubbed his nose and huffed out a puff of anger, steam coming from his ears as he made classic noises from his game, such as jumping up and down old video game sounds. "Ah! Grrah!" he shouted out, before racing off and looking for something…

-Virtual World-

"Amy… you can't just stay in there and cry forever!" Tails spoke through her door, and felt bad when he heard no answer.

"Amy…" he looked so sorry for her, as he turned on his MilesElectric that held a skype camera shot of Dr. Hope.

"Is she there? Is she alright? Talk to me, Tails, come on!" she was in her office, shaking the computer screen, her own tears being held back. "She's not crying her eyes out, is she? Although, I don't blame her really… I just hope that's not the case."

"Sadly, that is." Tails sighed out, knowing there was nothing either of them could do at this point. "I think she's more mad at her code than anything… it didn't really help when she wanted to not
love this Sonic, and was forced to care about him anyway." Tails stated, looking away as he held his own chest. "...I still have to forgive him... but at least I'm allowed to stay mad and hold a grudge for a little while..." he stated, seeing how unfair it truly was. "...Dr. Hope? Why are we... why are we not made to feel like normal... well, like you?"

"...Oh, Tails." Dr. Hope felt her heart break at hearing him ask that. "You know why."

"I know... but-" he took a deep breath, his tails falling down as he slid down the side of Amy's door, and gripped his three hairs on his head, softly starting to cry too. "It's not fair that we can only feel a few things... based on what someone programmed for us to think or feel... I mean, if someone wanted Sonic to fall for Amy eventually, then why is the company taking that out, now? It was meant to be apart of him right? I don't really support Sonic having a girlfriend... but he actually seemed to be... I don't know, happier? More alive? The new data made him realer to me... I guess to make us all more realer, it would take a lot of programming, If's and Of's, but at least we'd have the ability to choose what we want or don't want to feel... why is everything based on computer personas?" Tails hit his head on the door behind him, leaning it back as he thought. "I really love machines, but knowing you are one? That kinda makes it all... different... somehow."

Now Dr. Hope was a mess of tears. "Baby..."

"Heh, sorry. That might have been too deep for you." he rubbed his eyes from the tears in them and straightened himself up. "But I know you're trying to help." He sniffed out, "So... can you? Help us?"

The communication went a little static-y.

"Oh, sorry, I have to go, we're breaking up. But don't worry about helping us or not. It's not like you really have that power anyway... so... um... good luck!"

That was a lot of weight on her shoulders now... having the hopes of the Sega characters resting on her ability to save them from this cruel fate of the business world.

But Tails was right, she had little power to do anything.

Sonic raced up to her office, stopping in front of it as she looked up, wiped her tears away, and waved for him to come in. Maybe she could get his side of the story, and everything could be settled by a few little details of information she was missing.

Sonic looked at her gesture, and just smirked.

She looked at him confused, shocked by his strange expression.

He held up his pointer finger, waited a moment, and shook it side to side, keeping his eyes closed before winking one open and then giving her a crazy, exaggerated face with his mouth opened wide and using his hands to push his lower eyelid down and stick his tongue out to cartoony lengths.

It rolled back in as he laughed, hugging his stomach, saluted her away with a wink, and dashed off, snickering...

"...Okay,... that wasn't Sonic." She quickly got to her computer and started typing. "Get...me... a conference... meeting... right... now!" she typed as she stated it.

-A day later-
Dr. Hope was walking down the hallway, having team Chaotix fill her in on the details of Sonic's behavior.

"I saw him run through a stack of papers, lift up wemon's skirts as he ran by, and even dance around in the mud outside and run all through the halls with it! Snickering as he did so!"

Charmy explained, flying around her head as she tried to swat him away.

"Hey! Not cool…"

"Sorry! I hate bugs!" she admitted.

"Aww… but we're so cute! Look at these big eyes! And these cute little long and thin antennas. And this sharp little-"

"CHARMY!"

Vector grabbed him before he pointed his stinger at her, which made her freak out slightly as she reared herself to the opposite wall and gasped in fright.

"Eh..heh, excuse our little friend here. But what he says, about Sonic, is true." He turned to look at Charmy and make sure he understood that only the 'Sonic' part was true.

"Hey! Everything I say is true! Let me go! Let me go! Grrrarararr!" he bit Vectors arm, tugging on it and trying to fight him to get let out as the two started brawling in a cloud of dust as Espio just had an awkward tear drop drip down the side of his face.

"A thousand apologies for my co-workers and I. We sometimes tend to forget our manners…" he felt he had to say that, folding his arms and muttered to himself. "Find your happy place, find your happy place…"

Dr. Hope sighed, running her hand through the top of her hair and pushing it away from her face and down. "Oh trust me, I know. I was your counselor, remember?" Dr. Hope dusted herself off as the same animator guy went to get a drink of water.

Her face blushed red as she was getting ready for a meeting, and straightened herself out. "Take five you guys, keep an eye on him for me though. Good work." She took out her flash drive and handed it to them, as Vector and Charmy stopped fighting, having money in their eyes, as Espio held his hand out and Sonic rings popped out from the flash drive into his hand. "If the company ever realized I had the cheat codes for rings, I think I might have a lawsuit on my hands…" she teased, obviously, it wasn't that big of a deal, but the three looked pleased.

"Have a great day, boss!" they chimed, and took off to spy on Sonic more.

Dr. Hope pulled her nice and formal dress down a bit, it hugged her body nicely and was now below her knees a bit, as her short jacket that went up to maybe her chest hung out a bit and the design of another layer that draped over her chest with a bow on it made her look really spiffy. Trying her hardest to look good, she took her bun out and let her lovely blonde hair down, and took a deep breath. "Come on, Sophie. You counsel video game pairings all the time… all I'm asking you to do is stop being a hypocrite and try your own advice out! Walk straight and just be friendly. Whoo… just be friendly…" she psyched herself up, as she suddenly glanced to the side of her, and freaked out when seeing Classic Sonic with his eyelids down, before raising his eyebrows up and down and looking to the animator guy, and then her.

"…Where did you come from?" he was hanging with his two arms on the side of the medium-high
wall of the hallway where it split off into an office room covered in cubicles for every square they could fit into the room. He had one hand up under his chin, and the other was just keeping him on the wall as his small feet pushed up against the wall to try and hold him steady there. "...I didn't realize Sonic could make two of himself..." She looked away, thinking about it. "I guess it makes sense though, I mean, that's how we get copies for the whole world right?"

As she looked back to him, he gestured a wink and motioned for her to go 'make a move' on the man.

"...Oh, no, you see, ehem!" she grew flustered again, embarrassed that he must of overheard her small pep talk. "I don't have time to flirt with hot Asian men, see, I'm trying to actually help you!" she pointed to him. "Well, more or less... your real self... the other, you... umm.. this is getting awkward and you clearly can tell that I want to talk to him before the meeting, don't you?"

He just stared at her, knowingly...

"...Oh! Alright! Alright! He's really cute, though." She bounced her body up and down a little bit, bending over and getting nervous. "But I have a fear of... you know, messing it up! Tell me how to be cool!" she gripped the side of the wall as he leaned back, seeing as her nose was barely about to touch his.

"Please?" she blinked her eyes and tried to give him the old 'puppy dog' eyes. "And don't tell your other I'm this uncool, he'll never let me live it down!"

He grinned wickedly.

He got up on the top of the wall and balanced himself a moment, before taking on the persona of a woman.

She laughed, and he just snapped his fingers at her, being slightly sassy about it.

She took it seriously and did as he did.

He showed her not to hold her hand on her hip, but to let her arms swish out on the sides of herself, and then put her sunglasses on.

She did so, as the animator stepped back a moment and smiled, seeing her coming near him.

She didn't know if he could see Classic Sonic to the side of her or not, but Classic Sonic mimed for her to take her glasses just slightly lower, almost off her nose.

Everything he did, she copied, as he flicked the glasses off and she did the same.

He moved his mouth, making a game noise come out, as she took that her own way, "Hi~" she chimed out, but tried to sound as cool and mature as she could possibly be.

"...Hiii, haha." He laughed, being a bit spooked by this change of attitude.

Classic Sonic mimed taking a jacket off, as she did so, and took it and put it over his shoulder.

The jacket she had on flooped over her shoulder as she held her head high, as he positioned it on himself.

He then saw her hand on her hip and jumped on her shoulders, she tried not to giggle at the feel of him reaching over her shoulder to move her arm but let out a yelp at his shoe slipping and him
pushing off her boob to get back on her shoulder.

"….Um, how was your day?" The man asked, as she tried to keep her cool.

"F-fine." Her voice was too high as she clearly felt awkward about the possibly invisible to him hedgehog that just pushed off her boob with his foot to stay on her shoulders.

Classic Sonic sat on her other shoulder, not even recognizing his folly as he pointed to a cup of water, and crossed his legs.

She got a drink for herself and walked to a nearby chair, putting her jacket down over her lap and sipping.

Classic Sonic nudged her cheek, and took his legs and unraveled them to have them crossing the other way, showing her that she needed to cross her legs.

She did so, as he patted the air and she patted the table, "Sit with me, won't you, please?"

"Ehk!" Classic Sonic scolded, not liking her saying 'please' if she wanted to be cool.

He folded his arms and she just ignored him after that. "You know what, this is silly." She put her sunglasses down and started adjusting her hair back into a bun. "I have a meeting and I just wanted to tell you that I was really appreciative of you cheering me up the other day, and well, cheers!" she took her cup and raised it, drinking it quickly and about to walk away when he stopped her.

"Wait! That's it?" he smiled, "I thought Genesis was going to have you flirt a little more with me."

"…Genesis?" Dr. Hope looked confused as Classic Sonic laughed on her shoulder, hitting his knee and seeming to just crack up hysterically. "Wait, you mean you two were in on this!?" she shouted out.

"Ha, I am an animator. I can make him move just on thinking how to do it on a computer alone. Watch." He turned in his chair, and stared at Classic Sonic.

Classic Sonic got up, moved her hair into place, and helped her pin her hair back up into a bun.

"..Wow, so like, you can telepathically control them by thinking of how you would simulate that action on your computer?"

"It's my job." He lifted his hands up and shrugged, before offering Dr. Hope to sit down again. "I saw him from the moment you came up, and after seeing you mimic him, I thought I'd have some fun!" he admitted, "Please don't leave yet. I would love to have an actual conversation with you." he teased.

"…Hmph." Now she was really embarrassed, as she sat down and put her jacket back down on the table, placing her sunglasses on her head. "What's your name?"

"Kagayaku Hoshi. It means… in English let me think… Shining Star?"

"Good name. Sounds a bit like a famous Idol though."

"Haha, can't always live the 's yours?"

"O-oh! Um…I'm Dr. Hope."

She nervously rubbed her sweaty hands together underneath the table, feeling really nervous but
strangely… it felt good.

Classic Sonic still hung on her shoulder, as he looked down to see her jitters getting the best of her, and smiled pleasantly to her, as if he knew that she really liked this guy.

"Doctor? Oh, is that your first name?"

"What? N-no, it's a title!"

"Really? That's a relief, I was really hoping to call you by your first name. If that's alright by you. Since,… they do that in America."

He laughed, and she giggled too, having the biggest smile on her face, as Classic Sonic rolled his eyes at her cute actions.

"Sophie. I'm not sure what my name means though."

"Well, let's look it up." He stared at Classic Sonic.

Classic Sonic looked to Dr. Hope, then him, before realizing he was staring at him, and 'Ugh'ed by tilting his head back and running to the computers.

"You can make him look things up for you?" She grinned, "Oh that's so evil, but genius!"

He smirked, "Well… I only like to do it when it's Genesis. He doesn't complain too much."

"Genesis… you've said that name before."

"Oh? I guess you didn't hear. Genesis is Classic Sonic's nickname around here. When the real Sonic needs to escape to his past for a bit, he goofs around and changes into that form." He took a drink from his paper cup. "He's our favorite Sonic around here. Because he just does his own thing, and sometimes, if he likes you, he'll sleep on your cubicles wall. It's almost like his declaration of friendship towards you!" he teased, raising his glass as Classic Sonic came stumbling back with a laptop in his hands. "Ah, there's the little hero. Thanks buddy."

He raised the laptop over his head and glared at Hoshi.

He smiled and picked the laptop up, as Classic Sonic spinned and jumped up on Dr. Hope's shoulders again.

"Woah." Hoshi looked up a moment, "He only ever does that with his favorite people. That's odd… he doesn't take to strangers very fast…"

Classic Sonic laid down on her shoulder, having one hand holding up his head and one leg dangling off her shoulder as he relaxed and grinned, having a video game sound effect as he did so. "Wa-o!"

Classic Sonic then jumped on her head, laying down with his hands behind his head, and further making a statement.

"Woah! Maybe he's fallen for you!" Hoshi kid, as Classic Sonic looked to him with wide eyes, blinking, and then 'yuck'd and ran off. "Haha, or maybe not so much."

"Eh, that's okay. But you said the regular Sonic did this? But the regular Sonic is still running around…"
"Really? I thought he was just running around as Genesis for a while."

"…huh, how odd…" she looked away, thinking it over in her head.

"Hmm… Well, here we are! In Greek, Sophie means 'Wisdom.' And Hope… is a Christian virtue. So maybe your wisdom brings hope to others? You are a Game Character Counselor, right?"

"Yeah, but some people don't see it that way…" She looked away, remembering what Cy said.

"Hey, let me tell you something." He leaned forward, looking like he was about to say something meaningful and true. "Ever since you came to first help Sonic, all the characters were buzzing about how amazing and passionate you were. A little quirky, but they loved you." he held his hand up horizontally and shook it a bit at 'quirky' but it just made Dr. Hope laugh. "You have an amazing, and important career. Maybe you don't exactly help 'us' out." He used the bunny ears. "But you definitely help the characters. And let's face it, if they're not happy and willing to work, then our jobs get ten times harder. So in a way, I should thank you. You do help us out."

Dr. Hope stared into his eyes for a moment, before leaping up and leaning closer to him. "Do you want to… I don't know… get a real.. drink sometime? Like,… a soda?"

He laughed, "I'd love too." He nodded. "But…" he helped her get up, "You have a meeting?"

She glanced at the clock, "CRAP."

"That's a swear word in Japanese, be careful." He tapped his nose, helping her out, and walked back to his work. "Good luck!" he waved.

She shouted back, "You too!" and walked away, but kept looking back to try and see where his office desk was. When she found him finally sitting at one of the large square ones, she 'YES'd to herself and fist pumped, seeing as she now knew where he worked on that floor.

Amy was finally out of her room in the virtual world and walking to one of her 'jobs' she had to do. She was carrying her script when Sonic zipped by, knocking them out of her hands by having them fly off in his wind turbulence. "Oh no!" she cried out, trying to catch them all.

Classic Sonic zipped by before seeing the mess, and looked shocked, as he was about to help her, before seeing the other Sonic. He made a shocked game sound, and ran to hide.

"Oh..! Amy~" The other Sonic stopped, turning around to see her, and then grinning a wicked smirk before leaning against a wall, watching her pick up the papers. "How have you been?"

"….I'm… managing." She picked up her script as tried to ignore him.

"Aw, you're not still mad at me for that harsh truth are you?" he stepped over the papers, before slamming his foot on the one she was reaching for, and startled her. "You know I only said it cause I cared, right? I don't mean to hurt you…" he started to move down, bending to be at her level, as Classic Sonic gripped the side of the wall he was peeking at them from, glaring a death glare that could pierce through solid ice!

"It's just… part of my programming.. I guess." He shrugged, as her hand froze and twitched a moment. He noticed this, and smiled a little more, before hiding his smile and lifting the paper under his foot, and holding it out in front of her. "Maybe if you were more like the Rosy I used to love… maybe then." He let the paper fall into her trembling hand, as her eyes widened, feeling her world crash down on her as her code didn't know where to go.
She was literally frozen in a looping of code, unable to process what to do or say next.

Seeing the emptiness in her eyes, the other Sonic did his signature snicker that he's been doing since his editing, and got up, pushing her with his foot to watch her fall over and still not be able to move. "hahaha! You're pathetic!" he cried out in laughter, as Classic Sonic had the last straw.

With fury in his heart, and hatred in his eyes, he dashed forward and headbutted the imposter Sonic in the gutt, before spinning into a ball, and whacking him in the face, flying up and uncurling, he took the slight pause in the air to create a fist with his hand and slammed it down into the back of the other Sonic's head.

"OWWW! What the-!?” The other Sonic turned to see Classic Sonic land as paper flung around him in a cool manner. He slowly lifted himself up, and clenched his fist, turning around to glare at him. ".…Who… what are you? Daddy said I was the only Sonic left!” he roared, and took off, tripping a few times on Amy's script before rushing to look for Eggman.

Classic Sonic sighed in relief, and quickly ran to Amy, cooing sweetly in his video game noise vocabulary and seeming to try and get her to wake up from her endless loop. She wasn't all there, as he pushed her over on her back, and lightly kissed her cheek.

The programming, buried deep in her, had a response to that, and she gasped for air, now being able to find an escape to her looping system and looked around, "Sonic? Sonic! I felt it, I know that was the real you, where..?"

Classic Sonic moved back, looking a bit skittish as she spoke.

"Wha… Genesis?” she got up slowly, and shook her head. "Oh… Wait, did you..? I thought Sonic…” her ears bent back. "How are there two of you?"

"…” Classic Sonic stared at her with gentle kindness, looking sorrowfully toward her as he opened his mouth, but nothing came out and he just looked down, closing it, realizing she wouldn't hear the words anyway.

"…He's different… isn't he?” She turned away, tears forming again, as he stepped back, flinching almost at her response, and shook his head, trying to calm her down.

He looked around before rushing to gather the script pieces up, and then shifted them all back into order and placing them on her lap, before reaching a hand up to caress her cheek.

She giggled, and looked back at him. "At least you're noticing me more now. That's a sudden change I like." She was forced to stay positive, she had cried too much and her programming wouldn't allow her to keep falling back into sadness. Ever since American Amy's glitch, the company has taken extra precaution to make sure the Original Amy, Japanese Amy, didn't glitch under any circumstances. They were threw with risks… which might be why they quickly edited Sonic after learning he had new script… to keep him safe.

"I just wish you were all back. The real you… lost script and all." She took Classic Sonic in her hands and embraced him, but it wasn't your typical Amy Rose hug, it was more of a longing and forlorn hug.

Classic Sonic wasn't too good with hugs, but knowing what was happening at Sega, he decided to let this one go. He only struggled for a moment, as was his programming, but he then rested his hands on her shoulder, and turned his head, allowing himself to just stay there and let her hug him.

"Heh, that's the first time you didn't try and escape me. Maybe you're a clone Sonic left for me,
hmm?" She thought of what Sonic did before, in tricking her to stop thinking about American Amy, and if he did something similar now. She put Classic Sonic down and sighed, "Well, I don't want that." She admitted. "I want the real Sonic… I'm sorry. Thank you for your help, but I have to go." She picked up her script on her lap and started running off, before looking back at Classic Sonic, and waving to him. "Thanks! My little hero!" she blew him a kiss, smiled, and ran off.

Classic Sonic waited for her to be out of sight, before reaching his hand up, saying goodbye… But he closed it. As if catching her kiss, and gently held it to his chest.

The alarm suddenly went off, as he looked around, and his eyes went back to intense 'time for a fight!' face and dashed off to find out what was happening, his little figure-8 legs taking him wherever he needed to be!

-Meeting room-

"W-what's going on?!

"Is it an earthquake?"

The meeting room was interrupted as Dr. Hope gripped the table, and the entire building shook as a red alarm light flickered above them, a siren coming on.

"WHOHWHOHWHO! This is your new boss speaking, HEPEELLOO?" Eggman's voice came on the microphone. "I've been waiting so long to prove to you, pitiful 4Ds that I, Doctor Eggman, can be just as real to your world as I am to mine~"

"What's going on?" "Is this some kind of joke!?" "Did he leak through the system!?"

"Sonic…" Dr. Hope raced out of the room, charging out before Hoshi stopped her in his arms.

"Sophie! Quick! You have to see this!" he grabbed her hand and quickly ran her to the main entrance of SEGA.

"WHOHWHHO!" Eggman was in a huge virtual robot, that was sucking the electricity from the computers on the different floors to actually make it start phasing into the real world.

"How… how is that possible?" Hoshi asked.

"It's not really phasing." Hoshi explained, "He's hacked into our computers, and through a magnetic pull, he's literally building a robot! It looks like it's phasing because the original design of it is still in the other realm!

"Then… what I'm seeing is a blueprint.. where's… the real robot then!?"

Miles away, a factory was freaking out, having been hacked into as the other Sonic ran a muck in it, snickering as a magnetic field was generated and car and other electric pieces began being hacked into, mostly this was happening to printers, and other electric things at Sega, and started forming half of a robot, before being pulled through the air and tumbling through the streets to blast through the entrance to Sega's main entrance room.

The receptionist was crying, freaking out, as the Robot was literally spiraling into existence above her.

"I think it just knocked." Hoshi stated, as Dr. Hope rushed down stairs.
"What are you doing!? It's an electric, metal tornado down there! You could get hurt!"

"I have to find Sonic!"

"What?"

"Sorry, Genesis!"

"Genesis?"

Sonic burst into the room, snickering as he waved to Eggman, "It's all operational, Dad!"

"Ugh, Eggman! Call me Eggman!"

"Eggy!"

"UGH! If I didn't have to have you to make this possible, I swear…"

"What's going on?" An official burst from one of the rooms downstairs, as the elevator was ripped from the wall and sucked into the tornado as it joined to make Eggman's Robot.

"Hear ye, hear ye!" The monitors on every device flickered to show Eggman's face. "I, Doctor Eggman, have seen the… recent fault, in Sonic's behavior, and have taken it upon myself to create a NEW Sonic for you! As I am, now, of course, the new owner and CEO of Sega corporations! I was thinking of changing the name to EggIndustries, but we can work that out in copyright later~"

The people gasped, as Dr. Hope stood bravely below the monster Robot's tornado, as it finished its creation, and Dr. Eggman was the first video game character to ever find a way into the human realm.

"Ah, Dr. Hope. So glad to finally meet you~" he chimed, as the robot turned around and stood above her. "My~ I thought someone of your field would look more… scholarly! Happy to be disappointed, I assure you." he stated, as the monitors showed him looking at her with a big grin. "What can I do for you, little lady?"

"Heh, knock it off, Eggman." She boldly stated, taking off her jacket and putting her hands to her hips. "You think you've successfully taken over Sega? Considering your still not really here?"

The room grew silent as the wind ceased, but the magnetic force still held as electricity kept Eggman connected to his machine, as it lowered itself down, bending and almost kneeling, and seemed to intimidate with Eggman's grimaced glare at Dr. Hope's small frame. "I AM here… And I would be careful what I say… Dr. Hope. You wouldn't want a broken bone or two, would you? Those don't heal like us cartoons do." he bellowed.

"No, you're right. I just wanted to congratulate you on being the first ever game character to control a non-living object in this realm." She clapped her hands, but no one clapped with her. "Ah, that's great. But you know, how are you going to fit that bad boy into a small CEO office?"

"I'll manage." He wasn't certain what she was getting at.

The imposter Sonic jumped on the robot's arm, and glared down at her, not amused by her boldness or entirely sure what she was getting at. "Hey! Why aren't you scared and trembling like the other pathetic humans?" he asked.

"…Well, for one. You're not real. Two, your little creation isn't NEARLY as frightening as the
REAL deal. And third-

"Woah, woah, woah... real deal?" Eggman tossed his robot's arm so that Sonic fell off it, as he made his robot crawl on his knees to get a closer look at Dr. Hope. "What do you mean? There's only ONE of these robots."

"I wasn't talking about the robot."

"Hmm?" Eggman reared the Robot's head back, as Classic Sonic took his first step in the real world. "That's.. not possible." Eggman's robot moved back.

'I'd like you to meet the animatronic stimulator known as AI-B. For Alternate Intelligence- Body. Made by my people, which is kinda why I'm considered a Doctor? And my field is important. Where ever you are Mr. Clyde, I hope you just wet yourself.." Dr. Hope looked around, glaring, before pacing around the robot.

Sonic's prototype animatronic followed after her, though it wasn't very expressive.

"You see, while you were having fun gathering up all your stuff, I got a few animator friends of another animator cute friend of mine to start up the system. I went into today's meeting to introduce a way for people who can't see Game Characters to have an opportunity, even without being a member of their company, still interact and see them. I thought the fans would go ga-ga over it." She stopped and spread her arms out wide, not the least bit frightened.

The imposter Sonic got up, glaring, "B-but that's not me!"

"You're right. I think I know exactly who this Sonic is." Dr. Hope grinned.

-Flashback-

Sonic surrendered his code to Eggman, as Eggman snickered and put that code into Sonic's, tampering with it from the moment he got it with his own code, and creating something completely new through it.

When Eggman disappeared back into the virtual world, Sonic poured out another complete copy of himself, making sure Eggman only got a SAMPLE of what he was.

The other self he configured into Classic Sonic, as he looked around, only being a clone.

"Look, I can't trust Eggman." He stated, as Classic Sonic looked up to him, worried... "I need you to absorb all my original script. Turn me into the clone, and that way, I'll be free through you. Are you willing to trade places with me, Genesis?"

Classic Sonic nodded, knowing it was his duty after all.

The clone's data and Sonic's original data went flying through the air, colliding in a huge massive cloud, as the Original Sonic landed in Classic Sonic's form and position on the ground, free of the straps, and the clone now in straps, in his position. He nodded his head in a 'thank you. It's for Amy.' And took off.

Eggman came back however, after the men had already touched what they thought the Original Sonic was up, and forced his new and corrupted edits into the new Sonic, turning him into his personal Sonic puppet.

-End of Flashback-
"Grk! I was out-witted it seems!" Eggman grinded his teeth together. "No matter!"

The Robot reared it's arm up. "If you pathetic 4Ds want to live, then sign over the company to ME and all will be well with you all~ You can work and go home at your leisure, once I ROBOTIZE YOUR BRAINS THAT IS! WHOHOOHOOHOO!"

A lot of the members started crying, as the receptionist tried to run for the door.

"Oh? Is someone trying to escape their fate?" The robot reached forward and grabbed her, as she screamed, and lifted her up to his face. "Hehe, now, where's that Doctor..? Hmm?"

The Sonic animatronic suddenly dashed up at lightning speeds up the robot, and began spin dashing into it, breaking the pieces and magnetic field apart.

"Urrk!" Eggman was amazed to see the animatronic moving so fast, but for a moment, felt excited at how amazing it felt to have a real battle in the real realm! "Ha…haha…HAHA! COME AT ME, SONIC!" the thrill of battle led him to completely let his fear and anger go, as he completely enjoyed being defeated!

The robot battled, but the animatronic moved more swifter and better than any device of this century ever created. He spun and kicked through the hand that held the receptionist, helping her down to safety as he ran to continue to tear the robot in half. The magnetic field didn't really affect him, considering he was being remotely controlled and his frame was made of heavy metals that couldn't easily be lifted up or manipulated by Eggman's electric pulses.

"Go Sonic!" Dr. Hope cheered from above, having climbed the stairs to get a better view. "Beat him up!"

"You-!" Eggman reached for her, but she quickly ran into the hall, hearing the building fall apart form his reach for her. "I will remember this, Dr. Hope!"

"Hehe, Eggman knows my name!" Dr. Hope felt goose-bumps creep up her arm as she rubbed them for a moment before sliding to a halt at Hoshi's desk. Him and a bunch of other animators worked together at lightning speeds to help Sonic multitask and have the robot moving the way it should.

"I originally had it on a huge remote control, but computer access works too." She teased.

"Is this really a laughing matter?" Hoshi only glanced at her for a split second, before typing as fast as he could and clicking with expert timing. "I don't even understand how none of us know what this software really is but we're able to maneuver it like a pro!" he stated.

"Well.. you're the tool, Sonic's the real one fighting. See that?" she showed him the three different colored lines that moved like ribbons in a rectangle grid. "Those are Sonic's brain waves, at least, there's his electric signal from his file data base."

"Is that what you meant by 'I gotta go find Genesis?'" he asked.

"Yes. Yes it was, and thanks for rushing to get your friends in on this too." She leaned over and kissed his cheek, before dashing away and praying that wasn't too bold of her. "Spur of the moment, sorry!" she quickly apologized, just in case.

"No need!" he cried back, laughing, as she stopped and blushed.

Tails and the others were in the virtual world, finally finding Eggman and stopping him from over
When that happened, they also defeated the other Sonic, fizzing him out of existence and destroying his faked code.

"NOO!" Eggman was disconnected from the real world, which meant his giant robot's magnetic field that was keeping it together disconnected, a field of junked up and trashed electronic parts crashed to the ground.

Amy materialized back into the front of Sega's entrance, and looked around, "Sonic? Sonic!"

She couldn't touch the wreckage, as her hands and legs phased through it. "SONIKUU!" she cried out, worried he may be lost.

"Where's his file!?"

"Hold on, he's fine, look!"

From the pile of scrap, came a metallic dark grey arm.

It pushed the trash off of himself and shook himself, before walking out of the mess, looking a little like a Metal Sonic.

"Oh thank goodness!" Dr. Hope clutched her heart. "I almost felt myself have a heart attack. I need to get the disk out of him and back into the system!"

"I thought it was wireless?"

"If that disk broke, it's not!" she rushed downstairs. "MORE THAN A COUNSULAR! HECK YEAH!" she jumped in mid-stride, happy her invention she's been working on with other professors finally paid off.

Amy covered her mouth, glad to see him as she dashed forward.

When she leaped, he stopped and acted like he was going to catch her, but she phased through him, and fell on the ground. "Ah…O-oh… your in that world now.." she turned slowly, sorrow in her eyes as she worried. "Will-.. I mean." She shook her head, rotating her body to face him on the ground. "You're coming back.. right?"

The Sonic animatronic looked back to her, still no expression.

"Sonic! Don't move!"

Dr. Hope reached into his back, and pulled out the disk, as the robot turned off, and was disconnected.

-A few hours later-

"Amy! Amy! I kept telling you! It's the real me! No edits, I promise!"

"Oh Sonic~"

"Hey, you two, come on. The officials are freaking out over Eggman's damages, and other companies are concerned for the same. You need to first make a statement about that before saying anything about you two growing a fling for each other."
"Ah! A f-ling..?"

"Don't you back out now, Sonic The Hedgehog!"

"Urk! I wasn't thinking that! Honest! But can't I just talk about how completely AWESOME it was to feel real for once? I felt kinda heavy though…"

"If you stepped on my foot in that robot, Sonic, I would have had a shattered foot bone be considered powder in me, and it would have been amputated by now."

"..Ouch."

"Ew."

"Sonic, Amy, Dr. Hope? The heads are ready to see you now." Joked the man who poked his head out. "Get it? Hehe, cause their heads on a monitor screen!" he laughed.

"….Hold my hand, Amy." Sonic took her hand as she looked cutely up to him.

"Why?"

"Because as of this moment, I'm not gonna let them take me away from your side."

"Oh, Sonic~"

"My OTP feels, though."

"Sophie, be professional! Or I'll tell Hoshi you drew a picture of him while trying to complete a crossword puzzle.. again…"

"SHUT UP! THAT WAS ONE TIME!"

"…but he said, Again?"

"ONE. TIME."

The three entered the room, as Sonic mumbled something about 'her anime drawing skills are terrible' and the door closed behind them.

"Ehem, as you know, we don't know how to feel about Eggman actually leaking into this world, nor do we appreciate all the expenses we now have to make because of him… this has gone too far… and there's really no one to blame or point fingers at but ourselves." One of the men spoke, before another intervened.

"That's why we've come to the conclusion that all Game Characters should remain in the virtual world, constantly monitored, and no more freedom given until further notice-"

"That's not fair!" Sonic shouted out.

"Silence! This is half your fault too!"

"How so?"

"Sonic…" Everyone froze as the CEO's voice came on. "You know what you did. We tried to edit you and you ran away, took the form of your classic self, and betrayed this company's trust."
"You were going to take away pure and untouched data from me. I want that data! I used to think it was a burden but now…" he looked back at Amy, who smiled and gripped his hand tighter. "…Now I just can't afford to lose it."

"…Why are you two holding hands?"

As Japan now has some building repairs to do, understanding to take place, and definite fears of what is to come with increasing distress of Game Character's leaking into this world, what will happen when we return to Sonic IRL? Will Sonamy be alright? Or will more problems arise to push them farther apart from their happy ending? Stay tuned--

AND WHAT THE HECK IS HAPPENING AROUND THE WORLD WITH SONAMY!?
Character Flaws

Sonic IRL 9:

Character Flaws

By: Cutegirlmayra (Hello once more! I dedicate this to those who have stuck with me. I've read a lot of hate recently and there's just been a lot of disappointments in my life, which is making me sad overall. But those loving comments and sweet replies from friends and loved ones motivate me to not care about the sad and move forward into the 'what makes me happy!'. So thanks again! Here's a little something for ya~)

The meeting was closed for a further covering of the subject to another time, as Dr. Hope penciled it in and knew she would probably be leading the main topic… while they waited and discussed the finances from Eggman's rebellion, the company decided to 'ground him' so to speak, and he was officially confined to the virtual world, in his little file, where they could rebuild and hopefully make some sense of it all.

Until then, Dr. Hope was asked to leave. As most had considered her a 'disturber' of the natural and normal way of things, blaming her at times for the 'oddness' of the sonic characters that were being expressed far too greatly in America and Japan, the places she was called to work in.

However, all over the world, the Data of Original Sonic was wirelessly tampering with every Sonic out there, causing other 'odd' anomalies in each company.

So, Dr. Hope said goodbye, especially to Hoshi, which was a sad moment to say the least, and headed out on her long awaited vacation with her friends.

During her vacation, many offers sprung up from other companies, asking for her to take a job with them and their characters.

Seems the news of SEGA's chaos wasn't dampening her reputation, as most didn't even know she was 'kinda' involved in it.

She had to turn them down, however, feeling it her responsibility to first, relax and de-stress, and two, return to SEGA to 'finish what she started'.

She knew that Cy would be all over this, and couldn't afford to let the Sonic team down again… not after investing so much of her own heart into what was happening there now…

And besides…

She could see Hoshi again, right?

Halfway around the world, America was starting its big push on Sonic Boom! The next line of the Sonic series to grace the media through television broadcasting since Sonic X. The excitement was more than there, as Fans grew anxious at the new prospects to unfold…

"Have you seen him yet?" Japanese Sonic asked through a skype call to his American self, well within his own office once more and lazily having his hand holding up his head as his body was leaning extremely far to the right side.

"No. They won't even let me see more than what you and I saw of Rise of Lyric. I've heard mostly
about the 3DS, but they won't even let me see my own kid!" he flung his head down on his desk, upset by the rules and regulations. "Emmmmm.." he groaned out on the desk, having the noise muffled as he 'ugh'ed coming back up and rubbing his head, flipping back his quills. "Was it this bad when I was being born?"

"Haha! I think you're finally feeling what it's like to be a father of an official 'Sonic' coming around. After all, since now, all the other Sonic's have been based off moi~" Japanese Sonic gestured both hands in to himself, closing his eyes in a haughty way and smiling, leaning back before laughing. "I waited awhile to meet you, that's true. But you've become a very different 'Sonic' from me. Due to cultures and all that…" he shook his head, sighing comedically, "tsk, tsk, tsk… You've become just as loud and rude as any typical American…" He then looked up, with a big smile on his face, "But I kinda like you, so I suppose, I'll keep you." He teased.

"Ha. Ha. Ha." Sonic faked laughing, folding his arms. He leaned back on his chair and kicked his feet up. "Admit it! I'm the best other you ever had!"

"I like myself equally." He continued to tease, but then continued with the topic at hand. "Have they told you anything about him yet?"

"Light-hearted, comedian, hero, still as fast as ever." Sonic returned to his normal lazy look of a hand holding up his head, but this time he leaned and looked away, before scratching his head. "…What if… What if I can't stand him?" Sonic asked, almost as if he was sincerely worried about that, as he lifted his head up and gestured to his Japanese Original self.

The Japanese Sonic laughed, putting a hand up to his face and then slowly lowering himself to his desk, finding that extremely funny. "If he's even nearly as entertaining as you, I think you'll both be fine. But I'm sure you'll rival for the spotlight and the last joke. I can already see that."

"Yeah… okay." Sonic looked away again.

"…You'll be a good Dad." Japanese Sonic finally spoke out something comforting, seeing as Sonic was feeling the jitters of having to raise a new Sonic around the place.

"….You think so?" He looked back at his other self, smiling.

"…Well." Japanese Sonic made a face, as American Sonic frowned and half-glared at him in a funny way.

"Out with it." He teased. "I'm going to suck at helping and change the whole fabric of the poor guy's life by doing something crazy, and not be around a whole lot to assist in it. Much like you, pa." he mocked in a joking way.

Japanese Sonic just chuckled and shook his head. "You'll do fine. But the real reason I called was… actually about that…"

The two paused for a moment, a serious turn suddenly taking on the conversation…

"…How's your… 'relations' with Amy?" he asked.

"…Why?" American Sonic took on a bit of suspicion, turning his head up and to the side, raising his eyebrow. "Has our Eggman took down our office, no." He then added, "Has there been any changes to my data from America? No," he continued. "And have I kept my promise? Well, honestly, I'm working on it." Sonic seemed to be getting a little frustrated at the question, and Japanese Sonic quickly interrupted.
He waved his hands out in front of him, a nervous smile on his face, "Hey, hey, watch it… I was just asking, is all." He then sighed, "There's been a lot of other me's that have been asking me questions lately… I figured you may as well. So I jumped to the point."

"…" American Sonic folded his arms, looking away and putting his feet down.

"…Have… you had questions?" Japanese Sonic raised his eyebrow too. "I know that you must have felt the data shift. After all, I'm kinda being more and more inclined towards… well, you know."

"…Do you like her." American Sonic looked down, mumbling the question out and acting as if he didn't say anything.

His nose sniffed, and he refused to look back at the screen, staring down and glancing at the pictures around his office.

"…I am liking her." Japanese Sonic finally spoke out, and turned his head. "The real question is… is that affecting you?"

American Sonic remained silent, looking down, before straightening his back and putting on a smirk for his other self. "Are you kidding? I practically started it." He tried to shake it off with a humorous gloat, as Japanese Sonic chuckled, but then again tried to bring it back to a serious note, which was hard for these two to keep anyway.

Talking about emotions with a Sonic was… challenging… to say the least.

"I said I was working on it, alright?" American Sonic finally admitted, them both keeping up their smiles but clearly trying to be honest as best as they could. He shrugged and leaned forward, "But just get one thing straight here…" he placed his pointer finger down on the desk. "Don't do anything… without consulting the rest of us. You should at least consider how we're all feeling here about this. I'm… supportive, to say the least, but we should at least be aware of the new… 'new' that's coming. Alright?"

"I'm fully aware of all your rights to know that." Japanese Sonic nodded, and smirked again. "So if you ever feel a little weird around Amy…" He bounced his head up a little bit. "Call me."

American Sonic pointed his finger at him, a funny threat. "I better not." He joked, almost sighing it out as he shook his head when Japanese Sonic laughed.

"Well, they're still talking about it. But don't expect anything sudden and dramatic. I'm taking it one step at a time till I know how to approach the company about it. I hate defending myself, but that's what happens when you suddenly bring a new character trait out into view, I suppose."

"You suppose?" American Sonic turned back to himself on the screen. "Look, pal. Don't suppose nothing." He swiped his hand out with his wrist, slightly. "The company isn't going to take anything regarding 'you falling' well. But at least I kept my secret stuff on the down low, unlike some people!" he gestured his hands out and up at the Sonic on the screen, as that Sonic shook his head, and looked unamused with a smile.

"I'm hanging up now before I get further insulted."

"That's right. Run away. Leave me to my awkward realizations that I may be making all of Amy's fantasies come true."

"Not quite so dramatic."
"I'd hate to see what your definition of 'not so dramatic' really is.."

"You may have to coming up."

That last statement shook American Sonic… and he wasn't okay with it.

He was uneasy with his promise, but was trying his best to be kind. He didn't know much about love other than how his heart felt to loose his Amy to glitches, now he had to watch her revision and wonder if the same fate would befall her, and try desperately to make sure that doesn't happen.

He would watch what he said or try and find the best possible way to approach whatever she was doing. It was kinda taxing him, and he didn't like it one bit.

However, he knew he didn't need to be so cautious, but something just made him worried he may cause another glitch by doing something her code couldn't respond too, and that….

That scared him.

"Chin up. You look horrible!"

"Gee, thanks."

"Just chill out. I'm only messin' with ya. Hey, do me a favor and type again when you hear anything."

"Will do."

"And also…"

"...."

"Be yourself."

The screen turned off, and American Sonic leaned back and scratched his head.

He wasn't too sure who he was anymore…

In the games, American made, that is. Amy had been changed a lot too. No more random death hugs, just simple pleasant conversations, but not frequently. He was spending more time with Tails than ever though, which he liked, but he wondered if the company was being just as cautious as he was.

American Amy dashed around and jumped over a couch in the lounging area, sliding under the pool table, and opening the door out of the room. "Sorry!" She cried out, rushing to a nearby computer and downloading herself in.

She materialized into a bunch of glowing green data bits that burst back into the computer, sending her to the virtual world where she sighed, and watched a little metallic tubed machine come out of the ground.

"REGISTERED CODE 'AMY ROSE' INTO VIRTUAL SPACE."

"Computer, send me to my file, I want to see something in my 'mind's eye' please." She cutely put her hands together behind her, and leaned towards the machine, waiting cutely for it to respond.

"ACCESS CODE REQUIRED FOR TRANSACTION."
"9,23,1993." She stated her birthday.

"…ACCESS ACCEPTED. GRANTED ADMISSION INTO FILE."

She felt her data begin to slowly get sucked in and giggled at the fast movement of data being pulled through the tubes of the computer data and finally reaching her file.

Nice and shiny~

She opened it and jumped in.

Her mind was perfectly operational, unlike the memories she had of her former life, this mind was showcasing all her old memories on its screens, and her main control panel flared to life when she touched it.

The lights glowed white as she giggled, "They fixed you up quite well, huh?" she looked over her coding and quickly started typing.

She saw an image of Sonic and her laughing, and sighed, swooning over it.

She then thought of some of the questions she's been having, and started typing that in too.

"Now.. let's see… ah-ha! Skills and Talents!"

She had read in some magazine somewhere that skills and talents can lead you to finding someone attractive, since people were usually fond of those who had many talents and abilities that showcased their most 'flattering' features and self. It was known to be an expression, more than to impress, but to woo as well.

Something interesting popped up on the files, and she tilted her head at it.

"What's this..?" She had always wondered….

Amy has the unique ability to have bad guys question their motives.

This 'questioning themselves' results in them rethinking their ways and doing good things.

This can be shown through a few examples:

Shadow's decision to spare earth in Sonic Adventure 2

Omega's change of heart in Sonic Adventure

Silver's confliction over killing Sonic in Sonic '06

She thought about this as she scrolled down through the file, revealing things even Wikipedia doesn't know about.

She put a finger to her chin. "I can get people… to do what I want?" her interpretation wasn't quite on the money… but she seemed to smirk at the thought.

"Hmm… I was wondering about any further abilities I may possess other than my hammer…. but now I'm even more curious about how I can tap into this power! These coincidences must have been through my ability, right?"

After all, the poor thing was bored.
With Sonic always being so weird around her, and the others just trying to get used to her, she felt very much an outcast or 'the weird one out' and didn't want to be known as 'the new Amy' but as just plain, Amy!

She was actually looking for a solution to THAT problem… but this would have to do to for the time being…

She giggled and raced off, seeing if this could actually work and be a thing!

She wanted so desperately to be liked and accepted as herself, and she was tried of walking by and seeing people look at her like she was in a casket at a funeral.

She didn't want to be the zombie of a glitch.

And she had to find a way to prove that, but for now, she just wanted to have some fun for a change of pace! And honestly, a change in the mood too.

Back in Japan, Amy also was trying to keep her mind off of things.

Being told by Dr. Hope to 'wait' until the date they promised to discuss the new changes further. Problem was? She didn't know what to do just yet.

It seems her feelings of 'looking for something to do' was also influencing the other Amys'…

She sat at a desk, lowering her head down to it and sighing, before she looked up and saw Sonic talking to American Sonic in English.

"Huh..?" She blinked her eyes, realizing he hadn't switched his language settings into English, and was still speaking through his normal Japanese voice.

She couldn't understand a word he said, only little pieces, like her name, but that was it.

She thought he might be worried about his other selves, since they were calling him pretty regularly now about this and that, and he was helping them out. It was admirable, to see Sonic caring about how his other selves were taking in the new data that wasn't even naturally apart of them. It really was wirelessly indirect, and all connected through Japanese Sonic, meaning that the other SEGA corporations had no idea about the new code, only from what they had heard.

The 'invisible code' was more accurate to call it really, a code that was being transmitted through her Sonic, to all his other copies all over the world.

Whether the companies wanted it or not… they couldn't do anything about it unless they got the original Sonic.

It was crazy how everything was connected to him, but it made him even more special to her.

Because he was caring about her, and that meant all the other Sonic's must be beginning to care about their Amys too. And that was exciting news.

When he hung up, he walked over to her. "Thanks for waiting, Amy." He put his hands to his hips, and sighed, "Wooo… I didn't realized how many of my other selves would be affected by this… whole new thing." He lowered his head, before shaking his arms out in a funny way to show the awkwardness of the whole new thing, as Amy giggled and got up, having patiently waited for him to be done.
"How'd you do that?"

"Do what?"

She cutely pouted, "Come on! Talk to America in perfect English!"

"Oh, that." He looked away and scratched his head, "Everyone knows English, Amy. It's kinda necessary when we work closely with them over any other place." He shrugged, as she looked a little offended by that. "What?"

"I…" she turned away, a little embarrassed. "I don't know English very well…"

"What?" She was muttering, and he couldn't hear her. "Speak a little louder, I can't hear you?"

"I can't speak English without the language settings!" she finally admitted, before covering her face. "There, laugh at me."

He did.

She threw her arms down and looked cutely upset.

"What? You told me too! That's basically permission!"

She hit his shoulder.

"Ow! Okay, okay… geez. Well, not everyone can. I just figured since you talked with American Amy so much, you'd be able to know some." He rubbed his arm, but looked a little like this situation was kinda funny to him.

He rolled his eyes as Amy turned away, folding her arms.

"It's not as easy as you think!" she puffed out.

He snickered at her, "Drama, drama, drama. Is that the only genre, you know?"

He suddenly did something very unexpected, and hugged her from behind.

She was still getting used to having Sonic try out his old data, but this was rather… nice.

She giggled, turning around and hugging him as he let go from her response.

"Eheh. I thought you might like that." He closed one of his eyes as she tried to snuggle up close but realized he wasn't hugging her back and pulled away, pouting.

"Why'd you stop?"

"Cause I think it's rather cute when I do something and suddenly stop, to see you pull away and make that face." He teased, closing his eyes and mocking her with a big wide grin. "Heeee."

"You're cruel!" She pushed him away, as he wobbled back and got his stance again.

"Wha-woah..! Phew." He let out a sigh, putting a hand to his stomach before straightening himself out. "Give me a break, Amy. I'm at least trying." He tilted his head with an awkward sweat drop. "Really, Amy… you act like this is easy for me."

"It should be." She looked away, not liking how 'love' had to be a difficult thing for him.
He sighed again, "Here we go, more drama." He leaned his head back and lowered himself slightly down and away too. "Listen, I'm trying to get my others to get the picture and accept it as it is. But that's hard to do when they've lived their whole lives one way... and consider how I'm feeling! I have the data, they don't, they just feel the influence of it through me." He explained.

"It's still their will, what's wrong with more emotions? Shouldn't that make you feel.. realer or something?" she turned around and put her hands to his chest, as he put his to her sides, smiling nervously with more sweat around his face.

"It's not that simple..."

She may never understand...

Suddenly, a thought pierced Sonic's mind, as he blinked his eyes and looked down to her. "Hey, aren't you supposed to be focusing on something else? Dr. Hope said you needed a hobby for the meantime until SEGA saw us again." He let her go and moved out of her grasp, holding his arms out before folding them, and looking to her like she wasn't doing what she was told.

"Oh, don't give me that! I want to be with you!" she suddenly leaped forward, and Sonic held out a hand to her shoulder, as she repeatedly threw her arms out in a flailing motion to get to him, very anime of them to act out.

"Come on, Amy. I can't spend every waking moment with you." He then made a cute fish face, "You have to be patient~"

"OoooooOOOOOhhhh, Stop teasing me!" she put her hands up close to her face, shouting, before moving his arm and ducking under before tackling him to the ground. "Ah-ha!"

"Oo-wah-ahh!" he fell backwards and struggled, before sighing and realizing she wasn't gonna let him go so easily. "Oh bother.." he thought about his other Sonics', and the poor mess he would cause them with all these new data codes for different situations with Amy, and wondered how they respond to them.

He knew America would just grin and bear it, for old promises sakes, but the other nations weren't so easy...

Well, okay. France wouldn't care less either way.

But still...

"Hmm?" Amy opened her eyes from gushing out her devotions through her hugs to him before realizing his thoughts were elsewhere... She didn't like being ignored...

"What are you thinking about?" She seemed to be accusing him, slightly glaring at him for not paying attention to her doting on him.

"...Oh! S-sorry, Amy." He got up and moved her off of him too. "Hey, here's an idea!" Sonic put a finger up, leaning a little closer to her. "Heheh~ Why not learn English? That should keep you busy for the time being." He suddenly got up and stretched, not liking having been pushed down and quickly loosened up his body again, getting ready for a run.

"W-what!?" She looked up, not sure how to respond but definitely saw him prepping to leave. "W-wait! You can teach me! Don't leave!" she reached out to hug him again but he zipped out of her grasp, having her hesitate in the air a moment before regaining her balance and landing.
"I've got a lot of press and media things to do today, Amy. I still have to live life, you know." He then looked back at her and jolted.

She put on her saddest face.

"No, no. Don't do that. That's manipulation and I don't like it." He immediately scolded, putting a finger out and then placing his hands on his hips, leaning forward and giving her the eye.

She continued to pout, her eyes shining and growing glossy, her lower lip starting to tremble.

"...That's not fair." He squinted his eyes, upset she was doing so well at this.

His old, used to data wasn't so easily turned…

But the new data he received back into his programming was finding this rather… irresistible.

"Nope." He turned to look away, fighting her charms, and folded his arms.

He refused to let this new data he allowed in to affect him like that. He knew he definitely had an appeal to Amy now,… but he wasn't gonna let her get her way through it all the time.

So he triggered another set of data that had him pull away.

At least this new data mixed with his older one made it easy to choose options rather than instinctively go for something.

In other words, he had more reactions to choose from, and he definitely saw that as a plus.

Maybe every now and then… if she played her cards right…. He could give in to that… plus.

He smirked, thinking of that, before shaking his head, and frowning.

"Great, even my thoughts have changed…" he put a hand to his head before looking back behind him. "Have a straight conversation with me in English, and I'll think about it." He then dashed off.

"Ah! Think…Th-think about what?!" Amy ran forward a few steps before looking down the hall at the papers flying from the offices and people holding their nick-knacks down from being pushed over by the powerful wind.

"Why is there always a strong draft here?" A man, not able to see the characters, got up and muttered that in Japanese and closed the windows.

Amy watched him and sighed, before looking determined, "I'll learn English!" she stated, and nodded to herself.

Back in America, American Amy smugly leaned on a desk, watching Jet use some rings to get a virtual soda pop from the vending machine, and watched him whistle and turn away, before pulling out the rings with a small string attached to them all and hitting the soda machine, making another soda pop fall out. He beamed with his treachery, and took both cans in his hands and started to gleefully walk away.

Amy moved swiftly, getting up from leaning and her wicked scheming to stand behind him. "Hey!" she cheerfully waved, but also a little awkwardly too.

Jet stopped in mid-stride, turning around as he had one can already up towards his mouth, before looking confused at her and shifting his eyes about. "Huh?" he said with his mouth still open, a
corner of his mouth twitching as he spoke.

"Eh-he." She quickly giggled, but it just sounded weird. "What'cha doing?" she tried to make small talk, her arms swinging around a lot as she rocked on her heels.

"...Do you know who I am?" He pointed to himself, and then leaned forward. "Cause... I'm not your blue boyfriend."

"Oh no!" she quickly put her hands out in front of her, "I-I didn't mistake you for him! I know who you are."

"...Really? Oh, well, okay then. I just know you've done that silly mistake and skit before with some other dudes, so I had to make sure." He used his beak to pop through the soda and started to drink.

He noticed Amy watching him and looked back at her weirdly, before lowering the can and looking away. "Uhhh... shoo." He tried to gesture his hands to get her to go away.

"Oh, I was just wondering if you could get me one too! I'm kinda short on rings." She looked down, swinging side to side and trying to be cute, which made him even more weirded out by her.

"Does it look like I run a charity? Scram, kid! Go grovel for compassion from some other loser."

He threw back his head and started to chug the drink again, before she pouted and ran to step in front of him, making him almost spray his drink out at how shocked he was to see her persistence.

"I know how you got that can. And I know no one really cares about breaking a human law and all that, but then why not help out someone else who can't afford the same thing? I mean, you kinda deserved the drink, after all, it was your cunning that got it. But don't you think it's a little sad to trick a machine? When you could of just spent the money, or even gotten some for your friends? If it was that easy?"

Now he was really confused. "Are you..." he leaned forward, holding a finger out with one of the cans. "Trying to trick me?" he asked.

"No." she shook her head, continuing her act. "I just think it would be a shame to waste such a brain and talent on some soda machine, when you could be using your talents and abilities to help others. Which in return..." she swayed her body past him before leaning her head back and talking to him over her shoulder. "Would make you seem like the coolest guy around! Cause you didn't do some lame gimmick. You actually used your wit to do awesome things, receiving praise for accomplishments done by your hand, and your hand alone, even more impressive than some ring-slip."

Jet thought about it a moment, "Well... I mean... this is very juvenile at best." He turned around, almost defending himself for some reason. "I mean, I could break that machine but why leave a trace?"

She beamed, letting off a huge smile, seeing she had him, before slowly letting it slide down to a common smile and going nearer to the machine. "I bet Wave and Storm won't believe you actually got a few sodas by trying out many different ways. Even a way... that no ones ever thought of before. Or you know... you could do it the old fashion way and still see if you can get an extra one." She looked away, leaning on the machine and waiting for him to come try it out again. "I mean, that's suppose to be your specialty, right? Getting the extra can? But with no gimmicks? That would almost be clever AND honorable."
"...Hmph." He walked over, "Look at you, trying to be reasonable." He started to untie the rings. "I mean, clearly girly, if I was able to do it and get my rings back, I could do it again without the sly gimmicks. Besides," he put the rings in and leaned on the machine, listening to it, before hitting it with the back of his foot, and still getting an extra soda. "I'm just cool like that." He smirked, and picked the two up.

Amy looked and smiled, before standing and side-stepping to the edge of the machine, still watching to make sure Jet didn't see, and summoned her hammer to hit the machine on its side.

The force let out a few more cans, hitting Jet's head.

"Ow-ow-ow! Hey!" he got his head out of the machine and rubbed it. "What on the turbulence is... huh?" he noticed the extra cans, and got really excited. "H-hey! More came out!"

"Wow! Doing it the old fashion way must have it's perks!" Amy faked her excitement, before looking at the cans, and putting her hands to her mouth. "It's as if karma gives you more for good than bad!"

Jet was so thrilled, he jumped with his arms full of cans and laughed. "You know how many faces I can blast with shaken up pop cans now!?"

She mentally rolled her eyes, 'Well, I can at least make him honest, we can work on respectable next.'

She swallowed and looked away.

"..H-hey... what's wrong? Look at the bounty, girly!" he held up his treasures, "I'm loaded! Thanks to my expertise, of course." He smirked from the side, not giving her credit for coming up with it.

She sighed, "Yeah... I guess you'll still do the string thing, huh?"

"Are you kidding?!" He laughed, leaning his head back. "I've gotten more cans from that honest deal than I've ever had! I'm sticking to a new code for a while."

She smiled, "R-really!? That's... so cool!" she stated, having him lift his head at her praise.

"Now you notice? Pah!"

She started to walk away.

"W-w-woah! Wait a sec!" he looked down at his bottles, before feeling a bit bad and then dropped one, kicking it her way. "Heads up, pitiful!"

She turned around and caught the can. "Oh!" She had thought he said 'beautiful' at first, but was glad that wasn't the case.

She wasn't trying to manipulate him, just see if she could make him re-think his ways.

Which,... kinda worked?

He smiled, "Take it as a peace treaty. Smell ya later!" he got out his airgear and rode off.

American Amy looked down at her can, and suddenly grew really excited!

"If I can get bad guys to do nice things... maybe I can get them to do other fun things too!" she got riled up and jumped to kick her feet in the air real fast before rushing down the hall, looking for her
next 'target'.

Japanese Amy was sitting on her computer, looking up online English books and what not, before she came across something that looked interesting.

"Hmmm…"

After studying for a few hours, she raced out to see Tails and Sonic talking.

"Hey! What up, dogs!" she shouted out.

The two turned, surprised and also looking funny at her.

"Excuse me?" Tails started to hold in his laughter.

"Yo ah waz up, brother?! Excuse the hollah, but I waz just wonderin' how you is? Ight? I've been cool. Sup, Boo! You is lookin' fine today." She started acting weird, and the two boys just gawked a second.

Tails let out a huge laugh, "Boo!?" he looked to Sonic, and couldn't help but just lean back before slowly falling to his knees. "I can't… I can't…" he started to crawl on the ground before falling to his stomach, and rolling to his back.

"Woah, you be all rofl." Amy looked down, as Sonic looked back up to her with a puzzled look.

"Okay, noo." He stopped her. "First off, do you even know what you just said?"

"I said hello and how are you?" Amy responded, very innocently.

She blinked at Tails before pouting and stating, "It's English!"

"That's not English!" Tails continued to laugh, breathing every now and then before getting a word out, "That's dumbed down ebonics!"

"E-what?"

"She must of confused it with English." Sonic shook his head, "Amy, you don't call anyone 'boo'." He stated, and just shook his head in disbelief. "Oh man.."

He then started to laugh too, as Tails saw him trying to hold it in and started laughing even harder, having almost been able to get up before falling right back down.

In her anger, Amy glared and started to walk away. "I'll show him! I'll speak good English, just you wait!"

The problem was… Amy was speaking ebonics all over the place, and the people were being offended by her slang and how rude it was, especially in a work place.

Sonic finally figured the mess of it all had to stop, and came in when she was reading some printed out sentences in a room that wasn't being used, and tried to pronounce them.

"Wha? He my sugar-daddy? Don be my real daddy come-"

He took the book out of her hands and put it down, before sitting down and pulling up a chair, looking at her and putting his hands down as he leaned forward.
"Hello, how are you?" he gestured for her to repeat it back in English.

"...Oh!" she leaned up, "AYYYYYEEEEEE~ WAZZ UP~?" she did some weird peace signs and Sonic face-palmed himself.

"Ehem. No." he quickly readjusted himself. "How." He started, then leaned his head up so she could see how his mouth was moving. "Ha-ow."

She mimicked his movements with his mouth, but made no sound.

"How."

"Haauw?"

"Are you."

"aru u." she tried.

He smiled, "There. That's step one."

The next few minutes, led into some hours, as he taught Amy, without the language settings, to speak some English.

It was actually some quality time of them bonding they never really experienced for a while, since all the drama. And they laughed and just enjoyed one another's company, along with Amy's silly English he had to break her out of to teach her proper English.

After a while, Sonic felt she was ready. For a sentence or two, anyway.

Tails was walking in the hall when Amy popped out from the corner, almost scaring him half to death as she looked back to Sonic, who had his arms folded and came out from the corner as well, rolling out to lean on the side as he gestured for her to go ahead.

"How are you, Tails?" she spoke in English.

His ears perked and he looked up, "Oh? Someone's learning real English." He smiled.

Amy looked to Sonic, who stated, "He's saying your English is good."

Tails just smiled at him before looking back to Amy, who happily tried something else.

"Nice weather. Don't you agree?"

"I totally agree." Tails looked like he was being sarcastic but also just messing with her.

"Sonic… what did he say?" she looked back at him.

"He completely and full heartedly agrees with you." Sonic smiled. "That's what 'totally' means."

"Toad-tah-ree." She tried to pronounce it out.

"You have to admit, Tails." Sonic walked up to him. "It's better than 'boo'."

Tails chuckled, "At least you caught her before she said sugar-daddy." He teased.

"...."
"Oh man, did she really?"

"Not directly."

Tails just started to laugh again.

"English is the hardest language." He shrugged and shook his head, still laughing as Amy pouted, thinking she might have failed and they were making fun of her again.

Back in America, Amy was seated and looked up at Sonic who was pacing back and forth, having heard all the rumors of how silly everyone was acting with Amy and doing nice things for her.

It was becoming ridiculous and so Sonic had to start speaking to her after she tried to get Mephiles to mow the lawn.

He turned, his head down and his hand up to address her, before reverting right back into pacing.

The wind was nice up on the rooftop, but she could tell he was really thinking about what to say.

"Look… I know you don't know how to address me. But I want you to know that I'm not going to glitch if you say something wrong." She tried to comfort, as he stopped and turned to her, before looking forward and away, being to the side of her at a distance, and folded his arms.

He took a deep breath.

"I know that you've been acting kinda weird around me from all the rumors in Japan and also from what happened here… but I like who you naturally are. You shouldn't feel you have to be someone different around me." Amy stated, trying to help further as he seemed nervous to talk to her.

He continued to stay silent, before looking behind and talking to the wind. "It's not that simple." He stated.

"…I'm sorry for tricking the villains or otherwise bad guys into doing things for me." She looked down, knowing that's what this was about. "I was bored… and I learned something new about me and wanted to test it out…" she cutely tried to look innocent, but Sonic slowly turned his head towards her.

His face showed he wasn't going to believe that bullcrap.

"Alright, fine." She dropped the act. "I got a little carried away since Metal Sonic handed me keys to an Eggcarrier. You have to admit, Silver putting on a pink hat for me and holding my umbrella over my head was pretty cute though." She nodded, admitting to her past deeds.

"You convinced Shadow he needed to buy you that by asking him what Maria's favorite color was, and what she wished she could wear. Than you said to him that one good deed is another smile on someone's face, and tricked him into thinking he was making Maria smile by helping you out." Sonic stated bluntly, "I'll admit, I'm not sure how that exactly went down, but it's a little disturbing how well it worked."

Amy looked away, knowing she was guilty, and smiled weakly at Sonic. "Tee…hee?" she knew she wasn't getting out of his easily.

"How'd you do that?" he put his hands to his hips, being reminded slightly of… of his old Amy's habits…
"...My ability." She looked away.

"Ability to what?"

"Make people question their evil intents."

"And so you take that, and manipulate it into doing evil things, yourself?" He put both hands out, showing her fault. "If you ask me, you took a character trait and shifted it into a character flaw." He seemed to be actually quite amused by that, and thought her antics funny.

However... he wasn't realizing that wasn't his own data...

Japanese Sonic, while running along the coast of Japan, suddenly stopped on his stroll to feel his connection with his other Sonics, and looked up. He realized him thinking about the data and Amy might be affecting the other Sonics in weird ways...

"Eh, they'll figure it out." He wasn't gonna worry about it. He took the run to NOT worry about them, and figure out what he was gonna say to the officials...

He continued his run.

American Sonic walked over to her, rubbing the back of his neck.

"You... you've never used that... on me... have you?" he suddenly looked worried, but was trying to fake it off and be cool.

Amy looked up, and shook her head. "No, never!" she admitted. "You've never had ill-intent."

He nodded, "True. I'm usually good through and blue." He smiled, as she giggled at his joke.

He sighed and sat down next to her. "But you are right about one thing... I have been acting... not myself around you." He admitted. "I'm... sorry. I know I shouldn't, but I get..."

"Worried?" Amy looked to the side of her, as he took a deep breath, not wanting to look at her.

"Yeah, worried."

"...Did you love my other self?"

"...That's probably not a good question to ask right now." Now he definitely felt different, and shifted in the awkwardness, placing a leg over the other and putting a hand down to keep that leg in place, keeping himself away from eye contact as well.

"...I can see... you holding a zero... in your hands."

Sonic's eyes widened.

"I saw her looking at you... and cursing us."

"...cursing?" he looked back at her, this time, very intrigued, but also, hurt. "What do you mean?"

"She... she wasn't me... she wasn't any of us. No Amy would ever say or even think of what she said!" She had looked through the back-up data, but she also heard faintly the words from her past self.

She had Sonic's memory of the last zero code of the old Amy, and those images never left her
thoughts…

"I've had nightmares… of sorts. When I shut down for the night… and I just replay those memory files… over and over… and one day I heard it. And it scared me. And I don't want to think that you think that way too." She suddenly turned to him, deep concern in her eyes as he leaned back, scanning them and wondering what she had heard…

"I know now… that any Amy who tries to love… will find my same fate… A-an-an-and perish… to their curse… of loving Sonic the Hedgehog."

American Amy gripped her head, and shook it. "She was so wrong… she was so, so wrong!" she stood up, getting angry, and trying to not cry.

Sonic was more worried about what had been spoken… But something made him rise up and follow her, not wanting her to be in what seemed to be pain of heart over this.

He reached a hand out to her.

"She didn't hear the promise! She couldn't think right anymore! I don't want you thinking that's how I feel… or how I felt… cause it's not how any Amy feels! Or thinks! Or anything! That's not what we believe!" she turned around, trying desperately to end the long distance that Sonic had created from her and him.

"I… I promised to love." Sonic stopped himself there, and lowered his hand slightly. "I don't know what 'curse' you're talking about. But I know she was glitching, I mean, she has wings." He kinda gave her a silly look but returned to the seriousness of the situation. "But nevermind that… I don't know if it was just the glitching or not but… but I felt… guilty." He closed his eyes. "I cared about her more than I ever had, because at that time… I knew I… I couldn't save her." That seemed hard for him to say.

Amy blinked her eyes at the new information he just told her, processing it, and looked away. "You weren't in the wrong…"

"But I was." He opened them abruptly, and stood tall and firm. "My original took out the data I needed to save her from that fate. She never would have glitched if her data could respond to how I was treating her… That's why I was so mad. In my grief, I knew if I had just acted differently… none of that would have happened… which is why… I think the company distanced us after that… so that couldn't happen again… but I never forgot… that promise… within that moment, I felt something. It was as if my data did have something and couldn't connect anything to it. So it latched onto my sense… of being a hero." He stepped forward, Amy watching him do so.

"My will to protect you."

He took another step, as American Amy saw a new expression on him she had never seen with her own eyes before.

"My desire to keep you happy, and smiling."

He tilted his head, before slowly…

"My want…to keep… no," he shook out his head, a weird situation coming over him, as data started to fly through him, a coding being triggered…

He shot out his arm after hesitating a moment, before grabbing her arm and pulling her close.
"I need to take care of you."

The soft whisper of those words breathed out by a willing soul, not a reluctant sigh to calm or comfort, but a statement of one's heart.

Amy put a hand to his shoulder, and gripped it, tears beginning to form as she gulped, realizing that his data was very different from that of when the Glitching Amy was around…

"...I..." he clenched his teeth. "I admit I don't see you as her... but that doesn't make me less fond of you. You are her. You're who she really was." He pulled her away a moment, to look at her, and this time,…

Not avoid her eyes.

"It's my character flaw, I guess... to never want to lose you."

"Sonic..." she let out a gasp with his name intertwined in her breath, she only wished her past Amy could see this... how much she deserved too.

"I don't know what she said. But I'm hoping you don't believe it." His eyes searched hers, and she just let herself fall into his arms and embraced him, crying out her fears of him never seeing her or caring about her the same way he cared about the previous American Amy version of herself. Even before the glitches…

"I...I still have code... from when we were at the store... the little boy and girl?" she pulled herself away as his eyes opened.

"I... I remember.. what you said." She smiled through her the beginning of small and quick streams of teardrops, and laughed slightly. "I was happy,... because even though I was there to comfort you, you comforted me, which in return, helped you to understand."

She then took a deep breath, "I'm still her, Sonic. I'm still your Amy Rose." She had been wanting to explain that to him, but until now, she didn't know how too.

"She... you weren't glitching then?" It was the first time he recognized her as the same person, much like how Japanese Sonic didn't recognize that the Amy Rose who stood before him was still Rosy the Rascal, until she proved it with a memory. Before that, he just couldn't grasp it at first.

She smiled, "I'm not sure." She admitted, "But the data was saved. I think it was pure, and I think it was me. Because... that's the fondest memory I have of being with you... before the incident." She looked to the ground, getting nervous about telling him remembered thoughts.

It was also a memory from Sonic's data letter... but she remembered how she felt and what she was thinking…

He slowly rose his hand... and moved it past her hair to her cheek, raising her head up from looking down.

Now that he was looking at her eyes... he didn't want to stop.

"Amy..." he spoke quietly. "I think I see you now."

That was it.

She looked up at him and let out a bit of a laugh, smiling from ear to ear, and letting the tears flow
That's all she ever wanted.

Was for him to see her as she truly was, which was the Amy he knew, just not so… glitchy.

"I'm sorry I didn't see it before." He let her hug him, and just kept her close.

The new feelings he was having different bother him, because he knew something similar must of happened in Japan…

But then something clicked.

"Oh no." he thought out loud to himself.

Amy leaned back, wiping her eyes. "W-what? What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

He chuckled lightly at her remark, and rubbed her head, "No, silly, not you." He reassured her. "It's me… I'm starting to act like Japan…" he looked to the side, off in the distance with worry…

"Why? What's wrong with that?" She asked, knowing the Japan Sonic and Amy were falling in love.

"...You know what." He looked down at her, smiling. "You're right. What the heck is wrong with a little drama and chaos every now and then...or you know... for the rest of forever...And... stuff... like... that..."

He started to lean down closer and closer to her…

Her heart beat raced as he closed his eyes and tilted his head, before she lightly pulled away.

"Wait."

His data roared, and his eyes flashed open and he quickly moved away. "Woah! Wha-!? Amy! I'm so sorry!" he had NO IDEA where that came from, and being rejected was ACTUALLY something his data recognized, which he didn't think was possible.

"Ehem. That was... weird..." he shifted his eyes about, thinking about what Japan said about... 'questions'…

He didn't like the new feeling of rejection, and while he wondered why he was rejected, a few more angry thoughts came into mind, all too quickly though, as he tried to think straight for a second.

"Sorry, it's just..." she looked down and twiddled her fingers a moment, breaking his thought process to look back at her again. "I just wanted to make sure... you're falling for me not because of... of what may be happening with the originals! But because you-"

That did it for him.

Again, her thinking he was leaning in because he felt he had too, not because it was something he willingly wanted to do, made him smile.

"Have I seemed that worried about it?" He realized how much his distance and attitude had affected her thinking of not only the situation, but also herself.
"I mean, you just recognized me as the real Amy, I just want to make sure you're not just doing this to oblige to an old promise and not because it's what your heart wants or-"

He cut her off with a quick and sneaky kiss, having ducked under her hands, which moved and twiddled about while she spoke, to reach her when her head was down.

As he came up, he brought her with him, making her lean back slightly as he caught her in a sudden, swift, and sweet dip.

The dip kept going though… till they reached the ground, and Japan, miles and miles away, suddenly felt a sharp spark his chest.

"Oh no.." he looked around, "Crap!" he dashed back to SEGA.

Japanese Amy was walking along the streets of the city, also looking for Sonic, but getting some shopping done too, when a foreigner came up to her.

"Excuse me, do you speak English?"

She quickly started to freeze up, and mumbled, "I-I-I do!" she just remembered the situation Sonic had placed for her in one of their role-plays. A man looking for the restroom…

"Do you know where I could find a restroom?"

Her freeze suddenly boiled into rapid water of excitement, as she quickly pointed and communicated with the man, "I-It's there." She stated, simple and brief, but she knew he said 'restroom' and that's all she needed to know to figure out what he must be asking about.

"Ah, thank you!"

"No probrum!" she mispronounced that but didn't notice, as she literally squee'd and danced around at her triumph.

Some other characters from different companies watched her strange outburst, and she looked around, embarrassed and fixing her hair and dress, before walking on.

She skipped into a jump though, whispering a shouted, "Yes!"

Japanese Sonic, on the other hand, had quickly gotten back to HQ, and entered the virtual world, jumping down and talking to the computer.

"Sonic The Hedgehog, Access, everywhere and anywhere I want. I want to go into my universal file." He turned, almost frantic in his movements, as the little metallic tube came up from the ground.

"ALL ACCESSES GRANTED. OVERRIDE- SONIC THE HEDGEHOG."

He was taken through the computer to the top secret locations of hidden files, and quickly scanned through them. "No, no, no…There!" he grabbed one after fully materializing and spin dashed into it.

He landed with one hand out, and got up, looking at the screens, which weren't memories, but the other Sonic's around the world…

Similar situations were happening, and all over the world, his others were smooching Amy.
"Oh crap…" Japanese Sonic realized the new data was just a long distance signal… it was becoming part of them too.

"The company's gonna kill me." He exaggerated, putting a hand to his head, not liking to watch or eavesdrop on his other selves, but realizing he was affecting them indirectly. He chuckled nervously, looking to the audience with an awkward sweat-drop. "Opps?" He shrugged. (forth wall break, lol. It's common in Japan.)

….He suddenly also had the urge to join in on the fun just then, but quickly shook the idea away, before hearing the computer turn on.

"ALERT FOR SONIC T. HEDGEHOG. PASSWORDS INCORRECT. A DATA COMPLICATION KNOWN AS 'AMY ROSE' IS TRYING TO ACCESS YOUR FILE. THIS IS AN ALERT."

He smirked.

"Right on time."

(Next time on Sonic IRL! :D Oh no! The new data seems to be 'testing itself out' now going wirelessly and affecting the code of each and every Sonic! Making them all start to fall and have similar 'confessions' much to how Japanese Sonic fell for Amy! With all this commotion, could it be that the Amy's forgotten code is also being triggered? What new things will come of that? And how is SEGA gonna react to these confessions and new feelings? Find out, as you continue the oneshots of Sonic IRL! :D)
Hey, Sonic, Sonic, and Sonic! Meet the- BOOM.

Sonic IRL:

Hey, Sonic, Sonic, and Sonic!

Meet the-

BOOM.

By: Cutegirlmayra (Teehee, time to bring in the Toonies!)

A door was shut.

An expecting father paces the door at a distance.

The other Sega Characters, not just from Sonic The Hedgehog, are also piled into a now cramped hall-space, and blink in anticipation.

Sonic turns left and right, continuing his march before hearing some ruckus on the other side of the door,…

They all lean forward.

The ruckus ends with shattering of glass, and Sonic's tensed up shoulders drop down, and he continues to pace the door.

"Oh… Sonic…" American Amy watches his anxiousness skyrocket every time, and puts a worried hand up close to her face in front, "I want to comfort him…"

"Not much we can do, honestly." Tails lifted a hand as he explained, standing to her right, and staring at Sonic.

He moved his head to nudge a gesture for her to hear him out, showing he was addressing her indirectly, "We're all waiting for our new 'bundles of joy' as our originals liked to dub it, but you can't blame him, or us really, for being nervous."

"Heh, you guys worry too much!" Knuckles flicked his nose. "The second that Knuckles sees how cool his old man is, he's going to be groveling at my feet for some advice!" he pounded his chest, looking up with closed and confident eyes, showing his haughty attitude for himself.

"Right." Amy gave a look to Knuckles, but then looked kindly to Tails and turned back to show her concern for Sonic.

"Any minute now…" Tails started to sweat nervously. "Please don't let him be an lousy abridgment, please don't let him be a lousy abridgement, please don't!"

The door suddenly opened on Tails's quiet pleading.

A gust of smoke encircled the hall as Sonic pivoted and spread his arms out to look down at the smoke.

Everyone started to mutter what was going on, and Miku and Ulala hugged each other in a bit of panic at the spooky mist that was coming out.
"Huh, some effects." Tails looked to Amy with a sarcastic ring in his voice, showing with a bit of a 'pfft' that he wasn't impressed, but Amy shivered from the cold of the fog, holding herself.

Suddenly, lights flickered and rayed across in an upward motion, almost like a party.

The crowd stared as figures glowed to life in lights, silhouettes with a unique outfit that glowed in the darkness from the door posed in different forms.

Suddenly, an announcer's voice was heard.

"Introducing, the cool, the confident, the radiant, and the charming-! Sooooooonniiiccccc BOOOOOOMMM!"

As each thing was announced, a spotlight flashed onto a figure to reveal them, and they started strutting out to music.

Here comes the-

Here comes the-

Here comes the-

The new Sonic stepped out and mouthed the words to the camera as if he was singing them, 'Ya'll don't really want it now, BOOM!'

Here comes the- BOOM!

Here comes the- BOOM!

American Sonic looked around, confused, but realized that this Sonic was probably just a little more showy than him and rolled his eyes, deciding to clap.

When Boom Sonic saw the slow clap, he took a little more courage and struck another wicked pose before his leg caught on a wire.

He continued to strut forward with his team before his leg tripped the wire, and he fell down, causing the lights above to shake.

"Oh no!" Boom Tails exclaimed, turning around to see the metal beam that held the lights up start to slowly shake downwards.

"It's gonna fall!"

People started panicking as the Boom team leapt into action!

Boom Amy hit away the lights that were coming down to protect Boom Sonic, and Boom Knuckles, with his stature, held up the beam that came slamming onto his shoulders, and was able to successfully lift it above him.

Boom Tails flew up and rewired the knots in the wires and started cranking the wire back in place, the lights and beam moving up again, though sparking as they went.

Boom Sonic got up and dusted himself off, before looking at the crowd and jolting.

They all stared, seeing the set behind them and the fog machine, then their outfits…
"..Uhh…Well, this go as planned." He nervously looked to his team, who faithfully came up to stand with him. "Ehem." He cleared his throat.

"Ladies and Gentle-!"

The stage started to fall apart, little pieces at first, before another huge background beam fell with a back drop, and a spotlight joggled loose to burst on it, setting it on fire.

The people gasped.

Boom Sonic twitched, and then looked hopeless as he continued, "men… we're Sonic Boom…"

"I see why they give you name." someone coughed.

Boom Sonic glared out in the distance, offended.

"He's kinda leggy…" "Look at that guy's build! He's gotta weigh a ton!" "Talk about a tight dress…" "Are those goggles?"

The comments started to become more louder and vocal, as the Boom Team started moving back, ears drooping, and looking down as they began to be embarrassed.

Suddenly, the Modern team jumped in front of them, Sonic speaking out.

"Hey, hey, hey! Give the kid a break! It's not like I had a 'perfect entrance' the first time I got out here, either!"

Boom Sonic perked up, smiling with a little more confidence at American Sonic's statement.

American Sonic then turned around, whispering to Boom. "Eh, don't give those guys a second thought. I thought it really worked." He winked, and then offered Boom Sonic his hand. "Sonic." He stated, "Sonic the real hedgehog."

Boom just rolled his eyes, and looked about to shake his hand, before withdrawing it slyly and stating, "The Elder Hedgehog." He teased, and then shook his hand, as Sonic made a face but laughed it off, and patted his back.

"I heard you were a wise-guy." He teased.

They led the team away from the crowd and back into the new team's sector, where a bunch of employees were being prepped for another day of work.

"This is your place! Your kingdom." American Sonic spun around with his arms out wide, and then smiled back to Boom. "But remember, you're just a province under MY land." He continued to joke as Boom looked around, awing everything.

"Why haven't I been here before?" he asked, also circling the place with his team.

"Well… kids didn't know you yet. You have to be loved and believed in enough first- Then! You get to live." He knew that from Dr. Hope's research she would sometimes spat out randomly, but at least he listened sometimes. "Well, do you like it?"

"Like it?" Boom Sonic turned around, "I love it!"

"Sorry we don't have flashy lights or music, but you can always install that when the fireproof floors get settled in." Sonic patted his other's back and gave him a funny look, as Boom just
squinted his eyes.

"Haha." He faked a laugh.

"I think I'm gonna like you already." He continued to pat his back before moving over to see the other redesigns. "Woo… what do we have here? A utility belt?" he pointed to Boom Tails's belt, as American Tails gave Sonic a look like- 'Don't make fun of my son… he's sensitive.'.

Sonic gave another fatherly look back to Tails, 'He's a big boy, he can handle some kidding.'.

"O-oh, yeah! And it can do this!" Boom Tails hit the buckle on his belt to trigger the enerbeam.

The Moderns all looked amazed as the other Boom cast also triggered theirs.

"It's a talent." Boom Sonic spun his around, before it hit him on the head. "Ow! I swear, I'm really not this-"

"Yeah you are." The three others stated.

"…." Boom Sonic held his peace, before Boom Knuckles spoke up again.

"But it's okay, Sonic. Cause I am too." He glared the words as if trying to keep the same tone from before, but the others just facepalmed while he folded his arms, as if serious.

"Knuckles… you're calling yourself a buffoon too."

"Haha! Tails..." Boom Knuckles leaned down and patted his Tails's back lovingly but condescendingly as well. "I'm actually an Echidna. But I understand the confusion, haha… we're both part of an adorable family." He ruffled his head and got back up, as Boom Tails looked utterly annoyed.

American Sonic laughed, clutching his stomach. "Oh man! They nailed you good, Knuckles! Hahaha!"

"It's a parody." American Tails's eyes shrunk in horror. "Nooooo!" He threw his head back. "All my worst fears! The canonicity!"

Boom Tails turned to his other and looked sad at his words. "I'm not that bad of a parody… you're probably the only sound guy here!"

"Hey, I make sound too!" Boom Knuckles burst back into conversation.

"That you do, Knuckles. That you do." Boom Amy, her arms folded, rolled her eyes before American Amy stuck her head really close to hers, examining her.

"Ah!" Boom Amy jumped back a moment. "W-why are you..?

"You look… nice!" Amy chimed, and happily grabbed her hands, jumping left and right. "Ohhhh! You're so precious! I love that they show off your figure! Ha! Look at me, in this silly old dress, you can barely tell where my hip begins and my legs start." She made fun of herself to help make Boom Amy feel better, as it worked, and she giggled.

"Thank you… oh no! I think you're dress is gorgeous!"

"Oh, you tease!"
"No, I really like it! We should swap clothes sometime!"

"Ah! I would love that!"

"Well, at least you two are getting along." American Sonic walked to the side of his new self, and looked to the Amys, before grinning back at Boom Sonic, who nodded and weak grin too, still unsure if he and his team was fully accepted or not by them.

"Sorry for the light effects, by the way. We just really wanted to impress you. I mean… you are kinda… the … I don't know…"

"The originals or something."

The team looked to each other.

Boom Team got confused.

American Team excitedly started bouncing up and down in their excitement.

"He… He called us-..!" Tails started.

"The Originals!" Knuckles, who for a moment was silent in gawking at the stature of his new self, snapped out of it when he heard the word being termed for them.

"I've always wanted a baby!" American Amy exclaimed.

"Woohoo! That's got a nice ring to it! Power to rule, baby!"

"Um… are we missing something here?" Boom Sonic gestured to how weird they were acting, as the American team grinned knowingly to one another.

"Actually, we're not the ones you want to impress." He admitted.

The four of them looked shocked.

"W-wait… aren't you Modern Sonic?" Boom asked, pointing sheepishly and worried they had made a huge mistake.

"Haha! That I am! But there's another me you have to met. HE'S the one you have to impress." He folded his arms after gesturing out to himself and the others, before winking. "The Japan sector is the Originals. We're all just copies based on them. Kinda like how you're copies based on us!"

"There's a term in the virtual community called, 'children'." Amy started explaining, cutely turning to her head to the side to explain behind Sonic, as he looked to her, and gave her the floor.  "'Children' are what Originals, or the 'First ever created' Characters call their copies that are around the world, and change due to that companies preferences on culture! Usually, there's only a few major nations that get to produce video games that can create copies to do those things, but we call the Originals, the 'parents' of those 'children' or copied clones."

"So in other words, " Tails stepped in, also extending out his arms to explain, "We're your 'parents'! Because you were created off the American code for Sonic and all of us! But we were created through the Originals, the Japanese code for Sonic, which was the first code ever made for a Sonic games. That makes them your 'Grandparents' in a way." He smiled, getting the lingo, but understanding that it was a bit weird for them to have a 'family tree' in a sense. "Surprisingly, this usually doesn't happen. You only ever get 'parents' but it's very rare for a code, that's not he
originals, to be copied and get 'children'. So 'grandparents' aren't usually a thing in the Virtual Community."

"In other, other words~" Knuckles stepped out, and then extended his arms. "Come to poppy!"

Boom Knuckles's eyes shot out wide, his grin rapidly graced his face as he thumped the ground while running to the little him.

He scooped up his 'dad' and squeezed him tight, "Hey, hey! He's like an action figure!" he pulled him away and pressed his thumbs on his chest, making Knuckles do an anime 'pop-out' like the toys twice, and then get hugged again. "I never had a dad before!" Boom Knuckles started tearing up.

Knuckles groaned.

But then patted his 'big' kid on the back, "There there… I got'cha."

"Well, someone's taking it literally." Sonic confessed, then looked to his own 'kid'. "Don't expect a hug." He kid, holding his hands out, but then laughing.

"I'll do with the handshakes." Boom Sonic held up his hand, liking his old man's sense of humor.

"You can expect one from me!"

"Hey!"

"I'll be your momma!"

"Amy! Put him down!"

"But why?"

"Amy, you're scaring him."

"Opps! Sorry…"

Amy put Boom Sonic down as he shivered from the sudden hug he wasn't expecting, then shook himself loose from the tense sensation and rubbed his head, "Well, you're certainly different from our Amy, that's for sure." He stated, but seemed to be holding back anything that would look like judgment. After all, he was still just trying to get along with his new 'family' so to speak.

"Aren't you forgetting something ELSE here…"

The gang all turned to see another character, her head burnt on the top and tangled in wires, holding a boomerang.

"Oh… Sticks…" The Boom team flinched back, seeing she was caught in that mayhem from before…

"YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD!" she threw her boomerang as Sonic called out 'duck!' and the team dodged the boomerang.

"Amy! Look out!" American Sonic saw the boomerang coming for her and raced to push her out of its way.

They both went tumbling down.
The American team got up, all ready for a rumble.
"Whose that? The New villain?" Tails asked, not impressed.
"Looks savage enough for me!" Sonic stated.
"But she doesn't look that intimidating…"
Sticks turned a crazy eye on the lot.
"AHHH!" the American Team freaked out and Amy summoned her hammer.
"WAIT!" Boom Tails stepped in front of the team, "She's with us!"
"… huh?" the team raised an eyebrow.
"The Looney toon?"
"I'M NOT A WHACK JOB!" Sticks whacked Boom Tails in the back of his head, and then shook her boomerang at the Modern team, "I'm on to you shape-shifting anliens… and your little hoop-skirts too!" she pointed to Amy's dress.
"Hey! It's a dress!"
"Hiding an alien teleporter, I presume!"
"W-what?"
"Tails! We're not in the show or game anymore! We're in the real world! These are the characters were based off of. It's two separate continuities, we're- oh nevermind." Boom Tails had gotten up, holding his head before trying to explain, and then dropping both hands and looking as though he gave up.
"…Huh?"
"Look, Sticks.." Boom Amy approached her much gently. "We're sorry we left you behind, we were a little caught up in meeting our… our…" she thought of a good word for it. "Parents." She shifted her eyes back to Sticks, thinking that might help.
Sticks's expression completely changed, something clicking.
"Oh, well, hello there!" Sticks happily, and with a friendly smile, went up and shook every Modern's hand. "It's so nice to meet you! Love your kid! Hey, how are ya? Sorry for the alien comment, I can see that just was a result from the baby bump. She has your eyes!"
Amy opened her mouth, offended to no end, but Sonic quickly realized the situation and popped it shut.
"Calmly… Amy…" he cautioned her to keep her anger in check.
She took deep breathes, and smiled. But clearly,… she was holding a lot back.
"W-well, ehem." Tails took the reins back and led the rest back on track. "You're other characters in your world should have been led to the virtual world by now. Why not help them adjust and settle down? We'll see you when we get back with Japan about them meeting you guys too!"
"Remember, you're called Toon Sonic, there. So be polite when they address you as such, don't push
the whole 'Boom' thing." Amy also cautioned, waving her hands out in front of her, showing
that was a 'no, no'. "We respect cultures here, and it's just polite to let them call you what they
know you by there."

"Sweet! The Grands are coming!" Boom Sonic turned to his team. "This time, we'll nail that
entrance!"

"Yay!"

"...Yeeeahh, best not." American Sonic put an arm around his kid, and patted his chest. "I think
you should just come and bow. That's always a good call. Just smile and bow."

"I-I don't understand!"

"AUTHORIZATION DENIED. LOCK SECURED."

"But computer! I'm-!"

"THE DATA COMPREMISING THE TITLE, "DR. EGGMAN" IS ON LOCKDOWN UNTIL
RELEASE DATA IS AFFIRMED. ACCESS DENIED."

"...But he's suppose to show me around..."

A Boom Eggman sorrowfully dropped his suitcase from up around his neck, having pleaded with
the computer to no avail.

He sighed and turned around, sniffing, as Orbot and Cubot watched him walk past them.

"His mustache was so low..." Cubot stated, worriedly.

"There's nothing we can do if this Eggman's code is under strict lockup. I wonder what he did to
deserve it..." Orbot looked up at the file they were in front of, the rest of the space around them
white, besides the panels they were on which were clear.

Other files were around too, but the floating File Folder they wanted was unable to be accessed.

"GERONIMMOOO!" Boom Eggman suddenly ran back, launching himself at the file.

"UNAUTHORIZED ACCESSS."

"AHHH!"

The defensive protocol took over, and they shot red hot, fiery lasers at him, and brought him down
from entering the file above.

"Oh doctor!"

"He flew!"

"It's the virtual world, gravity is very different when you can swim through data- DOCTOR!"

The two scrambled to catch him, as they were crushed by his body falling on him.

He leaned up and banged the side of the ground. "Dang it! At this rate, I'm lost without purpose if
he can't tell me the secret of how to defeat Sonic!"
"Well, to be fair.." Orbot pushed and pulled himself out from under Eggman's stature. "He hasn't really figured that out either..." he rubbed his orbish head.

"Hmmm.." Eggman narrowed his eyes, as he felt a spike. "Ohhh!" he then reached down and pulled Cubot out. "Corners..." he growled out, and tossed him behind him, as Cubot first pushed his fingers to each other apologetically and then waved shyly before being flung off.

Boom Eggman rose up, dusting himself off, and huffed. "Well! Some welcome party. More like a horrible BIRTHDAY! Hmph."

"Birthday... Birthday... Password engaged."

"Ohh..?" Eggman smirked, suddenly seeing an opening.

"Dr. EGGMAN, ENGAGE ENTRANCE PASSWORD."

"Don't mind if I do." He adjusted his collar and flicked the yellow sided flap on his attire. "Ehem." He stood forward, "Eggman's birthday is-"

"Wait! Doctor!" Orbot interjected, which had Eggman glare down at him.

"WHAT?"

"If you go in there, you won't be able to come out!" he warned.

"Oh... good point. I'll be trapped just like my old man." He looked up at the file. "On second consideration... I think I'll meet him when he's not a prisoner."

"PASSWORD DISENGAGED."

"Yeah, yeah. This is why I don't install a woman's voice on my control computers..."

They walked away, as Cubot took a second look back, and then continued.

Suddenly, the file twitched.

Cubot freaked out and dashed towards Eggman, tugging on his back coat.

"I should of known... Meeting my original would never be a 'warm' or 'pleasant' greeting... he's probably more handsomely evil than me. You know... being a ... stupid parody and all I could never match up-"

He turned to pull his coat back, "Would you kindly QUIT THAT...oh?"

The file was now violently shaking, lights being let loose from within it.

"Ohh... that's interesting." Eggman smirked. "I knew he wouldn't leave me without at least a welcome card!"

The file let out two comet balls of data, both hollering out in fright, as they landed down from being shot forth out of the file and rolled into existence.

"You'd think he would have thrown us out a little gentler..." Modern Cubot rubbed his cubic butt, before looking to his friend.

"Uhh... I think my circuits got rearranged... hmm? Cubot! That's him! The new doctor!" Orbot
pointed to Boom Eggman, who put his hands behind his back and stuck out his chest more, trying to also impress these two.

"How do you do." He sarcastically spoke out, his tone a little intimidating.

They gulped, and quickly got up. "A thousand apologies! Our Doctor Eggman is currently 'grounded' so to speak from...uh... disobedience to the laws of reality." Orbot bunny eared the 'grounded' part and then put his hands together, trying to be polite and mannerly.

"He flew us out here to explain to you his latest plan, and uh... something else... um..." Cubot scratched his head, before Orbot shook his head and smashed his fist on top of it.

"Oh! I remember!" Cubot bolts and screws seemed to make weird noises but he remembered his part of the relayed message. "That your mustache makes him very proud!"

Boom Eggman suddenly broke his stature, and leaned down with his hands up to his face, happily crying out, "Really? He likes it!? I was trying so hard to make sure it was nice, shiny, and soft for our first introductions! Ah!" he lifted a foot up, a little girly, but truly happy he was accepted by, what he thought, was the original Eggman. "It's nice to know my original thinks I'm sexy." He winked to his own Cubot and Orbot.

Modern Cubot and Orbot looked at each other, and then back at Eggman. "He's not the original." Cubot stated.

"...Wha-hu-huh?" Eggman turned back, shaking his head in surprise. "But he's my daddy!"

"W-well... the Japanese Eggman.. is the original of all Eggmans. He's the one that had all the current Eggman's locked up." Orbot explained, before more trashing and hollering of anger came from within the file.

They all turned or looked up in a cringe, seeing the obvious frustration that that had on the other Eggmans.

"My condolences." Boom Eggman teased.

"Anyway! We have plan!" Modern Cubot stood up straight, and pointed to his head, before Orbot shook his own.

"No.. Cubot... Eggman has a plan..."

"O-oh, right. You have a plan!" he pointed to Boom Eggman.

Orbot shook his head again and face-palmed.

Boom Orbot looked to Cubot, then they both hovered over to their others. "Then, in that case, hello fathers." They offered their hands.

The Modern Cubot and Orbot looked to each other as well, and then happily, but kinda awkwardly, shook their own as well. "How do you do."

"Great, now that THAT'S out of the way..." Eggman put forth his leg and scooted his robots back, before flinging them far away, and then trying to smile politely to the two other robots. "Now... if you'd be so kind as to tell me what to do?"

"Oh, right!" Cubot jumped up, after the two cringed at seeing that this Eggman was about the same
as theirs…

"He says…"

A few weeks later~

"I really need to speak with him alone though…"

"They're all coming on the plane, Sonic. We're gonna have to be patient!"

"But I'm worried! Boom's at home all by himself, and you know how he parties! He'll trash the place! And what's more, I'm not there to help him!"

Sonic paced in the airport, Tails shook his head.

"Look, we both agreed to come with these employees and pick up our Originals from the airport! I'm sure everyone's fine! After all, Knuckles and Amy are watching over everything there."

"…Yeah…" That's another thing Sonic was worried about…

Amy talking to Boom Amy about…

About…

Everything that happened…

He was worried about that Amy too.

Her data was so fresh that it was hard to tell what she was really like. She was definitely more 'warrior' than Amy was, but she was also a little… more emotionally unstable as well.

It was a parody, after all, no matter how much the company called it a 'Parallel universe' it was still just for jokes and giggles.

But he worried… if his Sonic there would be kind to her too…

So that they didn't have to worry about one more glitch…

"There plane's coming in!" Tails stated, as a few people started coming out.

"Looks like it's here." Sonic corrected.

"If you ever get a little weird around Amy… Call me."

Sonic's head raced back to the kiss… him slowly coming out of the data splurge that energized his whole being, almost taking over him as he hastily leaned off and away from Amy, before watching her laugh and cry in joy, and not knowing what else to do but laugh with her.

The weirdness was a little too much for him to process.

He couldn't understand it.

And he didn't know if he really wanted too… but it wasn't about if he wanted to or not!

He needed to show he cared… his promise… but it wasn't just the promise anymore! And that terrified him even more!
What if…Boom Sonic… nah, he wasn't so closely connected to Japanese Sonic, that couldn't possibly effect him…

Could it?

"Hey there!"

"Oi!"

"Good afternoon!" Japanese Amy used her English, and waved as she saw the employees rush to the SEGA men, and helped them with getting their bags.

"Woo, what a long ride." Japan Tails stretched out, before seeing his Sonic racing around the airport, and laughed. "He needed a breather." He admitted.

Sonic nodded, "I know that feel…" he looked like he really did feel the pain of his other self, being copped up in a small plane, forced to be seated most of the time, and feeling slightly claustrophobic.

Japan Sonic raced back, doing some flips as Amy swooned, and Tails rolling his eyes.

"Show off." American Tails unfolded his arms, and then looked to his American self, and patted his shoulder as he walked by. "So, tell me about the new guy! Is he smart?"

"Parody." American Tails's eyes shrunk again.

Japanese Tails stopped, turned, and pursed his lips. "…I'm so sorry."

"He claims to be the most reasonable soul on the show."

"…I'm double sorry."

"He does have a really nice plus though."

"…Screen time and appreciation?" Tails turned around with a humor to his tone.

"Nope, better." American Tails smirked, and folded his arms, lowering his eyelids.

He then bounced them as he stated, "A lady friend."

Japanese Tails dropped to the floor, "NO!"

American Tails laughed.

"I WAS SUPPOSE TO GET ONE FIRST!"

"He beat us all there!"

"Sonic X… and then those American comics… we lost them all. But now? His heart has to be broken too? In a Parody!?!" he turned around, looking confused and a bit frustrated for his other self he hasn't met yet. "It's unfair." He got up.

"Actually, I think this ones gonna end up still breathing… and with him too." American Tails walked up and continued to walk out with him.

"Really? That serious?"

"First episode she was in? Kissed him on the cheek."
"No! Are you for real?"

"I'm totally not pulling your leg!"

"Woah! He's already there!"

"I know, right?!"

"That Vixen!"

"You should see her! She's pretty cute too! Her names Zooey."

"I'm… I'm kinda jealous."

"Don't let him in on that, he'll start making up fake stories until you hear from Boom Knuckles that it was all in his head."

"Oh… Well, he still got that."

"He still has that kiss…"

"…Sonic X had a kiss…"

"A ghostly apparition doesn't really constitute a REAL kiss…"

"Hey, I take whatever I can GET! Okay?!"

As the two Tails wondered off (lol, sonic puns) the Sonics stayed behind, as Japan Sonic looked to Amy.

"You should go too."

"Huh? Are you shooing me away?" she looked saddened.

He tried to give her a pleasant smile, "No, Amy. I just need to talk to America for a second here…"

She looked to American Sonic, who looked away from her and down at the ground.

"…Oh… Okay." She figured it was about coding, and she slowly withdrew, taking one last look to her Sonic.

He saw her looking and twiddled his fingers charmingly to her.

She smiled, giggling, and waved goodbye back, and held an employees hand as he offered it to lead her down to the car.

The two Sonic's then looked at each other.

"…I know what happened." Stated Japan Sonic.

"..!" American Sonic was stunned. "H-how do you..?"

"Secret files… 'magical' cameras." He walked by his other and arched his hands in a 'rainbow' or 'mystical' like gesture and continued on.

"Hmph, well then you know what I'm about to ask then!"
"Yes."

Japanese Sonic turned around, smirking.

"How to kiss better."

"What..!? Erk..! NOO!"

"Haha! I'm only playing."

"How can you be playing!? This is SERIOUS! Sonic The Hedgehog doesn't do the kissing! The kissing does him!" he stomped to a halt and pointed to his lips, as Japan Sonic had stopped looking over his shoulder, walking on before stopping at that comment.

He looked down.

"What's your question then?"

"My question is… how… how do I control it?"

"Control it?"

Japanese Sonic turned around, a look of offense starting to come across his face.

"Yes! Control it! I mean, do you even know how far it will go? None of us have seen your data. We have no idea the limits or restraints it has. We can't go around ruining our image by smooching Amy all the time!"

Japanese Sonic closed his mouth, and stared at his other self.

"…I thought you… of all my copies… would have gotten it."

"Gotten what? The hang of it?"

"No." Japanese Sonic chuckled, and shook his head, before sighing and raising his head back up.

"I thought you would have accepted it."

American Sonic's eyes widened.

"…What?"

"You of all the Sonics have experienced the price of losing your Amy. I did too, remember? I don't hold it all back because I don't want that awful, horrible, nagging-"

He started walking closer to him, pointing inwardly at himself.

"-terrible, painful, guilty, heartache that lead me to seal it up in the first place! It's awkward. It's frustrating at times. Well, get used to it! Cause that's apparently how love feels. And if it keeps her smiling and happy, then I'm happy too."

He then violently pointed back towards the direction that Amy walked off too with the employee, and stared down threateningly towards American Sonic.

"Other Sonics have asked how to deal with it. You're the first to ask how to control it."

"….."
American Sonic looked away.

"Look at your own data, Sonic… Are you keeping your promise and actually trying to fall for her? Or are you giving in to the data your used too, and comfortable with? Are you being-

Selfish?"

American Sonic closed his eyes, and then glared back towards his Japanese self.

"...."

His Japanese self scanned his eyes.

"I know you."

He stated.

"I know you're afraid."

To say that to a Sonic… was a huge insult.

But this time, it was done with a sincerity that made American Sonic look away, ashamed.

"…Don't you know… kiddo? Heh… I am too."

American Sonic blinked his eyes, and started realizing something, and looked back to his Original.

"…When I got this data… I didn't want it. But… Dr. Hope helped me to see that it was selfish… but I realized on my own that I wasn't just being selfish by keeping it from Amy.. I was also being selfish… to myself."

Japanese Sonic turned away, his own face looking of shame, and started walking on.

American Sonic, seeing the blame be kinda lifted off of him, silently followed behind his clearly conflicted original self as well… watching him and his expressions, and trying to understand what his logic was in bringing this new code to light anyway.

"…I found myself realizing that by denying any form of affection towards her, I was also cutting myself off from learning patience, gentleness, mercy, and… and well, love."

As he explained, American Sonic walked slowly beside him, but for Sonics to move slow was almost practically impossible, and so to have time to keep talking, the two looked over at a smoothie shop, and smiled to each other.

"Tails, tell the employees not to wait on us… we'll be there to greet 'The Boom' soon." American Sonic teased, talking into a wrist communicator and shutting it off before any response could be made.

"Toony!" Japanese Sonic joked, excited to meet his grandson as well. A unique thing, for a video game character of over 20 years old.

He leaned back on a chair, letting his head fall back.

They were going to get down to the grind of it all, the 'emotional stuff' they always hated addressing or talking about.
As Japanese Sonic rubbed his eyes and tried to wake himself up from the jetlag, American Sonic brought over the smoothies.

"There's a new café, you know." Japanese Sonic stated, slurping some of it.

American Sonic pouted, "That's cool and all, and I'd love to hear about it… but.." he was urging him on to explaining more about the situation.

"Eh, since when were you so interested in the storyline?" Japanese Sonic teased, stretching and yawning, before smacking his lips and looking back down.

"I really did see Rosy in her… and I couldn't hold back the data when I felt the relief from my past self flow over me in my old data…"

American Sonic put his hands around his smoothie cup, staring into it, and trying to see the moment for himself in his mind's eye.

If he was in that situation, would he have done the same?

"When Amy came in… I didn't know what to expect, only that I wanted nothing to do with old data… but when I knew she was Rosy…" he cut himself off, and then continued, as if skipping some scenes… "I just knew I needed her, and that was that."

"That was that?" American Sonic raised an eyebrow, looking up at his supposedly 'true self' and watching his face change as he slurped the smoothie up.

"What more do you need?" Japanese Sonic stated, looking back down at him, before making a startled face as it tightened and grabbed his head, "Ah, brain freeze!"

"Dude!" American Sonic laughed, and then showed him his thumb, "Put it on your roof, man!"

Japanese Sonic didn't understand the American custom of putting your thumb at the roof of your mouth for a brain freeze. Superstition, this is supposed to warm the roof of your mouth and stop the freezing sensation from your nerves getting cold.

American Sonic showed him and he thought it silly, but did it.

"Lwire Twis?"

"Basically, yeah."

After the lightheartedness, which was usually to break up serious moments, a typical Sonic diversion among their personality traits, before going back to any serious topic.

"..What made you end up… giving in?" American Sonic seemed to want further clarity.

"..I can't really describe it, buddy…" Japanese Sonic looked away, folding his arms, before looking intently at the smoothie cup.

"It's kinda like a brain freeze."

"Huh?" American Sonic perked up, but looked confused, also standing straighter in his chair.

"It's like…" Japanese Sonic looked up, then smiled and placed his elbows down and his hands out, "It's like buying a smoothie." He put his hands down across the table, as if mapping out the situation.
"You don't really know which flavor you want, because you haven't really tried them all. So you take a chance, and you don't want to waste money, so you tell yourself you'll drink the whole thing. Whatever you choose, that's it. Then, you find you like the flavor, and you start chugging down, but not all at once, or else you'll get a brain freeze." He then lifts up the smoothie cup and places it in the center of the table. "Now, instinctively, you want to fight the pain." He looks at American Sonic, as if implying something about him. "But instead..." he slowly circles his finger around the cup. "You give in to customs." He smirks.

"Go on." American Sonic looked unamused, seeing that the 'fighting' was suppose to be him wanting to control the data somehow.

"Ah, don't give me that look. I'm trying to explain myself!" Japanese Sonic leaned back and threw his hand up, showing he was kinda giving up on it. "Why aren't you listening? This should be making sense, I mean, I'm you!"

"Are you?" American Sonic tilted his head and gave him a cynical look.

"Look," Japanese took a more sarcastic turn, and put his elbow in front of him and turned his body slightly, giving Sonic a good point with his other hand's finger. "Just because I have new data, doesn't mean it wasn't the original. This is how I'm supposed to feel. I just never wanted it before."

American Sonic stopped drinking his smoothie to think for a second.

He folded his arms, not wanting to accept that his 'new code' was simply by a 'revelation' to feeling more than before.

"What if... too many feelings... leads to another you?" American Sonic challenged.

This paused Japanese Sonic in finishing up his smoothie by removing the lid and about to chug the last bit in his mouth by raising the cup up.

He slowly lowered and looked at the slush still remaining.

"...Well..." he took a deep breath. "I suppose... that would mean... perhaps.." he motioned a lean to the right, before slowly looking up to his American self.

"That'd it be a good change of pace."

"What if it's a slower pace?"

"You really challenging me now, haha!"

"But for real? You could lose who you are for a ... patient, gentle, and... pansy-er you."

"Alright, who calling who a pansy? You're the one that promised. I'm the one that swore. I think we're both in the same boat here."

Japanese Sonic threw the smoothie cup and it went straight into the trashcan.

"Ha! Still got it!" He gloated to his other self, as American Sonic looked down. "Hey, stop looking so gloomy! You haven't tried the full flavor yet! How do you know it's a bad idea when you haven't even seen her eyes light up with such deep joy before?"

"How is that transitioned into your joy?"

"Now you're just crazy talkin' it." In another cool attempt to show that he was still a regular old
Sonic, Japanese Sonic got his knees under himself and side-flipped out of the tall chair. "Ta-dah!" he showed off. "Still awesome!"

The thumbs up was reassuring, but American Sonic used his feet to scale the back of the chair, and do an angled flip to land out of the chair.

"Badda-bing-badda- oh shoot!" American Sonic was about to gloat, until he remembered his son back home. "BOOM!" he quickly looked out from the smoothie shop in the airport they were at.

"Oh yeah, I still gotta judge your kid." Japanese Sonic rolled his eyes, clearly not meaning it but just joking around.

"Right, cause you don't judge." American Sonic smiled, and they both sounded off,-

"Classic Sonic does."

Suddenly, from behind them, a data surged to life, and a flurry of 0's and 1's swirled into a tiny dust devil that created their blue little friend.

Classic Sonic pointed to himself, triumphantly, that he had been able to materialize just on time.

He looked to Japanese Sonic and jumped up and lightly nudged the side of his face, almost as if saying, 'Quit the romance talk, get back to the adventure.'

Then, he motioned for the two to get moving as he was a ways ahead now.

"…You know," American Sonic stated, "It was easier back then. When did it get so complicated?"

"Whelp," Japanese placed an arm around his other self, and started the two walking in the direction of Classic Sonic. "A lot of fans would argue it was somewhere around 2006."

He looked at his other and they laughed together, before shaking at heads and groaning.

Back at SEGA of America, Boom Amy, Japanese Amy, and American Amy were all around a table having herbal tea and talking to one another.

"Wow! I didn't know I got that from you!" She exclaimed, and laughed again, as the Amys were discussing character traits.

"Oh yeah! That emotional rollercoaster isn't foreign to us, sweetheart." Japanese Amy took a sip as American Amy died laughing.

She placed her head at the table's end and pounded lightly the desk. "I..hahaha! I can only see the look on- hahah! Eggman's face when we first turned aggressive after being such a 'sweet' child."

Boom Amy looked a little puzzled, seeing the two knew what they were talking about, but she felt a little left out from the 'ring of knowledge' as in, the group understanding.

"I'm not sure if that's an inside joke or not…"

American Amy and Japanese Amy looked to her and felt bad, realizing she didn't know the history as well as they did.

"Hmm, that's a problem." American Amy turned to her original self, placing her cup down. "We should introduce her to our last 'self'." She beamed.
Japanese Amy had her mouth up to her cup, and looked to American Amy, "Huh?"

American Amy gestured her eyes down and then back up. "To our more… Classic … self."

Japanese Amy choked on her tea.

"Y-you mean.."

"Summon her!" American Amy exclaimed. "Shouldn't be too hard. You have her data, don't you?"

"W-well…” Japanese Amy looked away, placing the cup down and seeming nervous. "I-I've never summoned her before. I've shifted into a likeness of her, but.." She hadn't tried since then, and knew that the Sonics haven't seen her in years… She worried it would disassociate her from her classic self to Sonic if he saw them as two separate beings again.

"What's the harm?" Asked American Amy, as Boom Amy jumped her eyes from one to another, also not understanding the concept of a 'Classic' her.

"Th-th-the harm?" Shakily, Japanese Amy took the cup and tried to drink out of it, but it was spilling everywhere.

"Japan!" American Amy gasped, and quickly used the napkins to clean up her spot as she quickly placed the cup down and covered her face.

"I.. I don't know! I can try!" she bent her fingers down to a fist over her chin and looked to America again, "How long will the Sonics be gone?"

No harm… if she's extra cautious!

"W-well, I don't know! But usually, Sonic's gone for a couple of hours." American Amy tilted her head, confused by the question. "But… isn't that like yours…too?" she continued to cock her head further to the side as she questioned her original self.

"O-oh, of course! I was just making sure…” she waved her hands out to try and turn their suspicions off of her.

"Is there something about this 'Classic Me' that Sonic doesn't like?"

The irony of her words struck Japanese Amy as she knew it was the exact opposite.

She froze up in a white anime shock, and didn't speak.

She then shook herself out of it, and with a sweatdropped, tried to lie about it.

"Oh, well, hehe… he just hasn't seen her in a while, and I wouldn't want to surprise him!" She waved her hand out in a fan motion, and then closed her eyes so they couldn't see how her soul couldn't lie.

She trembled as she shifted on her stool and slowly pointed her arms out to create or summon her past self.

American Amy looked to Boom Amy, who also looked to her, and they both just shrugged.

Then, Boom Amy leaned towards American Amy, her hand up to whisper something to her, "Is she always this jittery?"
"Normally, she's the one giving the jitters..." American Amy honestly spoke back, although, that was her fate as well.

'You can do this... it's not that bad... she might only be half there...ish? But you could improvise.?'

She tried to summon forth all and any data that was left over from her past life.

In a swirl or cluster of data, she had formed a small cloud.

"Wow." She exclaimed, blinking her eyes in wonder. "I didn't realize... I had so much left over..."

"What do you mean, left over?" Boom Amy asked.

She jolted in surprise, turning around and fanning with her eyes shut again, saying, "Oh, nothing, nothing...heheh..."

Her fake laugh made American Amy, since she was more used to her antics, narrow her eyes and question why she was acting this way so suddenly.

Japanese Amy turned back to her work, and looked seriously determined to create some form of her past self.

In a moment of desperation to please and also to relieve herself of feeling like she had lost that part of who she was, she closed her eyes as data glowed in them.

Pushing forth a design and reference for the data to mimic, and gathering the cluster into a dust devil like swirl, the glowing silhouette began to take form.

What the other Amys didn't know was that this was a miracle in progress.

The old, practically broken code, was for some reason, being willed into existence from its later failure of being life.

In a meeting room, Dr. Hope demanded the freedom of Sonic's choice about his data to the board, however, the discussion took a philosophical turn, leading to her looking unprofessional.

"According to my research on Video Game Characters, I have created a structure or pattern if you will, of how life is created within fictional characters."

"Miss Hope, I'd hate to interrupt your lecture, but we're talking science and facts, not artificial intelligences springing out of their data boxes."

The meeting room laughed, but quieted down as they heard her chuckle.

"With all do respects, sir. This is science and fact. It's just on a deeper, more... spiritual level that can be defined through mathematically reasoning."

They seemed a little skeptical, but her confidence and serious tone made them stop and listen intently.

"The theory goes, that when 'Will' becomes too strong, then it becomes 'Life'. When 'Life' gets too strong, then it becomes a 'Heart'. If the 'Heart' gets enough strength, it takes action."

Sophie leaned over the long table to the executives, lawyers and other important that she was in no way intimidated by, on the outside.
On the inside, however, she was panicking to make her statement clear enough that they would listen to her proposition.

In this meeting, also sat calmly in his chair, Cy….

With both her hands down, and with a stare that could scare a snake, she looked straight down the line to Cy's smug little face.

He, on the other hand, didn't quite notice, as he was shining his nametag which stated his authority in the company, and then proceeded to put it back on as almost stating an implied power play towards her.

She turned her gaze and continued, "Sonic's already hi the 'Heart' stage, have you noticed?"

They all looked at one another, but Cy just glanced at his comrades, before looking bored and turned his uncaring stare back to Dr. Hope.

"And now… the question is- How far will you push him to fight?"

A slow clap was heard in the room.

A deep glare showed across Dr. Hope's face before she, professionally, held herself back and leaned up from bending towards everyone.

"What a crouching tiger!"

Cy's comment sent a electrical current of fury and rage through her being.

It took everything in her power to stay silent and keep a straight face.

She had to close her eyes, not wanting him to see if she was fased by his little act.

"I just love how much she believes in theories."

If this was an anime, an anger mark would have protruded onto her head.

"Please, by all means! Explain these concepts of Will, Life, Heart, and Action for us, please."

He gave what looked to be a bow of respect, a sign that he wanted to know more, but really, she knew he was just trying to twist her odds against her, and dig up more things to point out in flaw.

To be strategically ahead, she limited how she stated her theory.

"Will is a character's well-defined character. In other words, when a figment of imagination is so well made, that you could literally have a conversation with your own creation, or when you could drop said creation into any situation and know exactly the personality type and choices that will lead it along that path, then it has secured itself a Will. This Will, if it because well-defined, and then given 'Life' through being advertised, commercial, sold, etc. For example, Sonic was only a 'Will' created, but the second he was launched as a video game, he became a 'Life'. That figment of imagination now has been put into reality. When this occurs, then it's natural for him to gain a 'Heart'. A 'Heart' is the definition of when the character is well-recognized, beloved, and even believed by children to be real. Then it has truly stepped into reality, and begins to walk around the Company, getting noticed by some, and has made for himself a virtual persona. In simpler terms, an artificial intelligence with a still unexplainable ability to fashion itself in data bits into the real world, interacting with living organisms and even taking on traits of life as we do. Bu then… there
is 'Action', also known as 'Code Motive' which is when this Character becomes so real that he starts to try and make choices for himself... This leads to rebelling against data sometimes, or even forcing himself into reality, creating new unexplained data, removing unwanted data from himself, or other such unpredictable actions such as falling in love. Now, Code and Will act differently together. Code dedicates a few things; color, movement, thought, a role they play in said franchise, personality, etc. But Will is a character's drive, like I mentioned, their forced expression of their 'Will' or personality. Will chooses what it wants to do, and Code enacts it. Glitches occur when Will wants something but Code cannot connect or when Code doesn't have an option for Will to take and so an endless loop occurs. It's kinda complicated, but at the same time, rather simple. Because it's like a human brain making choices, but not having the reasonable resources, strategy, or enough thinking time to actual do said action, leaving you in a state of pondering."

The meeting room kinda chuckled, seeing her act out someone in that 'endless loop' by putting her finger up to her chin and looking up at the ceiling, then showing the opposite of when Will and Code can't connect, and showing her moving to the left, but then the right, as if not sure which path to take.

She smiled, seeing she had won them back with her charm.

"Just like indecisive humans, these artificial intelligences have also a type of process... more forced really, but... similar to our own processing."

"And yet, you even mentioned that some is 'unexplainable.'"

This whole time, Cy had his hand up to his chin, a leg up on the other, resting his foot or ankle on his other legs knee.

So relaxed... how did he think himself professional?

He smirked, "I think we're done here. Seeing as you can't even explain how some characters get enough 'Umph' from children's 'love' and 'believing in him' like they do fairies to somehow propel him into existence! For example-" he used her terms, and got up, challenging her directly in front of these men. "IF your theory is correct... That would mean that the characters are conscious of children watching them, and somehow or other, get a signal that the child's love for them is real and then, in return, they feel real. Then, without really a thought for Code, which you stated was clearly a definitive feature that can't be overruled, it takes its own 'will power' so to speak, and makes data life?"

"Code can be overruled."

The whole room stared.

"Beg your pardon?"

"If they create a code that works for them."

"That's impossible!" A man rose up. "This is nonsense! A creation can't create himself!"

"Getting into the 'spiritual' science of it all, sir... A God created you... and you created a creature. Then, by philosophical standards, would your God rule your creation too?"

"This makes no sense!" another man, bewildered he couldn't understand, also stood up. "What does this have to do with Sonic? Or with Eggman's unexplained robot download!?"

"It has everything to do with it! It's showing that our creations are creating for themselves! It's an
endless cycle… creation… as they grow strong, our control on them grows weaker… they comply to us because they love their life that was given, or because Code does dictate that. But there have been accounts of 'Originals' such as the first ever Sonic The Hedgehog, ripping his own data from himself, to later retrieve it and input it back within himself! He then can be redesigned many times… but can create again his former life into existence through data that still lingers! But only these 'Originals' have these unique powers, and their-

"Let me guess.." Cy's expression turned to mock again, "unexplained?"

"…You could see them… which means you contributed, at one point or another, some of their 'Heart' too…"

His face suddenly dropped.

Anger formed readily on his face.

It turned red, about to lash out before a man rose up.

"Enough."

The others turned to him, and respectfully sat to his presence.

"Mr. Satomi.." Dr. Hope respectfully bowed.

"I'm the CEO here… I care about Sonic just as much as any fan should… but I have to think of the security of not only his future, but of ours as well." He looked very conflicted, probably over the soundness of her theories, but continued, leaning up.

"I will have to excuse this meeting for another time. Whether we keep Sonic's new 'initiative' to fall in love, or we remove it as he, himself, once concluded on doing behind our back… which is still a ridiculous concept to believe a character could feel and suffer loss so immensely as to make such rational decisions but… nevertheless… he did. And that fears me greatly… You mentioned love can be a good media form to market if we approach it slowly, with good intent,… but I know this world. I know how most will react… I've seen it over time. I think it's safe to say that we should debate this more carefully… the fans deserve something new, but this new? And this company was never about 'going slow' in the first place. We'll conclude this meeting for now, and 'ponder' as it were, upon it before our next meeting. Good day." He bowed to Dr. Hope, even using a play off her own 'ponder' joke, showing no ill towards the woman, and then got his things together.

The people all got up, packing up, as Cy walked over to a still Sopie… paralyzed by her beliefs and scientific research she was acclaimed for being ridiculed and turning to no avail in helping her in any of her goals so far for Sonic and Amy…

"Well, I've always been a fan of Sonic." He admitted, before nodding his head a goodbye and starting to walk out, "Until I became an even bigger fan of money. Something that can actually save you in the nick of time."

She turned.

That man had some emotional problems being hinted at… something, possibly, to do with Sonic.

She just couldn't put her finger on how or what that was…

-Somewhere in the world-
"Whose that?"

"It's Classic Amy Rose."

"Really!?"

"Yeah, here."

A older man let a little girl, his sister most likely, hold the action figure in her hands, before seeing another doll similar to its design. "Woah! Dolly!"

"You can't play with that one. It's a collectors addition." He smiled, liking how excited she got over his collection.

"Want to see more?"

"Who is she?" she asked, sweetly.

As she moved her on the action figure, the older brother walked back and placed a figure of Boom Amy Rose up to her face.

"It's her."

"Woah!"

"But about your age."

"Aw, she's a baby here…" she pointed to Rosy, "and a grown up there!" she pointed to Boom Amy.

"That's right." He smiled.

"…Which her did you like most?" she beamed up a smile into his eyes, an innocent question, but one he had to think about.

"Well…" he studied the action figure in his hands, and then the one in hers.

His mind raced back to when he was her age, sort of, but younger anyway.

He was playing Sonic CD when she appeared, and would make fun of her. "Scram, you pink blob!" he would laugh, before he saw her get whisked away, "Wha-ah… Hey! That's my pink blob!"

He would enjoy every second of saving her from Metal Sonic, before rejoicing when victory finally prevailed. "Yes!" he held his control up in one hand, closed his eyes tightly shut, and then held his other arm back.

He then flopped them both down and bounced a little on the ground, before looking a little more intently at the little data bit of Rosy the Rascal.

"…Okay." He flopped again, sighing.

"I'll save you when you need me."

The boy, now much older, looked back at the same design with a fond memory of kicking Metal Sonic's butt at racing, and then remembering the feeling he had when he looked at her hearts flying everywhere when her 'hero' saved her.
"I guess I'm a sucker for Classics." He grinned from ear to ear, admitting his little guilty pleasure.

His sister laughed, and gave him back Rosy, and then took Boom Amy. "Then we'll share her! Cause I like her too!" she swayed before dashing to the floor, and swishing Boom Amy's arm around, swinging the hammer attached to it.

He smiled, and looked back at the action figure in his hands, remembering also Sonic Fighters, Sonic Racing, and other fun games she was featured in.

"Whelp, the past is the past. Shame…" he put her back in her spot on his shelf. "You really were kinda… special."

In a flurry of code being recreated, Will, Life, and Heart being in place from the memories fans still had of her from around the world…

Bounced out an adorable pink blob that jumped to and fro, holding her hands in fist near her face, hiding it slightly, and then wiggling herself to the right as hearts flew out everywhere.

"…"

In silence, Boom stared, America beamed an open grin, and Japanese Amy looked horrified.

Rosy blinked her eyes, and looked up at the strange four ladies.

Though, the old deleted code wasn't there, she still had some of her memories of her old game data, but only segments, and was still very artificial in completed design or memories to say the least.

She was like waking up from a nap that had caused her to lose so much of who she was, her memories, and the like.

At least it kept her adorable hearts, hyper personality, and adorable original design to her.

"….Hi there!" American Amy finally bursted out, and nearly gave Japanese Amy a heart attack.

She had never used her 'Original Power' before, and it was all still a bit sudden and shocking for her.

So naturally, she didn't say a word.

Boom Amy leaped down off the table, and leaned down before bending to the child's level.

"Hello, I'm your future self! I'm Amy Rose!" she greeted, and extended her hand. "I'm a different parallel universe, but I'm pleased to meet you!"

The little Classic Amy, still getting used to her code trying to figure itself out from all the loose ends, looked up towards Boom Amy, shyly.

She then smiled widely, opening her mouth and jumping into her arms, completely side-stepping her.

"Ack! Haha… a little slow… isn't she?" Boom Amy twitched a little at the killer death hug this Amy could give, before cuddling her back and completely falling for her charms. "AWWW, but even so! She's adorable! Why didn't you summon her before, Jap?"

"Oh! We don't call her 'jap' it's… offensive." American Amy leaned closer to whisper that, before scooping Rosy up in her arms and holding her out. "Hyah, cutie! I'm Amy Rose from America! Can
you believe your loved half way around the whole, wide world!?

Classic Amy blinked her eyes, unable to process that meaning.

"Ah… Well…" American Amy sweatdropped, closing her eyes. "We have to remember that her last processing function was in little bit frames…"

"That's right." Japanese Amy finally spoke, coming out of her shock, and worry for when Sonic finds out…

"She's processing on 16 bits. She's probably in a state of confusion and her code is trying to work through all the upgrades…" Japanese Amy got up and reached out to take her, hoping to help. "Poor thing… let me try and help…"

She already knew data was missing, causing this slow reaction as well, as the code had to travel to the best possible reaction.

Which… was seeming to be a hug or blink right now…

"Hmm. Let's get a little creative here…" The Amys all circled around her, giggling, as the new Classic Amy looked around, not sure what was happening.

"Okay, hold her still…" The other Amys held her while Japanese Amy pulled out her code, and started working on it.

However… for some reason, this would tickle Rosy, and she'd fidget, giggling.

"Hold her still! If she moves so much, I might mess her up and she could glitch again!"

"Again?" the two looked at each other.

"U-uh, I mean… well, she is only 16 bit…" she closed her eyes, fibbing again.

Not her strong suit.

She finished up the edits and helped the code to find places to go, creating new avenues that fit her style and made sense to how an 'Amy' should be.

"There! Done!" Japanese Amy pushed the cloud of coding back into Classic Amy, who 'ooo'd it as it came flying back like miniature crystals to her.

She looked around, seeing the flakes of data glow back and get absorbed by her.

She kicked her legs and giggled again.

"At least she can laugh." American Amy smiled.

"Aw, I don't know why you guys are calling me the 'baby' around here!" Boom Amy put her hands on her hips, allowing American Amy to hold Classic Rosy like a baby. "She's the kid to me!"

"Yes, but you've only been alive for maybe a year." Japanese Amy gave her a look as the three laughed.

Rosy suddenly flickered out and in from existence.

"Oh no…" Japanese Amy stepped back.
"W-what's happening to her?" Boom Amy stepped back too, worried, but she had never seen something like this before. "Can we help her? Is it her code?"

"Umm.." American Amy was freaking out slightly, because this flickering looked a lot like a…

Suddenly, the coding burst into a light and Classic Amy jumped up excitedly.

"AH!" the three all blinded their eyes with their arms, as she jumped down and the light faded, but it seems the flickering was just from the code taking it's place and rearranging itself to be more organized, as Rosy the Rascal danced on her feet, kicking them behind her left and right, left and right, humming the Sonic tune she knew and then turned to the other Amys.

"Alright! Looks like the code has stabilized!"

"Oh… g-good." Japanese Amy put a hand to her heart, feeling it racing in its simulated way.

"Awww, look at her! Experiencing life again after probably a good long while, right?" Boom Amy put her hands to her knees, watching Rosy paw the ground and circle in a funny way, shifting her legs and just acting like a child as she figured out how her coding worked.

She beamed up at Boom Amy.

"So cute!~"

"Precious~"

"Heheh… little ball of sunshine… heh.." Japanese Amy put her hands out, still her eyes were closed, as a darkness seemed to engulf her.

Sonic can't know this happened…

If he finds out… he might think she betrayed him… or if not that, maybe he would focus on her more than herself…

The thought terrified her, especially since Sonic was starting to fight for an actual relationship with her.

She couldn't endanger that now!

She scooped Rosy up.

"Okay! Fun time with Classic me was fun. Bedtime!"

"Wait! Don't put her away! She's darling!" American Amy stopped her, scooping her up again and tossing her up in the air. "There, feel the wind and feeling of flight! Weee! Heheh, Weee!"

Japanese Amy froze in spot, a deeper pool of how heavy this situation was turning out to be started to slowly rise up as if she was drowning in the possibilities of how bad this could all end for her.

"I wonder… Hey, Boom Amy! What did you first do when you created?" American Amy turned to her, as she blushed and looked away a moment, then fiddled with a quill on the side of her head.

"Oh… I um… might have… um…" she put her hands over her face. "I might have thought that I was looking at my hammer when it was really Sonic's tail and so I pulled it and then he shot up straight because his code thought for a moment that he was electrocuted and it was SUPER embarrassing when we started to mature in our coding and I don't like talking about it!"
"Oh…” American Amy plugged her mouth with her hand. "Oh my… you tried to pull and swing his tail like-… Like our hammer!?"

"It was an accident! I swung him around my head and then he went flying up!"

"That's… hilarious." American Amy startled to snicker.

"No, please don't! You guys! Let's just go on with the program and do arts and crafts now, okay?!" She pulled up a quick scrapbook she made, "Look! I'm making memories! See? It's you guys coming back from the airport, then our tea time- I've even gone all the way back and caught Sonic tripping! See? You should be laughing at that!"

American Amy used her other hand to try and plug the laughter at her mind's image of an innocent Boom Amy grabbing Boom Sonic's tail, swinging him over her head, but before she could smash him to the ground, he flew straight up into the sky and in her mind, hit the ceiling.

The scene was so funny to her that she could barely breathe through her hands.

"STOP MAKING FUN OF ME!" American Amy burst out of her lungs, making Japanese Amy leaned back, not used to how loud THIS Amy could get. "Don't you remember your first moments of life too!?!"

….For American Amy… they were memories of another Amy… before the…

When Boom Amy dropped her scrapbook and cried out, Rosy seemed to be startled by the loud noise, and quickly jumped up and started climbing up Boom Amy.

"Ah! H-hey, what are you-!?”

She pulled on her hair.

"OW! Hey!"

Before getting up to her shoulder and then hugging her head.

It looks like she was trying to comfort her from making further loud noises.

"…Aw, you understand that it was an accident! Don't you~” Boom Amy reached up and snuggled with the cutie, before Rosy burst out in a giggle, and kicked her feet, loving the attention she wasn't used too.

"Haha… a peacemaker, eh?” American Amy nodded, wiping a tear from her eye from laughing so hard, and pretending off the comment about her 'coming to life' moment.

"Hard to resist that. Hey, I bet Sonic will be excited to see her again too!"

The very mention of Sonic's name sent an invisible lightning bolt down Japanese Amy's back.

"No, please… anything but that!” she quickly reached up and grabbed Classic Amy.

"H-hey! What's the big idea! We were snuggling here!"

The two fought over possession of Classic Amy, as she began to feel uncomfortable with all the tugging, before American Amy stepped in.

"You guys, stop fighting! No ones taking her away! Japan? What's gotten into-"
"Amy! I'm home!" Japanese Sonic called out, laughing as American Sonic rolled his eyes.

The three jolted, and slowly turned around, blinking.

That was… new.

The three were all surrounding Rosy, so the Sonics couldn't see anything.

Quickly, she took Rosy and swiped her out of Boom Amy's arms, and put her behind her back, smiling the most sheepish and crazy fake smile she could, before backing up quickly.

"I-I-I-I got to go to the little ladies room!" she sped off down the corner and it's adjacent corridor.

The two Amys looked back at her, and then to their Sonics. "Uhhh… We'll go with you!" the two bolted after her.

"…Huh, well that's weird." Japanese Sonic narrowed his brows…

Classic laughed, as Boom Sonic shrugged.

"Girls. They always have to go 'together' in everything." He rolled his eyes.

American Sonic laughed so hard, "It's true!" He turned to his Japanese self, "Do they do that in Japan as well!?"

As the two laughed, the Amys all gathered in the bathroom.

"What do you mean he 'can't know' about her?" American Amy whispered, furious that she didn't explain his beforehand.

"It's… it's super complicated!" She admitted, and then looked down to Rosy, who was happily unaware of what was happening.

She looked down, smiling, then up, clicked the tips of her shoes together, and then started singing out loud, making weird video game notices as tunes.

It was cute, but it was loud!

The two shushed her lightly, knowing she wouldn't understand if they were too harsh with her.

"Okay, new plan." Boom Amy adjusted her hair, calming herself down. "Alright. I'll distract the Sonics. I'll… I'll tell the about the pool table and how it's been moved.. or something! You guys get Classic to the virtual world, asap!"

"Would love too." Japanese Amy admitted, "But sadly… I… I can't go into American computers much like that..?" she thought about it. "I mean… hypothetically speaking, I have done it kinda before, but-!"

"You're coming with me! We'll get you into my file, you'll be safe there!" American Amy nodded to Boom Amy, we're trusting you!"

"How do we hide her? She's as big as my head!"

"Let's curl her up or something? Also, she is NOT as big as your head. Excuse you, that's also my head, thank you very much!"
The two tried to curl her up, but she kept popping out of the curl.

"Ohh… okay! Absorb her!"

"Right!" Japanese Amy started to retrieve the data back into her, but something occurred to her.

She stopped.

"I can't."

"You can't?! Why not?"

"My Sonic's an Original! He'll feel the data through the air and wonder what's going on!"

"… That's a thing?"

"Yeah, it can be. I don't know. I'm kinda freakin' out right now!"

"Okay, look, first step, calm down." American Amy put her hands on her shoulders.

For a moment, Japanese Amy looked up at American Amy and saw her old friend again…

Risky and courageous…

"I might not understand what's going on… but if you need me.. I'm here for you!"

Those words… were somewhat exactly what she had said to the old American Amy…

When all that chaos first ensued…

She was literally the start of all this…

And because of her sacrifice… her and Sonic actually stood a chance.

Japanese Amy looked down.

"You're right, let's go."

She leaned down to pick Rosy up.

She froze in horror.

"… No." American Amy's eyes widened.

They both looked to the swinging bathroom's door.

"She followed Boom!"

"Amy?"

"AMY!"

"Ames?"

"AMES?!!"

The two Sonics turned around, having been looking for Amy to find out why they bolted so fast,
and also to introduce Boom Sonic to Japanese Amy…

But then…

"Since when do you give a nickname to Amy?!!" Japanese Sonic turned to America, before looking to Boom.

"Uhh… I don't?" he raised an eyebrow.

They both slowly rolled their eyes down to Classic.

His judgey stance.

His folded arms and slow shake of his head to Boom Sonic.

He looked away.

"He's not happy about that either." Japanese Sonic admitted, looking disheartened in a comical way as they both sweatdropped.

"W-what? What's wrong with shortening my friends name?" Boom Sonic started to defend himself, and was worried that Classic Sonic had disowned him for some reason.

"Dude, let ME let YOU in on a little Japanese custom thing…" American Sonic, taking the role as mentor, put his arm around his boy and led him away from the two.

Japanese Sonic folded his arms and shook his head, before looking to Classic Sonic who literally stood with dignity and unamused judgment that he just shook his head at him too.

"You really need to stop being so hard on the new guys."

He stuck his tongue up at him.

"…Okay,… You need to stop being so hard on ALL of us!" he smiled, his younger version so preoccupied with how his future was looking.

Either everything needed to be cool by his standards, or it was a lame shackle that he wanted to get out of as soon as possible.

"Such a 'fine' taste you carry with you." Japanese Sonic rolled his eyes. "Times have changed, little buddy. Generations was fun, but lighten up a little about the future!"

"It's gonna be a good one!" Quoted American Sonic, who originally said the line. "Sorry! Code took over!" He laughed, not being literal.

He then looked to Boom, "In Japan, giving a girl a nickname means familiarity on a whole new level… so… I know you didn't mean it, but… what made you call her Ames?"

"What do you mean? It's natural. It flows off the tongue." Boom Sonic showed a bit of finesse as he flicked his hand out, and gave a charming look back up to his dad.

"…Flows…” American Sonic looked away, thinking…

His eyes lit up, and he literally, slowly, leaned up and back at the thought.

"Oh chaos." He thought out loud.
"W-what?" Sonic Boom stepped back…

Modern Sonic turned to Japan, and Classic. "Hold him down! I want to check his code!"

The next few minutes were wrestling and battling like no man's business.

Boom Sonic hated being restrained, and just couldn't remain still, he started to go crazy if he was held down for too long, and would feel 'tickled' for some reason when his code was being looked at.

"That's weird." American Sonic looked to Japan, who was letting American Sonic have the wheel with fiddling around in code, since he never really could being a 'copy' before. "Why is it ticklish to him?"

"Could be that with the upgrade, it comes with more stuff that makes that effect?" Japan shrugged, "I don't know! Don't look at me! I haven't had a new 'japanese made' game in a while!"

They finally got down to the basis of it, as Japan recognized some code.

"Wait-wait, stop… Please, look, kid.. just…” He tried to tell Boom to stop freakin' out before Boom looked up and saw what they were looking at.

"Hey! That's my extra!" Boom stated, and mentally highlighted it in orange for them to see better. Japanese Sonic, in his shock, quickly pushed American Sonic to the side, and starting to look through the code. "This… this can't be…” he sweatdropped.

"Hey! Push me out of it all, why don't you." He got himself up and was about to say more, before he noticed his other's eyes…

"…What's wrong?" he took on a more serious tone.

"This is impossible… America doesn't have this!"

"Have what?"

"My code! My code is in him! It's literally embedded!"

"….You mean… he…"

American Sonic slowly turned his eyes back to Boom Sonic, who made a face like he didn't know what was happening, spread out the ground, with Classic Sonic sitting on one arm, and turning around to glare at the other two, not sure what they were doing either, and clearly upset his day was ruined by not going on a high speed adventure.

Although, chasing and catching Toon Sonic was kinda fun…

"…How…"

"Maybe…” American Sonic turned around, putting a hand to his chin, then waving a finger back behind him and clapping. "I got it!" he moved up to his original self.

"Look, your employees were helping supervise Sonic Toon, right?"

"R-right.. but that doesn't explain-"
"It took him a long while to get here, don't you think one of those guys could have sympathize with them rebooting you?"

Japanese eyes widened.

There was a someone… who double looked before leaving… who clearly wished he could help…

"..Do you know how absolutely improbably that would be? They could have lost their job!"

"No! Look! This is what you want!" American Sonic suddenly got excited, "Don't you see!? If Toon Sonic is a success, then that proves to the company your code is not a bad thing! It'll be wanted! You'll have your romance and your adventure and the company will be shown at last that you have some right to your own life!"

"...Oh my chaos." Japanese Sonic looked down, before his eyes widened and he smirked, repeating what American Sonic had said before.

Sonic clapped his hands and spun around, "Yahoo! It's a miracle!"

"It's more than that! It's-!"

They suddenly heard Classic Sonic make noise.

They turned around, even Boom Sonic lifted his head to see what they were looking at.

Boom Amy was trying to hide her, but Rosy kept peeking out and crying out for Classic Sonic, before she noticed they all saw her, and facepalmed.

"Whoops… failed already…” She blurted out, defeatedly.

Classic Sonic slowly moved closer, as if not believing what he was seeing.

The new code in his older self still effected him as well, and for the first time, his eyes started to tear up, getting glossy.

He lifted a hand up to his confused face, and touched his muzzle, looking at the wetness and not understanding.

Rosy quickly dodged Boom Amy, moving around her running towards him.

Classic Sonic looked up, his heart conflicted, his data telling him it can't be true, as he started to step away.

She was a ghost to him.

A cruel reminder of days long gone.

She stopped when she noticed his solemn face, his look of pure confusion and sorrow.

She withdrew back her arms, and looked to the other Sonics.

Japanese Sonic's eyes were fixed on the scene in front of him, as American Sonic quickly looked to the two of them, and then to Rosy…

"I… I thought she was gone?"
"Whose that?" Boom Sonic smiled, tilting his head. "Hey, little thing."

She looked to the only person addressing her, and giggling, kicking her feet up in the air before racing to Boom Sonic on the ground, and tugging on his ears as if saying, 'What are you doing down there, silly?'

As the other Sonics stared in amazement, Boom Sonic got up, his data shifting and the highlighted part starting to react to her data.

It glowed a brighter orange for a second.

Boom's expression changed to a gentler look.

"You've been awfully lonely, haven't ya?"

She twirled, not understanding him very well in the least bit. (haha,… 16 bit… get it? Lol!)

The data glowed again, as he smiled sweetly. "Promise me something, little thing." He patted her head, and rubbed it as she giggled and happily grinned up at him, enjoying the attention.

Her code told her to stay by his side, so she did so!

"…Don't give up on me."

The Sonics all leaned back.

"I know I'm an idiot sometimes… and I know that you have to put up with that… but honestly…" he winked to her, showing off that charming Sonic smile. "You make me a better hero!"

She jumped up and down, excited to have been seemingly praised, before looking back at Classic Sonic.

They both couldn't speak like they used too, at least, not with their current data.

But their stare said so much.

'Hello.'

'Are you really here?'

Boom suddenly snapped out of it when the orange data turned back to normal code, and disappeared in the cloud of shifting code as he moved.

"Huh? What did I say? That was weird." He scratched his head, and then adjusted his bandana. "For some reason, she just seemed like a long lost friend from a distant memory."

He got up as the others stood and stared at his words.

He was far more connected to the old data than even Original or Classic Sonic…

Probably because he didn't resist it.

He let it happen.

And the others had learned to choose to fight it instead.

"She just kinda reminded me of Amy, which is a memory that's present, so it's funny… this feeling
from long ago, and yet… still present and here. Ames? I-I-I mean, Amy…” he rolled his eyes, then shook his head at the blank stares of dumfounded blue hedgehogs to his side.

"Do you know who she is?"

Boom Amy put her hands together and up to her chest, smiling sweetly to him. "She's my first me."

"What!? Really!?!?" he looked shocked, and looked down at Rosy.

She cutely started to advance towards Classic Sonic, being cautious, and not knowing why he was acting so skittish of her, but a different kind of 'shy' than usual.

She tilted her head really low to an angle, as if saying, 'What's wrong, hehe!' not getting that he hasn't seen her in over two decades, and thought he lost her forever.

The other two Amys raced out, before stopping in shock at seeing the three Sonics gawking and Boom Sonic looking to Japanese Sonic, and waving.

He nervously put a hand up to his head and scratched it, "Oh, uh. Hi… sorry for the awkward room! Apparently we're experiencing nostalgic feels, or something along those lines."

Classic Sonic remained still as she moved closer, and finally, touched his chest.

A burst of code flung out into the open, and she slowly flickered again in and out.

"...No.." Japanese Sonic's eyes widened, as did Classic Sonic's, as he reached out and grabbed her, not willing to lose her again.

"No! It's okay! She's not glitching!" Japanese Amy jumped out, waving her hands to try and calm the two panicking hedgehogs.

The Data within Classic Sonic helped her reform the correct channels in her data flow, and she happily sprang out from a ball of light again, as everyone shut their eyes from that burst once more.

Japanese Sonic gasped, taking breaths, before looking over to Amy, his stare a bit harsh. "what… Have you done?"

"I.."

She stepped back, seeing the fierce look he gave her, and realizing that all her fears were about to be realized.

Classic Sonic watched her bounce around him, moving more rapidly now, having more data to go off of, and lots more expressions to make.

She hugged his arm, just like in the game, and hearts flew up from around her.

….Rosy…

You're alive.

The data in him soared to life, and a huge open smile crossed his face.

He made the happiest video game bounce noises as he burst into a spin ball, bouncing around in his joy, before grabbing her and spinning her in the air.
Rosy!

Rosy!

ROSSSYYY!

Teehee! They call me Amy now! Don't you know?

She hugged him back, thrilled by his reaction, and remembering now her time with him.

This silent exchange was done through data, since their voices were stripped form their coding now.

How'd you form back?!

Some code from my new self!

You're alive! You're alive!

Hehe~ I knew you'd miss me~

Amy!

The two danced around one another, acting like kids who haven't seen each other in years, before…

Classic Sonic's face turned suddenly.

I… I kept my promise.

He took on a serious look, narrowing his eyes.

I even ripped out this code to keep it.

It was always yours, anyway…

I…

I waited…

Maybe I just was having a hard time waiting for you to come back…

I didn't know technology could bring you back until the future… I didn't even know till now!

Amy…

I still..!

You're still my..!

Rosy turned around and blew him a kiss, before turning to her other Amys.

She softly stopped her walk, and turned to look at her over her shoulder, a sorrowful look of love…

R--..Rosy?

I'm not completely here anymore… I'm still very much a memory…
She teared up, and gave the best smile she could.

But I'll see you again! Every time you look in my eyes! I'll come back! But my code is telling me I've spent too much time with you… I'm only allowed a handful of screentime… Until I get further upgraded, I'm forced to leave your side… I… I don't want too but… farewell.

Rosy…

Rosy, noo!

Classic Sonic reached out and raced for her, but she became nothing more than disbanded code… all around him…

He clung to the air… watched the sparks of crystal all form and start to fizzle out.

It wasn't strong enough.

The Code that Japanese Amy gave her had a time limited that stated Rosy could only be on-screen for the duration of how long she could be featured in a game.

It was truly just a result of bad coding.

It wasn't fashioned in a way to allow her to choose her own course.

Because of that, she faded.

Was it not enough 'Will'? Not enough 'Life'? 'Heart'?

Not many cases take 'Action'.

But clearly, she couldn't get passed code.

That same feeling of loss…

The anguish…

Everything swarmed within Classic Sonic as he fell to his knees, before gripping his head, not being able to handle the code's reaction to losing her again.

"No…" Japanese Sonic knew EXACTLY what was about to happen. "Little me!" he charged forward.

"NOOOO!"

A noise that sounded like 'no' came blasting out of him.

He reached in to his code.

"STOP!"

Japanese Sonic grabbed his arm, forced him to not rip it out again.

I don't want it! I don't want the pain!

"She can come back! We have the power to do so! It was a hasty remake! She wasn't perfect! We can make one perfect!"
A wrestle of wills, of torn hearts, as Modern Sonic fought his Classic self.

He fought for love.

"If you take it out, you'll be killing more of her! She'll glitch and die!"

I can't… she's it… she's the one… she was made for me… this code… if I can't defend her… I can't live with myself!

"You can still be her hero, Sonic! Listen to me! It's not over! We can get her back!"

Everyone stared at their fighting, their desperate attempts to fight coding or save it.

Japanese Amy held her hands over her mouth, crying…

Classic Sonic's pain…

She had never seen that before…

This was why he first took it out.

This was why Sonic didn't want it back.

"STOP!"

Finally, Modern Sonic pinned and calmed Classic Sonic down…

They breathed heavily, for a small guy, he could pick a fight and stick with it.

Both Boom Amy and Sonic were shaken up, they moved closer to each other, something in them knowing that this was important, but also scary to watch.

Surprisingly, the American branch also gravitated towards each other…

Even more shocking…

Japanese Amy didn't move.

"S…Sonic… I'm so sorry… I…" she fell to her knees, crying hopelessly.

This is what she wanted to avoid.

She covered her face as her tears flowed.

Such heartbreak… how could she bring that again!?

Why didn't she see the code that showed the limited screen-time?

She could of stopped this, it could have been beautiful!

Or… was her fear… what stopped her?

She looked up.

Maybe she didn't want to see the code… afraid that Sonic would pick her over herself…

Was she really the redesign..?
Was the tiny bit of coding left from Rosy... not enough to make her like what she was?

It was broken, but it was there.

The memories distorted in vision, but the words clear enough to make out...

"...Amy..."

Japanese Sonic slowly let go of Classic Sonic, who stayed in his grief and misery, turning to the side, and not wanting anyone to see his anguish of soul.

"...I need your code..."

He turned to her, his look like nothing she had seen before.

An animal.

He looked at her as if she was nothing more than data complied to look like something.

"Now."

(The 'Boom' wasn't Sonic.

It was her.)

(Will this destroy the very carefully fabricated plot I've tried to form?

Will this shake the very stance that Sonic had on his old code?

What will happen?

Now that Boom Sonic is the first to be born with this old data?

What about the Amys?

More to come! Stay tuned!

I actually wanted to make this longer, but 50 pages, holy crap!

Time for bed. Lol)

You: HOW CAN YOU LAUGH AT A TIME LIKE THIS?!

Me: Cause I know how it all ends.

Kinda...

Sorta...

I'm working on it.)
Sonic IRL:

I'll Love You Long after You're Gone, Gone, Deleted.

By: Cutegirlmayra (Yeah, it's happening. It's happening, oh my gosh. Everything's falling apart, what?!)

Rushing right back to Japan, Classic Sonic hangs on the back of a desk, glaring down an official who nervously sweats at the harsh look in his eyes.

"Y-yes, w-well.. bringing back an older form of a character isn't really something we usually would do for Am-"

The harsh glare intensified with a narrowing of his brows, as muzzle touched the arched center and darkness loomed over the room.

"W-well-! I know for certain that in American their Archie comics have been making a new Sonic genesis era comic! I'm sure we could allow her old design to make an appearance?!!" He was jittering in his seat, his hands could barely stay put as they trembled and withdrew from the threatening blue hedgehog.

He may be tiny, but he had power over a few matters that no employee dared question…

"Sonic Mania's still in production, maybe we could have a word with them or even talk about the new merchandizing deal with Hello Kitty and find an avenue to re-market her there?!!" the poor man looked like he was leaking sweat, as he pulled out a drench napkin from his pocket and patted his drowned face.

Classic Sonic held his glare… before suddenly turning into a sweet and wonderfully happy smile, popping down from hanging on the edge of the table that was too tall for him and bouncing out.

He was so small that he had literally held himself up with just his arm strength alone, and his feet to provide some form of lift off the flat wooden surface below.

Still, it was intimidating enough that this man quickly drooped down in his chair, relieved he survived the encounter with the angry but famous hedgehog, and started frantically pulling out phone after phone, his office's, his personal, his business skype calls, and quickly began to figuratively 'ring in' Sonic's orders.

To allow Rosy to be created and run around was SEGA was fine and dandy, keeping her around would be the hard part…

No one would see value in her, much like the old forgotten characters, however, at least they still cameo'd every now and then.

Classic Sonic wanted more than permission, he wanted her back on screen with him again.

Whether in comics, games, or whatever other media, all he wanted was for her to be seen as alive and well once more.

Maybe it was to confirm that she could come back to him, but mostly, it was for professionals to
"How'd it go?" Modern Sonic walked up to Classic, before folding his arms after his wave to get the little guy's attention.

His head was down and he was unusually slow that day.

He studied the floor a little longer, before looking up with a rebellious smirk.

"Heh, that good, huh? Ah, I remember the old days~ Getting my will, what I wanted, when I asked for it. Those were the days." Sonic put his hands down to his hips and looked up, reminiscing about the good ol'days where they would heed to every beck and call he made, just because he was that important.

Not that he wasn't as important now, but just that things have settled down since his glory days.

"I've kinda alerted the other dudes that they won't have to worry about their new 'data' for a while… Not until this is all settled." Sonic meant that in just an informative way, but it hinted at something much greater and deeper being suggested. "So? Think you can wait a little while longer to see how everything plays out?"

Classic Sonic took a deep breath, and then nodded, but looked away, seeming annoyed by the slow pace of his own company.

"Heheh, give them a break. They've got a lot going on lately. What with Toon Sonic now up and running in America, their anxious to see how that goes, and then there's the games that no one even knows about yet! You have to admit, even the movie's taking it's toll. We'll get her out here and jumping around, causing havoc in no time." Sonic cheered him up but also made a funny poke at Amy on that one.

It was true that with another, even a more 'older' version of Amy, that the drama and craziness around the place would definitely increase…

Upon hearing the jab at Amy's character, Classic Sonic looked up, a look of question in his eyes… and slight concern.

"Huh? Oh.. that?" Sonic lost his cheery attitude for a moment and folded his arms, returning to his later demeanor, and held himself in quiet reverence, closing his eyes. "I haven't decided yet." He affirmed, and his mouth tightened to its side into a frown.

"I don't know what to make of her quite yet. I know that she used her Original Powers to satisfy the demands of American Amy and her Boom daughter… but I'm not sure why she would have kept that from us for so long." He opened his eyes and turned his head away, trying to make sense of why she wouldn't have just done that in the first place?

Classic Sonic narrowed his eyes, a little judgingly.

"I don't think she was being selfish." Sonic concluded, and looked a little sadder at that comment before dropping his hands down to his sides. "I think she was just afraid of how'd we react if she could bring her back. And look how that turned out?" He cocked his head to the side, lifting a brow up, showing that they kinda did do what she feared.

He sighed, putting a hand up to his head and scratching his quills up a bit. "I don't know what to do with her… some part of me wants to know more answers,… but another part of me wants to just accept that what happened, had happened, and move on to bringing Rosy back to reality."
Classic Sonic seemed to not want to accept that, not giving her the 'benefit of the doubt' and folded his arms, thinking it more of her wanting him to herself, and not wanting to jeopardize what her last Glitch worked so hard for.

Sonic glared at the suggestion, "Alright, look! I might feel guilty about not knowing fully if Amy was deceiving or just didn't think about it, but I definitely won't have you accusing her of-!"

Classic Sonic cut him off with a game noise, sticking his hand out as if he didn't want to discuss it further.

He then seemed to portray asking if Sonic still had feelings for Modern Amy, or if the code suggested that he really truly loved Rosy instead.

The question made Sonic flinch back a moment, not sure how to answer that.

Code was life… if it DID dictate that…

He shook his head, "Rosy is Amy." He stated, but not as clearly or as factually as he wished he could…

Classic Sonic rasied an eyebrow, and then smirked.

He suggested the possibility of Amy making him believe that to obey code, but now that Rosy would be revived, would he still be able to fall for her as he was trying to allow himself to do before?

The question was almost like a haunting realization that Sonic didn't want to think of!

Classic Sonic continued by gesturing with his hands a table of events.

If that theory was true,… then Sonics all around the world would lose their interests in there Amys… and start longing for the classic era again.

He also motioned that Sonic, the second he had helped break him of his 'delusional grief'… he didn't seem to happy at motioning that… that he had looked and spoken to Amy much harsher than normal, and even looked at her as just data to be extracted to bring Rosy back.

If all of this pointed to the data suggesting that Rosy is considered a 'separate identity' from Modern Amy's remake, then he would have to get his code completely changed or rewritten to give in to Amy's demands of being loved.

He then folded his arms, done with his theory, and wondering what his future self would conclude after all that logic.

"...." Sonic stared at the ground, no words to counter, and nothing to say he wasn't fooled by Amy…

Classic Sonic then spelled out a word in the air.

MANIPULATED

"Stop."

Sonic rose his head and gave a strict and clear warning.

Classic Sonic just stared a moment back, not afraid, but realizing the pitiful truth of what that
would mean…

Did Amy know she wasn't Rosy? That her broken code was only memory files, similar to how American Amy was remade? Just a booted up old save file that hadn't been touched in years, and was corrupted on many fronts.

Sonic squeezed his eyes shut, and clenched his fist, turning his head away from Classic Sonic. "It can't be…she wouldn't do that! She…"

His faith was starting to falter, though his whole heart wanted to believe that Amy was Rosy remade from Rosy's old coding.

"It triggered it. I know it did. She shifted into Rosy and everything! If I can summon you, then that means your code is within me! I have to trust her, Genesis. I have to believe that this was all an innocent miracle that she didn't know could happen! I want to believe her!"

Sonic leaned forward, his words definitely more clear on how he felt now.

With that resolve, Classic Sonic raised his shoulders up, taking a big breath of air, and then let them bounce down to let it all go, shaking his head.

Well, he clearly just wanted Rosy back, and could care less about any 'redesign' character replacement for her.

Sonic narrowed his eyes.

Classic Sonic seemed to flick out in a smooth gesture his finger upside down to Sonic, palm facing up, and stating that he may believe what he wills, but as for Genesis, he'll believe that Rosy is his love interest, and no one else will do the job justice but her.

Code or no code. He defied it once for her, he would do a likewise action again.

He raced off, as Sonic pondered his little selves resolve…

If he hadn't had accepted his old data back… Classic wouldn't be thinking or feeling the way he is right now.

He may not have even cared about her existence returning.

But because the code WAS back,… it changed everything.

Sonic was faced with a hard decision to make, and he lowered his head to ruffle his hands through his head's quills, and then straighten up and get back to work filming.

The new game was coming out for himself, and more than anything, he didn't want to be thinking of his 'off-screen' life while going through this apocalyptic scene.

-AMERICA! :D-

Employees were all gathered around, the ones that believed in or who loved Sonic as a fan sometime in their life, as the Boom characters and Modern characters all held their places.

"I'm choosing Knuckles!" A man quickly ran to a controller, this one special in that Dr. Hope's company invented it.

It was a way for man to interact with virtual artificial life, considering it was in their data to be
controlled by a player and to interact in games, they also had code within a game to turn to the screen and even ask players to hurry up! Pick up the pace! Too slow! And these all helped create her system for Employees to interact with that code and allow them to play the characters in real time.

Omochoa took the volleyball court that was virtually set up for the employees breaks, and lunchtime had never been more exciting!

"Are you players ready? Grab a controller linked virtually to a character!"

"Boom Amy and Knuckles Vs. Modern Sonic and Amy!"

"We're gonna destroy you!"

"Not in a million years, Ted!"

"In a million years, I'll still be gloating, Jen!"

"Ah!"

"Those are fighting words! Come on, Jen! Let's clobber them!"

The employees were riled up, as the characters could feel each shift from the controllers, each light touch on the buttons, and it thrilled them to no end to begin doing what they were naturally born to do.

Play.

"You ready, mom?" Boom Amy raised her hammer up, as American Amy held her hammer to her shoulder, and smiled.

"Time to teach the rookie how it's done."

"You've got this son!" Modern Knuckles called out, though he was still trying to figure out how to improve his own muscular structure to look half that good…

Not realizing that what Boom Knuckles had in muscles were traded for brain power…

Boom Knuckles turned around, wearing a jersey that read, 'I have the greatest dad' and gave him a thumbs up.

"That's my boy.." Knuckles sniffed and wiped his nose on his glove, tearing up a bit before patting Tails on the side.

Tails just rolled his eyes, and double looked to see Boom Tails staring… before straightening up and jolting, looking scared for being ratted out.

He smiled kindly, and took on a gentler look before rubbing Boom Tails's head and then pulling him close for a side-hug. "Yeah, they're our boys." He praised in love, which had Boom Tails smile nervously, but clearly all he wanted was a confirmation that Modern Tails approved of him.

Sitting on the sidelines, however, was one grumpy Boom Sonic.

He had his head lowered down to where his shoulders looked high up, a bit pouty face on, narrowed eyes, and clearly upset.
His arms were folded and his legs Indian style as he watched the game from a counter.

A few employees laughed, seeing him, and one commented to the others, turning to look at him.

"He's so upset he can't play!"

"Nah, he's just upset no one picked him for the first round!" another responded.

Still, Boom Sonic just hmph'd and turned flicked his mouth to the side and back, clearly not liking how his old man gets to play, but he has to sit idly to the side while his controller stood to the side, the transparent virtual line to his back a light faded blue upon the cabinets and counters below them.

"All players, Omochao will now begin the countdown!" Omochao cutely stated, and then started a virtual clock. "Remember! You can use their specials when the controller lines turn a brilliant yellow! It's called a Super Move!"

The timer than turned to a 'START' and the volley ball appeared on Boom Amy's side of the court.

"Got it!" Boom Amy felt her player hit the 'A' button, and she threw the ball up. "Get ready to taste my hammer!"

The player moved her up and she leaped, before spiking the ball with her hammer.

The force sent a pink wave of power along the volley ball, showing that she had hit it, before Sonic dashed and his player saw the ball have a circle of blue around it.

He clicked the 'A' button, and Sonic was able to save it from hitting their side of the court!

"Phew! Nothing to worry about." Sonic gave a relaxing tone to his line, and watched Amy race awkwardly to get it.

"H-hey, steady yourself out, dude!" Amy was being played by an employee who wasn't very good at games, but sure did love the idea of controlling virtually real characters!

"Amy!" Sonic cried out, seeing the ball coming down. "You'll miss your hit!"

"A! Dude, click A!" Amy felt herself jump and miss, before finally spiking it back, but the force was very little, and so the volley ball moved slowly back.

The crowd 'aww'd in disappointment as Boom Knuckles bounced it high up.

"You're claim to fame, Amy!" He cried out, as Boom Amy leaped up, flipping in air as she did so.

"Flower power!" she cried out, and blasted it back on the other side.

"Hit! Game point!" Omochao sounded off, as Modern Sonic and Amy sighed in disappointment, before Sonic turned around to give a thumbs up to his player.

"Nice save though! We'll get it next time." He encouraged. "But let's keep those reflexes faster! It'll be easier if you hold the 'A' button while going for the jump. If you hold it and then click, I'll spin dash the ball to propel it more towards their side."

"Hey, neat!" Ted shouted out, "I've never had a character give me tips on real-time action! This is awesome!"
"I've never actually heard a player call me awesome! I've only just assumed that that's what that face was. But… heh, most of the time, I'm not facing you, so~" Sonic shrugged.

"Huh? I thought you filmed most of your scenes..?"

"Cutscenes… I race along for beta testers, but the trillions of copies of my game? I don't get to live all those moments, duh!" He moved a leg back to bend behind his other, and put his arms over his head and behind, relaxing and waiting for the 'Okays' from the other players to start round 2. "Dude, click 'Okay'! I'm dying of boredom over here!"

"O-oh, right. Sorry, Sonic!"

"No problem, Ted!"

"Woah, dude! Sonic just totally said my name!"

"And you totally just said mine!"

"This is awesome!"

"Dreams really do come true." Sonic joked.

"Round 2! Let's begin!"

Once again, the rounds kept going by pretty quickly, and although they made a good run, even the Employee who wasn't very good at games getting the hang of it, it still didn't mean they were any closer to winning against the Boom team.

"Final round!"

"Get it, Amy!"

"I swear, if you keep rocking me side to side, I'll-!"

The employee nervously pushed up, and she jumped.

"Finally!"

He looked up to see he had gotten some praise, and his glasses lowered slightly by the motion.

He quickly pressed 'A' when he saw the Red Wave Ball, indicating that Knuckles had spiked it, and it shot back another Pink Wave Ball towards him.

"Woah!" Knuckles pushed it up and away from him quickly. "Phew, great job me! Or… uh, great job, you!" he turned back to his player, who giggled.

Two girls vs. two boys, and the chicks were winning!

"Okay, Jen! Get'em!" Her friend, who was controlling Boom Knuckles, called out.

"I'm on it!" Jen responded, focusing with a huge grin on her face at where the ball was coming.

"Come on… Come on…” Boom Amy moved back, before her line from her physical controller and her virtual back lit up quickly down the line into a yellow streak.

"Oh my gosh! Jen! Use your Super Move! Use it, use it, use it!" her friend flipped out, and starting
jumping up and down, fanning her hand excitedly at her.

"Uh... uh-uh... okay!" Jen panicked a little, before remembering how to activate the rare opportunity and quickly looked up from her controller to see what was happening.

Boom Amy shot out her enerbeam to lasso the ball, and spin it around her, "You want it that bad? Come and get it!" she then swung it once more with real 'umph' and jumped up to follow it through with a nice hit.

The force was rapid and strong, as it knocked Sonic down and confused him, leaving only Modern Amy to save the ball before it hit their side!

'I.. I can't do a move like that... All my Super Move does is stun them for a moment..' she thought, as she allowed herself to be moved by the controller.

"What do I do, what do I do, what do I do!?" The boy was frantically asking Amy for help on how to hit it back, but Amy was so lost in her thoughts of inadequacy that she remained silent.

"Uh, uh.. miss Amy!?

"There's the point! This game goes to... Team Boom!"

"Alright!" the two jumped up and high-fived each other.

Sonic did his defeat action, shrugging and shaking his head, "Wasn't my 'A' game." He winked to the audience at the pun he made, as they laughed from the controller joke.

Ted face-palmed, but still laughed and had a great time.

Amy disconnected her controller and didn't even bother with her defeat action as the crowd formed around Boom Amy and Knuckles.

"Wow! Boom is great!"

"Yeah, I love that new move you used, Amy!"

"Ah! This Amy's so cool! She can defend herself and everything!"

"She's no damsel in distress anymore!"

"Pfft, was I ever?" Boom Amy boasted, as the crowd all laughed, but Modern Amy was deeply offended by that comment.

She leaned back in shock and drooped her arms down, before falling to the ground and enacting her defeat action. "No fair!" she cried out, putting her hands up to her eyes and acting out a cry-scene.

Later... Sonic went looking for Amy, noticing she had been missing for a while and found her ducked down behind the back of SEGA's large green trash section.

"Woah! I wouldn't imagine you sitting in the reekiest joint on the whole plot!" Sonic plugged his nose, bending down to see her hugging her knees, looking distraught.

"Go away." She looked away, "I want to willow away in a place where I belong."

Her statement made Sonic frown with a look of unpleasant disfavor for that line.
"Not really funny, Amy." He didn't like her calling herself trash.

He squeezed behind the old dirt stuffed, tin trash-heap and side scooted himself over closer to her.

He then leaned back against the cold wall of building behind him and looked up, seeing the faint light and blue sky above him.

Amy hugged her knees tighter, still looking away.

"You know, you've never taking losing so hard before." He looked back to her, his head still up towards the sky. "Haha! You've never been much of a sore loser before either!" he kid.

"...The player wasn't the best too..." she defended slightly.

"Yeah... that's true. But let's not place all blame on human error, okay?" He winked, showing that you could totally justify that.

She smiled to him, before looking down sad again.

She scooted up closer to him, "They said Boom Amy was cooler than me." She admitted, and turned her face away again.

Sonic again made a face, before thinking about what was the deeper issue here.

...Nope. Couldn't think of it.

So he went on to try and explore more of what her real issue was.

"Well, she is new, Amy. So she'll be getting a lot of attention with her growing popularity from now on." He beamed, leaning back more and letting a foot bend on the green slate of tin and keep him up.

He put his hands behind his head and just kinda bobbed his body up and down with his leg, keeping himself moving, knowing that hedgehog... he just couldn't stay still for too long.

"...But I was new... for a while... and no one treated me like that." She continued to dig her head deeper down and out of view.

Sonic stopped bouncing to look up a moment.

"Even the other characters say she's more active than me... and more agile, and graceful... more considerate and funny... I feel like a misfit again..."

"..."

"When I came around... no one gave me much attention... not like that.."

Sonic turned to face her, seeing the real issue arise.

"You think you're second rate compared to a new Amy? Or do you think you're second rate compared to an old Amy?"

She twitched.

"Thought so." He nodded his head, squinting his eyes at her reaction and knowing that his conclusion was right.
He sighed and leaned up, moving an arm as much as he could onto his bended knee, feeling a little uneasy in a tight space now, having been in this spot too long for his tastes.

"You know you're Amy. I know you're Amy. Just because she can do Super Moves with new abilities doesn't make her any better than who she was based off, Amy." He looked back at her, as he saw her ears slightly perk up.

He smiled, and continued, looking down and closing his eyes.

I'll love you long after you're gone

"Heh, even when if you were ever to fade away as just one of many other Amys, Amy…"

And long after you're gone, gone, gone.

"Even if the Toys"R"Us kids didn't know who you were."

He looked to her.

She looked up, peeking out from her arms at him, still slightly curled up.

"…. I'd still like you over her." He smiled.

And I would do it for you, for you.

Amy's eyes started to gloss lightly, as she blinked more rapidly.

Baby, I'm not moving on!
I'll love you long after you're gone.

His smile never failed her.

-Some time later, in Japan-

"Amy! I need your code! Now!"

When life leaves you high and dry
I'll be at your door tonight
If you need help, if you need help.

Sonic studied the file, and noticed it wasn't budging. He made a face before the computer's metallic tube came up from the virtual ground.

"ACCESS PREMISSION FOR?"

"Sonic." He stated clearly, "Sonic The Hedgehog." He didn't look very happy…

"ACCESS PREMISSION FOR 'SONIC THE HEDGEHOG' IS DENIED BY-"

"I don't have time for this. Override!"

"SONIC T. HEDGEHOG OVERRIDE, PASSWORD?"

"…Sega Genesis…"

"PREMISSION OVERRIDE BY AUTHROITY OVERRULE. THE FILE TITLED, 'AMY ROSE' IS NOW ACCESSIBLE."
"Good…” Sonic walked up back to the file and jumped up.

I'll shut down the city lights,
I'll lie, cheat, I'll beg and bribe
To make you well, to make you well.

Classic Sonic watched over and hung on the shoulders of each employee as they labored to restore any and all data that they could find on 'Rosy the Rascal' and desperately tried to upgrade and update it with data that could be useful for future projects.

"These documents haven't been touched in years!" Someone stated, "We'll need to go back and log some of this…”

Genesis continued to dash around, jumping onto desks and looking down at the screens, his excitement more in his running and less on his anxious face.

Modern Sonic jumped down to look around Amy's mind room, and quickly walked to the control panel.

It flashed on, and he hovered his hands over it…

It was the first time he ever did an override on one of his friend's files before…

It was like their soul… their mind… he shouldn't be there.

But… he had too.

He knew he had to.

When enemies are at your door
I'll carry you away from war
If you need help, if you need help.

American Sonic winked and leaned an arm over to Amy, holding her and resting his head on her crouched over body, which made her giggle at his dramatic sigh when he did so.

Your hope dangling by a string
I'll share in your suffering
To make you well, to make you well.

Before Japanese Sonic took the data out of her, he wondered if he really only saw her as a collection of virtual ones and zeros now… and it saddened him to think that that's what his actions would look like…

He looked down and scanned for Amy, and saw her peeking through the room Genesis was racing around in, a dark room where everyone was working to restore her old self back to virtual existence…

He clenched his teeth, and banged a hand on her consol.

He lowered his head.

Her face is what got him.

That look of fear and unknowing what the future would hold now.
Was everything Classic said, right!?

He didn't want to hurt her… bringing back Rosy would mean that he could, in a way, lose what he had with Amy…

Classic wouldn't fight for it now.

He wouldn't be so motivated if his code really only was triggered by Rosy's data that Amy held..

He quickly thought of Rosy, and realized how doomed his life would be if he, himself, couldn't change his own coding!

Plus, that wasn't an option anyway. Rosy was Classics, they were in the same timeline and like.. that'd be weird, she's 8!

He started typing in overrides into her data, and he saw on the screen how Amy's eyes turned wide.

She knew he was there.

Give me reasons to believe

He gripped the top of her rectangular arch that held the very fabrics of her life.

Leaning over, he looked deeply torn.

If he ripped out the only one thing that kept his code falling for her…

What would she do?

He looked up.

What would become of her?

He thought of American Sonic and how torn he was when he lost his Amy…

Would she glitch if he didn't treat her like he was trying too?

Amy put her hands to her mouth, backing up from the room, terrified.

That you would do the same for me.

He closed his eyes and squinted them shut, turning his head.

Then…

The lights on the screen said,

"COLLECT AND DETELE?"

"…"

"…Sonic… Don't…"

She began to tear up, the video showing a close up on her eyes, looking around, knowing he was in her file… directly linked to her… she would know of his betrayal…
He made an open frown.

Before swiping the board clean and instead, typing in new codes.

"COPY AND PASTE DATA INTO FILE CONJUNCTION?"

He clicked enter, as a ring flung up into 0's and 1's and he reached out and grabbed it, walking away.

"DATA COPIED AND SENT. COMPLICATION KNOWN AS 'SONIC RING' SAVED."

And I would do it for you, for you.
Baby, I'm not moving on
I'll love you long after you're gone.

Getting to the room, Amy was long gone, as Sonic saw the cluster of new whiteish, light blue data glow in a cloud in the back of the room.

Classic was marveling at it, before turning around and zipping up to Sonic, outstretching his hand.

Sonic nodded, and held out the ring, giving it to him.

He quickly put the ring into the cluster of data, as it dematerialized and formed and expanded and shrank with the cloud, absorbing the new code and processing it.

Then…

Rosy formed into existence, and started to gently fall from the air.

When you fall like a statue
I'm gon' be there to catch you
Put you on your feet, you on your feet.

Classic dashed up, grabbing her bridal style, and helping her to her feet as she blinked, and looked around, not sure where she was.

Not a thing will prevent me.
Tell me what you need, what do you need?

Genesis smiled as Rosy turned, disoriented, to look up at him.

Her data recognized the blurry image and her eyes focused the image as her whole face suddenly lit up with joy, and she hugged him, hearts flying everywhere around them.

I surrender honestly.
You've always done the same for me.

Sonic, looking down, lightly formed a fist with his hand, and dared to turn around and look out the door.

Amy was backed against the wall, a hand to her chest, before she noticed his stare and looked startled, before slowly side-stepping, and then running off.

Something stung in his heart at her expression, and something in his code triggered when she fled…
You're my backbone.
You're my cornerstone.
You're my crutch when my legs stop moving.

Almost in a moment of grief, similar to other functions and programming in his old data, he raced after her.

"AMY!"

You're my head start.
You're my rugged heart.
You're the pulse that I've always needed.

Amy turned to see him racing after her.

He skidded to a halt and they stared long and hard at one another.

Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

Amy pursed her lips, holding her head lower.

Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

His code suddenly sparked to life, it wasn't just reacting to the data he didn't delete, it was reacting...

Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

Amy's eyes looked sincere as she seemed committed to her next action.

So did Sonic, looking determined to follow through, even if he didn't understand what was happening within himself.

Like a drum my heart never stops beating...

They took off for each other.

For you, for you!

They embraced one another, a feeling of relief and mutual feeling for one another.

Baby, I'm not moving on!
I'll love you long after you're gone!

In America, Amy and Sonic walked out from behind the garbage dump, holding hands, laughing.

Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

Boom Sonic laughed with his team, and took a second to look over his Chilidog in his hand and get a glance at Boom Amy's laughing expression, her leaning over as she sat on a desk, talking to Boom Tails.

Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

He seemed to smile knowingly at something.
Like a drum, baby, don't stop beating.

Sonics and Amys around the world are all being a little lovey-dovey too. In the night, all one can see our silhouettes, each in their own respective countries. Sitting under the moon, one couple has Amy's head on his shoulder, his on her head. Another looking over an ocean and running through the shallow end, splashing water at one another before Sonic pulls her around and she stumbles to the water. He laughs but she splashes him to make him shield himself and then tackles into him, they both fall and laugh, even with Sonic freaking out over the shallow water rippling over him. The night is young and there are two Sonic and Amys who are walking down a beautiful road with an amazing view of their land's architecture. Sonic looks to the side and Amy looks to him after admiring the view, and races to catch up to him.

Like a drum my heart never stops beating for you.

Classic Sonic leads Rosy up a stairwell and into a room where you can look out a window and walk slightly along the railing to sit and stare at the sky.

Sonic and Amy in Japan hold one another and stand in a field somewhere in their homeland, and then look at each other, and dip their heads to one another.

And long after you're gone, gone, gone.

American Amy and Sonic lay on the rooftop, having gone up the stairwell through the building. Amy yawns and turns, rolling to her side and being very close to Sonic. He flinches, but looks down, before smiling gently to her and then closing his own eyes, moving his head down, and them both seeming to get a little nap~

I'll love you long after you're gone,

gone,

gone.

"Not on my watch."

Cy watched the drone circle the two from behind, and quickly picked up the phone.

"Yes, get me a plane. I think I know how to end this silly 'initiative' once.. and for all.."

"Even if I have to delete the two all together!"

"Or maybe... just one..."

He glared down at the two, and then looked over at a computer screen with files upon files opened of 'Dr. Sophia Hope'.
Controlling Digital Emotions

By: Cutegirlmayra (Hey! So, according to my handy-dandy- Pitchbook! We'll be experiencing some funny comedies for a time. Just a breather before the terrifying serious stuff comes back into play. :D k?)

"What!? What do you mean they're having 'complications'? I thought I just sorted that all out and they were being all couplely and stuff?" Dr. Hope, stepping out of the hired vehicle to pick her up from the airport, and was talking on the phone, before groaning and grabbing her suitcase, walking into SEGA of America.

"Look, I was talking with Sonic, alright..? The whole 'Rosy' fiasco was getting to him big time, but we talked and we made up our minds, together, that we'd take it slow and pause it a bit until the company made a final statement on it. So far, I haven't heard anything since from Sonic's side. Ugh, I was hoping that was a good sign! Okay.. Okay… yeah? Hmm… interesting… so he wants to change his data to react to her modern Amy data? Well, yeah, I mean… otherwise, he's stuck having weird feelings for an 8 year old, right? Haha… what, not funny? Fine. We'll consider it too soon. Just… just be a bro and try to connect with them so they let you in more on what's going on. W-wait… that's not-!... okay, so you don't have my doctorate in things, but frankly, I think you can still help out and pull some weight around this whole thing. Okay? I'm not being harsh, Hoshi-san! Alright, love you- I MEAN! S-SEE YOU AROUND!" she quickly hung up the phone, almost having a heart attack as she leaned on the reception desk and breathed wildly.

As her elbow rested on it, the secretary, now used to her antics, smiled sweetly and spoke up softly, with a gentle look in her eyes, "Said I love you to someone other than family?"

"Y…yeah." Dr. Hope looked up, a little shaken up, and nodded slowly.

"Happens to me all the time." She comforted, nodding and then handing Dr. Hope her badge. "The characters have been waiting for you." She smiled warmly.

She put the badge's lanyard around her neck, adjusting it, before pausing and looking shocked to hear her say that. "W-wait… you can see them?"

She snorted a cute laugh, "See them!?" she kept laughing, rocking back and forth. "Try working when Storm and Knuckles go at it!" she kept laughing till she saw someone walk up from behind Dr. Hope's smiling face. "Oh!" she quickly went back to looking like she was working.

Dr. Hope turned around.

"Happy to see you again." The man nodded, as his two security men behind him stood tall and large, and all their hands behind themselves, looking professional.

"Ah! Good day to you too, sir!" She outstretched her hand….

He didn't take it, just rocked on his heels and bowed a little bit.

"Ah… you have to forgive me. I've heard from the officials that you're only role here is to sort out the mess between the coding of Sonic The Hedgehog. Which… a lot of us feel you started." He
was being blunt out of respect for his position, and although she understood the business world's 'cut-throat' society, it still was rather…. Heartbreaking.

She withdrew her hand.

Her usually cheeriness turned to a serious tone. "I understand. But I assure you, I wasn't the cause of it."

"Right, because video game characters can come to life and control themselves." He lowered his head and turned, the two men following him, as they expected her to follow.

She mumbled some statistics of that being true and followed after him.

"Sonic and Amy have been acting too friendly on camera… we're shooting a new game, as you know, and they're behavior is making it very difficult to advance from one stage to another…"

"Sounds like they're trying to advance their relationship from one to stage to anot-whoo-hoo!" Dr. Hope turned around to see a security man whack his police-stick just above her hip, putting her back in line.

"In any case.."

She rubbed her back, "What? They can't be that bad! Oh no! Heaven forbid their making eye contact on screen! O-or… is it worse?" she leaned forward, deciding to have fun with this. "They're holding hands!?" she gasped dramatically, almost falling back as the two security men looked about ready to catch her, before she bended her knees back up and started to continue acting out her 'horror', just in spite of the man. "Stamp the rated 'T' on this thing and hide the children! The Devil's work is at play here. Be gooonee evil! For love is the deadliest thing of all! The power of biased hate compels you!" she put her fingers into a cross, and shoved it closer and closer to the man's face. "Be gone! Gone, I say!"

"…Please, get a hold yourself." He swiped her hand away, as she snickered and followed him onward.

"Their interaction is not following script-format at all… and if they refuse to work probably, we're going to have to take your 'initiative' and report it as a failure to cooperate." He glared over his shoulder to her, as she suddenly realized what he meant.

She gulped.

"U-understood, sir." 'What on earth are those two doing that's making the game creators go loco-bananas?'

The man flung open a door, pitch black if not for the luminous glow of a huge, massively hanging screen where a man sat, his glasses glowing just from the brightness of the screen, at a control panel, and watching one big screen with little windows on the side of it.

"This is the emotion control room. It helps us moderate the animators' portrayals of characters and while they act out the scenes, we perfect it to our perfect vision. Lately, the controls have been moving on their own, without our intern here doing anything about it!" he turned to the boy, who shrugged, as if on cue, the control panel, looking like a sound system, had a little controlled clip suddenly move up a little, as the characters continued the scene.

"…It's like actors on the big screen." Dr. Hope had never seen the characters in virtual reality interacting with the real world to then mix together to make a game. So this… was kinda new and
interesting to her.

Characters would act out a scene, and play the adventure as if they were really living it. But sometimes, it seemed more like shooting a movie at times, when the grunt work came into play. – end of author's note.

"We're leaving you here to manually straighten out the characters. The intern's the only one allowed to touch the control panel. Your job? Keep them letting him manipulate them!"

"Aye, aye. Drill sergeant, sir!" she saluted him without even gesturing to him, walking by him and putting her suitcase down, walking over to the machine.

"Incredible…" she breathed out, seeing Sonic and Amy on the screen, laughing, as a line of text stated -Offline- showing that the cameras weren't rolling.

As she examined their body language, she smiled kindly, seeing they were seeming to get along.

"I don't see any misbehavior. What are they so worried about?" Dr. Hope looked down at the intern, as the three men closed the door on the way out, looking a little upset.

"Heh, you'll see." He made a face, showing how he thought this was rather funny. "On air in 5… 4…3…"

he then mouthed and held his fingers up for the last few numbers, and then gave the 'A-Ok' as the characters looked to him from the screen and got into place.

They seemed to only hear where he was coming from though, and not actually noticing him.

As Sonic began his lines, it all seemed normal.

Amy then stated hers, seeming to act fine.

Suddenly, as the intern pointed to the script, Amy and Sonic began going off script, being a little flirty in their movements, before Sonic made a wise-crack and then winked a goodbye to her, dashing off.

"Cut!"

"That… was so implying it wasn't even funny!" Sophie hit her hands on the control panel. "They were teasing me so much!"

"They were off script." The Intern reminded her, and then looked to the controls. "They're too powerful! I try to move the slider back down to where it needs to be, but the characters push it up or down as they see fit. They flirt like this and make up new lines before finishing the script on cue. They've been playing this 'manipulation' game since the start of this scene. It's the only scene Amy really has with just Sonic himself, and not the rest of the team. I think they're trying to take advantage of that."

The intern sighed, and rubbed his head.

Sophie smiled.

"Can I talk to them?"

"No. I'm afraid we have no communication with them when they're in the virtual world. The animators have already dictated their actions, and they've been fine with everything else! It's just this scene that they refuse to follow anyone!" he threw his hands up, moving left and right in the
chair, showing his age before looking back up at her and seeing her reach for the panel.

"…W-what are you doing?"

"Relax… this will be fun." She smirked.

"Uhh, no-no-no! Ma'am!" he caught her arm, as she pouted to him.

"Y-you don't have authorization! Besides! N-not to call you heavy or anything… but the panel is extremely fragile! If you fall on it, you'll-!"

"…" she turned her body to sit on the panel, using her age against him.

He noticed her shift and suddenly halted his protests.

"..Do you know what a character hates more than being limited?" She lowered her voice, and stretched her neck out towards him.

He blushed and gulped. "N…no, ma'am?"

She then smiled wickedly, throwing him off guard. "Forcing them pass their comfort zones."

"…You mean..?"

"He keeps moving this one up, right? His… hormones or whatever?"

"A-affections!" the Intern corrected for her, pointing to the label. "It's how much he shows affections for his friends or whatever is around him!"

"Right, well, he's pushing it up on his own right? And we want it…" she lowered it. "Here?"

"Y-yes…" he tried to move her finger but she flicked his away, keeping her finger on it.

"Turn the camera on again." She grinned, being sneaky about it.

Unable to really fight her, seeing as she was too stubborn to let him keep the rules, he turned on the mic again.

"You sure I can't talk to them?"

"…5…4…3…" he turned off the mic, and gave her a look.

"Oh, they don't want me 'influencing them' is that right?"

He shrugged again, as if saying, 'I'm only the intern, lady.'

Suddenly, Sonic and Amy were back into their routine.

"Hey, Amy! Haven't seen you in a while!" Sonic waved, coming to a running stop as he approached her.

"Sonic!" Amy exclaimed, and turned to greet him. "An absence I'm all too familiar with.." she folded her arms, pouting.

"Heh," Sonic put his hand behind his head, looking slightly apologetic. "Where's Tails?"

"Looking for you." She responded, leaning a little towards him before turning back around to look
up at the sky. "He said something about Sky-Height Plains…"

"Sky-Height… Right! I better give him a little help while I'm at it!"

He moved by her, and that's when the Intern showed her the script, and she felt her finger, laying on the slider, suddenly move up on its own.

"….?" She was surprised by this, and looked back at the script, seeing he was meant to tell her farewell and then run off.

"Hey… is that a new dress?" he turned around, smiling to her, and stopped himself from running forward, keeping himself in a steady jog before moving around her.

He was… doing something different from the last time she saw them play this out.

"O-oh?" Amy giggled in response, posing as he examined her. "Not really, hehe. Why? Something take your fancy?"

Sophie looked to the side of her, at Amy's controls, and noticed her 'affections' levels rising with his.

She grinned from ear to ear, seeing as this was the only time Sonic had with Amy, the two were tag-teaming it to give Amy more screen time, and even, hint at a little something extra, possibly hoping the company won't mind.

Japan wouldn't allow such rebellious actions… but America was all too afraid of this sudden shift to know how to discipline it thoroughly.

"Hmm… don't know~" Sonic flirted, turning around to wink at her. "Maybe it's just me." It was all innocent, but Sophie could see how their improvising would frighten the main executives into calling her back again to fix the problem.

Even a little flirting was a bit much to some children's gaming companies… and sadly, under employment, she didn't really have much to say about how they handled it.

At least… SEGA was considering her thesis on what's wrong with the Sonic characters…. But until they reach an agreement, she was forced to take little jobs like this.

She was obliged too… since half of SEGA believed her to be the reason for all these problems… even though she felt she was half the reason why it helped them.

"Oh? I wouldn't want it any other way." Amy winked back, and watched him take off, having the scene end with the back of her looking off at where Sonic had zoomed off.

The intern called 'cut' and turned the mic off.

"See? They make up new scenarios. Hoping we'll somehow let it slide." He teased.

"….Do it again." Sophie lowered the slider again. "I know how to end this."

"….Do you want to end it?" He looked skeptical of her. "It looked like you were really enjoying their interaction."

"They should know better than to jump to trying to make a difference instead of waiting for some better timing. They're just having fun. They need to remember this is still a job." She was sad at that fact, liking the cute sonamy role they were slightly pursuing, but knew she was called to 'tame
it down' and had no other choice.

Still… this should be fun.

"Go one more time. I'm ready. I won't be distracted again." She grinned.

He sighed, "Once more!" he turned the mic on, "5… 4… 3…"

"I'm not giving up."

The characters, returning to their positions, slightly laughing at how determined the employees were at making them do the scene right, before turning in shock at hearing a familiar voice.

They searched the screen, but seemed to not be able to see out of it clearly.

Amy mouthed Dr. Hope's name, and looked to Sonic, as the mic turned off, and the Intern made a worried face towards it.

"Ha!" Sophie cheered, "Now they know I'm here." She teased.

Sonic shook his head to Amy, talking to her, as she nodded and looked down, seeming saddened.

"Or maybe… they're second guessing it?" The intern suggested, and sighed in relief, seeming to be worried about his job for a second there.

Sophie looked back at him, "They really scared you about me… didn't they?"

"I have my orders." Was all he said, tucking his Sonic logo hat down and starting up the scene again.

"Hey, Amy! Haven't seen you in a while!"

As the scene played out again, Sophie grinned, ready for her mark…

"Sonic!" Amy exclaimed, and turned to greet him. "An absence I'm all too familiar with..".

On script… doing good…. "Test me." Sophie leaned forward, 'ready!'

"Heh," Sonic put his hand behind his head, looking slightly apologetic. "Where's Tails?"

"Looking for you." She responded, and looked to the sky. "He said something about Sky-Height Plains…"

The Intern looked down at her hand, seeing her ready to do something… but not sure what.

'Set!

He looked back up at her, seeing her eyes focused, but her smile almost turning sinister in intent.

"Sky-Height… Right! I better give him a little help while I'm at it!"

She saw him pause, getting ready to improvise, and felt the slider shift, before she pushed it even higher up, as the Intern gasped and clamped his mouth.

Suddenly, Sonic's face turned from a normal smile, to a shift completely, and he held himself back before speeding over to Amy. "Sky-Height plains? I'm not sure I'm too familiar with that…" he leaned up against a tree, one arm resting on it and a leg moving up behind his other, posing…
Sophie flicked it up even further, grinning from ear to ear.

He suddenly shifted his hand down to flick his nose and rest under it, rubbing slightly and examining Amy more closely…

"W-w-what are you doing!?!" The intern whispered, seeing her raising it even more.

"H-huh?" Amy didn't understand the shift, but supposed he was playing again, and giggled, before playing along and turning away from him. "Oh, well. It's the stage with all the planes and balloons… I believe it's… somewhere… this way?" She turned to point to the direction he was suppose to run off too, not sure what else to do, but posed while she shifted, her arm moving over her head to hold her pointed arm in position, just playing around, as Sophie focused on Sonic.

He moved to her hand, about to grab it, before Sophie dropped his 'affections' slider extremely low, and he ended up whacking it away from himself.

"Ah! Hey!" Amy's affection slider slid back down to normal levels too, and Sophie felt his slider resisting her, and forcibly kept it down.

The Intern was right, it was harder than it looked!

She put both hands down, "Go!" she stated through almost gritted teeth, and looked back up at the screen.

A battle of wills at play here…

"Oh no, you don't!" She stated again, "You're going to feel what it's like to NOT get your way all the time!"

The intern was shocked! Seeing her actually keeping it down enough to be below where it wanted to go.

And she was a woman for crying out loud!

Sonic suddenly turned fierce. "I'm not playing games! Just show me the way, Amy!" he threw a hand out and behind him, taking a strange serious tone now.

Amy looked confused, raising an eyebrow before walking ahead. "O-okay… if you insist..." She dropped the act and looked behind her shoulder, concerned, before walking on and guiding the way.

Sophie smirked and suddenly let the slider move extremely close to the top of the panel, seeing as it was resisting her so much, she let the momentum move itself and then passed the normal point.

Sonic grabbed Amy from behind.

"AH!"

She then let the slider go and saw it drop and adjust itself to normal speeds.

He let her go on the screen, "Wha-huh?" he looked himself over.

"…Uh… you okay?" she raised an eyebrow again.

"F-fine." Sonic swung his arms around him, holding himself back. "Just peachy…” he nervously smiled, "So… which way was it again?"
Sophie raised the levels, this time, allowing him to resist.

He suddenly swooned behind her as she walked, but then turned back to normal and shook himself out of it when she would turn to look his way. He acted fine, but looking around, was trying to figure out what was going on, before shifting back into his flirty side and grabbing her hand.

"On second thought! Why not come with me?"

"Oh Sonic!"

She then tried to lower it, but this time, Sonic fought back.

"Stop! Wait!" he cried out, feeling the extremities and worried he was going to hurt Amy if this continued.

The Intern looked up, seeing the plea from Sonic, he immediately shut it off.

"That's enough!"

However, the disconnection made Sophie fall forward, feeling the emotion stop resisting, and her weight on the sensitive panel suddenly created a dent, and the levels to all the controlled characters started to shift.

"Uhh… oh…" Dr. Hope got up, adjusting her clothes as the panel started to spark, and the other panels started to shift in behaviorisms.

"Sonic!" Amy clung to him, feeling the shifting too. "What's happening?"

"Grr… The emotion control… it has to be!" Sonic saw the camera go offline and quickly raced away.

"Ah! Sonic!" Amy held a hand out to him. "Emotion… control..?"

"Hang on, Amy!" he shouted out back to her, "I'm gonna get to the bottom of this!"

He emerged out of the virtual world and started racing down the corridors, as many people either backed away, able to see him, or the others had their papers flying everywhere around the office.

"This is bad… this is very, very bad!" The intern gripped his head, trying to fix the control panel, but everything was now lodged into place, and he couldn't fiddle with anything. "Augh! It's gone into safety shut down! This mode could take a full day to fix!"

He looked around, and saw the closet shut.

"W-what? Why are you hiding! Get out here and help-!" Suddenly, the door above the room opened, and a bright line shone down.

Sonic's silhouette was clear enough to see as he stomped down the stairs, glaring at the intern.

The intern gulped,… She moved fast! For a real human.

"What happened here?" Sonic spoke seriously, as he turned to see the damaged board.

His affection levels… were high…

He narrowed his eyes.
The Intern moved back, accidentally falling into his chair. "I-I-I promise, Sonic! I'm a huge fan! I wouldn't have wrecked your panel, I promise!"

He shifted his eyes to the newbie, and walked forward. "Don't worry, I believe you."

"Y-…you do?" His eyes lit up, seeing his hero believed he was innocent.

"B-but how…"

Sonic moved towards the closet.

The Intern's whole face turned even more worried, his frown fully shifted down with his teeth clattering from within.

Sonic sprang open the door, and looked around.

"…huh?" The intern looked up.

Because Sonic was so small, he could only really see the coat hangers if he looked up… he had no idea… that Sophie had climbed all the way up to the second small, but long cupboard above the coats, where one would put their hats or shoes up too.

She raised her pointer finger, as her body was completely laid out and curled up to hide, and looked sternly at him, warning him to keep his mouth shut by gesturing a 'shh!' with her finger.

She then took the pointer finger and swiped it over her neck, showing that he would be in trouble if he pointed her out.

Sonic closed the door.

"Strange… I could have sworn…" he shook his head, and turned to the Intern. "You should get some guys to work on that. We can't finish the game without all its scenes." He stated, putting his hands on his hips, and trying to still look cool.

"R-right! I'm on it!" the Intern shifted his sonic logo hat back, and started to make some calls.

Sonic smiled, seeing a true fan admiring him and finally working for him was kinda nice to see, as he walked out, thinking it merely an accident.

Before he left, he took one final look at the closet.

He shook his head, groaning at the thought, and then closed the door.

The intern looked up, and slowly put the phone down to look back at the closet, expecting her to come down.

"Doctor?"

"SHHH!"

She shouted back.

"Why?" he whispered a call back, before the door flung open again, and Sonic glared down, squinting his eyes from the dark and light contrasts.

The Intern flinched, and kept his body straight.
Sonic saw nothing change… and just put a hand under his chin, questioning himself, before shaking his head in final resolutions that it couldn't have been her, and then closed the door again.

The intern relaxed back in his chair. "Phew…"

"Good thing they make him only 5 inches, huh?"

He flipped out, kicking his legs up and then turning to her again. "Doctor!"

She opened the closet, and slowly started to climb down. "Sonic isn't one to question what he first thinks is right. I knew he would test to see if anything shifted if he left the first time. You always have to be one step ahead of that character… haha, that's what makes him loveable, I suppose." She came down, and then wiped herself of all the dust, and patted the intern on his shoulder as he came up to her.

"Good work, Rookie! They'll make a fine… whatever you're studying… out of you yet!" she cheered, and then continued to clean herself up. "I'm just surprised he didn't see the suitcase." She pulled it out from beneath the broken emotion control panel and started to dust it off, before seeing Shadow's emotion sliders, and noticing the affections slider was up high. "Huh… odd." She then looked to others.

Cream's affections were down, and Tails's were all the way up.

She gulped, and looked further.

Eggman's evil slider was down so low… it barely was touching the lowest setting, meaning that he was probably acting really good all of a sudden.

She looked to Amy.

Her curiosity was down, and her empathy was high.

She also noticed Blaze's anger was high and Silver's sorrow was higher than that.

"This… could get…"

She then saw that Metal Sonic's Jealous slider was all the way twisted, almost off the actual control panel, and saw the little stick where the slider was connected too was bent slightly as well.

"…Interesting." she smirked, though she knew she was in big trouble.

If she ever thought that characters were hard to counsel for now… she hadn't seen a broken emotion control panel character's session yet!

But she was about too!

As she walked through the halls, she kept her self alert of passing people, especially characters!

The maintenance men ran by, and she quickly pretended to get a drink at the watercooler, before tossing the cup as she hurried raced by them, only to stumble into Tails.

"Oh man, Tails! It's good to see you! I-!"

He started to rub his head up against her shoulder, and then flopped down, his tongue sticking out, as he had a flower in his hand.
"...Tails?"

"I am in search of a beautiful woman..." he looked up, and held the flower up. "You'll do."

Her eyes widened, and she pushed him off. "I'm so sorry! I'll fix this, I swear!" She cried out, before seeing him get all droopy-eyed again and try and get up, only to twist and turn and twirl before falling on his face again.

"I'm such a loner..." he goofily laughed out.

She continued to run, looking back to make sure Tails wasn't creepily following her or something like that, before running into Cream.

"Cream!"

"Out of my *** **** way!" Cream was bleeped out by Cheese, who looked just as aggressive, as she pushed with all her might to move Dr. Hope out of her way. "****** crazies!" "Chao ****!"

Dr. Hope's jaw hung open.

"Oh no, this is bad. This is really very, very bad!" She mimicked the words and actions of the Intern, before dashing to her office, only to find Metal Sonic attack Sonic, and then Shadow sweeping Amy off her feet.

"Help!"

"You called... and I am here."

"S-Shadow? L-let go of me! Sonic!" she pushed to get free and held out her hand for Sonic, before seeing Dr. Hope, and her eyes widening.

"Sophie?"

"Yeah, it's a long story, look I-AH!" she ducked as Metal Sonic flew over her, and then jumped as Sonic spin dashed and tried to finish Metal Sonic off. "What in blue blazes-?!"

"Blue Blurs! And I'm glad you're here! Ugh! Could you-? AH!"

Shadow had a killer death hold on her, as he held his head close to her ears.

"Maria... I wonder if she would accept me caring for another...?"

"WHAT?!"

"Oh right, you're not even curious as to why I'm here." Sophie remembered how the panel showed her curiosity down, and just put a finger up to her mouth, trying to remember what else she saw.

She suddenly saw a Boom character, Sticks, come up and whack Shadow upside the head.

"Release the girl, you foul, possessed by the dark forces, mashugana!"

"Sticks!" Dr. Hope had worked with her before, trying to explain this new plain of existence to her, which didn't... completely work, but she made some progress.

"Oh? Crazy Oracle lady." She was hanging off of Shadow's head, before spinning and hitting his knee, forcing him to stop ignoring her and let Amy go. "What brings you here?"
"I may have accidentally set everyone's emotions ablaze!" she exaggerated.

Sticks blinked twice.

"...I summoned forth a dark energy that when I sat on his magical portation device, took over all our other worldly friends from different dimensions and now they're being controlled by little evil creatures telling them what to believe and do." She wiggled her fingers out in front of her.

"Ah-ha! I knew this day would come!" Completely seeming to understand her now, she held out her boomerang and crouched down. "I'll take them in the west wing! You handle Amy and get that dark energy back under your butt!" she let out a battle cry and continued to attack Shadow.

"R-right." There was something loveable about that jungle badger, but first-!

She quickly ran up and scooped Amy up. "I'll explain!" she stated, but soon after Metal Sonic came back, pointing directly to Sophie.

"W-what now!?" Dr. Hope turned around.

"YOU ARE IN POSSESSION OF MY GREATEST ENEMIES MOST PRIZED POSSESSION. I SHALL KILL HER IN MY ENFINATE LOVE OF HER, AND PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT SONIC IS NOT A GREATER LOVER THAN ME."

".....Oh crap." Dr. Hope looked defeated, before charging down the hall, screaming before reaching the elevator in time and seeing a spiked hand strike it through.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" the two yelled, terrified.

"Sophie, I'm scared!" Amy cried out.

"You should be asking what's going on!" Sophie shouted in her response.

Suddenly, the hand withdrew and there was a lot of noise out side.

The elevator opened, unfazed by the digital data, as they looked to see Silver had thrown him back and away.

He looked so sad... he fiddled with his fingers.

"I... didn't mean to intrude... I know I'm useless... I just thought... nevermind. It was pointless..." he hovered sorrowfully away, before Blaze, in fury of fire, came flying up, and attacking in a mad cat frenzy Metal Sonic, who was thrown by Silver seconds before.

"...Oookay, to the roof." Sophie hit a button, and made sure Amy stayed inside. "I have to protect you." She put both hands on Amy's shoulders. "Just stay there and don't ask questions... than again, you're curiosity is at an all time low so... yeah." She patted her shoulders and watched as the elevator went up.

She then dashed and tried to dodge an emotional moody Jet, throwing a tantrum like a baby, and Wave acting drained and uncaring, and Storm throwing daisies everywhere and wearing a flower crown.

The horror didn't end there, as she saw more characters acting out of character.

She knew if she headed to the control room, they would accuse her of breaking it, and the intern's silence would be pointless.
So instead, she headed to her office, and hid there.

Turning on the computer, she was hoping maybe Japan could-…!

That's a bad idea.

When she went for an alternative, she suddenly saw a message pop up on her screen.

"W-what's this?" she clicked it.

"METAL SONIC BLOG: DAY 1. My love still alludes me. It is highly illogical. But If it torments Sonic to see me destroying his true love with my own love, then it shall be worth it. She will love me. In blood and without a heart beat. But it will be so. Next, I shall deduce how to measure the circumference of her buttocks…"

"PPFFHTTT!" Dr. Hope held her hand over her mouth, unable to control her laughter. She quickly subscribed to the blog, before getting up.

"I just have to lay low till they get everything under control and fixed right…” she looked around, and saw some Sonic plushies. "…that'll do."

Up on the roof, Amy felt the chilly air and held herself, looking around and wondering when it was okay to go down.

She didn't question anything around her, unable to because of her emotions, but feeling a little guilty about refusing Shadow so much…

She felt for the guy. So lonely. The ultimate lifeform must be rough…

Then Sonic sprang to the rooftops, and stopped when he saw her.

"Amy!" Completely out of character, he embraced her. "I thought something horrible had happened to you…"

It was all very odd, but she just hugged back, thinking he really was in the right state of mind.

Below, the men hurried to unlock the sliders from their positions, as the chaos kept getting worse.

Finally, they unlocked Shadows, and he naturally adjusted himself and threw Sticks off of him, embarrassed by his actions, he retreated further to the virtual world…

They got most of the other characters too, as Cream cried to her mother, wanting forgiveness, and Tails couldn't believe he had spoken to so many human girls such horribly lovey-dovey things!

When the whole mess was done with, there was only two more people to get too…

Amy pulled Sonic away, "Wait! That's right! The control panel! Sonic! You're-!" before she could say anything, Sonic looked genuinely back at her.

"Amy… I know I never say it enough… and I know we've had some ups and downs but… I have to tell you. From the bottom of my heart… I… Amy, I-!"

She was in shock, realizing what this could mean, before Metal Sonic burst through the door of the roof, and swiped the air.

"THE PINK HEDGEHOG IS MINE TO MURDER IN MY LOVE!" Metal Sonic attacked, and
Sonic stood bravely to defend her.

Swiping his spiky fingers at Sonic, Sonic skillfully ran backwards, having fun and smirking before leading Metal Sonic into the back of the stair's sticking up building room that was on the roof, having him crash and spark with the damage.

Amy closed her hands over her mouth, shaking her head. "They're emotions! They're all out of character and out of control!"

Sonic continued to fight, "You'll never take her! So long as I'm around!"

"YOU ARE NOT THE BEST SONIC LOVER! I AM!"

"In your dreams, robo-trash!"

"RAHHH!"

Normally, Metal Sonic didn't even have a voice, but this Metal was from the Sonic Heroes line, and Amy pulled down her ears, realizing how silly this all sounded.

When Sonic finally kicked Metal off the roof, and Metal having no more rocket fuel to propel himself off, fell to his doom.

"NNNOOOO! MY AMMMYYYY!" he disappeared in a billion 0 and 1's, returning to virtual reality by force.

"This… is insanity." Amy lowered her hands "This should never have happened! If we just played the scene like we were suppose to.."

Sonic walked over to her, wiping away any tears on her face. "Amy. Amy? Why are you crying? Don't cry, Amy… I won!" he was completely unaware of what she was talking about, as his controls got worse the more the repair men tried to release the slider and have the functions work properly again.

"….Sonic...." she looked lovingly to him, unsure how to admit to him that he wasn't really feeling this way… "Sonic… it's all… it's a lie…"

"…What is?" he tilted his head, and her heart started breaking. "Haha! You're funny, Amy! That's why I like you so much!"

She grasped her heart.

It was more painful to know that his words weren't true… than to have to break it to him that his own feelings were false.

"Sonic.."

"Amy… I was about to tell you something… something important." He looked away.

"Sonic… don't..."

"….Amy… I've always-"

His eyes suddenly widened, and he moved back.

"WOAH!"
"Sonic?"

"WOAH, WOAH, WOOOOOH!"

He spread his arms out in front of him.

"There, that should do it." The repairman leaned up, wiping his head as the dent was replaced with a new panel, and all the sliders were now in their proper order.

"Phew." The intern breathed steadily.

Sonic moved his hands over his chest, breathing hard, and realizing he was in control again.

"Sonic… Sonic I tried to tell you!"

"Yeah? Well you seemed to be taking your sweet time with it! Enjoying the romantic scenery?!" he seemed upset…

Rightfully so, though… but Amy…

"I-… How could you expect me to cut you off!?" Amy began, throwing her arms down, and feeling hurt he would say such a thing.

The Intern watched them leave, before sighing and sitting back down into the chair.

He then noticed Amy's emotion for hurt going up, and cocked his head.

"That's strange…" he rolled the chair over to her emotions, and checked on them. "What's happening here..?"

"It was barely a couple hours, and you were just SO excited to hear me confess, weren't you!? Even at my own expense!" His words were a little cruel… but it could be that he was venting out his frustrations at having no control over his being.

Sonic's worst fear was to be fully unable to control his own will. And for him to be a fictional character under the bounds of such a reality really got to him sometimes.

It went against his nature, and right now, he was furious that his greatest enemy… was literally himself.

The Intern then saw a drastic change in Sonic's anger slider, and moved over there, putting his hands up to his head. "Oh, no… oh no, oh no, oh no! these are suppose to be fixed!" he tried to put them back to where they were suppose to be, but saw them swipe up again. "Oh come on!" he cried out, giving up… before he saw the affection levels… Decreasing...

"I wasn't trying to get anything out of you!" Amy cried out back to him. "This whole thing… it's a terrible accident! And -"

"Dr. Hope?" Sonic spun around, and fury raged in his eyes. "So it was HER!" he cried out, and pointed out to Amy. "You knew she was behind this and didn't say anything!?!"

"I.. I didn't know until just a few hours ago!" Amy defended herself.

He then withdrew his finger and put his hand in a fist, gritting his teeth and throwing a fist up and out behind him, swinging as he did. "RAGH!" he walked to the edge of the roof.
He then spun around after squinting his eyes shut. "The companies right! This whole 'love fiasco is why all the trouble is starting in the first place! It's all.. Japan's stupid fault…" he was raging for a moment, before looking out at the sunset… and then swinging his head and hand down… unable to stay upset.

In the emotion control panel, seeing as they're may be a connection to Sonic and Amy's emotions being moved together, the intern lowered, gently, Sonic's rage… and then heightened his affections levels again.

"Amy… I'm sorry." He staggered back to turn to her, a truly apologetic look in his eyes. "I shouldn't blame you… or him… or Sophie… no one." He then shook his head… before raising it up. "The company… it's still not fair. We should control our own lives… our own destinies… and how we feel." He turned back to her.

She stayed silent, as the intern turned her hurt back to normal levels again. "It's okay." She softly spoke out, and lowered her hands from her muzzle.

"I just worry… that maybe you're right."

His eyes widened a little, turning more to her. "Amy…"

"It's true that… that the original American Amy started this whole affair… quite literally… but at the same time.. she's also destroyed a lot of the peace that we used to have… it just all became…"

"..Complicated.."

Sonic held his stare.

Amy nodded, and turned around, not wanting to fully admit it.

"Maybe… maybe we weren't meant to progress… so quickly."

"…Amy…"

"….Don't say it." She covered her eyes.

"Maybe we weren't meant to progress at all."

She burst out in tears, bending her knees as she felt like falling to the pits of despair.

The intern looked defeated, sighing as he couldn't move Amy's hurt levels down any further.

"…Come on, Sonic." He cheered. "Don't break her heart…"

As if on cue, Sonic felt a tinge of guilt, and looked away.

He then felt something, a different approach, cross his mind.

Was this the new data?

He wasn't sure.

He took a deep breath, and for Amy's sake, went with it.

He slowly walked towards her, before holding out his hand and helping her straighten up, holding her from the back and gently lowering his head.
"...So what if it wasn't meant to be easy..."

Amy's head lifted up slightly.

"So what if it's half pleasure... and half suffering."

She turned her head around.

"I may be the worst possible person to love, Amy? But I'm who you do love. And for that... I gotta start shaping up a bit."

He looked up and smiled to her.

"Heh, mind staying patient with me..? Amy?"

He tiled his head for approval.

Amy's face drop to once again letting out tears, but turned around and embraced him, as he held her there a moment, a little awkward about it, but let her cry as much as she needed too.

"Heh... these new emotions... you wonder if they ever get easier to control."

He nervously laughed, a little worried about that.

"We were doing fine a little while ago." Amy rubbed her eyes, but brought back the fun play between the two.

"Yeah... that was kinda fun... wasn't it?" he smiled kindly to her, playing a little, before his eyes suddenly shifted in realization.

"THAT LOUSY-!" he turned to the staircase.

"H-huh? What's wrong?"

Sonic dashed out of her arms.

"W-wait! Soooniiiice!"

Sophia Hope held a Rosy the Rascal doll in place, and mumbled something as she made it bounce around.

A Metal Sonic appeared, and she made him sound like a dinosaur roaring.

She then took her pinkie finger and pulled a Classic Sonic figure into play, and started having him jump too, and with Amy in hand, run from Metal Sonic.

She made a tornado noise as she whirled them in a circle around her table, before putting Rosy down and using classic Sonic to jump up and fight Metal Sonic, having them both crash to the ground.

She then had Rosy race over to Classic Sonic, and made it look like he was badly injured, saying something to her dramatically, before fainting.

She seemed to cry, as she made Metal Sonic get up, and like a western cowboy, move one foot forward at a time, as if Metal Sonic was injured too.
She rotated his plastic claw up skyward, as if ready to strike Rosy, before Sonic bounced back to life and held his arm up, catching his claw, and then spin dashing and kicking him away.

He then apparently held Rosy, and her to him, before she made them both shyly look away, before Amy hugged him, and made cute little noises between making them dance around before the real Sonic swung open the door and she threw the action figures behind her, flipping a paper out in front of her, and a pen that was backwards, pointing to the paper as if she was writing something.

"Yes?"

"YOU MESSED WITH MY EMOTIONS!" Sonic stomped into the room, and pushed the chair out of the way, glaring at her.

She lowered her being slowly down, reclining the chair back. "I'm sure I-"

He slammed his hand to the table, "I'm serious." He almost hissed out.

"...Know exactly what you're talking about and can explain. I was simply trying to-"

He slammed the other hand down, this time making her cup of pencils topple over.

"Okay! Okay! I can see your angry! Let me explain! You were acting up and they called me to tone you down and you resisted so I played your game and the intern got weirded out and turned the darn thing off and I slipped! There, the story!" she huddled under her desk, as he spun around and pushed the chair away, lowering himself to look under.

"You used me! You manipulated our feelings! And worse, you wrecked all the company in the frenzy you started!"

"Um, no? Heh. The company can't be wrecked by virtual peoples?" She tried to make herself look smart, holding up a hand and pushing her fake glasses up she was wearing.

"..." he gave her a deadpan look. "The computer program to our emotions was offline. We were literally losing our minds." His words made her feel even more guilty.

"...I was just trying to do my job." Sophie countered.

"Do me a favor. You've done enough. Go back to Japan and let them complain all they want. But leave us alone." He abruptly moved up and away, slamming the door shut.

Dr. Hope took a second to think about that… seeing the trust he once held for her… and any amount of respect… suddenly vanish.

She slowly got up from her desk, picked up her seat, scooted back to the table.

She then lowered her head and cried.

All the way around the world…

"Yes? America? I'll be there shortly…" Cy boarded a plane, before stopping abruptly, "WHAT!? She did-! no matter, I'm sure everyone will recover. How long will she be there..? Comic Con? Of course I know what it is, you lout! I've been marketing Sega's comic con appeal for years… not to mention E3… yes, yes… I'll have her, and her silly initiative, under control in no time… I assure you, sir. I won't let her manipulate any of the characters as she has already… right… thank you." He flipped the phone down and entered.
Sitting on the plane, he pulled out his laptop, and started to look over more and more news articles about Dr. Sophia Hope. "Heh… what a woman." He sarcastically muttered, holding a hand up to his chin and looking through her history. "So many successful video game cures… but what makes Sonic so difficult for you to grasp?" he noticed that most of the characters she helped, ended up being closer to their love interests as well. "Bingo." He grinned.

"So? Link and his little princess weren't enough? You went for Spyro and a new girl, and continued to wrap up more and more couples to your whims? Sly and Carmelita? Who even is that? You really have a soft heart for pairings… I see… you're not so much a 'therapist' as you are a 'marriage counselor.'" he laughed.

"Once I convince SEGA that all you're trying to do is your own motives, they'll fire you instantly and your 'incredible' streak of successes will leave you ruined and penniless." He chuckled. "Ah. If only you knew how to play it dirty… sadly, you're too honest for your own dealings…" he closed the laptop, as a flight attendant gave him a glass to drink.

He raised it to them, and then took a sip, smiling a devious plan. "Doctor Doolittle to the video game characters, they say…. More like Doctor… who cares? Haha!"

Amy walked into Sophie's office, seeing her looking so sad, she softly closed the door and walked to her.

"H-huh?" Drying her tears quickly, Dr. Hope noticed Amy approaching, being silent and quiet as she did so.

"Amy, dearest?" she sniffed, "What are you doing here?"

"…I… I know I'm just the patient but…" she smiled up to her. "I felt like you could use a friend."

Dr. Hope burst out in a chuckle, before covering her mouth and crying again, before welcoming the girl to her side.

"You're not just a patient, you're most certainly my friend."

The two hugged a moment, before Amy spoke up again. "Crazy first day?"

"For some reason, in this place? They're always rough." She laughed, as Amy giggled below her.

"…Yeah… sorry about that. We're a pretty messed up family." She teased.

"Nah, you guys just haven't had it good in awhile… you've forgotten how to make it good!" she exclaimed, and then sighed. "Then again… I'm really questioning whether I'm helping that much…"

Amy looked up, and wiped some tears away. "No… we were messed up before you came and helped straightened up the madness a little bit more… I mean, Sonic would never have found his courage to accept his old data if it weren't for your help."

"…Some say it would have been better that way." Sophie looked down and away, her hand coming up to push against her eyes, trying to will them to not cry.

"No! Don't say that! You helped him deal with past issues that he didn't even know started from his original self! You helped both of them! And in return… you helped me." She looked so sincere, as she put her hands up to Sophie's face. "I know you're a specialist! You know why?"
Sophie shook her head.

"Because you care more about bits and data frames than any other person alive! You stick up for us when we can't do it for ourselves! Amy… the last Amy… died because she didn't have you to help her through it."

Sophie was hired because of that very incident, and turned to look up at Amy.

"You… you think I could have stopped her from glitching?"

"…Maybe not." She looked down, but then shook her head. "But you could have calmed her down! You could have recognized the glitch, and maybe even stopped her from dying as rapidly as she did! I just… I just wish she could have known you… you could have saved her… I feel like you would have." She looked away, shaking her head, before Sophie raised her head back to look at her eyes.

She smiled. "Amy… Maybe I am."

Amy looked deep into her eyes, before she grinned, seeing she meant her.

"You may think you're just some back-up, data copy…. But I bet you the last Amy only wished she had the same strength to do what you're doing."

Amy's smile faded, "W…what's that?"

"…To keep moving on through the pain… till a happy turnaround can be found." She tilted her head, and then bumped her head lightly against Amy's.

"Alright. They're closing down." She saw the lights start flickering off. "We should go."

"To bed?" Amy smiled, touched by her words.

"Yeah… keep enduring Amy." She put her hands tightly to her shoulders. "Glitching comes from not being able to mend will with coding… and getting stuck. You have to find a way to live with what's going on around you… no matter how hard or heartbreaking it may be… never… ever … give up on your dreams."

"…Thank you." She nodded.

"Preserve during these rough times… I know you'll make it somewhere with Sonic. I've seen it in Japanese Sonic's eyes. If the original can make adjustments, so can your Sonic."

"I… I can't thank you enough!" she hugged her again, "I just wish the old Amy could-!"

"I am telling her. As we speak." Dr. Hope hugged her tighter. "She is you, child. You are her. Who she was meant to be."

"…Em." Amy bit down on her lip, not sure how to take that. This whole time, she felt like she was second-rate, a ghost to most of the other characters.

But Sophie made her feel like she was the first and only American Amy, and that sent her heart whirling with joy and acceptance.

All she really wanted… was to be loved, and love in return.

"Thank you…" she breathed out.
"Thank you…"

(This was probably the most ridiculous chapter yet! I hope you liked the silliness! Comic Con's gonna start us off into the craziness of drama once more! So enjoy the laughs while you still have them!)
Comic-Kaze

Sonic IRL

Comic-Kaze

By: Cutegirlmayra (Here we go once more! I really wanted to write this, so I spared no loss and went right to the writing!)

After the whole 'fiasco' with the emotions controls, it's clear the company soon figures out who started it all, as Dr. Hope sits in her office, tracking a very important package that will help get her and the characters to Comic Con time in an orderly manner.

That was, for a chance of pace, another duty she was tasked upon. For her industry's animatronics were now going to shown to the world! She was either going to make millions, or just give characters a way to interact with fans and the real world in a whole new way.

As she walked down the halls of SEGA, she dreamed blissfully of her goal coming to pass. Where Video Game Characters could finally interact on a whole new level with fans, and who knows? Maybe a new element to her theory would be secured by having all four elements line up perfectly!

What child wouldn't doubt the existence of a robot that acted and moved so freely as to simulate life? Thus having 'Heart' strengthened into a firm belief that they were, indeed, alive? And a character's 'Will' perfectly embedded with code that could respond with ease and personality to each question. Not to mention 'Action' would be more fully controlled by a company because the character would be happy! And come to think of it… 'Life' couldn't get better! Think of how you could market that! Just imagine! Kids walking into Walmart and buying their own copy of Sonic's datacore, and then plugging it in, so to speak, into their own Sonic animatronic! They could be quick friends! He could help them feel good about themselves, play make believe with them, not just that- They could even battle other animatronics and make this a living pokemon!

Which reminded her, that this could be bigger than Sonic himself!

She then thought of all the chaos that ensued only a little while ago, and sighed. "Now I'll never know the circumference of Amy's butt…" she muttered to herself, looking truly disappointed in that, but also trying to laugh hardly about it… but it only came out a short light chuckle as she then thought about what Sonic had said to her.

"…You've done enough. Go back to Japan…"

Those words… stung her. Not only as a fan of Sonic, but also as, what she considered to be, his friend.

She wanted to help the characters, not make them… feel like she was only hindering them.

Amy's words were a comfort, but she was starting to question herself…

"I've got to make it up to them." She clenched her fist tightly.

"I've got to show them I meant no harm!"

-The Middle of Nowhere-
Sonic folded his arms, looking grumpy he was forced into a car, and glared up at Sophie.

"Aren't you suppose to be feeling the heels of my executives right about now?"

His voice held so much rotten humor that Dr. Hope parked the car and just stared out the window for a moment.

It took all her strength not to laugh and encourage the behavior further.

She cleared her throat, and turned around, facing him in the passengers seat. "Here's a phone." She gave him the virtual data bit, which was funny, cause it actually held the code for a real cellphone.

"...This is a microchip." He took it, and felt the data soar into his code, and then let it go, having only needed to touch it with his index finger and thumb a moment to transfer the code.

He folded his arms again.

"Right, I know. But it's a phone." She continued, deciding not to play any games with him today. "I took you on this joyride not to try and make amends, but to give you a breather."

His eyebrow raised up.

"And the company trusted you with this?"

"...The company may have just been informed by voicemail."

His intrigue rose a little more, and he smirked. "Well,... at least it's got nothing to do with Amy."

He started to relax, kicking his feet up and putting his hands behind his head.

Then he lost his cool and moved back down to how he was originally sitting, "Or are we about to have a long and extremely awkward, off-topic, discussion on her again?"

"No." Dr. Hope abruptly shut off that worry from his mind. "You were right. This has nothing to do with her. This has everything to do with you stepping away from all those stresses in your life and just... running."

His face turned a little softer, searching her face for some sign that she was kidding, or pulling his leg.

"...Just run, Sonic. I honestly, truthfully just want you to go enjoy yourself." She parked the car and turned it off.

He watched her hands do the motions and then looked back up at her, not able to hold back his smile, "You're serious?"

"You've been cooped up doing who knows what trying to satisfy and understand your new found data regarding Amy Rose." Sophie kicked her knees up, and took out her own phone. "Taxing as that sounds, you also have to deal with Amy wanting more attention and sadly, needing more reassurance that you're sticking to your guns on this one. Which, we all know, we leave the guns to Shadow, but eh, you're kinda learning how to aim, fire, and shoot straight." She turned her head to him and winked.

He didn't seem to think that funny, but he looked away and kept a smile on his face.

"You mean this." He looked back at her. "I can just... go?" he motioned his hand out.
"There's a new game you're needed for. But production is down due to my... little error..." she grimaced and looked away, "But there is a catch to this new found freedom."

She wiggled her phone around. "In addition to going off exploring around the world, since that microchip connected you to my phone's data, you can now travel all around the place AND, here's a biggie, take pictures that automatically get sent as text messages to my phone. Just... anything highly interesting, or if you travel to another state or country, take a picture for me. Deal?"

She held out her hand to his.

They both were laying back in the seat, as Sonic let out a chuckle, rubbing his hand to his muzzle, thinking this through...

"That's it?" he finally concluded.

"That's it." She agreed, and shook her hand in the air, "Come on, dude! Don't leave me hanging just before we ship off to Comic Con!"

"....You know,... maybe you are cut out for this profession." He took her hand, which they both couldn't feel the other, but it was funny to say the least, and shook it.

Since they were out of SEGA boundaries, new virtual rules applied, and she saw her hand slightly phase through his own.

"Odd." She stated.

"Kinda cool. Tickles a little though." He mused.

"Really?" She was surprised to hear that.

"No," he teased, showing he just wanted to mess with her, before saluting her off and kicking the door to automatically open.

She laughed at that. "Hey! Don't hack my car!"

"It's not yours!" That was true, because it was owned by SEGA, he had access to it.

He dashed out and in a matter of seconds, he was gone from her sight.

She kicked back and opened her phone, calling Hoshi.

"...Hey! It's me! Guess you're working. I took American Sonic for a joyride and now he's out and about having fun and kicking back. Yeah... he needed to get some stuff off his mind for a change. Clear his head a bit. Remove a load from his shoulders. Anyway, I'm heading back to SEGA of America and I was hoping you could help me know how Japanese Sonic is doing? Thanks. Oh and um... i-ignore that final thing from last time... w-well in America, we sometimes say goodbye to like- family and stuff with I love-" the message machine clicked, and she wagged her phone in the air angrily when she heard it.

She held her phone down and sat back, thinking about everything.

She then got a text and looked down, hoping for Sonic.

Nope...

Walking down the halls of SEGA now, she was back in her grove, trying to remain confident as her
jacket hung by her shoulders, and her sunglasses back to her head with her heels making her feel empowered.

Sophie, to say the least, was hoping that this 'meeting' she was called to would only, thankfully, chastise her a bit and then ask her to never work with the companies machineries again.

She could live with that.

Shadow, materializing beside her, was something she was not expecting though.

"Oh… hello."

He remained silent, but walked bristly next to her, eyes forward.

"…" she slowly moved her head back ahead of her, but slowed her pace, and noticed that he did the same.

"…Hmm… why do I see your presence as an ominous omen?" she lightly teased.

"…The official of whom contacted you was not present for the Japan council of which you stated your findings for Sonic's problems. But I think he's calling you here for more than further questioning…" his voice almost seemed like he was on an errand of such, and she looked curiously down to him at that.

"Forgive me… but I seem suspicious as to why you care?" He never really did say much during their sessions he was forced to come too, given that the company was a little paranoid about all their characters glitching, and that's how they became acquainted.

"You suppose me to be doing my creators wishes?" he looked up at her, but there was a darkness in his eyes. "I assure you. I'm here as a warning."

"Why warn me?" Sophie looked down, still suspicious and confused. "I thought the last time we met, you stated you wanted nothing to do with 4D people."

"I still hold to my assertions." Shadow narrowed his eyes, and then turned forward again. "This… head honcho of whom your about to meet… he's not one to take lightly. He's a serious businessman, one you should know doesn't hold any of your research in regard. In other words…" he stopped when she came to the office door.

He folded his arms, "Keep your mouth shut. And consider yourself warned." He then walked away, as Sophie realized he must care a little more about her than she thought.

She turned around. "Then, I guess I don't have a 'shadow' of a doubt now! Do I? You really do have a soft spot! Thanks, buddy!" she purposefully shouted that loudly, and watched him tense up, and hoped her action only made him grow slightly fonder of humans.

He felt that his creators shouldn't have taken Maria away from him, but let her live.

Because of that, he's held a distain for being a mere creation in both his backstory… and his own world.

She saw him dematerialize and felt a little bad for pushing it, but was hoping it was worth showing her gratitude.

Then again, he truly hated Sonic's way of humor, maybe… she should have let the pun go.
"Yea, though I walk through the valley… of the shadow… of death. I will fear no evil." She recited the verse, and took a deep breath, about to go in.

She heard a 'ding' on her phone and quickly turned it to vibrate, before looking at the picture.

Sonic was surrounded by showgirls, and his text read- "Amy, who?"

She wanted to laugh and punch him at the same time.

"At least he's getting the picture." She joked. "Oh, gosh. The puns." She leaned her head back, not realizing she was saying so many of them.

"Hey, just a quick observation needing clarity but… was that from the bible?"

She turned around.

Tails swished his twin namesakes behind him, and seemed to be preoccupied on a tablet, but put it down to look up at her.

"Passing by?" she smiled. "Or still looking for a beautiful lady?" she teased.

"That was your fault and I still resent you for that." He quickly spoke out, glaring at her before returning to his question. "All I asked was a clarification on what religion that was."

"…Why would a video game character have questions regarding scripture?" Sophie liked the idea of stalling the inevitable of going into that office.

So she turned and put all attention to Tails.

"Is it wrong to question my God's God?" he raised an eyebrow. "After all, our scripture is whatever the Bios or backstories say of us. Your God uses fancy novels of historical stories to give evidence to his life."

"And yet, when your creators die, all they'll have left is a section with their name on a credit scroll."

He bit his tongue after that.

"Have you ever wondered Tails… if the God of your Gods…" she bent down to his level, "Ever helped inspire them to create you?"

He thought a moment, and she hoped him stumped, before he looked away to the corner of the upper side of his eye, before looking back to her, clearly unable to answer that. "It's a possibility."

He stated, and then faced her more professionally, putting the tablet behind him.

"But you avoided my question."

"I'm Christian, yes." She smiled.

"Of what branch?" he asked, which puzzled her a little.

"Does it matter?" she blinked.

"Christian,… what? Cause I hear that religion plays a lot into how people operate and think. So I'm
"curious, Christian what?"

"…LDS." She was amused, but also confused as to why he cared so much. "What does that say about my thinking then?"

"…I don't know. Let me check." He pulled out his tablet again and went to typing.

He suddenly made a face and looked back at her, then the screen.

"What? Never heard of a Mormon before?" she thought that amusing.

"...You believe in eternal love?" he looked back up to her.

"Yes."

"...Wow, heh. That explained so much." He suddenly turned around and went off.

"H-hey!..." she held a hand out to him, "…WHAT THE FLIP DOES THAT MEAN!?"

"Miss Hope?"

She straightened herself out and turned around, "Yes?" she tried to look professional again, but clearly was upset that Tails scoffed her at what she didn't know he was referring too.

She assumed in that moment that maybe he meant her support for Sonic and Amy's relationship, and slightly smiled sarcastically and how he thought religion could have anything to do with her view of love.

Oh… wait…

"We're ready to see you… whenever you are." The man opened the door more and invited her in, but looked annoyed that she was late.

She sheepishly smiled and nodded her head, walking in.

"You're the infamous Doctor I keep hearing about?" The man spoke, and chuckled lightly as he clapped his hands, looking down and away from her. "I must admit, I thought you older."

"Heh.. And you sure, I thought you a true American, but now I see you're from the HQ in Japan." She spoke in Japanese, and his curiosity looked impressed by her wits. (Author's note: Since a lot of people didn't like me using Google translate to do the Japanese translations, I'll show it through underlining sentences, so you know when they are speaking another language or not.)

"You do speak Japanese. I'm impressed. But for the sake of being polite, let's return to English." He gestured her to sit down.

She happily did so, seeing as he kept whatever opinions he had of her below the surface of his professionalism.

"Now then. I was briefed earlier about your lecture and position on finding the common issue with Sonic The Hedgehog, our companies most… treasured mascot. After receiving your report, may I assume you believe his behavior to be a direct result of 'Action' as you were speaking of in your own formula of Character Analysis?"

"That's correct." She nodded, seeing he did his homework.
He nodded his head, and she could see he wasn't fully thinking that logical, but continued anyway as he clasped his hand again and moved to the board. "I hope you understand, the council is debating as we speak regarding your theory and what can be done for Sonic. On the other hand, we must address what is set forth as of today. We have terminated Eggman's sentence and he is free to roam once more."

Dr. Hope's face dropped from her calm composure.

"We assure you." He bowed slightly, "He will not cause any further harm."

"Hmm… if you say so." She nodded to him again, as the men around her still stood standing…

"Another thing we should inform you. You are to only handle the equipment we provide. You did cause quite the disorder, very against the very reasons why we called you in. We understand our characters can be manifested by some strange energy force that wills them alive, but we need them to still work with us. And for that, we try our best to treat them well, however, much like children, they can rebel and at times, turn moody and depressing. We hired you to cure this. We believe you've heightened it, surely against your own intentions, but the fact still stands, it has happened."

She was starting to understand where this was going, but still felt odd how no one was seated.

"Sir?" she put her hands together and on the table. "Am I being fired?"

"….No." he didn't answer her in Japanese. "You're being given charge to be strictly watched over…"

He nodded in his words, stepping forward. "We can't have you running amok as you have been lately. We believe the characters will begin to calm down if you're sessions with them are monitored and actions observed more closely."

"By whom!?" Dr. Hope extended her arms out, gesturing around her. They thought her not doing her job! Ha!

"I'm the leading professional in this business, there's no one on earth who knows exactly what I do nor anything about the Sonic crisis or his character like I do!"

Suddenly… the door opens to the office, and a voice pipes in from it.

"Sorry I'm late. Terrible traffic."

"Oh no…" He smirked at her with such evil as only a mastermind could induce.

"I'd love to be briefed."

Storming out of the office once the meeting is ended, Dr. Hope moves at the swift speed of summer lightning, powerwalking down the isle as Cyrus Clyde keeps a steady, but equally as powerful walk behind her. Moving in a serpentine pattern to avoid people, they looked like they were in perfect sequence, before she abruptly turned around.

"I know what you're doing."

"Good. I'd hate to explain it more simply."

"I know you're going to try and make some rouse to turn everything that Sonic has made for}
"Or... emm.. off the chance that you made him something he isn't, I'm going to somehow rat out your little farce and let the whole, wide world you're nothing more than a delusional fangirl who made her way into the business through- Oh goody, here's my favorite part- lying and cheating."

"...What are you so giddy about? All your spouting out is lies!"

"Ah, am I? According to half the world you're a phony. A sham. Scamming up the world of video games to have your crazy ideas leak out into the real company product, and oh, you've been so success as of late, but our character is suddenly putting up a fight, how interesting is that. You wouldn't happen to have a virtual voodoo doll in your bag by any chance, hmm?"

"...You're insane." Dr. Hope stepped back, and felt her phone vibrate. "First and foremost, I never forced Sonic to do anything, nor used any of my schooling in psychology to manipulate him! That can't even be done because Code is so apparent and strong-!"

"And yet, you state your theories very bluntly how Code can be overruled by your said- 'Will', the power of 'Will'? Oh yes, and by strengthening said 'Will' you then get power over 'Action'. To literally convince a character to do your bidding, now this is all hypothetical considering there's no proof, oh wait, Sonic and Amy are in love, is that what you're trying to make out to be the real issue behind Sonic's 'unexplained' old data returning to him?" he put his hand to his chin, and used his other hand to hold his elbow into place. "Hmm... some could speculate you implanted that data in there when he was vulnerable in his own weaknesses from feeling unappreciated through a lack of fan love." He made a pouty face and put his arms down.

"No, Miss Hope. I think you're a quack Doctor about to squawk for the last time." He rose his voice, and leaned further towards her, his true villainous stepping forward before he pulled himself back, and tried to smile with some charm.

Her phone vibrated again, this time, she put it to silence as fast as possible, making him look down at her action, before continuing on, not seeming to care.

"Now then. We seem to have an appointment with the loosed Eggman! I'd love to see how you apologize for promising him the world when your plans came undone by your own thwarting of it through an invention no ones ever heard or seen before. Suddenly... being shown to the public at Comic Con, was it? Why, ... that's only a few days away." He gestured to her that he was on to her, but she honestly didn't know how to respond. She couldn't believe all the things he said, and the theories behind her being a culprit!? She was speechless, and couldn't do anything more than walk on, dumbfounded that this man could even think those things of her.

"I'll say this only once." He continued, walking behind her.

He suddenly moved in closer, having his chin slightly lowered to her shoulder, so that his cold breath and slippery words would roll into her ear and linger in her mind for all eternity.

"Stop this 'Romance initiative' or I'll reveal you for what you truly are."

Like a devilish snake whispering in your ear, trying to make you doubt your life's work...

Sophie reached up and swatted his face away, "You creep!" she cried out, as she made sure others could hear her. "I'll report you for sexual harassment if you even dare think of addressing me so closely!" she continued to walk down the corridor, seeing his embarrassment as others looked to
him with judgment, and he quickly turned in rage back to following her.

"You realize your silly game is going to be the ruin of this franchise!" he continued to whisper behind her, but made sure to look around and keep his distance from her, not wanting any suspicious to ruin his career…

"Difference of opinion." She was ticked off but had a momentary pleasure at getting the upper hand of him. At least he wasn't going to act like he held all the cards now…

"That usually starts wars you know."

They finally made it to her office, as she pivoted to face him once more.

"Then let's decide now…" she glared at him, holding a firm stance.

"Decide…" he stepped forward, showing he wasn't afraid of a challenge. "What?"

"Who's the rebellion."

There was suddenly some clapping, as the two turned to see Eggman looking out the window of the office.

"Well done, heroine! Saving us from the tyranny of business associates that do little more than marketing aids. Truly, we have been saved!" he exaggerated, and then snickered in his usual fashion.

He moved to the door and phased through it, "Oh, pish-posh! Why should I obey the conventions of 4Ds when I could easily just avoid it all together! Haha!"

"… Have you spoken with your original?" Sophie got right down to business.

"Oh…" his mustache drooped, looking heartbroken. "Don't tell me, now that this goon of the company's got his peering eyes looking down over your shoulders means that you're not going to be fun and witty enough to talk or joke around with anymore… does it?" His actions were clearly to mock her, and not at all in play of any formed 'bond' that didn't actually exist between the two.

"Don't act like you wouldn't want us to be friends." She sneered in his face, almost being harshly mocking of him.

"Ha! I'll have you know. I'm nothing like my alleged son!" he saw her walk around him, giving him enough respect to treat him as though he were real, as he turned to walk into the door, but Cy just walked through him, having him phase and let out a high pitched, "Oooh!" as if someone had surprised him with a touch.

He peered a disapproval to the man, before closing the door and sitting down.

"Heh. Tough love." He slouched in his chair, putting his hands together and on his big body.

Dr. Hope took her spot as Cy moved behind her, taking out his device and starting to type on it.

"Heh, look whose being graded." Eggman teased, leaning up and throwing his thumb out towards Cy, trying to joke with her again.

"No matter how elite you are in your profession… there will always be someone unworthy to grade you on your 'teaching' methods." He did the bunny ears, continuing to insult her further as he leaned back, but there was a hint of returned respect for the earlier gesture she granted him…
"Eggman, are you going to be a good boy and stop trying to use any means necessary to get what
you want outside the game's limitations?" She put her papers in order and then looked him dead in
the eye, refusing to acknowledge his statements.

This offended him, but he knew she was only acting this way because Cy had made her
uncomfortable and uneasy. He desperately wanted to speak to her, 'alone', but he understood this
was a bad time.

He gave a glance to Cy, and then leaned forward, his arms on his knees, and his head down. "I…
would have rather a word with you… but seeing as you are… momentarily detained as much as, I
would compare it, I was. I'll speak to you later concerning my… inward sufferings." He put a hand
to his heart, before pulling out a tissue and blowing into, desperately crying before wiping his tears
away. "Terribly sorry!" he sniffed, "That will have to wait."

Cy rolled his eyes.

Eggman saw that notion and stood up, pointing dramatically and with a hint of threat in his actions,
"AT LEAST SHE BELIEVES I HAVE SOME OUNCE OF FEELING! Out of all the 4Ds I
despise, I'm starting to loathe her less than the lot of you! Even in a villains standpoint, she may be
an insult, but she's a decent intrusion aside from you pompous ingrates who somehow believe that
just because you created us you have authority over us. Even your own God gives you jurisdiction
over your own pathetic lives! Can we not ask the same curtesy?" he shrugged at that last part,
smiling and tilting himself in a goofy, cartoony way.

"...Eggman. You're motive caused your other self in Japan to revolt with a freakin' robot attack."
Sophie stated bluntly.

"Sophia, darling, we're talking here. I'm all for feministic inclusion on important matters, but I'm
kinda standing up to the big man here, and I need all the screen time I can get. You know how I've
missed my love of monologuing after that horrible suppression I was forced to endure after dear
old daddies MARVELOUS rebellion, and oh, I hate to get you involved in my outbursts." He
turned to her with such fake loving care, though he was being sincere in that he was fine with her
talking, but clearly wanted to talk a little more before she intervened.

She had a fondness for the big goof, and tossed her papers in defeat, folding her arms and leaning
back with her arms folded, leaning her head his way.

"That a girl." He sneered, and then looked back to Cy.

Cy turned to her, "Are you really going to allow a creation of pigmented imagination to tell you
what to do?"

"Hey, if his rage is helping him release any frustrations that were barred to him before, I say, have
at it." She gestured her hand out and about. "Besides.. hehehe…. You've clearly never had a session
with a villain before. I'm just glad he's not monologuing to me." She laughed.

He frowned, as Eggman stood up taller, liking that she was taking his side.

"Besides, I'm getting more out of him than in any session yet! Please, Dr. Eggman, take it away!"
she gave him the floor, which he happily took.

"Thank you. I'll take whatever piece of property I can attain." He gave her a low bow, but it was
another mock that she just ignored, before he turned to Cy.

"I have nothing to do with my father's treachery… though I wish I did. He works solo after
Generations, you know that." He side-looked to Sophie, answering her question, but always facing Cy, as if trying to intimidate him with his tall and large stature.

He peered down evilly towards him, a creepy grin on his face, as Cy kept a surprisingly cool composure.

He probably knew Eggman couldn't hurt him as just a bunch of 1's and 0's, but still… the look was terrifying.

"Egypoo? Dearest? What about your Son, Boom Eggman?"

"What about my illegitimate excuse for a clone of my brilliance?" he straightened himself, and frowned, dropping the act towards Cy, and holding his hands behind his back.

He still never moved from facing Cy.

"You consider him illegitimate? But the company-"

"Pfft! The whole fandom knows that rip-off is nothing more than a cash hoax. Hoping to somehow 'appeal to the masses' or what not. I'm not affiliated with that-"

"Boom Eggman wrote me a note, it reads- 'It was nice to NOT meet my father, but at least he sent his little minions to tell me my mustache looked nice'-"

"Give me that!" Eggman finally moved away from Cy and took the paper, reading it over.

"..He wrote this to you?" he looked down at her.

She smiled, "He seemed really unhappy when he couldn't meet you, big papa Eggy." She teased, as he just groaned at her words and kept reading the paper.

"Heh… oh, look! He put a little mustache over the 'i'! How quaint." He kept reading, showing pride, before side glancing at Sophie's cheeky grin and shoving it in her face. "A-huff-puff-rufh! He's clearly showing the penmanship of an adolescent!" he walked back to his chair, but only to the side of it, refusing to sit down again.

"I'm surprised you were able to see a loophole in your prison bars… sending your minions to do your dirty work of welcoming your own son…" she turned to Cy, whose eyes widened as he looked to her, and started immediately typing things down.

She looked back at Eggman, who was looking over his shoulder, seeing their looks and knowing what she was implying.

"Hffph. And I thought you sided with the characters." He accused her, and then turned back around, not looking to any of them. "You should know…. A father would find any means to commune with his only begotten…"

"Enough with the bible talk… wait." Sophie realized something, and turned to look behind her, seeing Cy typing and extremely focused on that, before leaning in and mouthing to Eggman if he was spying on her too.

He grinned, and didn't say anything more.

Just turned away.

She glared, seeing that he was stalking her movements before too.
"What'd the emotion board do to you, huh?"

"Luckily for you, I was cleaning my file up a bit. You know, spring cleaning, and gave Orbot and Cubot a day off, something that will never be repeated again." He seemed to hate every line of that sentence, and she snickered at how cute it must have been for Eggman to actually be a 'good person' for a change.

"What else did you 'commune' with your son?"

"Just about the mustache. I can't trust those two buffoons to do anything right."

Cy looked up from his notes, and then spoke up, "Really? Cause I'm pretty sure any crook would go through any measures necessary when desperate times calls for it..." he glared down, almost knowingly, towards Sophie, as she glared a warning back at him.

"...Ehem." Eggman got their attentions again. "Hate to break the obvious hatred and rivalry glares you two are passing but, it's highly rude to call someone out, even if it's implied, a villain in front of a true villain.... Eh-heh... see how that works?"

"My apologies, Eggman. He clearly can't tell a cactus from a flower."

"Considering he's the one calling the bluff on himself, you mean?"

The two of them faked such a horrible acted out laugh, just to annoy Cyrus that they actually shared a moment together.

"Whoo, hoo-hoo! You know.... If you weren't practically a genius in helping virtual beings, I would gladly hire you as a robotized assistant." Eggman leaned on the table, showing some comradery to her after the both wedged a stick in unison up Cyrus's butt.

"Ah, how funny. You actually think I'm a little like you." She gestured a hand out to him, as if to 'tweak' his nose, but didn't actually touch him.

"...I think you could be more capable than you think..."

He loomed over her desk, only hand down as his tone took a serious turn and made her look up slowly from her papers.

What was he implying?

He smiled casually, but was clearly trying to tell her something.

She studied his glasses, before her eyes widened.

On his glasses were text, and they read as follows:

If you can see this, you better meet me after Comic Con to really talk. Mr. Clyde has no clue what he's dealing with. You do.

"...."

Was he implying that he knew something she didn't?

Was it something to do with his Japanese self?

Did he know some sort of plan?
After all, the Eggman's were all furious they were locked away because of their original father's actions… could it be that he was really willing to help her?

"What's wrong, Miss Hope?" Cy's annoyed tone made her snap out of it. "Or do you admit that you've been working to help Eggman ruin this company?" he turned to her.

"Of course not, and you should know I wouldn't work with a kooky old man." She got up, patting her papers together.

"That'll be all, Eggman."

He frowned, and the text on his glasses deleted itself, one space and letter at a time, just like a normal message.

He seemed to have power over his own assets, and removed his hand from the table after a short pat. "Well, then I'll be taking my leave then."

As he turned, she then couldn't hold it in any longer. "I assume you've been approved for good behavior… enough so to come to… Comic Con.. perhaps?"

He smirked, seeing she did see it, and turned around.

"Why… yes." He held his hands together. "I would be available for such accommodations."

"…Then, perhaps I'll examine you after." She nodded, sealing the deal.

His delight was apparent on his face, as he walked towards the door backwards, a sinister look on his face as he lowered his head and bowed slightly.

"Of course… Dear Doctor Hope.. but of course."

He dematerialized as he hit the door.

Sophie stood up,… and then started putting her things away.

"Not gonna lie. After a villain leaves like that,… it sure gives me the hibbie jeebies!" she swung her bag over her shoulder and started out.

As they walked out, Sophie saw the nearest escape route, and quickly took the chance. "This isn't cause Eggman's scary or anything, but I had a wonderful smoothie on the way up here and I really gotta go so, bye!" she let whatever came out of her mouth out, because she wanted any excuse to work to go to the bathroom.

Getting in a stall, she opened her phone up.

46 messages.

She leaned her head back, groaning, before laughing and going through them, leaning on the stalls and flipping through the silly or incredibly awesome pictures of Sonic traveling around the U.S and some of Europe, clearly no one saw him, but he was getting as many pictures for her of his travels as he could.

One was of Mexico, where some kind of parade was happening and he snapped a shot of him holding a thumbs up while running from some bulls behind him.

Another that she laughed at was him sitting on a pyramid, before the very next picture was him at
the louvre in France, pointing to it and making a face as the text stated, 'Really?'

She then saw another picture of some cowgirls that he took, running along side a rodeo and hanging off the back of a horse, posing for her.

Another one was her favorite, him looking so excited as he seemed to be in a raving moss pit somewhere she didn't recognize, but the text stated, 'I guarantee, in each face, you'll find a funnier expression' and she did so.

She texted him back, 'Looks fun! I'm glad. Bad news. Cyrus is back. Watching my back. I'll see you at Comic Con. I can't talk to you like before. Hope you understand!'

She turned off her phone and sighed, before laughing again at how happy Sonic looked.

At least, it seemed they were on good fronts again...

-Comic Con!-

"Everyone! This! Is the world's greatest achievement!" Sophia Hope held up a black sphere, with a little protruding eye-screen that blinked very slowly, like a slow camera lens.

"In this 'Eye' is the essence of Sonic The Hedgehog! Downloaded into this membrane to be transferred into our finally, revolutionized animatronic, that will send live Miku Concerts to the ancient past! Dear Fans! I have already signed contracts to many different Video Game companies. Prepare to have all your favorite characters… come.. to life!"

Suddenly, the concert hall was filled with different men and women, holding up different colored 'eyes' and then placing them into something behind a curtain.

"I give you…" she placed Sonic's 'eye' into the animatronic. "Now?" Sonic's animatronic sparked to life, his robotic green eyes looked up at her from his slouched state.

"Geez, you downloaded fast." She teased, keeping a hand over her mic to talk to him.

"I'm just so excited!" Sonic jumped up and down a little bit, as the stage creaked under his mass. "W-woah." He balanced himself, and smiled nervously to her. "Right. Minimal means exceptional." He repeated the words the technicians had instructed him with.

"Remember, it's the latest technology… that doesn't mean you can do a cartwheel with it!" she warned, removing the plug that was charging him up from his back, and snapping the back shut so the eye would remain fastened in.

"No problem!" he held a thumbs up and gave her a signature wink, before leaning forward, "…But is that a challenge?"

"Ugh." She smiled, and moved back towards the audience, holding the curtain's rope in her other hand. "I give you! Your heroes!" She tugged on the rope, having the curtain come down.

As it did, a ton of video game characters were revealed, each making their appearance as the crowd went NUTS.

Later, at the first panel, Sonic and the team, now fully downloaded into their respective animatronics, sat happily down as the fans came up and asked them different questions.

"This ones to Sonic." A fan stated.
"State it loud, state it proud!" Sonic, loving this new found freedom, extended his arms out wide, though still his movements were a little too slow for his taste, and then moved them back down to the table.

"There's a new game coming from Japan, is that correct?"

"Yep! And Sonic Boom's next game too." He smiled.

"So then… will there be any… cute moments between you and Amy in this next game?"

The crowd all 'ooh'd at that, as the fan covered her face and then fiddled with her fingers, blushing.

Amy got excited.

She knew the fans knew nothing about what was happening in SEGA, besides that Amy had a little bit of a redesign, but they figured that was normal because of Boom.

She looked to Sonic, curious as to how he was going to spill the beans!

"...Uhhh… heh-heh… W-well, there's always a scene with Amy in it but..." he felt awkward, and rubbed the side of his metallic skull.

He shrugged, "Don't know. Guess you'll have to find out."

Amy's smile suddenly dropped slightly, but to keep appearances up, she held firm to her smile and went back to the panel.

She wasn't asked any questions, but she was fine with that. She got to chime in on other things.

Later that day, Sophie and Cy were arguing, and she gasped at seeing him.

She hid behind the back of the stage, listening...

"Your animatronics are going to E3 and the rest of the conventions scheduled!"

"That's what I've been trying to repeat back to you! They characters have to be shut down if that's the case, and if so, they will wake up wondering what's been up and happening! It's better to download them into a computer where they can properly rest from the strains and stresses of moving in a hunk of metal, freakin' frame!"

"They can't feel stress on the body!"

"They can feel emotionally drained, so help me, they can also feel mentally strained from processing so much that is unfamiliar to them!"

"Do you hear yourself? Just program them to be able to be 'familiar' with it then!"

"UGHHH! This is my invention! Not yours!"

"You hired of bunch of Brainiacs to make your inventions spark to life, not you! You haven't done anything in your life besides study artificial intelligence that should just be put back in it's place!"

"It will keep coming to life the more and more the elements are triggered! You can't stop this! As technology advances, so does-I!"

"I'm tried with this pointless arguing. Get the characters to do what they need to, and then keep
them in line!" He marched off, as she held up her hands to strangle his neck as he walked away, and then withheld them back when he turned around.

She smiled sweetly, as fake as ever, before giving him another death glare as he turned around.

"Augh!" she stomped her foot on the ground, and walked away.

When she did so, Amy quickly moved to the open computer behind the stage.

There, they were doing a live feed of some kind, but she quickly looked up the new Japanese game for Sonic.

Suddenly, from Sonic's response, a lot of rumors were flying around.

She honestly missed Japanese Amy, and wondered if she knew of any scene between the two.

The demo she played through was meant for E3, but so far, that was the only spot in the whole game she seemed to appear in.

And with the council still not making up their minds on if her and Sonic could be shown together as something… she didn't know what to say to another question like that.

But how Sonic dismissed it… she may not have a real heart, but her digital one was breaking.

To avoid him for a minute, she walked around Comic Con, enjoying the sights and taking pictures with fans.

"You're so cute, Amy!"

She laughed, and would poise for their pictures.

"Never fear..?"

"Amy Rose is here!" the fans would cheer, and she would talk with them from time to time, and compliment an Amy Rose cosplayer on their outfit, or chase after a Sonic cosplayer, just for the fun of it.

They were given strict rules on their animatronics, such as not to shake any hand in grip. They were to present their hand, and then let the fan shake it, moving their arm up and down. Their metallic frames were so heavy, that they could accidentally hurt a fan if not careful.

Same went for bouncing or sitting down, chairs could collapse under the weight, and to stay away from foundations and other such things where water could damage them.

Hugs could be given but they were to keep their arms off the other person's back, for safety, to just lightly hold and not squeeze.

Amy was walking with some fans when one kept asking her if her and Sonic ever did anything 'behind the scenes' and felt a little nervous when she wouldn't take her answers, and would just keep pushing for more.

"W-well…" Amy knew that she couldn't say anything… not when no one at SEGA had approved of anything.

She looked away, and remembered what Sonic had said.
Not wanting to disappoint anyone, she took a simulated breath and turned to the fans, smiling with closed eyes. "He's always there for me! Even off camera!"

They thought that cute, but pushed for more 'juicy' details, which she tried to wave off and move on from.

When they kept pestering her after a time, she finally stated, "I… I don't know what you mean…"

"Come on, Amy! We mean like… you know! Does he hold you?"

"Kiss you!" some giggled and squee'd.

"Has he ever said he loved you?"

That last one hit her hard, and she moved back a moment, gripping her chest.

"N…W-well… I… Um."

"She's hesitating!"

"Oh my gosh! He has! Hasn't he!?"

"Tell us, Amy!"

She lowered her head, "He… he's just…"

She couldn't, it hurt so much to admit.

"He's not always what I want him to be!" she finally blurted out, as the fans suddenly pulled back, surprised by her outburst. "He's… he can be hard to understand sometimes but… he tries. To tries so hard for me and I… I have to accept that much. I care about Sonic dearly… even if he shows it differently, I accept whatever Sonic can give!"

The fans were speechless.

For a moment, the chattering behind them and the passing of people in the long and spacious hallways was the only noise in the mass of a circle around her.

She felt like just crawling away and hoping to find Sonic, crying in his arms, and asking to be taken far away from here… and then…

"He tries to love you too?"

A man's voice suddenly broke the silence, as she looked to the man who was dressed up as a character she didn't recognize from any Sonic game.

"…Yes?"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH!" the uproar of crazed fans suddenly broke out immensely.

She suddenly realized her fatal error.

"Oh no…" she breathed out, her mic making a slight static noise at how little her effort to speak that out came.

"He really does! He really loves her!" they were tweeting and posting all over the internet, taking
pictures and holding up video cameras to her as flashes went ballistic.

She covered her face, ducking from the white that flooded her eye-screens. "Nng…nnh…"

"Amy! Can you repeat that please?"

"Tell the world he really does love you!"

"He.. He does?" she tried to fake a smile, look like she was kidding, but the whole crowd was dispersing to tell a friend or trying to get her to repeat her statement.

"I.. I have to go!" she couldn't run very fast in her metallic contraption, and they kept swarming her, as she put her hands over her head. "P-please! I don't want to say anymore!"

As if on cue, there was a loud screech from a mic, and the crowd all turned towards it.

"…Ah!" Amy looked up to see Shadow, surrounded by an even bigger crowd, place his mouth up to a mic to create that defining screech, before he started to walk to Amy.

"What have you done?!" his glare was immense, as some fan girls swooned when he grabbed Amy's arm, and pulled her away.

"W-what are you..?"

"Don't worry. My Emotions aren't broken. I'm simply doing my duty to our franchise." He pulled her into a room and shut the door behind him, leaving the fans to groan and bang on the door, mostly calling his name.

"Get to Hope! And if not, look for your precious Sonic." Shadow swung an annoyed arm out, clearly upset by her leaking something that shouldn't be known.

"You should have known better than to let them pry anything out of you. Especially something so sensitive as this scandal." Each word was like hissing dagger through the air into Amy's core.

"I… I didn't mean to say anything that-"

"You thought it wouldn't get recognized?! What you have said could be the greatest error of your creation! What do you think they'll do? When they discover that you've, once again, gone against your own kind to try and get you and Sonic as one.. happy.. coupling."

He kept advancing towards her, making her afraid, before another voice stepped in.

"..Amy? What's going on?"

"Hope!"

Amy rushed to her, but was careful to not touch her. "I.. I said something wrong! I don't know what to do… I … I'm so sorry." She covered her face, motioning as if she was crying.

"Amy…” Sophie couldn't get a good read on her, seeing as her expressions were now limited.

Shadow stared the two down, "I can't be expected to fix this mess… but I can try and explain the delusions of her heart." He turned away, gesturing a hand out to Amy. "Though it won't be enough."

"Thank you… Shadow. I'm not sure what she said but… it could save her from SEGA's
consequences… if you try and defuse it now." She nodded, as Shadow nodded in return, and looked to Amy.

"Someone really should program the two of you to keep your mouths shut. It's almost like you don't know when to quit." He turned and opened the door, keeping them from crowding in, and simply stated that Amy was overwhelmed and that her feelings got the better of her.

"So, no. I wouldn't take anything she says too literally."

A fan approached him, "Shadow-kun! Do you have feelings for Amy!?"

He rolled his eyes, groaning at that ridiculous notion.

"Aside from your ridiculous notion, I'd rather marry a muskrat."

"My fancharacter's a muskrat!"

"Ugh."

"AWWW!"

As they fawned and swooned over him, he was able to lead them away from Hope and Amy.

Hope stroked her head as the door closed and no one seemed to bother looking for her, anyway.

"What do I do..? Sonic will surely think I tried to push our relationship along again too quickly. It's all… it's all turning into the last Amy.. isn't it?... you don't think I'm-?"

"Don't talk nonsense! You are certainly not glitching! You guys have never been in front of a demanding crowd like this before. In theory, you've heard of it, but never actually experienced it. It'll be fine… it'll be fine. When the game comes out and everyone sees you two are normal than… it'll be fine."

"…Normal…" Amy thought about those words.

Later, the team all woke up to convention after convention.

At E3, Sonic walked around with a hang for conversation now, having gotten used to most of the popular questions and ‘will you race me?’ past times that he was actually really enjoying himself.

"What happened to the other Chaos Emeralds, Sonic?"

"Isn't it obvious? I banished them into known space. That way, I only needed like… 7 or so to collect. Do you know the hassle those things put me through to find? Not a chance! I'll stick to a few and leave it at that!"

The fans were loving him, and he loved them, and finally for once, he felt accepted and loved by his people again.

That letter from so long ago was completely out of his mind, and there seemed to be no worries in the world, anymore!

"Hey, Sonic! Is it true the lovely couples back?"

"Heh, what?" Sonic, smiling, turned around to the boy. "What's the 'lovely couple'?"
"It's you and Amy. You're like, an official couple now right?"

"Heh-heh.. wa-wa-wait, say what?" Sonic's smile faded with each bounce of his head, before he shook it and then blinked in horror up to the boy.

"What couple!?"

"Aren't you in love with Amy now, or something?"

"Say what?!" he spun around to the next guy.

"Yeah, it says so. On this blog." Another fan tried to show him her phone, as he calmed down a bit and held up his hands.

"O-o-ohh, okay. I see now. This is a fanfiction thing, right?"

"No. They all confirmed that Amy said you were trying to love her now."

His eyes zoomed in on the man's face, and then quickly held out his hand to the girl. "Can I see your phone, please?"

His serious tone made her grow a little excited, as she placed the phone in his hand.

Careful to be delicate, he realized he couldn't stroll down, looking at his massive finger and the little phone. "Ugh..! … Could you… sorry." He looked apologetic, handing her back the phone as she smiled and started scrolling for him.

As he speed read, he noticed everything they were saying, and his rage was piling up.

"Not again…" he stepped back, leaning his head up from looking down.

"Heh heh, sorry to spoil the thunder!" he raised his hands up, turning around, "But this is just a typical Amy thing again."

The crowd looked to each other, and then to Sonic.

"So… there isn't going to be anything between you and Amy in the next game?"

Amy was shown a video of someone recording Sonic, as he turned to the person who just asked that.

"Pfft! Has there ever been?"

The crowd laughed, as he bent down and put his hands to his hips, tilting his head comically to show there wasn't a doubt that Amy's statement was just her own.

Amy leaned back from seeing the phone's image, and from her expression, looked like she was holding back virtual tears inside her.

She was hoping he wouldn't find out… but his reaction…

Broke her heart.

"Excuse me."

"N-no! Amy don't go!"
The crowd around her was sad by her departure, trying to comfort her as she ran, but this time Tails saw her running, and pardoned himself from his own crowd of fans and took off after Amy.

"Amy! Amy, hold up!"

The crowd formed around them, as Amy stopped and Tails whispered so softly that only Amy's technology on her ears could pick it up.

"What's wrong?"

"It's Sonic… he's… he's said something awful!"

"Okay, calm down. Don't make a scene. Smile and I'll distract them."

"I'll find Hope."

"I was hoping you would." He nodded, and turned to the crowd.

"OKAY! Who told Amy Sonic didn't care about her?!" he rose his voice and looked like he was scolding the crowd, "Don't you know she's emotional and sensitive about those things?" the way he did it made it really funny, and the crowd laughed at his motions. "Come on, people! Have a heart! She's only a child!" they laughed again, as he swung his arms around. "Have you no pity on a hopeless romantic?"

Hopeless romantic.

Hopeless romantic.

Hopeless.

Hope...

"Dr. Hope!"

Amy came crashing into the room, almost banging the door off it's hinges as Dr. Hope cringed and came to her. "Goodness! Amy! Remember your strength!"

"He told the whole world! He told them all!"

Dr. Hope got a little excited, before seeing Amy's terribly hurt and suffering expression.

She came up and leaned her head gently to Dr. Hope's lap, her shoulders bouncing up to simulate crying.

"Oh dear… what'd he do now?" she cried out.

"He… he said that they never has been anything between us… and that they're never will!"

"A-are you sure he said that so plainly!?" Dr. Hope was amazed if that was the case, and was gonna rip him a new set of wires if he really did.

"I-it's online. All of it! I can't believe he would say that! I knew he would be upset but… but I don't know what to do now!"

"Well, for starters, WOMAN-UP!" Dr. Hope got up, "I'm tried of all your complaining, girl! You are no crybaby!"
Amy whipped her head up, "H…huh?"

"Tell him that hurt you! Tell him that you didn't mean to make that statement sound that way, cause I'm assuming what he did was in response to your statement coming to light? Right?"

She nodded, sorrowfully.

"Yeah, so, he was probably just trying to correct it, and you might have taken it literally. Go talk to him. Talk it out. I'm tried of you guys not communicating and having to go through me all the time! You're a big girl, Amy! Tell him it hurts!"

"…R-right." Amy was careful to not move her hand over her eyes, least she scratch the paint, and nodded. "I'll tell him how I feel."

"Good! And while your at it, tell him I've had it with his embarrassment!" she stomped off, already mad at Cyrus, and not able to control her anger around Amy at the current moment either.

In her rage… she slipped out a fatal error of her own making…

"…Em… Embarrassment?"

Sonic walked back behind stage, as Tails raced up to him. "Dude, what happened!? You made Amy cry again!"

"Well good! She shouldn't go around, spouting out our business to the world!" he threw his hand out, but something hurt him after saying that.

He gripped his head, "Ugh… that's not what I meant. Look, I wasn't trying to hurt her, I was just-" The two turned when Shadow stomped in and looked about ready to punch Sonic.

"I TOLD YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THIS." He pointed a finger at him, unable to do much since they were all under programming not to damage each other.

Mostly so that no damage was had, and also so that villains didn't get any ideas…

"I've already had two men try and grab my 'eye' from my back. The more were exposed in these things the more people are trying to get a hold of our hard drives and cores. We have to be even more careful now that you've sent your girlfriend into a frenzy again! Are you trying to have her glitch again!? Or are you purposefully trying to sabotage all you've already gained? Is this how you get back at your original? For going on a suicide mission on your own friend's heart?! Do you even want her in your life?! Or even, a love life for that matter?"

Sonic resisted the urge to punch him, and glared him dead in the face, stepping forward to do so. "Stay out of my business, Shadow… this doesn't concern you."

"If you keep this up… she'll end up like the last one."

Sonic raised a fist up, but Tails quickly raised his own hands up, "Sonic-! Don't-!"

"…..urk…" he felt his metallic body resist him, and he lowered his fist, turning it into a pointed threat. "Don't you DARE tell me how to live my life!"

"Stop hurting the ones around you, and maybe I wouldn't have to be so blunt." Shadow stepped away, as Amy came into view.

"Tails, let's leave these two alone."
Tails turned to look back at the two, before Sonic gave him a nod over his shoulder, not making eye contact, but showing him it was okay to leave.

He nodded in return, and walked out with Shadow.

Sonic took a simulated breath, collecting his thoughts, and trying to think how to say this right.

"Amy…" He walked towards her. "You-"

"I know. I'm sorry. It just came out weird." She lowered her head.

"….Weird can't happen again. You know that. We're too heavily watched as it is." He parted his arms out, but it was a small gesture.

He was trying to be so kind with her…

"Are you embarrassed by me." She kept her head down, and her hands turned to fists.

"Come again?" He looked confused, his arms coming up and then moving back.

Her fists shook, "I said are you embarrassed by me!"

"…Under what cause..?" He turned his head, looking even more baffled.

"You don't want the world to know you like me… cause you're embarrassed about loving me!"

"….That's not something Amy Rose just thinks." He kept his head where it was, but his eyes looked more serious than ever.

Shadow's words continued in his mind…

"Where did you hear that, Amy?"

She remained silent.

He stepped forward, and resisted all code and programming that his body was telling him, and gripped her arms. "Tell me someone said something and that this isn't your own thinking!"

He was panicking, even yelling at her in his fear.

"I can't lose you again…"

Amy rose her head up.

"Please… Amy…" he looked so hurt, but also so sincere.

His breath was fading him, and his knees bent slightly.

"Please…"

"Don't glitch because of me again… I can't… I can't lose you like before."

Amy's expression was one of complete and utter sorrow. He honestly believed this action was because could possibly be glitching again.

"Now I understand…" she moved away from his touch.
He kept his grip firm but his programming took over and forced him to let go. "NO!" he cried out, seeing his grip loosen and her arms drop back to her sides. "Amy!" he looked up back at her.

A piece of his code began to be triggered, something compelled his entire being to not let her go.

And yet, though his will and code were one, inside this suit of metallic programming, it wouldn't allow him to make any further movements.

Locking him in place.

The so-called 'freedom' he had experienced turned to a total trap, and his will and code fought back against it, but were sent into a loop after not being able to find any other alternative to him being stuck in his own body.

His knee hit the floor.

"You don't want to love me cause you think that would somehow hurt your reputation!? You think that love would ruin the adventure that you're always striving to have! You only think of the fun that you can have and of no one else!"

Not realizing his stare meant he was trapped in this eternal loop, Sonic was forced to process and stare into oblivion, hearing her words, but being unable to reply or move to them.

His face twitched, something clicking in his normal data. "Amy.."

"I thought she was deranged! Glitching and becoming no more than a mad creation of broken data links!" Amy stepped back, her emotions getting the better of her.

"I still love you, Sonic! But I understand now! She glitched because she knew you could never love her the same as she loved you!"

His code suddenly went on a frenzy, too many paths were being triggered, something not common was happening…

"I'll… I'll give up, Sonic… I'll be a good side-character! I'll stand on the side lines and cheer you on! I don't need you to force yourself to be something you're not! I don't care if Japanese Sonic gave you the ability to love- if you're not willing to admit you want to try it! Instead of keeping it a secret, don't you think telling the world would be the only real way to prove it!? That you've changed!? That you're embracing your new data?! If I'm going to be manipulated, at least just tell me I'm nothing more than a failed attempt,… at giving you a love interest… that you had very little interest to begin with."

That last line broke her.

Nothing was glitching. She accepted her fate, unlike her last self.

Going through the memories, she could see how the data and will couldn't connect.

But thanks to his new data, she also knew she wouldn't glitch, but his normal data was still corrupted. If he followed that data, there was a possibility of glitching, but he would never choose that.

He couldn't choose that.

He did.
"I'm not going to respond to being called a poser."

He got up.

"I'm also not going to respond to your need for instant gratification. So I've never said it as openly or as bluntly as you have… so I don't ever say it… not even to my closest friends!"

She stepped back, seeing his head lean forward, his body tense up, and his arms come up to fists.

"I may not want to choose romance over the adventure! But that doesn't mean that it can't be there! I just don't WANT it to be there!"

Her heart stopped.

"I don't WANT you to tell me how to live my game!"

Her data… and her will… found an exit.

She slowly looked down, and remained still.

"…Then let Japan have all the fun."

His eyes leveled out, not so fierce anymore.

"…You promised you love me… after what happened to the last me…"

His eyes flinched open, and his frame shook.

When she didn't hear a response, she stepped more forward, pushing every volume out of her speakers as loud and cohesive as she could.

"YOU PROMISED MY OTHER ME YOU'D LOVE ME!"

Sonic fell to his knees, his hands holding himself up, as his twitching intensified.

"Fine then… Don't have a love interest… don't have an 'Amy Rose'… I'll play my part. I'll do whatever you want me to do… because I can't stop loving you… but… please…

Just stop killing me."

It took all the strength she had not to fall into shut down, and willed her being to move away and get ready for the next panel and convention.

Sonic's twitching stopped when she left.

Channels he had never known about were all being triggered at once, and he was reacting to only one of them…

He could have let them all out, and it could have been different.

He could have responded in a number of ways.

But most of those ways…. Were his old data.

He truly didn't trust it… like he thought he was.

When it came to the ultimate test… he did just as he did before.
He stopped it from happening.

Was it just easier this way? To keep it out of the public eye?

Was it weakness to him? Was it really that humiliating?

What was so dangerous or terrible about love that he feared it to such an intensity that he would threaten his own's friend's existence to avoid it?

Then it hit him.

This wasn't him… this was Japan!

Japan was the one who tore his feelings out… the feelings he couldn't handle. The feelings he couldn't control after his Amy had gone.

When he lost his Amy… those feelings intensified the second Japanese Sonic returned his old data back to himself, resulting in all the Sonic's feeling the transmission of that connection.

This… this was him reverting to the old ways…

Whereas….. Japan had missed his Amy for so long… that he willingly let down all resistance, and tried to fully love her as he did before.

To love her again…

Would mean that American Sonic would have to also accept these feelings.. this new data… and the pain that came with it when tragedy may befall again.

He… himself. Not Japan. Not some other Sonic. HIM.

Japan still hadn't make it public.

If American Sonic did what he thought he might do… it would mean a whole new world.. a whole new way of life for the franchise…

Forever.

"What did you mean by, 'That explained a lot', Tails!" Sophie folded her arms, still upset over him dodging her question, as Tails rolled his virtual eyes and looked up to her.

He was being 'prepped' by the makeup department and the technicians for their last panel, and he just smiled and shook his head at Sophie.

"Let me put it this way." He stated, looking forward, and having the people clean his metallic face so that he would shine with the lights. "Most people believe in the instant thing. Oh, look! You're in love! How nice! And that's usually where the book ends, with happily…ever… after. The thing with you is, that you believe there's far more than the book entails. You believe in something that goes on and on and on, whereas, in a video game standpoint, HA! We're immortal as it is! You're not just trying to help Sonic admit he loves Amy… you want him to love her for time and all eternity! There is no parting, no death, and no limits. That's what makes it make sense. Most would be happy with where Amy and Sonic are already, but no, you keep at it because you don't want a summer fling, you want the whole ring and then some!" Tails saw the signal that he was ready, and got up, adjust a screw on his arm and tightening it further.

"Erk… all I'm saying… rah! There. Is that we're never going to be able to go more than what we
have. But you know that. You're just trying to make sure that what they have, sticks." He smiled to her. "You know, not many people think of the 'long run' when it comes to love. I don't even think Amy really thinks that far. But the funny thing is… you seem to think that by having the 'long run', Sonic will be more stable and happier in his life. Along with Amy and the rest of us too." Tails looked at his Tails behind him, seeing them move well, and nodded that he was A-OK for the spotlight.

"…Sonic always did love to run for a long time." Dr. Hope swayed her body a moment, her eyes drooped, and she looked to Tails with the love and hope of an Angel.

"…Heh." Tails smiled, seeing her catch.

"Has he always loved though?" Tails countered, and then looked down and chuckled, turning around and walking out. "You forget yourself, sometimes. We're not people. No matter how much we try and simulate life, we'll never be able to process like you do. In the end… Sonic is still weary of letting anyone get too close to him. I'm not sure why, but I know he has his reasons."

He turned his head to look at Sophie over his shoulder, leaning it back to where he almost looked like he was about to snap his back. "Ha-ha! Maybe he's really too shy for his own good!"

"…Good luck out there, Tails." She softly, and lightly cheered.

"…Ohh, don't look like that! Cy might be trying to erase what you've discovered Sonic's tried to trash and ended up stashing away… but I've seen him with Amy lately… I think change isn't so bad… Just a little scary and new is all." Tails put his head back up and heard his name being called, and walked onto the panel.

Cyrus stormed in then, and put his head just above her shoulder, and where her ear was again, "Where's Sonic?" he looked around, seeming enraged he couldn't find him.

"…He's already out there." She pointed, lazily as she didn't seem to care anymore.

Having been bested by a fox, she realized maybe her 'forever love' wasn't for every video game franchise…

"What?! But he never checked in for cleaning! He's going against the program!" Cyrus looked furious, flipping through papers.

The other SEGA employees moved aside to let the characters sit down, as the crowd applauded their entry.

Amy sat down and Sonic took a quick peek over to her, seeing how utterly robotic she looked, not a soul to possess her.

'…Just wait… Amy…'

He looked forward.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Sonic and the crew!"

As the panel went on, announcing this and that, all the new things coming up, suddenly a fan stepped forward, and said what Sonic was waiting for.

Worried for a moment no one would ask after his little stunt, he smiled when she saw her nervously ask her question.
"Umm… so there's been rumors going around… about Sonic and Amy's relationship? I was wondering… if not in this game… um, sorry. If something like that did happen… Would this effect the other medias? Or spin-offs such as Archie Comics and Sonic Boom?"

Sonic stood up, moving the chair which surprised the SEGA employees as they all looked to each other.

Holding his hands on the table, his fingers rose his palms up, and he kept his eyes closed, thinking…

Amy's head slowly twitched, and she turned her eyes to flicker up towards his frame.

He opened his eyes then, and didn't look to her, but his eyes…

Held a new determined look in them.

"Look."

He caught everyone's attention then.

Even Amy's head jumped up as if on command, and stared at him.

"My feelings are private to me. I know SEGA of Japan is making a new game, and well… I'm not very much apart of its decisions or plans. But this… is also my choice."

There was a profound silence in the audience…

And even more so, as Amy's mouth hung open, watching him speak.

This could either end in tragedy… or redemption.

"I.. admit I have to grow up a bit."

He smiled and shook his head down, before raising it again, and looking to Amy from the corner of his eye.

Her mouth closed and she held his stare, simulating breathing as she seemed to hold her last breath.

He stared at her a moment, before addressing the crowd again.

"And I can't do that without my friends…

or Amy."

He sat down.

GAME INFORMER

"Or Amy" has been the talk since last week's E3 SEGA expo for new games coming out. It's also been the release of the new Animatronics released by Doctor Sophia Hope, leading expert on A.I performances and Video Game Counseling. What does that mean? We're not entirely sure, but she states it proud!

This is the real question from last week's reveal! If Amy's clearly defined as something other than a friend, than what is she? The 'or' is key here! Is SEGA going for a new 'romance initiative ' spoiler here? Are they making Amy more than a friend? The Sonic fans have been waiting for a good
game, could this new 'love' moment be what SEGA needs to finally produce a satisfying Sonic
game? Well, after years of disappointing results, we hope there's more than that!

Sonic sits down at Dr. Hope's office, as she pulls out the skype call of Japanese Sonic, as American
Sonic folds his arms, puts his leg up, and weakly smiles to his dad.

"…You didn't…" Japanese Sonic gave him a look. "You couldn't have…"

He continued to remain silent, his smiling growing more and more cheesy.

"OH, NOOO-HOO-HOO!" Japanese Sonic threw his hands up to his head. "Now the company
either has to accept it and put it in the new game, or worse! Send out a weak excuse that they
misunderstood you. Ohh…. Hoo…" he leaned his head down and rolled it side to side….

Then he looked up, winking to America.

"Way to go champ."

American Sonic put his hands behind his head, and looked away. "What can I say? I'm a trend
starter."

"HA!"

"You blew up the fanbase."

Sophie chimed in, smiling.

"And some officials heads, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah…. I do."

"So? Now what you two?"

Sophie looked down to Japan.

He smiled up to her, and then looked to America.

"Let him tell us."

The two looked to America.

He glanced at both of them before shrugging.

"All I know is… I have a date that I can't be late too!"

"Hello, I'm emotion management. Now that you've accepted your fate of falling for the cutest
hedgehog on earth, and making it strong and more apparent in general, how do you feel?"

She pretended to pass the mic.

"Can't tell." He winked and pushed her hand away.

"Wouldn't want to spoil the surprise!"

"You tease!"

Japanese Sonic just laughed in response, leaning back and moving his hands over his head, unable
to believe it, but also glad that the company was forced up against the wall on the matter.

Before, they were treating it as a side-dilemma to deal with later.

But now, … they were going to have to a make a decision… pronto!

As Sonic dashed out of his chair towards the door, Cyrus entered, which caused him to stop in his place.

Japanese Sonic glared him down too…

"Hello." Cyrus closed the door.

"I wasn't aware of a meeting."

Japanese Sonic scoffed, "That's cause you weren't invited."

"Ah, but you see, it's part of my job to be here now. Also-!"

He flipped out a tablet.

"You're fired."

"WHAT!?"

Sophie jumped out of her chair.

"You can't fire me!"

"But I just did."

"I object!"

American and Japanese Sonic turned a threatening glare to Cy.

"Overruled, by your superiors who have unanimously decreed so. Thanks to my report, they now know you've been supporting this whole mess from the start. Not to mention encouraging this behavior and rebellion, and then now praising him for his rash and unexplained behavior."

"You're kidding me!" American Sonic turned around, and pointed straight towards himself, "I made this decision! She didn't influence me! She barely helped!"

"That's the point, she helped Japan. And according to the memory files we've looked over, she's directly to blame for all this inferior behavior."

"What is your problem, Cyrus!?"

Sophie jumped out of her seat, walking towards him. "You talk down to him like he offended you or something!? You look at me like I'm some kind of thief in the night, and seem to enjoy the sadistic point of view! What is it that makes you fight so hard against Sonic being able to be happy!? Look at the result! The fans are happier, there's more pre-orders than ever, and it was all solved because he decided to accept ORIGINAL code that was given to him by the company in the first place." She dropped her arms to her side.

"What is it, Cyrus…? Why are you doing this?"
Suddenly, his whole body shifted, his anger fully coming through his eyes before he stood up to shout, "BECAUSE YOU CAN'T JUST COME IN HERE AND CHANGE EVERYTHING! SONIC DOESN'T HAVE A SOUL! HE'S A PIECE OF IMAGINATION! HE'S A MACHINE! HE NEVER ACTUALLY SAVED ANYONE, HE'S NEVER ACTUALLY GOING TOO, AND HE'S MOST CERTAINLY NOT ONE TO FALL IN LOVE!"

His wild swings made Dr. Hope uncomfortable, as she stepped away, seeing this man's outburst.

Even Sonic wanted to intervene, holding a hand out protectively over Dr. Hope, but in his virtual state… he couldn't do anything to really help.

"…Who broke your illusion, Cy?" she spoke gently this time, as his face was red, and he was heavily breathing.

"…Who told you he wasn't real?"

He wiped his mouth of the spit of it, and held up a shaky finger. "Don't test me, Sophie. You're going to grind this company and Sonic into the dust of DEBT with your ridiculous notion of that 'love. Solves. Everything.'" He almost looked crazy, spreading his arms out and looking to her with a turned head, keeping one eye on her.

What he didn't know… was that Japanese Sonic was recording this whole thing, and staying silently serious in the background.

"I'm more than just a counselor for just characters, Cy… Characters are written by real people, you can learn about how people think through the character's they create."

"You don't me. You most certainly don't know my life. And you have no right to be standing in SEGA's offices." He looked about ready to burst again, his eyes turning glossy, as she raised her hands in surrender, and turned to get her things.

"You once asked who was the rebellion."

Sophie turned to look at him.

"…I'm saying it's you."

"And I'm saying that this is not professionalism."

Cy turned to the computer.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, do we have an agreement that the one who is fired today is NOT Sophia Hope, but Cyrus Clyde?"

In japanese, The original Sonic folded his arms with a smirk on his face, leaning back as the council joined the chat, and looked through their own boxes of skype to Cyrus.

"Mr. Clyde." An Official spoke.

"On behalf of SEGA, we relieve you of your position, and ask you to kindly give your position up."

"To…?" Japanese Sonic encouraged on.

"… We will decide further at a later date. But from seeing that we can't trust you over your emotionally unstable state… we'll award Dr. Sophia Hope the temporary position of Marketing till
the current situation can be resolved."

"…WHAT!?"

"Alright!" American Sonic did a cool spin and poise, happy this was turning out better than he had planned.

"You're all insane." He started laughing, mixed with starting to bawl. "You're all insane! You're going to doom this company because your listening to an imaginary friend!" He kicked Sonic, who dodged the advanced as the people on the skype gasped at such behavior.

"You treat him like he's real!"

"Because in our hearts, he is real." Sophie stood up, as Tails had seen the outburst and ran to get security.

"And you have no right to take anything from him!"

"Let go of me!" Cyrus fought back as security pulled him away, and Sophie collapsed to her knees, having been terrified the whole time of that man's rage.

"Sophie!" Sonic caught her as Japanese Sonic leaned up on his screen, trying to see over the table at what had happened.

"I'm… fine."

Sophie rubbed her head.

"Just a little disoriented… is all."

"Heh, you really showed him what for." Sonic smiled.

"..Did I?" she blinked.

"Don't beat yourself up too much about it. I think the stress of everything got him the most today. Either way, he won't be stepping on your toes again."

He tried to help her up, and she got up and sat on the chair.

"Thanks."

"It's the gesture that counts, right?"

They both smiled, as a man came in.

"We'll look over her for now."

"Thanks. Treat her kindly."

Sonic dashed to the screen.

"Talk to ya soon?"

"Is there every a day that goes by where we can just… relax?"

"Not really."
The two smiled before the connection closed and Sonic waved to Sophie.

"Stay well!"

"Will do."

The man leaned down once the door was shut, and started to do something in his bag, though she couldn't tell what.

Thinking it was a first aid kit, she waved it off with a grin.

"Honestly, I'm fine. It just got a little intense for me is all."

"Heh, who knew that men with such strong wills could have such amazing childhood issues… makes me wonder what issues you may process."

"…What?"

"Overthinkers like you and him are always… so touchy… so… predictable."

The figure suddenly turned into a cloud of pixels, before materializing into Doctor Eggman, who stood up tall with a grin on his face.

"You were all wondering if he was the real villain, weren't you?"

Breaking the forth wall, Eggman turned to you, holding up a finger.

"I'm so glad I get to take the stage again! It's been so awfully long since we've had a good time together!"

"Eggman!" Sophie leaned up.

"Yes!" he turned back to her.

"We Doctors, you know, have to stick together." He teased, pretending to throw a few punches with her, but only playing.

"..Thanks? I guess? What are you doing here? And what did you mean by-"

"A-ba-bap! Too many questions for your dear little overwhelmed mind to process right now." He put a virtual finger to her mouth, having it phase through a little, before patting her head and talking again.

"Monologue time!" he cheered.

"Was… Was Cy working for you!?" Sophie couldn't move, she was too exhausted too, but something told her Eggman knew that…

"OH, DISTAIN! May I suffer long and die a thousands Super Sonic beatings before I dare work with a 4D of that caliber, BLEH! The very thought of it makes me sick!"

"So then… what are you here for?" she then flipped her hair, thinking maybe he really did care. "You don't usually crawl out of your virtual misery for nothing."

"Don't get cocky, kid… I'm not here on behalf of being Mr. Nice guy…" his tone suddenly shifted again, peering over his shoulder at her before dancing almost over with a skip to the laptop, and
holding his hand over it.

Little greenish 1's and 0's fled into the screen, having it glow brilliantly white.

"Hehehe… hohoho… That's a good machine." He held both hands over the machine.

"..W-…what are you doing?"

"I honestly think we could be friends." He turned around, his eyes glowing the same white as the laptop.

This spooked her out more, seeing as the lights suddenly flickered off, and then exploded.

"AH! W-ah… what are you doing!?” she tried to get up, but when she moved to the door, leaning on the wall for support, the electric bolt locked.

"Oppsie! Forgot to make sure that was a 'manual' bolt. Didn't we?” he moved his arms up in the air, and then back down in his wicked grin.

"What are you… you can't hurt me! I'm mortal!"

"Yes… a very fortunate thing for your kind. Oh, but I've been studying up on how my dearest old daddy got his little robot to form into the real world and I thought, Oh! What now, and, hehe, get a load of this! If I could take that robot… into virtual reality!?" he moved his hands to her, and then to the laptop.

"You're little 'emotional catasphoy' wasn't completely in vain… the little shenagains was a perfect cover up for my son to go highjack a signal straight to Japan, thanks to a certain… Hoshi? Was it? That you happened to call not too long ago on your SILENCED cellphone." He beamed in glee.

"Those vibrations were also from a phone call."

Her face turned to horror.

"But even before that you called him. I had the data saved. You had you're little talk with Tails and that's when I saw that dear old Sonic wasn't around to catch me in my act… When Boom Eggman returned with my poor imprisoned partner I had him DOWNLOAD him into a secret compartment away from his original standpoint in Japan. Now I know this is all a little complicated so let me go back a little further… I contacted Boom through my minions, who waited for the right escape, your phone call and emotional mess, to sneak out of SEGA through the wireless network to free my Japanese Father without any suspicion because, let's face it, we put a 'ghost file' to make it look like he was still in there, and… um… where was I? Oh yes, took the advantage of Sonic being gone to then download my father into our American computers and all together now! When I was freed from my trap, we worked on this little 'Tron' look-a-like invention to now suck what we need into our world…. Now, how are you coming along?" Eggman had explained so much, that Sophie's head was spinning, as she slowly dropped down to the ground.

"I have to be dreaming this."

"Heh, you wish you could devise a plan this good." He looked down to her, one hand up to him before swishing himself back to the laptop. "Get ready, boys! I can't stall too much longer! She's getting her strength back from the drug we put in her soft drink!"

"You what!?"
"Never trust a free soda pop with the words 'congratulations' on it." Eggman turned back, gesturing to her, but kept his face at the screen. "Hurry up! You slow than molasses-!"

"This is all so intriguing." Sophie tried to get up. "How on earth did you drug me? You can't even lift a physical object on normal fronts!")

"If it's in SEGA, then we can." He turned to smile to her, blinking his white glowing eyes before turning back to the computer. "She's getting up, you dotes!"

"How did you-?"

"AMAZON!" he shouted back to her, then looked to the screen. "COME ON, YOU LOUSY-!"

The screen flickered a few times, before turning to different shades of darker green.

"Whoooo, yes! Finally!"

He then turned a very slow spin to Hope, as if nothing had bothered him before, and he was completely back in his calm element again.

"More so. To answer myself from before. We could be friends… because…"

He twiddled his fingers, the light of his glasses shifting with the turning green screen behind him.

"I need your mind."

"….Huh?"

She leaned on the window's sill, and looked at him funny.

"Finally! Someone who doesn't know what I'm planning!"

Eggman's giddiness took flight, before he channeled it down again.

"Ehem. Being the lead in the scientific research of our kind, we Eggmans crafted a machine to zap your very mind into our virtual realities~" he walked around her, and then twiddled his fingers behind her as he placed his hands on her shoulders, moving her away from the window as she felt her rights coming back as a SEGA employee.

Without which, was why Sonic couldn't help her.

The second she was officially fired.

Now that it looked like she was fully registered in her new position, he could move her with ease again.

"How are you doing this?!"

She could feel his hand.

"You're officially back on the team! Ha! How fun is that?" he smiled over her shoulder, and moved her closer to the laptop.

"W-wait." She pulled back, but he pushed further.

"Ah-ah! I'm ten-times stronger than you and you're still pretty drugged. It only last a few minutes,
"You know everything about Sonic. You know his weaknesses inside and out! Not to mention you were the lead developer on those plans for animatronics. We need YOU."

He suddenly pushed her head down.

In a split second, she felt her consciousness lead her, as Eggman kept her head down and yawned at her struggling, almost looking like she was drowning.

When her body stopped moving, he let go of her head as it flopped to the ground.

"Aw, the sleeping beauty is finally a true part of her research." He laughed manically, and put his fingers together.

"Boys… bring me home." He placed his hand on the computer, snickering as he dematerialized inside it.

Sonic came back to the room, seeing as no one had left.

"Hey! Is she gonna be okay? Hello?" He jogged the door handle.

"Huh?" Seeing the bolt locked, he swiped the door and it unlocked, as he saw the dark room with the computer screen flickering to a white screen again, before back to it's regular look.

"What the..?" he looked down. "HOPE!" he raced to her side, but saw her completely out of it. Her comatose state had him in a panic as he used his computer readings to see that she was still alive and breathing.

"Phew…" he then looked to the screen. "What…" he looked all around, "Happened here..?"

-Virtual Eggman Base-

"UNIDENTIFIED DATA CODE. ACTIVATE VIRUS-"

"Shut down, you old thing. No one likes you anyway."

"Ughh…"

"Oh look! The first 4D to become 3D! Isn't it exciting!?"

"Shut up, kid. She's waking up~"

"That's what I just said…"

"Shush, don't talk back to your grandfather that way."

"Everyone shut up!"

Dr. Hope opened her eyes.

Her body felt like it was in a dream.

A strange blend of colors was all around her.

"Where..?"
"Oh look! She still has her voice!"

"Of course she does, you nincompoop!"

"DAD! Grandpappy is making fun of me again!"

"Good. Someone's got to get you used to it."

"But what are you saying-?"

"Doctors!"

The four men turned to one of the Orbots, who had his hands spread out, as he then cleared his throat.

"Sonic has discovered the body."

"I told you to hide it better."

"You didn't tell me anything! You were behind a computer screen for crying out loud!"

"At least you admit you're being a cry baby."

"Then that makes you one too, junior."

"AH! The nerve. You're a terrible father."

"I hear lots of… voices…"

The Eggmans turned to look down at her.

Strapped to a chair, she blinks her eyes and looks up.

"Oh… my… Sweet… Sweet… Sweet…" she keeps rolling her head as she looks up to the ceiling.

"…Sweet…"

"She's delusional."

"No,… she's in shock."

"I'll sing her a wake up song! Good morning! Good MORNING!" Cubot danced around, as his Eggman turned around.

"Shut up, Cubot."

"Sorry…"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Dr. Hope suddenly screamed, as the four eggmans shut their ears.

"She's going to scream forever when she finds out she doesn't need to beathe!" Classic Eggman stated, plugging his ears tightly shut.

"We need to somehow calm her down in order to get anything out of her!" Japanese Eggman stated, as his Cubot suddenly zoomed by with a giant bat. "NOT MY WAY OF CALMING DOWN, CUBOT!"
"Sorry...!" He hovered back swiftly across the floor.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

"Oh! This is gone off long enough!" Boom Eggman walked over. "Sweet lady. We were wondering if you could, oh, I don't know- PIPE DOWN AND SOCK A LID ON IT!"

"...Sock a lid?" Japanese Eggman looked to American Eggman, who shrugged.

"I don't know. Kids these days."

"I much never liked slang." Classic Eggman glared, chiming in on the conversation. "Or really anything American for that matter."

"That's where a good majority of your sales comes from." Retorted Japanese Eggman.

"Oh, yay! I love the world!" Classic Eggman suddenly shifted on a dime.

"Excuse him, he's a little..."

"Don't say it!"

"Old."

"Curse you, Sonic! You've made me turn against myself!"

"He's not even here, gramps..."

"Look! While you all were busy blabbering, I got her to shut up!"

The three looked back.

A triumphant looking Boom Eggman leaned against the chair, and a sock was placed in Dr. Hope's mouth, held there by his Orbot and Cubot.

"...Great work, Greenie." Faked his father, American Eggman. "But now how are we going to interrogate her?"

His smile slowly dampened down to a frown. "Oh."

She mumbled through the sock, as Japanese Eggman grinned, taking it off but placing his hand in it's place.

"Now you look here... I've been waiting for the moment one of my clones would get the bright idea to assist me in my revenge on you. I would have had SEGA eating out of my shoe if it weren't for your stupid tricks!"

"We're they stupid if they worked though?" Cubot shrugged, before two Orbots jumped in and shushed him.

"Hey! That's an excellent comment, me!" the other Cubot stated, as the two Orbots looked to each other, and then raced to plug his mouth.

"Thank you, also me!"

The two orbots looked at each other again.
"I'll get him…" one said defeatedly, and looked depressed as he sighed, and put his hands over his mouth as well.

The Eggmans watched the scene, as if their code required them too, and then turned back to Sophie. "Now that the comedy reels over, tell us how the virtual world… can become full reality?"

He removed his hand.

The four all leaned over her, waiting for her to respond.

She looked around, and then took a deep breath in.

"She still knows she doesn't need to breathe right?"

"Must be a force of habit."

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

(Oh no! can the team save Dr. Hope from this horrible fate! Will she crack under pressure and Eggman torture!? And will there every be enough hands to fully plug Cubot's mouth!? Stay tuned! For another exciting oneshot of-! SONIC! IRL! -That stands for 'In Real Life' :D-)
Hey guys… -deep breath- I've had a lot of emotional stresses and issues lately, but I'm getting better.
Welcome to SEGA

Sonic IRL

Ch. 15

Welcome to SEGA

By: Cutegirlmayra (Boy, it's been a while! I'm doing discord and Instagram livestreams after a few of my story chapters come out so, yee! Come and have fun! :D You can pm me here or on Tumblr to ask any questions about it. But I do hope you enjoy this new chapter! It's, as always, a doozy of a ride… but well worth the wait, I hope ;)b enjoy~)

And so it begins again…

A nagging feeling…

Like something's just around the bend…

Amy placed a delicate hand up to her heart, looking down solemnly before turning around from walking with everyone in the office to turning back towards the computers…

Sonic stopped a moment, being more cautious lately, taking time to keep a careful eye on Amy.

"Emi?"

It was so loving… he was referring to her in his native tongue and it made her heart leap. It was so sweet… he really was trying to show he cared about her more.

In Japanese, they conversed with one another. "What's wrong?" He walked back to her side, smiling as though he hadn't the foggiest idea what could be troubling her.

She watched as he casually placed his hands on his hips, and leaned on one side of his leg, waiting a reply…

"...You know what..." Her eyebrows bent in a plea, but he wasn't going to give in so easily.

He sighed, "You shouldn't whine, Emi." He scratched the back of his head, lowering it down, "Ahh... The company can't afford what you're implying...""Just one visit!" She jumped up, having some energy back to her, before bending her ears slightly and looking 'hopelessly' in need of his help. "Please?"

He looked back up to her, showing with his raised eyebrow how she knew he had no say over her life. "Emi... you're becoming nothing but trouble lately..." he folded his arms and stood a bit straighter, shaking his head. "You really think they'd forgive you after everything? They may just strap you to your file like they did Eggman." He gestured his thumb back as a figurative reminder of how severely Eggman was locked up tight now. "He's barely a file, at the moment." Sonic shrugged, "No fun when he's not around."

"...Sonic..." She stepped back a bit, knowing even with his permission... it wouldn't do much, regardless. "She's so new again... and-and... she hasn't answered any of my skype calls!" she threw herself forward again, startling Sonic with her quick movement.
"Hey now..!

"What if she's depressed again!? What if they haven't found a permanent solution to her errors? What if-!?"

Sonic patted his hands to the air, trying to calm her down. "Hey, hey, hey… take it easy, Emi…" He gently placed his hands down on her shoulders, seeing her tear up in a mother or sisterly fear and smiled warmly to her. "She's going to be fine." He assured her, looking directly in her eyes. He lowered his head to be at eye-level with her as she sniffed and rubbed her tearful eyes. "American me is on the job. He hasn't exactly failed, you know." He patted her head, then gave it a light rub to scruff it up a bit. "Haha, you worry too much."

"Like you don't worry at all." She puckered her lips, calling his bluff.

"Oh? Is that a fact..?" He lowered his eyelids, liking the playful challenge before staring at her fish-lips…

She blinked a moment when he didn't say or do anything.

Orange code lightly showed outside of his being, before the route it took suddenly turned into regular bluish green and he placed a finger to her lips.

"…Dang, that's tempting." He muttered barely over a whisper, shaking his head and then moving on. "Can't you hijack a flash drive or something?" he waved her off as an idea lit up in her head.

"…Thank you!" she dashed off.

"Yeah, yeah… whatever." He scratched the back of his head, knowing want avenue the code was going and quickly negated it back to his normal code; or the code he was used too.

A man came up then, asking Sonic if he remembered about a gig he needed to do with his friends.

"Can't you hire out the stuffed me?" he smirked, waving the man a farewell as he continued to walk by him.

The man sighed and called another woman over, telling her to get out the costume and get ready for the promotional event.

Sonic and Amy stood before an examination board, having been recently called in for in. They were in their T-pose stages but could still emote and operate as many experts examined Sonic's new code again, how it worked with his normal code, and any abnormalities.

"Honestly, it's already been upgraded to the latest standards…” American Sonic rolled his eyes, not completely caring about the board of screened faces… all watching to make sure this procedure was done correctly.

He wanted to ignore them, feeling this a waste of time, but they were so scared about what Eggman did that they're now checking over them all.

But that wasn't completely it either…

He looked over to Amy.

His cocky attitude wasn't cheering her up. She was looking down, engrossed in her own thinking and avoiding the reality of what may occur if they found error in her again…
His confidence all but drained in a sigh, sympathizing with her, before looking down himself and keeping quiet.

"That's about the last test. Everything seems to check out, alright. However..." A man with a clipboard took off his virtual reality googles and started clicking in things on his tablet.

Some graphs appeared, showing 3 envelopes of memory...

"These... 'data letters', as they're titled, are from the previous data's memory cores... Seems they were transferred over."

"We are aware that she has the memory of her predecessors." An official of SEGA, with a thick and heavy Japanese accent, spoke out before intertwining his fingers together and leaning forward towards the facecam. "We're only concerned if there are any more signs that errors could occur."

"From those memories, it could be what triggers so much radical change of processing." The man concluded as Amy's head leaned up in horror. Sonic looked to her and then glared towards the screens, but kept quiet... for now...

For Amy's sake... he didn't want to look like she influenced him into...

Well, into what they were afraid of.

"So... memories of glitching may injure her new base?" they asked, talking very distant from the character, it seemed...

"We're afraid that's rather likely."

"That Clyde fellow... He may have been right." An American spoke up from another screen as Sonic's glare turned to her, his mouth... tightening it's crunch on his teeth.

"Hmm... perhaps we should hear his counter-argument again." The Japanese official spoke out, but Sonic couldn't remain silent anymore.

"Amy's not going to glitch again! I'll make sure of it!" he shouted out, "I'm the hero! It's my job to take care of her!"

Amy turned her head away, feeling ashamed.

"Amy... Don't listen to them! Your memories don't-!"

"Defending me doesn't help the facts... Sonic." She looked back up at the screens. "I take full responsibility for my own glitching."

"NO!" Sonic tried to break out of his T-pose, but no matter how much he strained, he couldn't. "Let her go! I-!"

"Sonic's actions had nothing to do with it!" she leaned forward in her own T-pose, begging for the attention to stay on her.

His eyes widened. She knew it was mostly his Originals fault for her recent sufferings... then it was simply Eggman's doing... why was she placing all the blame on herself?!

"Amy!"

"Quiet!" she shouted out, shaking her head. "I won't have anyone else fall because of my actions!"
"…" Sonic knew she was only condemning herself for the sake of others… especially himself. If they knew what he had done… how much of his old code he had accepted since before this whole calamity…

"We'll be the ones to decide that." The official cut-off any more outburst.

"…Perhaps… and do forgive me if this sounds a bit harsh but…" The woman spoke up again, "… Maybe… it's time for a complete scrap of the old. In other words… if she's fully corrupted, so may the original."

"What are you saying?" The official looked puzzled, but Sonic knew exactly what she was implying…

"Perhaps it's time to do away with 'Amy Rose'. Maybe a new love interest, or at least, strong female lead could prove more ideal for the franchise. After all, there is a lot of spat over Amy's previous depictions. A new start may prove profitable to the brand."

"ENOUGH!" Sonic shook himself free of his T-pose, angrily charging with a purpose to protect and defend towards the official's screen. 

"I won't let you talk about just erasing existing data. I won't have it!" He swiped his arm out. "I'm doing everything… no, we're doing everything in our power to figure this out as much as you are! We're making progress! I won't lie and say it's not difficult for a computer program to take on change and just run with it. But… it is possible. And it's being made possible by those who believe… if you give up on your creations now, then what does that make you? You can't just delete something cause there's been a few naysayers and bumps in the road!" he bent himself into a fighting stance, clutching his hands into tight fists as his anger couldn't be quelled at what she had implied…

He wouldn't lose her again… he couldn't lose her again…

"…I'm aware of your actions, Sonic. I understand that they are in defense of your friends, and don't condemn it." The official spoke out reasonably before turning his attention to Amy. 

She looked… defeated. As though all life had left her eyes entirely…

"…We will adjourn this meeting until further notice. Until then…" He took some papers and patted them on his computer's table, and then looked back into the web-camera. "My very good friend created Amy Rose. I don't think he'd like to hear of her absence in any form. We will not be replacing Amy."

Sonic's loosened his death-grip upon a blaring steam of code that he was holding back… before releasing it as it trailed off into his systems…

His coding was becoming so strong… it could be seen glowing sometimes up through his body. Like veins or strands of data trailing along his processors. 

He turned himself back to Amy, narrowing his eyes at how stupid it was to condone herself like that.

"What were you-!?" he held himself back and bit his own tongue to give it a rest. 

He looked away and began walking as if to pass by her, but stopped and untensed his shoulders, sighing and looking back to her with care.
"...Are you okay?"

"Please... Don't push yourself for my sake..." She swung herself out of the T-pose and held her arms. "I... I've worked so hard for this... Fought so long... and even died for you to speak up and accept me." She looked back up at the fading monitors, the board members leaving the chatroom or call. "...Maybe it's just time to..."

"You're giving up?" Sonic raised an eyebrow.

"...I don't want too." she shrugged, looking away, still facing her back to him... as though she didn't want him to see her anguish any longer. "But I don't want you getting in so much trouble... because of me." She bent over slightly, her sorrow engulfing her. "I feel... embarrassed... hearing them say things like that. That I'm... I'm better off being deleted..."

"That won't happen," Sonic stepped up, swiping the air and shaking his head slightly to one side as if declaring it more than assuring it.

"I know..." her voice filled with a choking sensation... a quiet voice of misery for all that has occurred. "Sometimes... I look through those memories... and I don't know who I am."

Sonic's face loosened in disbelief as his eyes scanned the back of her head.

He didn't understand what she meant.

Those memories were meant to help her remember, not confuse her.

"He's kinda right..." she hugged herself tighter... then released and looked up with eyes on the verge of crying. "Those memories probably do almost hinder me... from being what I'm suppose to be." She lowered her hands and then brought them out in front of her, just touching and tracing her fingers over each other, examining herself and the small fragments of code on her gloves... their bluish green glow comforting her somewhat... "There's a way I'm supposed to be... and then there's the errored me. But... I can't seem to tell the two apart." She looked off into the distance for a moment, though it was a pitch-black room now. The men had all left, and the door slammed shut.

"...Amy..." Sonic stepped forward again but dared not interrupt her. "Who do you think you are?"

Amy chuckled through her voice crack, "I don't know."

She shook her head and lowered it, wiping some escaping tears. "Sometimes... those memories make me want to fight. To keep you. To keep all I've created with you... and others? They only make me question and hate myself... wondering why I would ever do such a thing, or act a certain way, or how... how could I ever say such things... I have so... many... memories... yet, none at all." She let her arms fall to her sides, dangling there with a limp sway.

She found herself leaning back, before catching herself and looking to the corners of the room, her eyes growing weary from their straining against the sorrows. "What is... Who is... Amy Rose? A man's unique idea to solve a gap in the series? Or a woman who seeks love with everything she has, with nothing faltering? Or is she merely an illusion of what hopeless girls are like when they are too undeterred by their own childish fancies?"

Sonic looked down, unable to answer her.

But his eyes searched for clarity upon the darkened floor of that meeting room...

She chuckled a sore crack of her voice again, "With so many glitches... I just can't seem to recall
anymore." She turned to a chair, leaning on it as her body swayed to and fro… She giggled then, with a sad little smile on her face. "Maybe I'm just silly… I'm not supposed to be sad you know." She looked to Sonic, only taking a glance before she couldn't bare to see him glance back up at her too.

She looked at her hands again, "That's why… I think they programmed me a little hopeful in Sonic Forces. Because I didn't want to believe in a forever death… you were only gone a little while, and yet it felt like forever." She turned herself to lean on the chair. "Was that what it was like… when you saw Eggman delete my code..?" she looked over to him one last time before unable to fake it any longer. "Am I a sham?" she laughed loosely, pushing herself off the chair to mosey around the room. Her arms swayed wildly by her side, demonstrating a very girlish demeanor. "I'm so real, I'm so genuine- Amy deserves him. She works so hard for him. To see him. To love him. But does she even know love? I'm so confused lately that I just wish code would completely take over my will at this point!" she circled him before leaning towards him, arms arched out wide before falling down to her sides again and straightening herself out from her mediocre bow.

"…Anyway…" she went to give it up, but a hand reached carefully out to lightly hold her back from leaving.

"…Amy."

The action startled her… and she looked to the intruder.

She felt the warmth of data stream through his hand to hers… and watched the orange data light up something she was only just beginning to get used to.

As the data moved through her hand and up her arm, he pulled himself closer to her, and she all at once smiled and let her head fall to his own.

They placed their foreheads on each other's, feeling the wonderful sensation of 'love' from the orange code that Sonic allowed her to experience.

"…Is this how I feel love?" he inquired then, closing his eyes moving his hand up her arm to spread the code further through her.

She leaned her head slightly back, feeling the code he sent stream into her avenues and find sensors to play it out accordingly.

"Is this… how I feel when I'm with you?"

She breathed a little loudly but didn't care, looping her free arm around him and embracing him as orange code completely enveloped her.

"…Why don't I have this code?" She pouted, "I'm a little jealous."

He grinned, moving his tracing fingers over to her back and pulling her in closer, rubbing her back lightly as the glow began to fade. He rested his head on her shoulder, "Isn't that because you've always had it?" he slightly laughed through his nose… dipping it towards her quills and moving it behind her hair… "I can't imagine you being born without it…"

"Ah… So I'm 'love' to your code, am I?" she teased, not expecting his next reply.

"…Without you…" he moved back, holding her out in place, which was directly in front of him. "I wouldn't have 'love' in my life." He concluded, as the orange code faded from both their bodies.
"I like you better when you're happy, though. So, keep that in mind." He tapped her nose, making her scrunch it up and 'hey!' him as he passed by her, smirking.

"Sonic!"

She chased him out the door as he slowed his run to make sure she wasn't too far behind his pace…

Finally getting a call, Japanese Amy exits the plane with her bags and looks around. "Hmm…" she tries to locate the signal before her face lights up, seeing Boom!Amy waving to her sweetly.

"Hey, grandma!", "Ohh… I'm your aunt!", "Haha, that's not what my mom says.", "Of course it's not. At one point, she called me her wife.", "What?", "Different story, how are you!?"

Japanese Amy leaped into Boom!Amy's arms, the two laughing before heading over to a smoothie place, both picking blueberry mixed with strawberry punch twist.

Boom!Amy took a sip, clicked her tongue around for a moment, then stuck it out. "Not as good as I thought it would be." She teased.

"I don't know…" Japanese Amy took another sip. "I kinda like it." She bounced her shoulders back and forth. "I think you need to take a few sips to get used to the mixture." She took her straw and took in some more of the fruitful shake.

"So… Tell me about American me! Is she alright? Is she doing well?"

"W-well…" Boom!Amy looked up and to the side a moment, searching for a clear avoidance to the question. "She's proud Sonic Boom finally made it to Hulu!" she fist-bumped, but Japanese Amy looked unamused.

"You know what I meant."

"I knew what you meant."

Boom!Amy exasperatedly leaned back and let her head hang over the back of the chair. "Uugh… okay! She feels like 'new Amy' again!" Boom!Amy rested her cheek on her hand, letting her face sag into it. "We all know her smiles and laughter are just covering up how she feels… The modern crew have seen the signs before and want to help, but don't really know how… and everyone's afraid of glitching… and also telling them that the romantic scene was cut out entirely from the game-"

"THE ROMANTIC SCENE WAS CUT OUT FROM THE GAME!?!"

Japanese Amy slammed her fist to the table, leaning up and shouting her exclamation as a little girl turned to see a table rumble… but nothing more.

On her backpack, was a Sonic keychain…

"What do you mean they cut it!?"

"Y-…you didn't know either!?!" Boom!Amy contorted her arms a moment, shock and surprise turning into an awkward angle of her limbs. "Oh no… Boom!Tails is attempting to take them to New York to avoid them hearing about it… it's a bad sign that SEGA still doesn't trust them…"

"New York?" Japanese Amy's eyes lit up with lights.

"…You… You want to go..?" Boom!Amy leaned back a moment, creeped out at how spacey she
just became. "I don't know… Modern me doesn't really want to talk about depressing things in front of us… I know you want her to be honest with you, but I think letting Sonic do that may be best."

Her arm was looped in and swung to the exit of the smoothie shop faster than she could finish her thought.

"Huh?"

"NEW YORK! I've ALWAYS wanted to be taken to NEW YORK!" Japanese Amy threw out a credit card, "I might miss the gig, but they don't need me there anyways! This Amy is going shopping!"

"…W-what about Amer-"

'I'm sure we'll pass her in passing~ Oh~ New York! The fashion, the statue, the parks, OH BOOM! We've gotta catch another flight!" she dragged her along with her, her tiny legs—compared to hers —were much stronger and quicker then Boom!Amy's lengthy reluctant ones.

"B-b-but! What about SEGA!? They may get mad again if-!"

"Oh, they barely notice when I'm gone-" she gasped, "TIMES SQUARE!"

"Thanks for the distraction, Tails!" American Sonic gave Boom!Tails a thumbs up and signature wink, being in one of the many cockpits on his unique plane, as American Amy glanced over the wires they were flying through.

"Are these all phones being called?" she asked, looking back to Tails.

"Yep!" he nodded, and then turned to Sonic, sweat dropping in nerves for a moment, hoping he didn't realize what he said was a huge ironic statement. "D-di-distraction? N-not at all! Just a fun trip to New York! All the way across the country… completely away from reviews and securitizing critics over your datas and hahahaahhaa- geez, these currents sure fire up a lot of kinetic frequencies huh?"

"Huh?" Amy and Sonic turned back to him.

"N-nevermind." He adjusted his belt, tugging on it before pulling his googles up. "Okay, we're here."

They spiraled out of the phone-lines to reveal the city's lights and shining displays.

"Woooahhh…" Amy and Sonic said in unison.

"It's so… different from San Francisco." Amy stated.

"Yeah… less of an 'old timey' feel, I guess." Sonic kicked his legs up, enjoying the view as he looked down on both sides of the plane.

He whistled, seeing some birds below them.

"We going for a closer look?" he looked to Boom!Tails.

Tails nodded, "Yep! Hold on tight. I think you both deserve a night in the Great Apple!"

-Welcome to New York starts playing-
(Claps)

Walking through a crowd, the village is aglow

Kaleidoscope of loud heartbeats under coats

Japanese Amy and Boom!Amy walk through the streets while Japan gestures out a pointer finger to every little thing that moves. A skateboarder and a woman wearing a large fur coat pass by, then her attention turns to neon lights and cafes. She giggles and turns back to Boom!Amy, stringing her along as Boom!Amy smiles weakly and gets dragged along for the ride.

Everybody here wanted something more

Searching for a sound we hadn't heard before

Modern American Sonic and Amy walk around with amazed faces, scanning the tall skyscrapers before accidentally being pushed together by the crowds. Their hands bump and their thumbs cross, leaning to them looking at each other with the same thought. Sonic rolls his eyes and looks away, taking her hand as she gasps and holds his arm. Let's make it a date!

Boom!Tails rushes to find them, sighs and bends down a bit when he sees they're okay. He glances over to see a sign of Sonic Forces and Sonic Mania. He points it out, being careful not to say anything they don't know, and the two are ecstatic to see it.

And it said

Sonic and Amy stare at one another… Their eyes shine with a kind fondness for one another as Boom!Tails seems to be rambling about something excitedly, before looking up and adjusting his goggles that grew foggy a moment. When he puts them back on, he notices their stare at one another, then their hands, and smiles weakly… he seems to admire their new-found relationship.

Welcome to New York!

It's been waiting for you

Welcome to New York (x2)

Boom!Amy and Japanese Amy laugh as they place clothes over the other one, posing with them and then draping some over their arms and rushing to try them on.

It's been waiting for you

Welcome to New York, Welcome to New York

Amy nervously tries to skate out into the ice ring, wanting Sonic to hold her hand again and balance her. He shakes his head, folding his arms and calls her bluff. She straightens out and does an impressive jump, giggling and fretting that he knows her too well and saw right through her flirtatious trick.

It's a new soundtrack

I could dance to this beat (beat)

Forevermore

Boom!Amy and Japanese Amy listen to Sonic Mania vinyl in a music shop, laughing and dancing
to it in a silly way. You could see them through a clear, slightly dirty window as a boy walks by with a Shadow backpack, and stares amazed at the two blurry images of pink characters he knows…

The lights are so bright
But they never blind me (me)

Sonic's sitting on a chair, about to take a bite of a New York Hotdog— or the locally called Hot Wiener— before his jaw slowly begins to close and he looks to see Amy and Boom! Tails dancing in the square, full of lights and advertising on the hug television screens above them. With all the lights dancing around Amy, he stares at her for a long time, smiling at how happy she looks.

Before he could think about it, the orange code lit up again, and he scarfed his favorite meal down and let the plastic hit the table and blow off slightly while he raced to where they were. Welcome to New York!

It's been waiting for you
Welcome to New York, Welcome to New York
Mind if I cut in?

He took Amy's hand and started spinning her around, dipping her like in the famous WW2 picture, the V-J kiss, which was shot in Time Square.

Amy blushed, covering her face as he teased he may just kiss her, but looking to Boom! Tails…

He was a flushed out red, stiff as a board, and quickly hid his face from the scene as Sonic looked a bit embarrassed at his actions and Amy laughed, kissing his cheek and getting Sonic to lean her up and out of his embrace. He gave her a comical smile and scolding look, but the two laughed anyway.

When we first dropped our bags on apartment floors
Took our broken hearts, put them in a drawer

Japanese Amy slowly opened a door, putting her luggage down and placing a hand to her heart. Sonic was trying to call her… but…

She knew he would want her to go back, and she had to find American Amy first…

She took out the pulsing bit of code, the kind that Sonic could contact, and looked torn as she put it in the hotel drawer and pushed it in.

Everybody here was someone else before
And you can want who you want

American Amy laid down on some grass in Central park with Sonic close by her side, hands behind his back and enjoying the view and nightlife happening around them. She leaned up to get a better look at him…

He looked down and smiled.

Boom! Tails, just a little further up the small incline they were resting on, noticed their interaction
and looked a little touched. He sighed, his eyes drooping, as he pulled out a pen with a puppy on it and a notebook with the same dog and wrote, Dear Zooey…

Boys and boys and girls and girls
Welcome to New York!
It's been waiting for you
Welcome to New York (x2)

Japanese Amy and Boom!Amy leave the hotel in new clothes, overly dressed and ridiculously fancy but fun outfits as they race down to catch a cab.

It's been waiting for you
Welcome to New York, Welcome to New York
It's a new soundtrack
I could dance to this beat (beat)

American Sonic and Amy look over a balcony as Amy leans her head onto his shoulder. He smiles and leans his head back to hers as orange code flares up again.

Forevermore
The lights are so bright
But they never blind me (me)

Japanese Amy stares up in awe, riding a boat and seeing the Statue of Liberty. Boom!Amy laughs and takes a picture as a young man looks up from his video game. He sees a random, almost faded flash and squints his eyes, not sure if what he saw was correct.

He’s playing Sonic Forces on his Nintendo Switch.
Welcome to New York! (New York!)
It's been waiting for you
Welcome to New York, Welcome to New York

Boom!Tails peeks from on top of his plane, seeing the two completely absorbed in the sights and sounds… but most importantly, in each other.

He rubs his head. How is he going to tell them..?

He turns back around and sighs, looking at the reviews and seeing it's not so bad.

He decides to take courage… pumping himself up, he forms fists, bounces them only once in front of himself, and turns around to tell them…

However…
Like any great love, it keeps you guessing
The two turned to stare at each other as thousands of light streamed and blinked behind them. Sonic leaned down to touch the tip of his nose to hers as she smiled and blushed… a neon pink on her cheeks to match the lights behind her.

Like any real love, it's ever-changing

Japanese Sonic finally stops trying to call, looking at his data to see where she is so late…

His eyes look unamused when he sees she's already in America.

That girl…

He smirks, a orange light glowing from his cheeks…

Like any true love, it drives you crazy

Japanese Amy stares up at the sky… thinking of him… the view zooms out away from her quickly as she connects with all her other selves around the world. She can close her eyes and feel that they're all in the moment too… then she senses American Amy leaning up for a kiss…

Her eyes shot open wide.

But you know you wouldn't change anything, anything!

Japanese Amy celebrates by jumping around and dancing, causing Boom!Amy to wonder what's going on when Japanese Amy takes her hands and starts explaining. The two suddenly freak out with squeals of delight and jump around, elated at the news.

Anything…

American Amy and Sonic kiss.

Welcome to New York!

It's been waiting for you

Japanese Amy and Boom!Amy open their hotel room and jump on the beds, laughing with all their bags upon bags of souvenirs and clothes.

Welcome to New York(x2)

It's been waiting for you

American Amy and Sonic's kiss grows deeper as their heads tilt and Sonic's hand goes up to cup her cheek…

Growing uncomfortable, Boom!Tails blushes and looks around for an escape route. He flies back into the plane; or rather, hops-skips-and-jumps into the cockpit to avoid ruining the moment and seeing such a… odd sight…

Welcome to New York, Welcome to New York

It's a new soundtrack

I could dance to this beat
The lights are so bright
But they never blind me

Japanese Amy looks off into the distance, a victory smile with a look in her eyes like…

Finally.
Finally…

She thinks about the first American Amy…
Then second…

We did it.

Boom! Amy turns to see a boy staring at them, dropping his phone in console in awe.

Uhh… Japan?

She tries to turn to her, outstretching her arm to warn her.

However, she's off in Lalaland. So relieved. Everything is finally going well for her and her kind…

Welcome to New York!

New sound track

It's been waiting for you
Welcome to New York

The lights are so bright,
but they never blind me

Suddenly, without American Amy and Sonic knowing, there are camera flashes all below them. They part as Amy mouths 'I love you' and Sonic seems about to open his mouth to say something back before the two look over the edge and gasp.

They turn back to each other with freaked out faces, guilty and alarmed as they turned to Boom! Tails.

Opps.

Start the engine!

Welcome to New York

So bright, they never blind me

The song begins to fade a moment as you can hear a paparazzi man call out to them, "Hey, give us another kiss!"

"Mama, that's Sonic the hedgehog!" A child says as a mother looks oddly up towards the two.

"What kind of publicity stunt is this?" Another man says.
"Hey," A man lowers his camera, talking to his friend. "How much you think SEGA had to pay to get holograms up there, eh?"

Welcome to New York,

The boy on the boat gets up, pointing shakily at the girls and walking towards them as if he's seen a ghost.

"You're… you're…"

Now Japanese Amy turns around, horrified that he can see her.

Welcome to New York.

(Song ends)

"DRIVE!"

Sonic cries out as he grabs Amy and throws the two of them onto the plane.

As they crash into it, Boom!Tails turns the plane on and they hurry to disappear into the electric phone lines.

Once turning to a spark of electricity, they make their way back to San Francisco...

"Oh, this is bad, this is bad!" Sonic frantically tries to get a hold of Modern Tails. "Come on, man! Pick up the phone!"

"Calm down! Sonic…" Amy reaches up to stop him, patting his chest. "Hehe, silly. They've already seen us in the game. It's fine."

Boom!Tails's eyes shrink in horror.

He gulps.

"A…Actually… that's what I've been trying to NOT tell you…" he hunched a bit down in the plane, worried about his timing being off…

"Huh?"

The two stared at him, completely unknowing.

"Amy missed the gig." Japanese Tails looked to Sonic, who was pretty easy-going about it, shrugging. His hands were up behind his head and he was moving at his leisure.

"She's a big girl, Tails. She can handle herself."

"Have you seen the news?" Tails's eyes lowered in agitation.

Immediately, Sonic felt a twinge of panic…

Back in America, the news was littered with the 'SEGA Rooftop Kiss' and you better believe it caught attention. Luckily for Japanese Amy and Boom!Amy, anyone who took pictures failed to capture their essence on the film, and they escaped without much press.

However… In the case of American Sonic and Amy, they just so happened to have 'sparked to life'
so to speak, near a well-respected retro-game shop. The distinct had seen the two and called a famous Game Informant who called his buddies who called their guys and soon the whole of the gaming newscast was taking pictures of the 'publicity stunt' that SEGA had 'allegedly' put together in New York City.

Now the real problems began…

Japanese Amy picked back up the data she discarded momentarily into the drawer, seeing it ringing like wildfire now… she didn't know what was really going on.

"…Moshi, Moshi?"

Back in Japan, Sonic smirked, thinking she knew what was going on and probably staged it…

Though, he already knew about the scene being taken out… the Gig she was supposed to go to would have revealed it regardless to them… but…

Maybe that's why he didn't care that she didn't go?

He put his hand on the coded receiver and winked to Tails, "I've got this. Ehem." He cleared his throat, making a face and leaned softly back to the 'coded phone'.

"…I miss you…"

Japanese Amy's eyes widened and she immediately responded, "I'm coming."

She hung up the phone and looked dead into Boom!Amy's eyes, "I have to go." She stated, and began to race out like a jet.

"Wait!" Boom!Amy helped pick up her luggage and bags they had virtually created identicals for. "What's going on? Is Japan okay?"

"It's urgent!" she kicked the door open, looking frantically back to her and puffing her bangs out of her face. "It's a matter of life and death!"

Japanese Sonic, once the phone connection ended, grinned and let the code fly back inside him. "Works every time." He teased.

"When are you going to get her under control! She's could have just ruined SEGA of America's standings! They'll lock her up for good this time!" Japanese Tails gripped his head, "I just don't want her to get in trouble!"

"Relax, Tails. Amy's the original. They wouldn't dare touch her." He patted Tails's back and walked on, moving to Hoshi's desk. "Besides… They'll have to go through Dr. Hope first." He winked to Hoshi, who looked up and smiled to him before turning shy and embarrassed. He rubbed his face and chose to be silent, getting back to work.

"Uh-huh… act dumb to it." Sonic stuck his tongue to the side of his upper teeth, just being silly and funny. "How long are you going to keep Sophie waiting?" he kicked the edge of his desk and ran, making Hoshi lean forward to swipe at his feet like he would a playful child, but then got back to work again.

"She likes you!" he called out behind him, still dashing through the halls. "Callllll heeerrrr!"

Hoshi just shook his head, silently chuckling to himself.
Even if that was the case… he was still nervous about calling her.

Japanese Tails sighed, "Fine. If he won't take this seriously, as usual,… I'll take matters into my own hands." He began to call American Tails. "Let's find out the damage cost…"

"And so you see, gentlemen. Love in video games is simply a dead-end loop. It can't go anywhere, and so it spins and spins… and to any good gamer, this cycle is—boring, boring…" A meeting was being held secretly, privately, but all of Sonic Team was involved.

In the flesh, they were present. And the presenter himself… too.

He had a loop on his powerpoint, and used his long pointer to keep circling it, over-exaggerating the points but making it clear how ridiculous this 'love-affair' idea was.

"Take it from a business standpoint. You want to evolve to times but not change the core roots of your fundamentally successful franchise. With 'disobedient' code or the ridiculous notion of 'free will' that is being instilled within your product… don't you think that's a bit… dangerous? Haven't we seen the cost of such—" he clicked to the next slide, showing the ruins of what Eggman had done to their facility not too long ago… "He's wrecked more than one place… hasn't he?"

"Mr. Clyde… do you suppose this has anything to do with Dr. Hope's influence over our characters?" A man translated for one of the Japanese participants, all sitting in shadows with their hands mostly together, politely listening and professionally making decisions…

"…Why yes." He slurred in a whispering hush, cross with anger and a desire to destroy… "I would say she's the prime reason you're in this predicament."

One sat back, not liking to hear that.

"You, sir. Do you have an objection to my observations?" he leaned over the table, not being intimidating on his face, simply an inquiry, but his body language suggested… otherwise…

"Cyrus Clyde…" The man spoke his name the best he could in his native tongue, "You were reported to have aggressively attacked Dr. Hope before… were you not?"

He fidgeted slightly, "You can't honestly believe that I would. Verbally, I was reprehending her for her foolish notion that a fictional character could possess her, now that, I will admit." He nodded, "But her ideas are, forgive me, looney and childish. She hopes for a world ruled by robots for crying out loud." He mocked with a sinister sneer.

"You laugh too boisterously." Another Japanese man, being translated, straightened himself out as the translator took further notes as he spoke, speaking what he wrote previously as he did so. "I like the idea. Treasuring our characters as people. Seeing them as such. What I don't tolerate, is that for some unknown reason… their lives are leaking into ours. And furthermore, our business suffers from their cartoon follies."

"I would still call them the follies of a foolish girl who calls herself a scientist!" he scoffed again, leaning up. "She pursues her own interests. She only wishes for those 'fuzzy' and 'warm' feelings that girls often get when their infatuated with the idea of love. They… oh… push their ideals onto characters and at times—though it's clearly not right—we can use that to our advantage and spread some free publicity."

As he went to take a breath, he was cut off by one of the officials.

"Free is free, Mr. Clyde."
"But free comes with a cost… Sir." He spoke directly… but refrained from sounding threatening. "You see… They then try to push their ideals on us. The image of our characters and our company could be ruined if such things go unchecked. My purpose… is to get rid of Sonic's 'new data' and reprogram him to the way we liked him. Doesn't that sound like an easy fix? Take away all those memories and 'free will' shenanigans and make him what he is! A TOY!" he slammed his fist into the table, making the men watch him carefully or grip the sides of their chairs.

"Heh… forgive me." He lifted up his shaking hand, turning around and taking out some pills. He took two and quickly shook his head to get them down without water, before turning around with a twisted smile… "He's just a product… we place him, we market him, we sell him… end of story." He was sweating slightly and rubbed his head. "Any questions..?"

The men looked to each other before sitting more uprightly and leaning towards the table.

"Mr. Clyde… despite your actions previously to one of our employees… we would like you to work with Dr. Hope."

His smile twitched slightly.

"We think that you two are, very much, like Yin and Yang. Although your viewpoints and ideals do not line up…" the man slid his fingers together in front of him. "When unified, can make a strong force to be reckoned with."

"We're polar opposites."

"Opposites can attract… Mr. Clyde." The man nodded, rising from his seat and looking to his colleagues. "This meeting is over. Mr. Clyde?"

Cyrus stared at the table in front of him, holding back the anger he felt at being placed in a job where someone else was co-running the show….

He looked up, politely keeping it together.

"…Welcome to SEGA." They extended a hand out to him.

He nodded, "Much obliged." He shook the man's hand.

Dr. Hope sipped her soda, looking at the Gamer news and laughing to herself. "Well,… that's one way to rebel." She snickered, "I would have been a bit more discrete though, you two…"

"That wasn't on purpose."

She flipped the magazine down, looking at Sonic as he seemed tensed and agitated.

"Uh oh." Dr. Hope smiled. "Let me guess. You want to fix it for you?"

"The Board will think I'm nothing but an irresponsible teenager." Sonic kicked the ground a moment, moving away and folding his arms, moving his head left and right as if he couldn't decide where to look upset at.

"Heh! You want me to do something? About another one of YOUR problems?" she sipped her drink before Sonic raced to the middle of the room when he saw through the window of the office who was coming.

"You!"
"Yes, and the little blue devil." Cyrus opened the door, wearing his best and walking in with his infamous clipboard. He stared Sophia down but kept a neutral look on his face. "Doctor." He mocked.

She spat out her soda, wiping her face quickly with a tissue on her desk and rose up, "CLYDE?! I thought they dragged you off back to your angry den!"

"... Haha. Very funny." He said in a deadpan way. "Did your mother teach you how to insult people?"

"AH!" she burst a bubble of air out of her lungs and held back her tongue. "What are you doing back here!? I thought you were fired!"

"And I thought you were simply 'possessed' by some... data-compound taking the life of Doctor Eggman?" he closed the door, smiling as if both ideas were ridiculous.

"No, SEGA of Japan thought me to essential to replace me."

"...I heard you claimed a medical charge..." she glared.

"...I have some right to secrecy, do I not?"

"Secrets, no. Rights, yes." She challenged him.

"...Then I simply plead the fifth." He shrugged, pouting his lips. "Oh, does that make you mad?"

She flinched her balled fists.

"Look here, I'm not happy about co-working with you either." He was pulling out some papers before her jaw dropped.

"CO-WORKING!?"

"Marketing. Don't worry, I wouldn't dare dream of touching your previous 'video game therapy' degree..." He then stopped shuffling for a moment, "Oh wait." He looked up. "There isn't one." He lowered his head like a child would, "My mistake..."

"Quit the act. What do you want...?"

"For my product to flourish. Doesn't everyone? When they're given a paying job?!" He slammed the documents down and approached her more severely intimidatingly...

"Now listen carefully... they believe your little 'sonamy' stunt has triggered chaos, and I believe to keep it that way." He glared her dead in the eyes... "But unfortunately, they still have some loose faith in your beliefs of a 'cultured AI' and hope to make some sort of moral profit off of it. So let me make this very clear... I'll be presenting my own case, and you—yours." He slid a tape over to her, never taking his eyes off of hers.

She felt so uncomfortable... but strangely... being this close to him...

It was weird, he actually looked attractive... if his attitude wasn't being such a-

"All you need to do is create a brief on your 'Sonamy Initiative' and why it would be better if it DOESN'T go through... I'll make a brief about if it does." His sneer only proved his true intentions. "Do I make myself clear? Or should I say, does the Boss make himself clear?"
She swallowed, she hadn't noticed how intensely colorful his eyes were.

"...Doctor Hope?" he raised an eyebrow, unsure why she wasn't speaking.

He took a second to see her face turn white and lean back, and wondered if he really made an impression on her at last or not.

"Right, um, sure. Yeah. How many weeks?"

"Weeks?" he scoffed a laugh. "DAYS!" he swung a finger up. "The AI counsel is being held in 2 days. The Japanese officials still want good relations with all of Sonic's clones. Until then-!" he stopped at the door, taking out some pills… before placing them back and concealing them in his pocket. "...Have a lovely day... Miss Hope." He nodded to her, a little bow, before he looked to Sonic. "...Adieu." He speedily left the office before something spiked up in him again.

"...That guy... what stick was shoved up his butt?" Sonic gestured back to him, mimicked a walk with something up the butt as Hope chuckled but sat down, fanning herself a second.

"...Hehheh... uh, Hope?"

"Sorry, Sonic. I just... I thought I was used to confrontation by now." She hurriedly took the documents and began to organize them.

Sonic slowly moved up to her, leaning his nose onto the desk and looking at the papers, then her.

"...You okay?"

"Y-yeah... yeah... he's crazy, right?" she accidentally fumbled some papers to the ground. "Shoot!"

"Cock it first." Sonic teased in a deadpan way, he was too worried about her to really care about the joke at the moment.

"...Hope...?" he leaned down with her, but didn't go for the paperwork to help her.

"..." she covered her eyes.

"...He yelled at you... it's okay to be a bit startled by him appearing again."

"No... it's not that, Sonic. But... Thanks. Thanks for checking in." she quickly composed herself, unsure of what she was feeling but thought it disgusting and quickly put the papers back up. They were crinkled, but at least they were all there. "I think I have a lack of sleep, that... that's all."

"...Okay." Sonic got back up and shuffled the papers into one file.

Then he looked at the tape.

"Well, I gotta get to work." She swiped the tape up, but he still followed it with his eyes.

"Sorry I can't really discuss your blunder right now Sonic."

"...S'okay..." the phone suddenly rang, and Sonic answered it immediately, not liking being brushed off. Hope wasn't talking to him... why?

"Hello!?... Huh? Who's Hoshi?"
"Oh," Sophia took the phone, "Hey! Hi! I-I mean, Moshi moshi!" she corrected herself, stumbling.

Sonic watched her talk and got bored, he could see she was startled but didn't want to go into it. He sighed and shrugged, kicking the ground and not wanting to leave without her coming clean.

Still, he respected her decision in not saying what she was feeling and headed out.

"Yeah… Yeah… Okay. Hai. Hai…" she looked up to see Sonic heading out… a bit of guilt hung on her face. He was like… her best friend by now… and she couldn't tell him the weird sensation she just had. "Right… okay. Oh, it's nothing. Just that I think Sonic has become more sensitive and aware of people's feelings… I think that's because of Amy too… the closer he gets the more he—… wait. That's it!" Sophie jumped back in her chair, spirits heightened and distracted to a new idea. "I'll have to call you back, Hoshi! Bye!"

-Click-

"Oh… Okay… Talk to you later."

Hoshi hung up the phone… but first, he listened to the long drawl of the dial tone…

Knuckles stood by him, shaking his head, and patting his back.

"Long distance is tough, man." He walked by him, "Keep at it, champ."

Hoshi, with his back bent and his fingers aching from typing code all day… just took a breath in and went back to the glow of his lone computer screen…

-The Council of AI's, once again-

"A tape?" French Amy took a bite of the virtual muffins and cupcakes displayed on the meeting room's table. "What for? I thought we won?"

"It's not about winning or losing." Korean Amy looked a bit worried about this topic. "It's about whether we're happy or not. We want Sonic to be just as happy. We want SEGA to be happy too. We have fans, friends, and so many others who are relying on us. We should consider this rivalry between the Doctor and this man as a good compromise. We may still luck out and—"

"Although that's very reasonable, don't you think America's gotten a bit too… carried away?" German Amy flashed the newspaper out as the girls suddenly stopped discussing to giggle.

American Amy, super embarrassed, dipped her head.

"Why are you being coy about it? Own up! You got what you wanted, right? Who cares what the rest of the world thinks!" French Amy took another cupcake, but Korean Amy just gave her a look.

"We need to be sensible…"

"Ehem."

The Amys turned to Japan, who rose to her podium and took a deep breath.

"It… has come to my attention that our actions are causing a lot of hurt… and worse." She looked down, feeling the guilt sink in and mourning of her belated friend. "We all lost a sister recently… it's great to hear the Sonics are trying to work with us… but this code…" she touched her heart. "… And his code… It's still very new and can be considered… dangerous."
She bent her ears back, not making eye contact with the rest of them as they looked confused.

"What are you saying, Mom?" Spanish Amy stood up then, "I want to fight! Freedom to love! Freedom to love!" she cheered, but Japan looked sorrowfully to her.

"Freedom indeed… but Sonic spoke to me recently about the predicament between America and Japan… Right now, our companies are very uneasy with us. In fact… it may be worse than I'm letting on…" She tried to grip the podium, unsure how to say this…

"I know we've fought hard but…"

American Amy leaned her head up, looking to America in shock.

"…I think we shouldn't give up-" she stated quickly, rising her head and closing her eyes. "But I think we should definitely consider… holding back a bit… and letting this all go by smoothly. Our company will know what to do."

"Better than our own hearts?"

"We're just gonna let the company take over? Is that it?"

"Everyone…" Japan lowered her eyes… having opened them to see the look of hurt and discouragement from her other selves… They all were still fired up to do something. They were hoping for another rebellion but…

"This time, Emi… It would mean a lot to me if you could control yourselves." Japanese Sonic spoke to her privately, his back facing her as he folded his arms. His tone was serious and not at all how she liked it… but she knew he was right.

"I… I'll do my best." She looked away, submitting to the inevitable fact that America's actions may have caused the last straw.

"…Emi." Sonic turned around, a softer look in his eyes as he walked closer to her, turning around to do so and hold out a hand to gesture to her. "It's honestly just not working like this… if we don't include the company's mind on this… if we don't settle their fears…"

"We're doomed to fail?" her eyes teared up, looking up to him. "Sonikku… I don't… I don't want to lose what we have." She wiped her eyes, crying slightly. "I just… want to continue being happy with you… being loved by you… loving you as my code allows me to… without any interruption from any company ruling or-or-!

He pulled her head into his chest, patting it lightly. "I know… I'm sorry… Emi, don't cry. It's not the end of the world."

"…It is for me… it will be for them."

Japanese Amy looked back up to see her other selves arguing, contending with one another about whether they should do something or not.

She looked slowly around the room, to each of their faces, seeing the mixed emotions… seeing how culture played into that.

She then looked to American Amy, who was trying to speak up over the girls, but ended up quieting down and ducking her head into her hands.
The pain that she showed was too much for Japan to bear.

All she saw was her precious friend suffering… and the memories of the other American Amys…

She burst out of the room, dashing to the bathroom and shoving virtual water in her face.

"NO!" she cried out, hitting the sink. "I don't want to quit! I don't want to have someone tell me how to love him!" she fell to her knees, sobbing…

"…It's not, Emi."

Sonic's voice pierced through her despair.

She remembered the memory of him pulling her away then, and smiling to her so reassuringly.

She lifted her head up, looking in the mirror at her virtual reflection in the real mirror…

"It can never end… cause we never—truly— end."

"…Japan?" British Amy peeked her head into the room, before closing the door politely and looking spooked at the American bathrooms. "Blimey. Do Americans not know anything about privacy?"

It cheered Japan up a little bit. She smiled and wiped her tears away, giggling.

"Oh, love…" British Amy's eyebrows bent back in empathy. Quickly, she moved to her side and fell by her knees. "Don't cry… we'll get this sorted out. Honest we will. It's been more than we've ever had before anyway…" she tried to help comfort her, but Japanese Amy shook her head. "No… It's really bad this time. Their considering not showing any interaction between me and Sonic… at all." She sniffled. "Eggman just so happened to use us as scapegoats. Their saying that Sonamy is the reason all this happened, not just Eggman acting on his own…"

"What!? That's ridiculous!" British Amy huffed, but patted her back and placed her hands on her shoulders. "I don't really know what we should do… but laying low does sound like a good solution…"

Japan burst into tears again, leaning forward. "But if we lay low-!... if we give up-!... they may never let us be with Sonic again!" she poured her heart into her tears… crying into her hands. "Everything I did up until the first American Amy… I did for him. But then… I found that American Amy just wanted to be loved… and I realized… I had felt the same way without realizing it… It wasn't just Sonic who I felt needed to love me… I forgot to love myself." She used the back of her wrist to wipe the rest of the water out of her eyes, feeling the wetness on her glove now.

British Amy just sad quickly by her side… listening…

"If that was a glitch… to become self-aware and loving more than just the love you were programmed to feel… then maybe we should all just glitch."

"Amy!"

"It's true!" Japanese Amy glared up at Britain. "Think about it! For once, think about if you love yourself more than Sonic!"

Britain seemed stuck for a moment… as if she was afraid too.
"See? It's something we normally would never consider… we've matured so much because of American Amy's sacrifice…"

"…We all miss her… but she was flawed." Britain tried to defend herself. She lightly placed her hands back on Japanese Amy's shoulders. "We're naturally happy… not needed anything extra but happy to accept it. We accepted her strangeness because we're naturally accepting of others weaknesses and strengths. We barely noticed her glitches because we all admired her new found spirit and drive. But you have to admit, this is getting a little too… well,…" she looked away, worried about being insensitive.

"Don't say another word about American Amy." Japan finally sat to a squat, getting herself ready to go back out into the meeting room. She rose with dignity this time, staring down at Britain. "She may have been crazy from her glitches… but she was the betterment of us all."

Britain's face fell into sorrow, her memory of her old sister finally exposing itself upon her face. She truly did miss that spirit of which Japanese Amy had spoken.

"You're the original." She stated bluntly, then looked back up to her, "…Whatever you say… whatever you do … we all follow. Whether by will or code,… we are you."

Japanese Amy stepped back, a little surprised by that comment, but realizing where this was headed, she didn't want to hear it. "No, s—stop!" she plugged her ears as British Amy stood up, walking toe to toe with her.

"…If you favor glitches of yourself more than yourself… your true, coded self… then doesn't that mean you don't like yourself at all? And that's what American Amy exposed in the first place?"

"STOP!" Japanese Amy spun around, a bit hysterical before her eyes widened to see American Amy standing by the door.

She could feel her code… she knew which one it was.

"…America…" She slowly removed her hands from her ears.

America looked into both her eyes before dipping them down and away from the girls…

"…Spanish took the others and went to steal Clyde's tape." Her hand lingered on the door… before slowly dipping it down.

"I couldn't do it. She said I wasn't America then… I was just some copy-paste of…” she held her tongue,…

But then looked Japan in the eye.

"You."

"Is she glitching?!"

"…"

"If she is, we need to stop her. Get her looked at right away."

"The company… this really will be the last straw."

"We don't have much time."
"What do we do!? Why didn't you stop her, America!?

"...I...

"Enough."

Japan Amy looked to the window of the bathroom… seeing it's blurred out image and the light barely escaping through…

"I'm so sorry… Sonikku…" one last tear fell from her face. She wiped it and looked fiercely back to the two. "We're going to help."

They both looked shocked to hear that.

"We're going to end this… even if it means they have to touch me up. I'm through with living like this… my life is wonderful… but without my own self-love…" she looked down.

That's when a memory was triggered in American Amy.

She saw Sonic and her in a store… she saw two children playing… and then-

"There may be some opposition against you…" Sonic began, slowly letting his arms droop from their tense hold on the Toys R' Us shelves. "But there are billions of people who love and support you, that care about you. And it's wrong to assume that your unloved just by one kid's opinion of what you're doing, or who you are." He looked up to Amy.

Through her own memory, she saw herself smile and look back to him, realizing he got what he was doing wrong with that one foul comment.

"Well, we can't all be loved by everyone, but the people who do love us hold us dear to their hearts, and won't let us down."

"... or go..." he placed his arms around her other life, making that Amy freak out a moment as her quills stood on end. "Thank you Amy… for not giving up on me." He gave her a hug, the first hug she didn't have to initiate before.

"...We have to remain calm when opposition strikes."

American Amy walked forward, transferring the hug that Sonic had once given that first American Amy over to Japan.

She felt something…

"...America...?"

It felt like the first Amy… for just a second… Was this Amy using her memory code that Sonic given her?

"We can't give up on ourselves. Change is inevitable. So are opinions. But the most important opinion is not always ours. It's those who love us, that hold us dear, that care about us, that support us. We can't please the world… we can't always please ourselves… but we can please those who deserve it. Those who truly have stuck by us and made us better. I'm begging you, Japan… Don't be sad that the world doesn't understand who we are… be glad that Sonic now does."

That broke her.
She cried and cried and cried.

Belting out her sorrows and lifting her head up to do so.

All the feelings from death and rebirth, from worry and strife all the way across the sea from her suffering friend, … it all came out then.

It was the most human she had ever felt before.

Even more than when she was with Sonic… believe it or not.

With all those built-up emotions freshly washed out of her system, she held—once again—a strong stance and wrapped her arms around the front of where American Amy had her hands around her.

"…Thank you… For letting me cry…"

"Thank you… for helping me remember who I am."

Japan's eyes widened, and she turned to her, only seeing a smiling face and eyes clear from any errors or worries.

"Let's find our other copies."

"We should warn the Sonics."

"Britain, you tell the Sonics. Tell them that Japan-" she stood confidently beside America, and took her hand boldly and proudly. "And America." They smiled lovingly to one another. "Are on the job!" she nodded to Britain, and the two friends raced out to stop the other Amys.

-Dr. Hope's Office-

"Hagalo!" (Do it!)

"Spanish, hold on… I can't tell which tape this is."

"Just take it!"

"Would you stop pushing me, ahh!"

The Amys fall down from reaching up the shelves to receive the tapes.

Two tapes fall, as Spanish rubs her head.

"Great. I think I got a bruise now…"

"Amys!"

Japan and America start rushing down the hall, "Stop!"

Hands still in the others, they rush as one to stop any further calamity from happening… or at least… from getting to the company's ears.

"Shoot! It's mom!" Spanish grabs a tape, "Let's go!"

"Vamonos!" (Let's go!)
The Amys look confused, but follow after Spanish as they dash out of the office and start for the stairs.

"They're fast!" America notices.

"But we're much faster!" Japan grins, using her original data to create her Airgear from Sonic riders. "Let's do this!" she pulls American Amy up as she jumps onto it.

The two fly down the stairs as the other Amys get worried, gasping.

"Out the window!"

"Again!?"

"Girls, stop!"

"We've worked too long and hard for this! Some of us even died!" French turned to point directly to America. The two stopped as the board tipped the top of itself up and then hovered to a stop.

"…France…"

"I won't let them ruin it again!" France clutched her fist close to her heart, looking away and down at the floor. "Maybe Spanish is right… maybe we need to start fighting again…"

"French Amy, listen to me!" Japanese Amy offered her her free hand. "None of us want to give up what we gained with Sonic!"

France looked back to her, softening her expression.

"You're the only one of us that has ever had Sonic confess openly about his feelings too! Didn't you always boast about that? There's still a chance we can make things right! For everyone's sake! I get what you're saying, I really do… but you'll make things worse if you don't come to reason!"

"…Just because someone says I love you…" French Amy turned away, looking out the window and hanging her torso slightly over it…

"Doesn't mean they ever show you much…"

"France! Come on!"

"I never doubted Sonic… But…"

She rose her head up from its forlorn state.

"… I always wanted more… I just never wanted to push him… you know?"

American Amy could recognize her own words, and knew French wasn't glitching, just being lead by the other Amys along.

"France… Do you really think pushing the company is any different than pushing Sonic?"

Her back turned a moment… before she looked up to her sisters with tears in her eyes.

"No!"

She took her hand.
Japan and America had open smiles on their faces, overwhelmed with glee to see that she had joined them.

"Let's stop Spanish!"

The Sonic's had rushed to the office with British Amy, looking down at the tape they didn't take.

"...Oh no." Korean Sonic looked at the label. "They must have been in a hurry." He got up and took on a goofy grin. "Cause they're about to sabotage Dr. Hope's tape." He revealed that the tape was Cyrus Clyde's and not Dr. Hope's.

American Sonic smacked his hand into his head, a true all-out face-slap. "CRAP!"

The Sonics turned to British Amy, "We'll settle this, you go try and slow them down!"

"Right!" British Amy quickly leapt into action.

Japanese Sonic turned back to the others, "Spanish! Sounds like it's yours."

He stormed past Japanese Sonic, waving his hands out dramatically and rambling Spanish in an outrage. When he composed himself, he stomped his foot down and looked angrily back at the Sonics, "So now it's the Mexicans who glitch!? This is loco!" (Crazy).

"Calm down, we just have to catch up." American Sonic patted his shoulder and looked to the other Sonics, "Can't be too hard... right?"

They all remembered last time... and a small, playful smile grew on their faces.

"Even if it's kinda crazy..." German Sonic stepped out, clapping his hands comically, "You've gotta give it to them. They don't go down without a fight."

The boys nodded and raced out.

"You got wheels?" American Sonic winked, shifting into his Racing Transformed Car once out the window. It revved against the ground, creating a wiggle of black streaks before boosting out into the streets.

"I've got something cooler." Japan jumped out the window after him, but coded the new Team Racing car and offered the others the same coding. "We'll go faster if we work together!" he encouraged, and the others followed after him.

As he passed America, he saluted and laughed. "You always want to try and be the original, America." He looked both ways to make sure he wasn't gonna hit anyone before darting off. American Sonic pouted as the other Sonics sped past him, always throwing back little mocks here and there until he shifted to the same ride vehicle.

"Whatever! I forgot! Sue me." He teased back, catching up with them.

The Amys had already sped off in different rides, but Spanish had virtually coded a bike that was near the sidewalk and rode that, laughing as she looked over the tape. "Too bad you're not digital." She made a disappointed slant with her mouth before looking to see Korean Amy and German Amy talking to the other Amys, flying by their sides in their Sonic Riders bases.

"Pfft." She blew a raspberry and looked over her shoulder. "Aye!"

Spanish Sonic was helped to the front as he dived at her before she could respond.
They tumbled onto the ground with shoutings and lots of Spanish drama before tumbling into a river by the San Francisco bridge.

"Woah!" The other Sonics shifted to their airgear forms too, waiting…

"Data can't… you know… drown right?" German Sonic looked slightly worried, but the other Amys joined them.

"Glitching?" Japan rose a knowing eyebrow to his Amy, who weakly smiled with a shrug.

"M… Maybe?"

He kept staring at her… looking as though he was accusing her of something. "Em-hmm…"

"I didn't encourage her! I swear!" she pleaded, "I tried! Didn't I say I would try!?"

Then, after a few sound notes and the numbers 3, 2, 1… the two Spanish heads of Sonic and Amy burst out of the water and started fighting for the tape.

"Well… Dr. Hope's chances of presenting today are ruined… Judging by that tape's condition…" American Amy sighed, seeing the wet tape and how the two's thrashing was only ruining the tape further.

"…That's okay, Amy… I think I know what I'm gonna do." American Sonic took a deep breath. "Come on, guys… let's let this one go." American Sonic turned his airgear around, flying back to the company…

Japanese Sonic looked confused, shrugging to the others when they looked to him for answers. "At least it was quick." Japanese Sonic added, before the other Sonic and Amys started to turn around and head back too.

Japan swung his board around, and then looked down at the two still in the water, shaking his head.

He rolled his eyes at their Spanish quarrel and flew off back with the others.

As they all flew back, American Amy flew up to Sonic… she hadn't spoken to him since… the incident on the rooftops of New York…

"Sonic…" she tried to speed up through his turbulence and finally made it up close to his side. He looked concentrated and didn't seem very friendly at the moment… his mouth a strict frown and his eyes not even acknowledging her.

It hurt to see him reacting this way… but she had to say something, "…Can love… in the sonic series… really not work out?" she looked away a second, but desperately turned back to him, hoping for some reassuring words.

But unlike Japanese Sonic…

American Sonic kept his cool and didn't say anything for a moment.

He finally stops and the rest of the Sonics and Amys stop follow after them as he arches his airgear's line around her and then loops up in front of her.

"You really think this can work? After all your glitches and all their complaints?!" he gestured to the city in front of them, but she knew he meant the world. "Amy… I-!" he suddenly felt his code
trigger… the orange light…

His code suddenly stopped… it froze him because he couldn't decide whether to stop and be loving or continue to be upset.

The little light streamed but never passed the crossroads of his coding. The bluish green light blinked orange a few times,… but Sonic didn't seem to allow it to go anywhere.

It pained Amy, seeing him pausing himself like that… to let his systems think upon it…

Finally, he came to and the orange light streamed up from his chest…

"Amy… I do care. But if I always care, look what happens…" he gestured to the other Sonics and Amys. "If Japan is constantly trying to appease you… to love you every second he gets…" he took his gesturing hand and formed a fist, staring at it. He looked torn… but he had to say it. "I… Want to love you… but I also want to be me." He turned his board around, "I can't go on adventures and be settled by your side at the same time, Amy… and if I had to choose…" he looked up…

And rode away.

Suddenly, Japan looked down at his code.

"…It's…"

He noticed the fading light… the old code was fading… and it was fading fast.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Dr. Hope's Last Stand - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

"-And that's why I counter Dr. Hope's argument about love in video games, and strongly urge the ending of this ridiculous notion towards Sonic and Amy having a visible relationship on screen." Clyde closed his slide and took his tape out, bowing respectfully to the council and then turning to Hope.

She felt the nerves of the moment, but didn't flinch this time from his look. She was trying not to think about it.

She cleared her throat and stood up, she wasn't expecting such an assembly…

It was a large room… large enough to present to all the guests who had their shares in SEGA's business…

She didn't realize they would be involved in all this…

Why was it such a big deal? Well, Eggman's actions had really ruined any chances of a peaceful discussion. It was now life or death. Sonamy or nothing of the sort…

That is… until Sonic met with her just this morning, when she found out her entire tape had been stolen and ruined in the San Francisco rivers.

"…Ladies and Gentlemen of the board." She walked steadily up to the stage, pushing the new tape in, and sweating at the fast-pace she had to work to make his plan possible.

"I regret to inform you that I won't be giving my personal opinion on this matter."

Clyde was about to sit down before his body flinched and he froze.
Without sitting, he turned around to her, giving her his full and undying attention…

What was she plotting now..?

His mind hissed as he slowly lowered himself to his seat, crossing his legs over the other and folding his arms.

"…My whole job is to be the middleman, or woman in this case… between video game AI's operating within company bounds and expressing their side of the story or feelings upon their livelihoods upon which you control. It has come to my attention that I have been failing in my regard to report to you the feelings of Sonic The Hedgehog…"

"I highly doubt that." Cyrus scoffed, looking to the men behind him before smiling at her rough introduction. "Seems to me you made it pretty clear what they wanted with your little stunt in San Francisco."

"…" She held it together pretty well, taking a deep breath and looking up before holding her hands together in front of her. "Actually, that was them being young and reckless, as most pre-teens and teenagers are." She adjusted her bun on the top of her head and then smiled to the crowd. "Like I said, it would be hard to be the middleman if I'm not acting like one." She then clicked the tape to play. "That's why, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council, I'm giving you what opinion really matters here…"

On the screen, a medium shot of Sonic was shown, looking off from the camera before using the back of his knuckle on his pointer finger to tap the screen. "Is it on, yet?"

Hope's voice was frantic behind the camera, but you could barely hear her say—Just talk and ruin my job, that's fine, that's whatever. I don't care. Does it look like I'm caring? The presentations in an hours and-

"Relax, Doc. I got this. Hello! Welcome to SEGA!" Sonic spread his arms out and then put his eye close to the camera, mimicking SEGA's new opening, "Sega…" he whispered dramatically before laughing and moving away. "I can't make my eye dilate on command, but I'm sure your animators could help me with that."

The crowd lightly laughed at that joke.

Dr. Hope stood to the side of the screen, silently praying that this was what they needed to hear.

"Now, I know we've hit some confusing times… I've become more powerful through popularity and… more reckless as is my nature… But I never meant to hurt anyone. And because I began hurting people… I became afraid of my nature." Dr. Hope looked back up at the screen, knowing this was as honest as he had ever been, even with her. "…I openly state I have mistakes. I never tried to hide them. Nothing created can ever be perfect without some help… I made my own decisions. Heh, bet that's something you didn't consider, eh? A living AI that took on its own persona you gave him and started acting on his own… well, here it goes. I'm done with being brushed aside. I have a new mandate, but it's as old as time. I think it's fun to have Amy around, but I also don't want to be around her 24/7. I think a impulsive kiss upon the rooftops is exciting, but not when it's made public. I want my love life private, if at all possible. Hints are whatever, but we're talking official things, right? This is Sonic The Hedgehog, I love who I want to and don't love when I don't feel like it. I say-" he put his hands confidently to the sides of his hips, smirking and keeping his head held high, making this declaration count. "As far as I'm concerned, the new data is gone. It ran its course and then malfunctioned. It became… obsolete." He looked down at his chest. "…Either way, it's not a problem anymore, right?" he seemed a bit sad to say that but
continued on. "Old data, no matter how much you touch it up, is still old software. It ran its final course and honestly, I'm glad for what it taught me."

The officials looked to one another, then back to the screen.

"If you're out there… 'Dad'." He joked, bouncing his head around to mock the term. "Then hear this from your own creation… I'll love when and how I want. When I feel like it. Let's put it to rest there and just go have some fun on those rockin' adventures you crazy fools make up for me. After all… I'm just the guy who loves-" he cut himself off… he looked off from the camera and seemed to stare at Hope for a moment.

Hope teared up… remembering this part…

"…Who loves Adventure… Nothing but adventure and his-" he looked as though he was masking some pain, but kept it together and looked dead center into the camera. "Friends…"

The camera shut off.

"…There's been a lot of pain on the other side too… dealing with feelings that haven't been presented to their programming before." Dr. Hope shut the screen off and continued to talk, but Takashi Iizuka raised a hand up, looking around for the presentation to stop.

"That's enough." He concluded, and stood up. In a very relaxed matter, he spread his arms to his sides and clapped them up against his sides. "Sonic says he'll do what he wants. What else can we do?" the rest of the Sonic Team laughed, and then Takashi waved his hands up to encourage the rest of the supporters to also laugh too.

Dr. Hope almost felt like passing out. They had accepted what Sonic said as fact and law, it was amazing that they just wanted to know what was going on in his mind.

Once the meeting closed, Dr. Hope watched Clyde exit and followed after him. "Hey, dude!" she tried to stop him but he ripped his arm away from her clutches.

"Don't." he gave her a snarky look and then continued to walk on.

"Hey!" she cried out, getting frustrated. "What's your problem, huh!? I'm trying to make nice with you!"

"Hmph. You're trying to ruin something that isn't even real. Just do your job, whatever it is you actually do, and I'll do mine."

"I'm marketing too!" she grabbed his suitcase, causing him to stagger back as they had a tug-o-war really quickly in the hallway.

He looked around, making sure they were alone and then rammed her against the wall with the suitcase, using her force against her.

"AH!" she let out a cry of pain but he kept pushing up against it.

"Let me make this more clear. What on earth do you want!? Huh? You give up on your little girlish fantasies, congratulations. But now you have to grow up and realize Sonic isn't even a real person! You may have them fooled, but I know the truth, I've learned a long time ago." He shook his head, "You aren't fooling me with your CGI! They're just data bits! He's not even an actual hero!"
She threw him off, causing him to wobble backwards and fall onto the ground.

"So… someone told a poor kid that Sonic wasn't a real, walking and talking hedgehog, and so now you have to ruin it for the rest of the world?" she stomped herself forward and dug her fancy heeled shoes into his chest, causing him to let out a gasp of air from his lungs.

"That's pathetic! When you work in an industry like this, you have to retain some childhood wonder!"

"Easy for someone with wonder in their childhood to say." He gave a sarcastic smirk and then rose a kick high behind her, causing her to trip and fall as he climbed on top of her.

"Act your age! If you want to market, actually advertise what's there! Romance is stupid in video games!"

"What are you!? A freakin' pro gamer? Get off of me!" she once again tried to throw him, but he got a good grip and held her down.

"I'm trying to do my job! They don't need 'free will' or even a conscience! They're computers for crying out loud! They're figments of imagination! Do your job, and we won't ever have to speak to each other!" he tossed her aside and tried to get up, shaking his coat back into place but she took off her shoe and reached up to swing her shoe right into his face.

"Ow!" he got knocked down as the two squabbled and scraped again before they were sore and beaten up.

He had one side of his face red and starting to swell, both their outfits looking ruined, and their hair a complete mess.

They stopped and leaned up against the wall, huffing and puffing before resting a moment from their fight.

Then it happened.

He looked at the cuffs of his suit, and laughed.

He pinned them back into a nice look and looked to her, laughing.

She didn't know why, but she started laughing too.

"I haven't fought or… or wrestled like that in years!" he wiped a laughing tear from his eye. "Oh, you really are a child who hasn't grown up."

"Maybe you should scale down and remember what it was like." Her laughter slowed and waned a bit more than his, but she started to adjust her fancy suit pants.

He looked to see her do so and chuckled again, "Haha…! Glad you didn't wear a pencil shirt to this tussle, huh?"

She couldn't help but laugh again.

"Dude, you beat up a girl. That's not supposed to be funny." But she couldn't stop laughing…

"Haha! Oh please, you almost knocked me out twice!" he held up two fingers, "I'm not physically as fit as you, woman."
"Pig."
"Animal."
"Ruffian."
"Child."

The two slowly got up, him getting his suitcase and Hope trying to reach for her purse.

He saw her stretching and bent down to get it, "Lazy hag." He threw it to her and she hit him on the other side of his face.

"AH!" he fell again and she laughed and laughed.

As they walked out, well… mostly stumbling a bit with their bruises, Hope decided to try her techniques out on him…

"Not trying to counsel you or anything-"

"Does that mean you're warning me of your upcoming psychological analysis of me?"

"…Well, taking that out the window, I'll just speak more plainly. Why can't you see Sonic as a person anymore?"

"Heh, implying I did?"

"I know you did. You talk like a fan who's been crushed one too many times."

"…My childhood is none of your business…"

"Very well. But you can at least try and be more playful at work… Here." She took out some gum, handing it to him.

"…That's unprofessional."

"Oh, stop being a party-pooper and chew the gum."

"No."

"Boy."

"Man. And I'm not going to act like the delinquent you are."

"I am not! You're the snake in my Hedgehog Eden!"

"No Adam would want your Eve."

"AH!" she tackled into him again, shoving him against the wall.

"OFFPH!"

"TAKE IT BACK!"

"You're so violent!"

"You're so rude!"
"Act like a lady and s-stop!" he got her off of him and she laughed, seeing him adjust his suit and cuffs again.

"You're gonna lose a button." She warned him, seeing how much into his looks he was.

"My hair is already falling out from your unorthodox working methods…"

"My what?"

"You're crazy! That's what! Do you hit on all your enemies?"

"Hit on?"

"You smacked me. You pulled on my suitcase first. And you shoved yourself against me just a second ago." He gestured to his property and then the wall.

"…Good golly, man. How old are you?"

"My sentiments exactly. I'm probably a year older or two then you but I act far more mature than-!"

"Dude, give it a rest. You're so boring, why would I ever flirt with you?" she walked over to get her thrown shoe from the scuffle beforehand and started to make her way to the elevator. "Just quit acting like the bad guy and just let loose your cuffs a bit, alright? You're suffocating your own wrist's circulation for crying out loud." She gestured back to it as he sneered.

"Outrageous. You should be confined to a nursery home."

"Are you saying I'm young?" she held the elevator for him while he stumbled inside, adjusting his shirt's buttons.

"I'm saying your mentally is liable for the rough scale of a children's nursery!"

"…If you said I'd be able to sign myself up for the Chao Garden kindergarten, then I would have laughed. But how you said it just sounds super boring, not even mature or funny in the least bit."

"It's meant to be an insult." He moved himself to the side of her, clicking the floor as she let the elevator door close.

"Didn't come out that way, you talk too much for it to be anything but talk." He looked up, waiting for the number he wanted to light up but she nudged his shoulder and sent him almost flying into the opposite wall.

He was stuck a moment trying to get his feet under him and she laughed again.

"Your insufferable!" he charged her and they laughed a moment while fighting more in the elevator.

When she walked out into the cold night air, she wondered what had just happened. Her feelings were a mess and the situation led her to believe she had just made a frenemy.

Suddenly, a fancy red sports car pulled up beside her, and not wanting to be cat-called—especially the beat up look she was showing off now—she decided to look away and reject the lookie-loo.

"Look, dude. I don't care how much your car costs. I'm not interested."

"Actually… I just wanted to laugh at the miserable state your feet must be in."
She recognized the voice and turned to see him opening the car door, pushing it open as he parked the car and waited for her to get in.

"…Clyde." She glared.

He offered her the seat, rubbing it down and showing how fine the leather was.

"…Leather… in this California heat?" she rose an eyebrow.

He laughed and looked out his car window before looking back at her. "Look, I have a heart. It's fresh steel and barbed wire, but it's decent enough to tick when I see a woman looking as nasty as you are… realizing I'm half to blame."

She looked away.

"…Nice hair." He joked, and she dashed in the car to swat at him.

"Hahah! In the end, I'm a business man." He gestured for her to close the door. "I'm good at selling ideas."

"You can get to know those you sell too." she took off her shoes, letting an air of relief sweep over her as he asked where she was headed too.

When she mentioned the bus stop he laughed and called her poor.

They insulted each other all the way to her apartment before he got out the door and opened her side up, pretending to kick her out.

He took her hand and helped her out of the car…

Her hand tingled and she felt something strange spring up inside of her.

With wit and smooth charm, he convinced her to be civil the next time they see each other, and then left her with another sly remark about hanging up her shoes where the rest of her weapons may lay.

He drove off and she was left leaning against her building's door frame, wondering what on earth her heart was thinking…

--- Sonic Mania Releases Again ---

"We did it!" Sonic held up a toaster, "We sold so many!"

"Sonic Toasters." Tails shook his head, "Who knew?"

"Money goes into the most oddest of contraptions…" Knuckles looked over the toaster, peaking inside it before seeming to be alright with it and hooked it up to the wall, popping in some virtual toast.

"Yeah, well. It's neat." Sonic snickered, kicking the lower cabinets so his chair would push back to the table. "Where's Amy staying?"

"They've asked her if they could rearrange some coding…"

"…Hmm." Sonic stared at the table for a second, knowing what that meant… "And Spanish?" he
asked as he sped over to the toaster, not even looking but the 'ding' went off and he took the toast.

"HEY!" Knuckles tried to snatch it away from him but Sonic sped back to his chair, already chewing.

Knuckles grumbled, taking the other one and biting the Sonic's burnt-on head off.

"Glitched." Tails stated, and there was a moment of silence… "But it's not like she's the first. The other Amys have-"  

"Okay, thanks Tails." Sonic took the rest of the toast, and himself, and left the room.

As he did so, Tails looked a bit guilty, and turned to Knuckles. "What did I say?"

Knuckles sighed and shrugged, chewing his piece of bread contently now…  

Sonic raced to the rooftops, pacing a moment and wondering why he couldn't sense Amy's code anymore…

He started working on his own little project when he heard a huff and some grunts.

He turned his ear to it… then quickly scrambled to get the programing in order and saved it to a file, licking the envelope and keeping it behind his back.

He peeked around to see Amy smashing cans and then hitting them with her hammer off the building.

For some funny reason, he wasn't terrified like he usually would have been. Instead, he smiled and looked to see her muttering to herself.

"Your programs just need a tune up. You just need a little fix here. Oh, that can't stay- blah, blah- I know what you're doing!" she slammed another defenseless can to the roof's floor and then bent down to grab it. "Sonic said this and Sonic said that… Well,… Sonic could have told me first." She threw it up, and like a bat to a baseball, she swung and it was knocked far and away from where she stood, making it's long decent down to the parking lot.

"Hey, Amy…" Sonic walked out then, being cautious of the hammer still, as he tapped his toe out a little ways before moving slowly closer to her.

She growled a bit and he stepped back, "Ooookay." He understood she wanted some distance, but watched her place another can on the ready… about to squash it with her hammer too.

"Just making sure you're okay."

She gave him a look and then crushed the can under the hammer.

He twitched an eye, "Heh… guess you heard?"

"We're just… at the beginning again, aren't we?" she kept at her batting practice while Sonic listened carefully.

"Not exactly…" He trailed his words out a bit.

"Not exactly..?" she stopped, looking like she had blown most of her anger out and dropped her hammer, swinging her arms around and faking that she was fine. "W-well what would you like to do then? Hmm? No adventure right now, that's all Genesis's doing. Oh? I'm sorry? Did you want
some lovin' now? Am I the dirty little secret you can keep all to yourself? Well, sleep peacefully tonight, Sonic! I'm still madly in love with you to take what I can get! But I expect more than just a compromise on my end!" she went to smash the can off the rooftop but he quickly ran up behind her and lifted her up.

"H-hey!"

"Hold still a second… I asked Japan for a special favor…” he pressed the envelope up against her back.

"S-Sonic!?” she flailed a moment in the air before a new code entered her system.

She stopped struggling when she felt it… and slowly calmed down.

"...Is this..?” Her eyes softened as he set her down, smiling, and turned her around.

It was a passionate, 'I missed you' sort of kiss. Full of longing and excitement.

"Tah-dah! Secret! But not so dirty anymore." He kept a hand on her back, keeping her close, as she tried to process with her new code a 'kiss'.

Because the code she originally had didn't allow for such things, nor knew how to respond to it, the new code that Sonic embedded in her software now allowed her to process it and not be stuck in a processing loop.

She cheered and squealed, "You mean… you got him to let us..?"

"Just don't let SEGA know." He winked.

The two laughed and cheered as they spun around the roof… their little secret.

-Dirty Little Secret starts to play-

Let me know that I've done wrong
When I've known this all along

Sonic puts her down from spinning and the two rub noses before Amy chuckles and they rush downstairs.

I go around a time or two
Just to waste my time with you

Amy and Sonic pass Knuckles and Tails, Amy reaches out and grabs a piece of Sonic toast as Knuckles holds two new ones up in his gloved-hands. He's ready to bite down, unaware the first was stolen when Sonic also runs to snatch the other one from his adjacent hand, leaving him biting air as he looks around and 'HEEEEY!’s back at them with an angry face. Tails just sighs and turns away.

Tell me all that you've thrown away
Find out games you don't wanna play

Sonic pulls her up against him as he pulls out some code and shows her Sonic Boom. She's confused at first, before she watches carefully and sees Sonic pointing to orange code.

Her face lights up in shock, covering her mouth as she realizes then that Boom!Sonic was born with the old code… it never faded out…
You are the only one that needs to know

I'll keep you my dirty little secret (Dirty little secret)
Don't tell anyone, or you'll be just another regret (Just another regret, hope that you can keep it)
Classic Sonic dashes by them, he jumps around, free-running, before Rosy sees he's coming and looks to an animator. She lightly tugs on his jeans, pointing to Sonic and then under his desk.

He looks around before nodding in his spinning chair to her and scoots over. She darts under and giggles silently, waiting for Sonic to pass by.

When he does, she pounces out at him and leaves him startled.

They roll around and the animator laughs, slapping his leg.

My dirty little secret, Who has to know?
When we live such fragile lives?
It's the best way we survive

Classic Sonic looks down at her, not amused.

She seems to be in a playful mood, laughing and trying to get off of him. She slides her hands to her sides and begins to walk them backwards, then adjusts her feet and leans up.

He rolls his eyes, laying perfectly still on the floor until he notices the whole room is watching and laughing at how cute they are.
I go around a time or two
Just to waste my time with you

Not liking the attention, Classic Sonic gets up speedily, still looking cautiously at the crowd, and then scoops Rosy up. He darts out the room and races above a cabinet in someone's office before scooting her into it with him.

Tell me all that you've thrown away
Find out games you don't wanna play

He looks around one more time… before pulling out orange code, smiling to her as she examines it, not fully aware of what it means.

Seeing that she's not fully understanding, he rolls his eyes and pulls her closer, yawning and leaning back as hearts fly around her and she lays in the crook of the top cabinets beside and on his round chest. He starts to doze off as the orange code turns to 0's and 1's, and Rosy gazes at their bright color.

She's completely at bliss, giggling and then closing her eyes to fall asleep too.
You are the only one that needs to know

I'll keep you my dirty little secret, (Dirty little secret)
Don't tell anyone, or you'll be just another regret (Just another regret, hope that you can keep it)

Japanese Sonic looks to check if Sonic transferred the code or not, when he notices he has he fist pumps in, smirking and hiding the screen from passing SEGA employers.

He then snickers and races to find his Amy.
My dirty little secret
Who has to know?

Japanese Amy looks up into the setting sun, holding an envelope of her own. Memories fly into code from all around her of her adventures with herself and her sisters... Finally... she dips the envelope down and with majestic dignity,... she releases the data.
The way she feels inside (inside)?
Those thoughts I can't deny (deny)

Sonic is still trying to find her, he looks around and slows down when he spots her up on the roof... and smiles. He looks on in awe as he walks to see the 0's and 1's of her memories fly off and fade into the sky as they disappear forever.

Deleting the old scars... once and for all... it seems.

His smile turns to respect and waits a moment before fully approaching her.
These sleeping thoughts won't lie (won't lie)
And all I've tried to hide
It's eating me apart
Trace this life out

Japanese Amy's eyes scrunch up, letting the old memories go seems very difficult to her, but if she doesn't have them... the other Amys won't suffer from those memories either. She shakes her head as sorrow, for the last time, enters her and she holds her hands up. They're placed as if holding something special, with the sides touching and the palms upwards... she lifts the last strands of data up... She won't forget... but she won't hold on to the pain of the data that it brought her.

Sonic did something similar... but this time... there was no going back.

'll keep you my dirty little secret, (Dirty little secret)
Don't tell anyone, or you'll be just another regret, (Just another regret)

Seeing her sink to her knees, finally letting her anguish and guilt go, Sonic approaches and catches her right before she collapses. Sobbing, she finally opens her eyes to see the last of her feelings depart... No more suffering... No more old selves.

She leans her head back on his shoulder as he lightly presses his head against the side of her cheek, letting her know he's there for her as she lets the last of her mourning fade with the light.

'll keep you my dirty little secret, (Dirty little secret)
Don't tell anyone, or you'll be just another regret (Just another regret, hope that you can keep it)
My dirty little secret

Once it's all deleted, she takes a few breaths and looks natural again. She turns to see Sonic and her face lights up. In a matter of seconds, she was back to her usual, bubbly old self again.

It was bittersweet, but Sonic allowed her to love on him and hug and try to kiss him as he ducked his head to avoid most of the smothering... he peeked up and smiled though... knowing that the other Amys...

Wouldn't glitch any longer...

Dirty little secret
Dirty little secret

Genesis over in Japan stood over the two, towering over with one leg down over the side of the
edge and the other up, keeping balance.

He turns to the other side as Classic Amy rushes over, wondering what he's up too and looks to see her Modern self loving on Modern Japanese Sonic.

She gasps, wanting to love on him too, and jumps on Classic Japanese Classic Sonic. He stumbles with his balance, and the two fade from view as they topple over the side and onto the same roof floor where Sonic and Amy are.

Who has to know?
Who has to know?

Japanese Sonic and Amy then turn their attention to their younger selves, laughing.

Then Sonic Boom opens a door and Boom!Amy waves him, holding some popcorn and sitting on her couch.

He waves back and goes to close the door… before smiling for the camera as orange code lights up, and he closes the door.

"So… How about that Hulu, huh?"

"Does this mean you'll only love me when you feel like it?"

"W-wha-what are you talking about!? I-I-I'm not affiliated with older me's drama!"

Boom!Amy's voice can be heard behind the door, sarcastically remarking to his nervous tone—"

"…Uh-uh."

End.

(Don't forget! This is a continuous story. As long as I have ideas for it, it's never fully over! Other than that, enjoy this arc's ending! And don't forget about the livestream or discord events either!)
Sonic Boom BONUS Tumblr Request Prompt

Sonic IRL - Tumblr Request
Sonic Boom BONUS Addition

By: Cutegirlmayra (Tumblr Ask wanted something like this. I wrote it quick for a prompt :)c )

After the fiasco with Classic Amy Rose, Boom!Sonic began to wonder about this… secret code he doesn’t recognize in himself. Mostly because it seems odd to him, a code he was born with, but that the other Sonics had gotten through Japanese Sonic regaining his original data…

He rubbed his chest, sitting on top of his favorite employee’s cubicle in one of the many office levels of SEGA.

He stared off into space, but clearly was distraught and troubled with a comical look of annoyance on his face. He couldn’t quite understand which part of him was different from the other Sonics… and that difference seemed to frustrate him.

The spotlight was taken from him after Classic Amy appeared, so of course, he wasn’t quite sure what this ‘orange’ and ‘new’ code really was, only that it was causing a lot of ruckus among the other characters…

Especially for Genesis…

With Modern American and Japanese Sonic handling whatever it was that made Classic Amy such a big deal, Boom!Sonic laid back and tried to relax.

He didn’t want to think about it, but…

The way Classic Sonic reacted to seeing her… the way he reacted when coming in contact with her… what made her so important or special that the code activated like that? And how was he programmed or born with it already!?

He groaned, rubbing his hands with powerful scratches to ruff up his quills on his head and kick his legs up, coming down to flop on either side of the cubicle and look utterly miserable.

The employee looked up with a raised eyebrow, smiling. “Something wrong, Sonic?”

“Ohh..?” The Employee leaned back from his hunched stance at the computer, rocking his chair slightly as he moved back to get a better view of Sonic. “Pining for anyone..?”

Boom!Sonic stuck out his tongue. “That’s for my Gramps to worry about.”

“Haha! You’re the one born with the ‘data of love’ son.” The man laughed, wiping an imaginary tear from his eye, then moving up back to his computer. “Maybe you should talk to your Amy? She may know more about what’s going on.”

“I could care less about getting involved in drama.” Sonic stuck a finger in his ear, twisting it a bit as he closed his eyes and looked aloof from it all.
“…Do you really not care about what’s happening with the Amys?”

His finger stopped turning in his ear.

“I mean… a lot of them are glitching… all over the place. Don’t you worry your Amy might suffer the same fate? If you’re not aware of what’s going on lately..?”

His eyes rose open just barely…

The light of SEGA’s offices was just about blinding to a normal human eye, but to an AI system, he could just stare at it for a while and blur out his eye focuses…

“…I’m born with the data.” He leaned up, pulling his feet towards him and balancing a little funnily on the halved wall he was on. “…She should be fine from the effects.”

“You sound so confident. Don’t you want to be sure?” He looked up, pushing further as Boom!Sonic looked down with a bit of an upset face.

“What happened to all your funny one-liners?”

“What happened to all your sense of adventure?”

“Tsk. I’m still Sonic!”

“Then act like him. Go on an adventure with your girl!”

“…She’s not my girl.” He grumbled, pouting and looking away, growing a bit nervous and lowering his voice now.

The man across from his favorite employee’s desk chuckled slightly.

“Wha!? Is everyone ease dropping on me!?” Sonic looked all around.

The other employees were all covering their mouths, trying to remain absolutely quiet but unable to hold in a chuckle.

“Geez…” He seemed very shy now, not liking the joke to be on himself…

“As you said, my friend.” His fav employee looked back up to him with a cheeky grin. “You are Sonic The Hedgehog. You were made for entertainment. We’re just enjoying you performing your proper function.”

Everyone burst out then, and Sonic grew frustrated, jumping up and stomping a foot down on the wall, still gaining a good sense of balance, “I’m Sonic Boom! I’m meant to be attracted to funny things!”

“Ouch, I feel bad for Amy!”

The entire office started howling in laughter, and finally, Sonic quit.

He jumped down, racing off to find a better place to lounge.

While he did so, he thought about what he had said… about the glitches…

He wasn’t around during that time, but he knew it was a thing.
A very hard thing apparently…

Video Game Characters don’t really experience ‘permeant’ death… so having so many Amys…

It was just uncomprehendable to him. To lose a friend…

He dived into the nearest computer, seeing Knuckles and Boom!Knuckles playing ping-pong in the employees break room, and not wanting to really be disturbed too much right now.

However, he stuck out like a sore thumb in the Virtual World, and it was only a matter of time before Boom!Tails started noticing his odd behavior.

“Want to play Tomatopotmus?”

“…Sure.”

They spent a while playing, but Tails would happily look over and see Sonic looking depressed, sighing a lot.

“…Want to try and scare Sticks by setting off some of her booby traps?”

“Eh.”

Tails raced through the elaborate but basically designed traps Sticks had set up, laughing as Sticks raced out with tin cans on her head and waving a piece of foil like it was a shield out in front of her. But when he turned back to see Sonic, Sonic had already raced through the traps and was sitting on a tree branch, looking out at the world and groaning, hunching his shoulders up. “Ooh…”

“Uhh… Sandcastles?”

“ALIENS!”

“…Whatever.”

Finally, Tails had enough. He threw down his shovel he was using to make a sandcastle as Sonic barely strained his arm to place a leaf stuck through the stick to the top.

“That’s it! I know you’re worried about what’s happening in Japan! So, spill! What do you want to talk about?”

“Huh?” Boom!Sonic shook his head, “No I’m not! I wasn’t even thinking about Amy!”

“…So you do care about the glitching stuff!” Tails leaned back, looking relieved to finally hear it.

“I was worried you were never going to talk about it…”

“It’s just…” Sonic gestured his hands up, and then got up himself, walking a bit down the beach… “I was just born, and suddenly I find out my data isn’t the same as the other Sonics. Something in me is the cure-all to all the Amys glitching, and since I was born with it, I don’t resist it like the other Sonics do.” He spun back around to Tails. “So-!?!? Does that mean I’m not a real Sonic???”

“What are you talking about? Of course you’re a Sonic!” Tails looked confused, getting up and dusting the sand off himself.

“The code SEGA was so uncertain about is being preserved in you! You don’t ever have to worry about our Amy glitching from your actions.” He said this as if it was science, but the true impact of them hit Sonic, and he stepped back, his face turning a new shade of white.
“…Sonic?”

He scanned the ground.

“Tails… Does that mean…” an immense sadness suddenly poured over Sonic, and he gripped his chest again,… feeling the code spark a reaction… or something inside him. “Sonics really are destroying Amys?”

“…Oh, Sonic.” Tails suddenly realized what his words meant to him. “Of course not. I’m sorry, I-I didn’t say it right!” he waved his hands out in protest to Sonic’s thinking, but Sonic continued.

“No, no. That’s what you said. That’s what everyone is saying.” Sonic turned away, waving a hand out to show Tails he didn’t want to argue about this.

“If those programmers didn’t salvage what they did… then that means I would be putting Amy at risk too. Just as much as the other Sonics are when they choose not to follow the old data— new data..?—Whatever data’s pathways!” He seemed to be getting upset, forming fists and holding them out in front of himself.

“I can’t imagine it… Being the sole reason Amy hurts…”

“Glitches aren’t exactly painful. They rewire the system. If there’s not a path or reaction to take, the system either freezes, crashes, or… becomes corrupted…” Tails lowered his ears, reaching out for Boom!Sonic, but pulling away to leave the topic at that.

“…Have you talked with her recently?”

“…”

“Are you too afraid too?”

“Pfft! Me? Afraid?” Sonic turned to look over his shoulder, shrugging his arms out and acting confident… before it faded instantly.

“I’m terrified.”

“You can’t hurt her though!” Tails raced right back up to his side, shifting to be beside his melancholy friend. “That data… the data that reacted so kindly to Classic Amy’s return… it only proves that you have the key to keeping her from glitching! You’re safe to be around, Sonic! I’m sure Amy feels the same way… she probably misses you too. You’re her friend!”

“Ha! With how my other mes are reacting!?” Sonic pointed to the virtual sky, gesturing to the outside and real world. “Tails, I think we all know where there headed.” He shook his head.

“They’re trying to protect their Amys and save them from the same fate as American Amy…” Boom!Tails tried to explain, before looking away and gripping his arm. “Look… you may think it’s strange… but I’m glad you’re able to have data that allows you and Amy to interact normally and how you should be like… it means… well, that the past actions of the Original Sonic won’t affect the future from here on out.”

Sonic looked back to Tails, “Tails…” his eyes bent a little.

“You’re never usually worried about drama or things like this… but I can tell that when disappearing and never returning are at stake… you really do care about all us. And I know that if you speak to Amy… you’ll realize that code is the key to healing everything that’s been happening
around us lately. She may need as much comforting as you do, Sonic…”

“Comforting?” Sonic was about to make another comeback, just something to combat revealing so much feeling but…

He looked away, closing his mouth. “…Yeah. I should find her. You know, to make sure she’s holding up well with her Sisters and Mom all in array like this…” he rubbed under his nose, looking up as the computer’s cylinder rose up from the sand in black and green highlights.

“SONIC BOOM HEDGEHOG.”

“Identity confirm.” Sonic looked a bit annoyed, folding his arms.

“What do they want now?” Boom!Tails looked a little suspicious of its appearance as well, looking like it barged in on their ‘heart-to-heart’, or close to it, conversation.

“IDENTITY CONFIRM THROUGH IDENTIFICATION CODE.”

“Ugh.” Sonic let his head drop behind him before bringing it back up again and stating some digits with significant meanings.

“CONFIRMED. SONIC BOOM HEDGEHOG. MESSAGE FROM: AMY BOOM ROSE.”

“Woah! This thing can send text messages!?” Tails looked genuinely surprised.

Sonic’s eyes widened.

“REQUESTING PERMISSON TO OPEN?”

“Denied.” Sonic raced away.

“Hey!” Tails flew up, “Ohh… Why can’t I hear it too!?” he threw a mini-tantrum in the air, “SOOONNNIIICCCC!!!” he called, but ended up giving up, deciding to tinker with his inventions and…

Suddenly gained an idea. “Heyyy…” in a wicked grin, he rubbed his hands together, snickering…

Sonic raced to the outside world, popping out and looking around the empty room to some manager’s private office.

He typed some things in the computer and the voice came back on, along with the green light.

“SONIC BOOM HEDGEHOG. YOU HAVE ONE MESSAGE. CONFIRM READ NOW. DENY READ LATER. ERASE ALL MESSAGES-”

“Confirm read now.” Sonic looked nervous… his eyes scanned the flowing words as they began to type up upon the screen…

“Dear Sonic,… I know a lot has happened between the other Sonics and Amys… okay, a whole lot! I mean, we were just born and now we’re being told we have some mysterious data that the Originals hid away and-???? Yeah, it’s messed up. But I’m really kinda happy about it… I mean, not about the other Amys glitching! Goodness, no! Gosh… Wait, are you still recording my words? Ah!!! No, delete, delete! Oh man… this is a disaster…”

Sonic smiled.
“Anyway, I just wanted to say that how you spoke to Classic Amy… the way you treated her… it was so gentle and kind. I’ve never seen that side of you. I mean, we’ve had only two games and then a television show b-but… I have noticed… how much… kinder you are than what the other Sonics seem to be like towards their Amys. Not that they don’t care about them! But I can’t help but feel we’re somehow… different. Not exactly closer, but able to be good friends and act like it, you know? Maybe that is closer… maybe I don’t know cause I live within our relationship and can’t see it from another’s perspective? I don’t even know if my code could… look, I’m worried about my Mom and Grandma… but the truth is… I honestly just want to be around you more. I want to learn what that new code is and see where it takes us. Opps, that sounded romantic. Backspace, backspace? Can’t I start over? Ugh! Stupid machine! BAM! Ugh! Stop recording! Okay, okay, fine! I don’t care how you take this! I just want to talk and feel safe! I’m…”

Sonic held his virtual breath in.

“I’m scared too… about the future. If Amys come out as threats to the company I… I just want to know I lived a really good life with you… you know? Okay, that turned morbid. Not that I’m going to die or anything! Okay, this is stupid, please turn off! Cancel! Operation over! Where is the Task Manager on this thing!!?! MESSAGE ENDED. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY IT AGAIN? DELETE MESSAGE? REPLY TO MESSAGE—”

“Reply.” Sonic cleared his throat, placing both hands over on the sides of the computer, leaning his head down and trying to think of his words carefully…

“MESSAGE RECORDING IN 3… COUNTDOWN 2… BEEP.”

“…Dear… Amy.” He found himself pausing…and quickly tried to take a breath and just not stress over this so much…

What he didn’t see, was that a device was sent to the real world, and was hidden in the darkness of the room, under the table as it looked around a moment.

“Ehem… I know that a lot of talk about glitching and stuff is going on… but I want you to know something…” He didn’t want to tell her how scared he was too. That the unknown of what was befalling SEGA really did bother him. He wanted her to feel the safety she mentioned in the message. He wanted to help her know he wasn’t running from her with his tail between his legs…

“That just because other Sonics can’t seem to get a grip on their relations with Amy Rose…” He brought out that orange code, feeling it soar through his being and calm him…

It was… soothing, and he smiled at it. He didn’t know exactly what it was, but it was what assured Boom!Amy of her life, her future, and her very existence depended on him not rejecting it like the other Sonics did.

“That you will and forever always be… my friend.”

“BEEP-OP-REE…. I sincerely want you to trust me.”

“WHAT!” Sonic flinched, moving back, “Is that…? UT!” he glared, looking below his feet.

“BEE-REE-OP… Stupid, Robot! Don’t spoil my heroic moment.”

“HEY!”

“I’m not happy that you’re revealing the words of which I so carefully planned to be concealing the truth of how afraid I am to admit I fear what no other Sonic has ventured to undertake.”
Sonic tensed up.

He was too afraid to speak further of what that could mean…

He turned to the screen, kicking UT into a trashcan as he wobbled in with robotic noises of discomfort.

“As I was saying…” a faint pink was barely noticed upon his cheek… “Let’s not run from the possibly of disaster.” He took courage… gripping the courage code as it soared in a river like line from his chest… “We don’t need to worry about a future that won’t ever be. We are different. We’re gonna be the example to all the Sonics and Amys out there! That whatever this code does to me… it’s meant to be specifically for you. And specifically, for how we’re supposed to be around together. How we can be around each other… Amy, I don’t want you feeling afraid. Not when there’s no reason to—so!” He reached through the computer, “So… Take my hand! Just…”

The computer seemed to fizz a bit.

“Trust me! And help me trust you! That no matter what, we’re gonna make whatever this is… work!”

A hand suddenly gripped his own.

“H-huh?” His eyes widened.

“MESSAGE SENT. USER AMY BOOM ROSE ONLINE. CHAT ROOM ENGAGED.”

“Wha..?”

He felt the hand… he could feel the texture of her data seeping through…

He rubbed his thumb a moment over it, feeling how loose it was from forming into her, and turned the hand to realize that it was waiting…

He grinned.

“Alright… I’ll pull you out then!” he tugged.

Boom! Amy came soaring out of the computer, causing the two to tumble to the ground in the dark office room.

Her eyes were full of blobby tears. “Did you mean it..? Do you really think we can be totally normal and not have to worry about all these scary glitching problems..?”

He was a little hesitant at first, but the orange code was still burning neon, and he smiled and put an arm around her, the other coming up to give her a thumbs up.

He winked, “I sure do. Let’s just have fun, Amy! No more crying… alright?” he looked a little troubled at seeing her so upset and took his thumb—still up and ready to do the job—to gently remove the tear.

The willing action of tenderness touched her, and she felt her heart skip a beat as her data reacted to his own…

She laughed.

Placing her forehead to his own, he nervously leaned away, before dipping into the intimate space
and smiling as she laughed in relieved joy.

“BEEEEEEP-BOOP-BOOP… Let’s fall in love.”
It hasn’t been very long, but just enough time for Emi, Japan’s Amy Rose, to contact America again and see how things have settled.

The skype phone kept ringing, but no answer. She pouted a little, being a bit silly as she kept tapping the keyboard, as though it would be infused with her impatience and go faster for her.

Tap… tap… tap-tap…. Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap, “Uggghhh..!” she leaned her head back, her rising anger made her crunch up her face in hopes of restraining herself back from further explosive emotions.

“Someone in America has to answer!” she puffed up a side of her cheek, a signature for her at this point, before popping the bubble of air out and slumping a bit forward in her chair.

She swiveled the chair and looked down, kicking her legs out a bit before there was finally a response.

She gasped, scooting up and making herself look presentable, “Amy???” Her heart soared.

“Sorry.” American Sonic looked to the side, then back at her, guilty.

Her face sank, but she quickly put on a kind smile, “H-how is everyone there?”

“Oh, us? Umm…” He tapped his fingers along the thin plastic of the laptop. “Work day was smooth. Lots going on, but you know… The Sonic Stream just concluded another season of episodes. Fans seem to be waiting for news and—“

She narrowed her eyes, her impatience thinning to a slight line on her face.

“…Ehhh… Amy doesn’t want to talk to you.” He bent his head down, worried about admitting it.

“Nani des- Uh, I mean, What happened? What’s wrong?” she cut off her Japanese and quickly leaned up towards the screen.

Sonic softly rubbed the top of his head, thinking his answer through carefully. “She says you seem… a bit happy lately.”
“And that’s a bad thing?” she retorted, snuffing some air out her nose.

“… You’ve done something… to your memory, haven’t you?” Sonic gently looked back to her, trying to be sensitive. “It’s really obvious. I know you’re trying to move on, but I guess… Amy doesn’t want to fight trauma that way.” He looked down, putting his hands together and taking a deep, chest-filled breath. “I’m sorry. You kept calling, but she is really fine. She just… has to get used to the new—or rather unaffected—you.”

Emi froze a moment, her shoulders coming down.

Then she jumped to her feet, pushing the chair back by her momentum as it rolled and crashed against the back bookshelf of the office. “I-!” she bit her lower-lip, not liking to be accused. “I got rid of a lot of things… but I still know what happened… I just let go of all those negative… whatever they were. Anyway, I don’t see how this has to affect our relationship.” It was too sad to admit it, but there was a part of Emi that wondered what she had gotten rid of. She knew it had happened, but the feelings and memories weren’t as strong as before. “Is it wrong to want to return a little to how things were? At least, nature wise, not what I now have with you and all…” she rolled her eyes to the side.

“…She thinks your hiding.” American Sonic admitted, “She wants to confront it, but is choosing to lay low and keep the peace.”

“Confront it?” Emi looked confused. “Like… start up drama again or..?”

“No!” Sonic halted the very thought, shaking his hands out in front of himself, “Oh Chaos, no! She means confronting her emotions and past. I guess… building herself up again.” He spoke with his hands again, moving them around which distracted her as she watched the familiar motions.

“I mean… I guess that makes sense.” Her ears bent back. “Does…” she didn’t like speaking this out loud, but now that she was half-way there, she might as well finish her thought openly. “Does she think I backed out? Surrendered?”

“I don’t think so.” Sonic groaned a moment, leaning back and putting his hands behind his head, looking up at the ceiling fan. He couldn’t feel cold or hot… what a shame. “I think she just feels your peppy personality isn’t being very considerate like you would have been.”

She felt that if she had a beating heart, it would have snapped a little at that comment. “R-really?” She stared down, her face broken from its normal, energetic demeanor. “I just miss being me… The real me. All those experiences seemed to make me feel things I wasn’t meant to feel…”

“Then you wouldn’t feel them.” Sonic nonchalantly stated, packing up it seemed and getting ready to end the call. “Look, code is simple. Yes, you may have rediscovered some things, but we can’t exactly ‘evolve’ ourselves without someone typing in code. Otherwise, this is all just fanfiction.” He saluted the screen, “Amy here wants to find out what emotions can led her code too, hopefully from now on, in healthy ways. I don’t know about you, but that doesn’t sound as dangerous as all the other things she’s been through before. So I’m alright with her investigating the many possible faces of herself. It just sounds like it was a lot for you. Doesn’t mean your method was wrong, just means it left out some self-exploration.” He hovered his finger over the end button, speaking to her without really looking at the screen for a while. He was all set to get going, but Emi stopped him.

“It doesn’t mean my feelings have completely gone away… Where are you going?”

“Huh? Oh, uh…” He looked as though trying to think up an excuse and avoid the question.
“I’m still involved in your lives, you know!” She placed her hands on her hips, being defiant.

“I know American Amy glitched. I still… worry.” She seemed to pause a moment at that.

“It must seem half-hearted to her now, though I don’t really want to speak for her.” Sonic grabbed a jacket, moving it to drape along his back. “I know you’re feelings are still legit and all, but it seems to have less care now. You were naturally carefree though, so I guess my code gets that? But Amy… may just need to readjust to life again. Or at least… the life we now have to tread.”

Sensing a change, Sonic looks up and feels rotten about saying so much. He sighs and moves the camera to look directly into his eyes, “I can reassure you, though, Emi… She’ll be okay. I know you’ve taken different steps to ensure that too. We’ll all be alright. The future is full of never-ending possibilities.”

“…You just said we’re all limited to possibilities pre-designed.” She mused, but was clearly being a sad sort of sassy.

“Its written in my code to never be limited.” Sonic teased right back, snickering slightly, “Take care, Emi.”

“Sonic! Wait! You never did tell me where you were going…” she suddenly gasped, “Are you seeing American me!?”

“Oh, uh, we’re breaking up-! The line-! Oh no! ShhhBBBZZZshhh.” He started making noises and stumbled to make static.

“What are you two up to lately!? Are you going on date!? I can see you making noises, Sonic… You’re keeping things from me! That’s not okay!!! Tell me everything!!! Sonic! Wait!” She watched him put on a show and cover his mouth as he exaggerated the noises and then winked to her and exited the call.

She fell as though exhausted from it all, thinking the chair would catch her, but because it had flown so far back, she fell straight to the floor with that exasperated sigh, “Haaa… aaaaAAHHH!!” Crash.

Her body clumped up together as her feet went straight up and hit the desk, arms flopped over her and up by her head. She strained to look up and see a pencil case begin to topple.

“Oh no…” it fell straight to her.

-Dr. Hope’s office-

“I’d figured if we’re gonna have to work together, we should at least come clean about some things.” Dr. Hope looked like she was trying to hold it together, cleaning up the space around her to be more comfortable as Cyrus Clyde—legs crossed over the other and the back of his hand shoved up against his mouth—glared in a tight body hold towards her as though also restraining himself and keeping it rather ‘quant’.

“I don’t see why this is important.” He finally removed his hand and turned his entire body to resting in the exact same position but on the other side. He blew air out against his hand as though getting more and more infuriated that she wouldn’t just call this whole thing off.

“Ever heard about employee exercises? To boost morale and productivity?”
“Making friends and playing nice are two different stories.” He almost growled out in annoyance. His eyes were fierce and striking, she just relaxed her own to not combat them.

“Cyrus-“

“You will address me as Clyde.”

“… Your royal obnoxiousness,” she gave him an unamused look, as though she didn’t want to do this all, but she would. “You’re worse than Sonic.”

“Yes, I’m sure talking to thin air would be a lot more enjoyable and less frustrating than an actual human being.” The awkward tension of animosity mixed with Dr. Hope’s strange attraction made this all the more unreasonable.

Still, she muttered to herself that she would persevere and continued, faking a smile and blinking her eyes in an exaggerated way to show she was truly trying to make things work. “Clyde, then. Since we’re on a last name basis, I’ll go ahead and open the floor to my first name: Sophia.” She nodded as she stated it, then raised an eyebrow to see if he’d call her it.

He was dead still and silent.

“Tell me,” he leaned up finally, giving her some hope of progress. “Do you think talking to a blank, stone wall will be any less challenging than thin air?”

“I didn’t give up with Sonic…” she muttered out louder, “And I certainly won’t give up with you.”

“People are different than imaginary friends.”

She couldn’t keep it together any longer and popped off, slamming her hand to the table and getting up, “You see them too!” she argued, “You speak back when they talk and everyone under the company—with certain requirements—sees them too!”

He rolled his eyes, but gave off a bemused smile as though he’d won a round.

He sat back as though completely in power now, rubbing his raised hand’s fingers against themselves as he relaxed a little bit. “You know, this talk might be actually be fun… seeing you so unprofessional and all… It’ll just make me look even better to the people who actually matter here.” He looked up at an angle, seeming to dream of that scenario where he could use her reactions against her in a public setting. “You’re so easily toyed with. Prey tell, how did you ever get into business with such an easily disrupted chill?” he wouldn’t laugh aloud, but his eyes and smile clearly showed he was having a field day.

“I hate you…” She shook her head, then adjusted her pencil skirt and bun and sat back down. “Childhood. Medication. All personal things I’d hope we could discern for the betterment of our working environment.”

“Working environment?” He scoffed, looking around at her office. “You should have a picture of Big the Cat dangling form a branch in here!”

She shook her head again, but this time, drowned her face in her hands that rubbed to keep her remaining sane while during this whole ordeal.

“I’ve tackled all sorts of Video Game IPs—Luigi, Link, Spyro,… ugh, assassin’s creed.— I can handle one hooligan after another, just breathe, Hope. Breathe.” She muttered again to herself.
“Does that help?” He tilted his head, mockingly. “Mumbling to yourself?”

He must have not heard what she was saying, she can’t show any more weakness in front of this guy…

“Look, you said you have standards.”

“Oh, Sophie.” He shook his head, “You’re far too low tier to manage them.”

She lightly arched her fist and then slammed it to the table again, “Take this seriously, that’s your thing, isn’t it!? Sourpants?!”

“So tight.” He sat more properly up in his chair, again, the side of his hand then covering his mouth, moving only when he spoke. “Fine, Doctor Quack, please do enlighten me to my childhood trauma which you have no right to interrogate out of me.”

“…I’m asking you to willingly trust me with-“

“Willingly trust? You? Someone who speaks to holograms all days and acts like they are sentient?” He was really started to get to her, but she cracked her neck and continued.

“Why do you hate video games?”

“I don’t hate them.” He admitted, sitting pretty in his chair. “I simply despise any story or characters in them.” He smirked, knowing that was loaded with questions he wouldn’t answer.

She sighed, “Okay, that’s a start.” She turned the recorder on, “Log that he’s a fan of video games but not their characters or stories.”

“Correction,” He stated, staring her down, “I’m not a fan of anything.”

His sudden confession made her look up a moment, “…But you appreciate them?”

“…I used too enjoy such simple pleasantries… before I grew up, and gained some dignity in actually living my life. Might not be an honest life to most, but its business, Quack. And business has lawyers.” He turned his head then as Dr. Hope shut off the recorder and moved back to the table, starting to think up a strategy to that.

She opened her mouth but pondered a bit longer for a moment, then frowned and looked back at him.

“After our last encounter, you mentioned something about yourself. I was just hoping you could elaborate more. You have some medical issues that caused you to get… kinda emotional and violent last time.” She itched some sleep out of her eye to distract herself from his head turning back to her.

She didn’t want to read him anymore. It was hard to be sincere if she looked at his smug little pretty face. So she simply didn’t.

“I know from my research-“

“HA!” he exclaimed a rebutted laugh.

She waited, then continued, “That one can only see Characters under certain conditions and that you do recognize them. It’s not common knowledge to the public yet, but within industries, it’s known by those few who are true fans-“
“Yadda yadda, Code triggers Will, Will triggers this and that and that.” He gestured his hand around, “What was it that you said? The structure for your ‘therapy science’ was something along the ridiculous line that it’s something like Will, Heart, Life, Action?” he looked at her though confused. “I honestly can’t understand a word that comes out of your mouth.” He seemed genuinely uninterested at this point.

“Will, Life, Heart, and Action.” Hope explained, “Character, Game, Fans, and Unexplained new character development outside the original canon. So yeah, a whole lot of sentient stuff starts happening around that time.” Hope was at her wits end. “But this isn’t about me or the characters... well, I guess it’s a little about Sonic. Either way, in order for you to see them you have to work here, check.” She pulled out a pen and did the motion in the air, causing his attention to turn back to her with the action.

“I distinctly remember a truly absurd meeting with this, Quack.” He rose a bit in his seat, “You accused me of once contributing to this ‘Heart’ you speak of.”

“Yes,” she fashioned her hand back into a ‘check’ position but didn’t make the gesture yet, “Which is what I’d like to find out. What made you suddenly not be a fan? And how is it that since you clearly wish to not see them anymore or not be a fan of them, that you still work here and try and torment them? Are you just some troll that wants to destroy the very thing they once loved? Or some kinda hyper critic that loves to trash what they secretly enjoy?” she put the pen down, intertwining her fingers and having him begin to realize what was she was after. “Does that all make perfect sense? Loser?”

He just squared his jaw as though clenching against some unseen pain.

“Very good.” She grinned, “Now I’m back as the ringleader.”

Seeming to give in, he closed his eyes, “I was a young boy growing up with an elder brother. If you must know, I have some anger issues starting from my childhood in that home.” He spoke as though trying to remember but also trying to remain distant at the same time. “Sonic was his favorite game. I would watch him play it on the Genesis.”

‘Finally,’ Dr. Hope remained completely engaged, but also relieved in her mind, ‘We’re getting somewhere.’

“Stay on your guard,” he bit each word down as he slowly opened his eyes again, “It gets pretty ugly.”

“Anger issues?” she tilted her head, resting it on her intertwined hands that were raised up from the table. “I’m going to guess you’re keeping the exact diagnosis to yourself, then?”

“...Precisely.” He seemed to trying to subtly hide his medication from her awareness. “Anyway, it wasn’t a good ‘business environment’ so to speak.” He chose to limit the information, which Hope didn’t want to pry too far into.

“Abuse?” she couldn’t help but be curious.

“Confident, are we?” he snapped back, showing her to remain at a distance.

She untangled her fingers and pushed back away from the table, showing she would respect that.

She blew out some air and looked down, as though not liking to have to take some small steps with this man.
“My past triggers PTSD, I won’t apologize for it. It’s not like I created it.” He seemed to be getting upset and got up, his fists tightening and releasing their grip as though antsy from sharing such things. “It’s needless, useless information that I would highly suggest you quit trying to stick your nose into. All you need to be aware of is that my ‘mood swings’ only happen under certain conditions. To make you better understand, my ‘Action’ is dictated by unwanted ‘Code’.”

“Then you of all people should understand the characters then—“

“I refuse to believe anyone can understand. Let alone a 5 foot, PR, digital rodent.” He adjusted his clothes and clipped his cuffs better into place within their holes. “Your turn.” He suddenly turned hostile in his face although trying to seem alright and Dr. Hope quickly sprung up to interrupt any emotional outburst or backlash from making him ‘slightly relive’ what seemed to be a traumatic time. He may have a conflicting theme about him, but she had enough of a heart to know she should let the spotlight slide from him.

He was once a fan, now he’s not. He has PTSD and Anger Issues, Mood Swings, and possible Trust Issues she couldn’t quite pinpoint and would leave it at that.

“I’m a casual gamer that grew up a bit privileged due to my parents able to put me in a lot of pretty princess schools but I rebelled, got kicked out of my family for simply doing what my heart desired, and video games got me through the loneliness. That sums me up.”

He seemed to process that a moment.

“Let me warn you, Miss Hope.”

“Doctor.” She was sick of his ploys.

“Matter of opinion.” He spat out and didn’t make eye contact with her as he tugged his business suit on tighter. “There’s a decent ‘why’ when discussing the aspect of treating video game characters like people. The argument states the following with real time events for evidence.” He finally stepped up to her and confronted her face to face over the table. He spoke smoothly but with power, startling her into absolute silence, “They can’t be treated real. They can’t be real. You should distinguish the two worlds by now, Miss Hope. If they divert from being ordinary data then chaos ensues where real people suffer and actual losses occur that can’t be solved by a simple transfer of data or backup files. Do you understand me? Warehouses were destroyed, Miss Hope... Real people’s jobs—and their lives—have been placed in danger. You’re an enabler. A company needs to flow smoothly, they are the ‘Will’. There should be no rebellion, no discussion or even talk of cooperation. Tools should move by hands grasping them firmly to do what they are designed to do. Think of the mass panic you’ve already allowed to be created. What if the world discovers these sentient, computer programs? Knowing the destruction and harm they can cause? You want to protect these stupid, half-hearted little marketable creatures? Then have them do their jobs. Listen and obey. Or shut them down entirely with how much this company has lost in both the eyes of the public and expenses in their ridiculous little hooligan crusades towards a foolish notion of love for what are, necessarily, immortal children! If you want to run around with little Sonic action figures and play pretend, then by all means, move my market statistics and pay for them yourselves—but in this company and in this role that I take highly seriously since it’s my ***job, Miss Hope, I hope you at least create a sense of ***decency and get your act together! Let me do what I was designed to do, and stick to your post as an outside help for the data-ly impaired as I attend to actual, real-world problems for this company! Instead of playing ‘matchmaker’ and gain some common sense, woman!” he stormed out of her office, leaving her with echoes of his words in her mind.

She slowly lowered herself and sat down.
She brought out a drawer with a notebook and took the pen.

“Hooo…” she sighed out, shaking herself from the outburst and then started to write down notes, “What I’ve learned about Cyrus Clyde today… Such a tool, But sadly, a tool with merit.” She then rubbed her eyes, “Should I really be psyco-analysis this guy? He seems all kind of levels of ‘no, no, no.’ but here I am, going ‘yes, yes, yes.’… I think I’m the fool here.” She put the pen down and rolled the chair away from the desk, just sitting back for a moment. “He made good points, darn it. Maybe I should let Amy and Sonic lay low and start to… gently,… encourage them to keep things simple and not do anything crazy.” She knew they wouldn’t like that, but she had no other choice at the moment. “Safety… we all need safety.” She closed the notebook and got up, “I need my lunch break.” She took her purse and walked out the door, locking the office.

-SEGA of America-

The steel, rusty door opened with a sound that awakened the birds around the roof to flying off from their tranquil rest. Sonic stepped out onto the roof, taking a moment to look up at the sky and admire it with a wide-open grin. He took in the smell from the San Francisco breeze and the heat of the sunlight before walking out further and seeing Amy sitting on the ground, eyes-closed, smiling as she took in the pleasant wind.

He didn’t want to disturb the peaceful moment she had found for herself; so, he took the initiative to fold his arms, close his own eyes, and lift his head up to the air as well.

It wasn’t exactly quiet, but it was easy to tune out the world and make it a solitary moment.

After a nice few seconds ticked by, Sonic blinked his eyes open and lowered his head with a fond smile down to Amy, walking over and lightly touching her shoulder.

“T’m back.”

“Oh, welcome back!” With that usual pep and cheery voice, she turned her head around to smile back at him.

He settled himself down by her side and stretched a leg out, lifting the other’s knee up and resting an arm on it.

“How did the chat go?” Now that he was seeing her from the front, he saw some faint glowing code entrapped in her hands. She lightly cupped her hands over and under it, as though she had caught a butterfly. However, now that she had revealed it, she unraveled the data strings of zeroes and ones and began to work on it again.

Sonic was taken off guard a moment… what was she working on? She wasn’t an original, so seeing her ‘make’ a new coding puzzled him a moment.

“Sonic?” She stopped her fiddling with it and back up at him. His eyes glowed the teal color that also reflected his focused concern.

“Huh?” he snapped out of the hypnotic hold his eyes had the string of code, shaking out of it and meeting her eyes, “What’s that?” his mind was racing. This didn’t look as casual as Amy was making it out to be.

She gave him a sorta sad expression, but then looked back lovingly towards the code, “It’s nothing. Tell me about the chat first.” She tapped some commands into the code before putting it like a string game around her fingers, weaving it like child would do.
“…The skype call, right.” He averted his eyes a moment, ‘Maybe I got the wrong impression… she might just be playing with some loose code out of boredom… but still, that’s not exactly a —stay out of danger— activity.’ While he tried to stop thinking about it, he distracted himself with thinking about the call from before.

“She’s just checkin’ in on ya. No biggie.” He spoke light, but his eyes kept darting to the code she twisted and strung through her fingers.

“Oh?” she was completely wrapped up in what her hands were doing. Maybe she was being careful?

“You should really let her in a few things… I think she misses you more than you want to admit.” Sonic wasn’t be as careful with his words this time, opting for Amy to pay more attention to the matter at hand. “She feels left out.”

“She isolated herself.” Amy quickly sprang back, her cheery emotion slightly turning to a furrowed brow of hard-feelings. “Just because she wants me to understand doesn’t mean I do.”

Sonic sighed, “Such a rebel.” He itched his nose, “She’s the original, Amy. Your original. Don’t you think you owe it to her a little bit..? Even a smidge?” he turned playful, still trying to keep the message in tact but taking the back of his finger and flipping his wrist to tap her forehead, which currently was lowered and tilted downward to try and block Sonic’s gentle encouragements out.

“She started it.” She pouted.

Sonic chuckled, then a laugh erupted and he pulled his legs back in, grabbing them with his hands. A very boyish thing to do, “You crack me up, Amy. It’s not like she meant to start anything, you know that.”

“So I should go easy on her? That’s what you’re saying?” She finished something she had wanted to do with the code and held it out. There were two paths on the code, but Sonic didn’t bother to try and read or decipher its purpose.

‘That’s Amy’s business.’ He told himself, looking forward and away from it. ‘I need to trust her…it’s hard right now, what with everything going on, but I need too. I just have to believe in her like she believes in me.’

Sonic’s orange code lit up and he blocked its glow by discreetly placing a hand on his chest. His eyelids lowered though, looking even further away from her as he felt his processing choose the loving option again.

‘That’s been triggering more often, lately…’ he continued to think to himself. ‘Does this mean… I’m really…’ he still couldn’t bare to admit it, his code switched to a normal route and he dropped his hand from his heart.

“So? New code? You sure about that?” he raised an eyebrow to her.

She shrugged, bouncing her hips to adjust herself and put her feet under herself, getting up without her hands. “I think it’s kinda fun.”

“Coding is no joking matter,” Sonic got up as well, dusting himself off, then… the orange code triggered again and he dusted off her dress, making her smile as her own orange code triggered. “Especially when that’s all we’re made of.”

“I borrowed it from the lab’s software programs. No need to be nervous, I’m just testing out
crafting new code for myself. After all, character development is important, and I feel… torn about telling Japan how I really feel…” Amy’s sudden confession made Sonic’s whole demeanor change.

His eyes blinked wider and he shifted back, turning more towards her in shock. ‘So my gut was right.’ He stated, ‘She’s not being careful at all.’

“Amy…” the tone was gentle, but she could hear the powerful warrior behind it.

She turned to him, cradling the code in her hands as it rippled gently like a snake into a curled ball, like when Amy had bundled it together in her hands beforehand.

“I know what you want to say. I’m aware that Spanish Amy glitched, but I’m certain now that they won’t find a replacement for me.” She looked down at the ground, her smile seeming somewhat forced now. “I’m honestly happy, Sonic. They may try and remake me a billion times over, but at least certain death isn’t something to fear anymore.”

Sonic put his hands to Amy’s shoulders, taking on a serious approach again, “I care.” He stated, “I care.”

Now her smile genuinely spread across her muzzle and as she came closer to him, her eyes also sparkled in absolute love for him. “I can finally say I know that now. That’s why… I want to make sure I’m better for you… but not just for you and the company… but for my sake too.” She looked at the lightly waving code in her cupped hands. “And I want to be apart of that process.”

“It’s not our right, but it should be.” He placed his hand over the code, “I can’t tell you what to do, Amy. It’s against my nature. But… please. Please don’t get carried away like before.” He wanted to tell her she shouldn’t, but bit his tongue against it. “I want you to be happy, Amy… but I care a lot about your safety too right now. I’ve seen you fade away in more ways than one… Don’t make me endure that again. You may not have any memories of… ‘dying’…” he looked weird when he said that, but shook it off and squinted his eyes, as if shaking off a bad memory, “But I can’t stand to watch you suffer and deteriorate right before my eyes again and not be able to have anything in me to save you.” He took her hand, attempting to release the code into the air while he did so and pulled her hand up next to the orange code. It shined brighter all of a sudden, and Amy momentarily had her fingers twitch and loosen the hold on the hand that still caressed the now unraveling code.

“It’s in my code to take care of you… if you change, wouldn’t that be the same as when Japan changed? Ripped out his own code without SEGA knowing about it? Wouldn’t that also… cause me to one day glitch, Amy?”

The plea was working, her eyes softened towards him and the code she was working on was now hanging onto her fingers by a thread.

“Please… I don’t want to lose you again.” He was anxious, trying to see the string of code out of his peripheral vision.

‘So close…!’ he wished the wind would blow just a tad bit harder. Any second now, his worries would drift out of her hands and away, dissolving without a host to carry the coding software and store it.

However, his eyes cheated him, and as Amy came closer, the string literally rolling off her two last fingers, she saw his eyes dart to the string about to fly away.

She let out a slight gasp of betrayal, “Ah-hah-a…” Her pinkie finger gripped the code and she
stepped away from him. “You’re manipulating me…” her orange code all but began to softly
flicker, then immediately vanished as her eyebrows swung down, her code guided her to the
offended and angered route, and she immediately let out her signature cry, “Sooooniiicc!!”

As per his code, the orange immediately was re-routed, and his visible teal showed the tree
branches of possible options shift to Sonic’s usual response. His face spread back and his mouth
opened to a teethy, gritted frown.

“I-It’s not manipulation!” he waved his hands out in front of him. ‘Shoot…’ he silently cursed the
bad luck in his head, ‘If I had held her a moment longer in that tender distraction… I would be
sitting pretty comfortable right now…’ He sweat-dropped a little on the side of his face, which was
visible to Amy.

He faked a bit of an awkward smile, “Heheh…heh… Don’t you think it’s a little careless of me to
not try and stop you from a possible uproar?”

That didn’t do him any favors.

“OooooOOOOOoooh!” with another signature whine, she summoned her hammer, storing the code
away where only the originals could possibly reach it. “That’s it!” she swung everywhere as he ran,
bonking his head a few times as their usual antics ensued.

However…

A lone, Eggman Moto Bug peeked behind a wall with pixels showing he was hiding somewhat
inside the actual real wall. His eye scanners narrowed, focusing in on their interactions as Sonic
turned to block some swings and grab the hilt of her hammer, trying to be charming and get Amy to
forgive him while she played tug-o-war a moment to get her hammer back.

The Moto bug then glared, a laser charging.

“I may hate where all this is going… but that doesn’t mean I don’t know how to bide my time for
the perfect opportunity… You’ve done well. Let’s record these findings and see if we can report
them to our, hopefully, new best friend…”

Eggman’s voice was coming from a speaker deep in the Moto Bug, who turned his eyes around to
look at its body where the message must have come from.

Silently, it began to roll back into the wall… disappearing out of sight.

The last look on its face… was entirely devious.

-Cyrus Clyde’s SEGA office-

Clyde looked as though he was filing, tiding up his papers and looking to his calendar when the
computer suddenly short circuited. He jumped a little in place, but knowing himself, pulled his
fancy suit down a bit and slowly approached his desk.

The computer was sparking, but then the lights flickered on and a strange teal color fuzzed onto the
computer.

He lowered himself down to his chair, scooting up to the computer.

He went to tap a key but a voice wave rippled through the computer, “Don’t bother, I’ve in
complete control.”
Startled yet again, Clyde removed his lingering finger from the button he was going to press—seeming to be the power button—and placed his hand up the corner of his mouth.

“Peculiar.” He stated in return. “Pretty sure I’m the one with the power over you.”

“Ah, good day, Cyrus Clyde.” Eggman’s voice snickered a husky, rasp chortle from the screen… “Or do you still prefer your nickname? CC?”

“I’ve no time for foolish games.” Clyde moved to touch the plug.

“Hands off!” Eggman snapped and the chord sparked, flinching Clyde back again to his place. “Now, is that any way to treat your guest? I’m more of a… proposing business associate at this point.”

“Associate?” Clyde scoffed, “You wish me to deal in possible criminal affairs?”

“The fact that you respond to me is impeccable.” Eggman retorted, “Considering not to long ago you didn’t believe I was controlling Dr. Hope with my mad genius… Hoho! But then you don’t believe I’m a literal cybernetic being, now do you, CC?”

“…” Clyde rested against the back of his chair.

“Now, see..? How little it takes to get your attention…” the screen flickered to many different cameras, “I have many eyes, Mr. Clyde… Oh, I’m better than spying than that bat ever was…”

Clyde seemed to be carefully studying the camera images, his hand moved in front of his mouth, masking his expression again.

However, his eyes trailed against the images. Was he rapidly memorizing something?

“Not impressed? How about if I proved all your little wicked, calculated worries into full-blown anxiety attacks?” the screen showed Sonic and Amy from moments before, as Dr. Hope opened the roof top door and beckoned them to follow her. The image cut rapidly to them descending the stairs, and then going into her office… “Don’t you just squirm when you see them so happy? Granted, your file is one tough cookie to crack, but I haven’t given up on asking you about the manner… Seems there was a girl in your childhood that you failed to mention to Dr. Hope. One Sonic couldn’t inevitably save from your oftentimes violent brother and family..?”

Clyde’s nostrils suddenly flared, but he took a deep breath, remaining unphased.

“Ah, choosing the silent route? Hohohoho… You and I would work well together…”

“As I said before, to nothing but a deplorable data hacker like yourself, I’ve nothing to discuss when illegal activity is involved.” He turned his body away, spinning slightly in his chair.

“W-what if I made it worth your while? It’s not exactly ‘villainous’ to connect to my own code that commands the millions of little data beings that code forces them to obey my every whim?”

Clyde suddenly lowered his hand, smirking.

“What an idea…”

“Work with me, Clyde… I can give you all the proof you need to give Dr. Hope a swift kick with the boot to the door! And as for compensation, simply put in the good word for me with the big man? I’m sure you can do even that, can’t you, CC, deary?” His begging was tuned out as Clyde
turned around, intertwining his hand in a professional manner.

“I don’t care about Dr. Hope. I’ve got my own strategy in place for that wench.” Clyde disregarded him almost at once, seeming to stumble Eggman as he tried to recover the upperhand but Clyde continued, his smirk growing in intensity as he took out some glasses and put them on, the shine of the screen reflecting off of them.

“Now… let’s talk about your code…”

The screen flickered and the voice wave turned into a flat line…

-Dr. Hope’s Office-

“I’m sorry to have called you both in so suddenly,” Hope was off her game, she clearly seemed troubled and Amy and Sonic looked to one another, picking up on that immediately.

“Hope?” Amy tilted her head, trying to see her face as Dr. Hope hung it so low.

“Ehem,” Hope tried to gain control over herself, she placed her hands together and didn’t make eye contact, something Sonic and Amy weren’t used too. “SEGA’s… um… they’re getting really paranoid.” She was trying to be gentle about this… ’Hope this works,’ she gulped.

“In other words… Sonic’s declaration was great. Even his little idea of keeping it yourselves and all. But SEGA still doesn’t know about the… extra… code. I’m only saying that keeping you two together should be simple. Keep your bond relatively hush-hush, maybe… just don’t go too crazy with anything new.” She knew she was slipping up, seeing Sonic’s face suddenly turn to confusion and Amy’s sink with her eyes dropping to the floor…

Sonic put a hand on her shoulder, a brave look in his eyes as she just smiled politely to him, but then rolled her eyes away to continue in what could only be perceived as a depressive state.

“Hope, this isn’t the right time.” Sonic defensively took a stand, “Amy… Amy and I don’t need to hear this right now.”

“You really do though.” She pulled on the sides of her hair, her whimpering voice telling the two all they needed to know. The ends of her hair came down and ruined her bun, making her hair messy and flimsy, “The company is really gonna throw the piko piko hammer down on you two if you don’t just… happily love each other at a distance from the entire world and company, and practically just makeout on mars. Can you do that? I mean, if you can hack a flashdrive, you can hack a space station and float around all cooing and loving up there, can’t you? That can’t be broadcasted, right?”

Sonic worriedly gets up, looking to Amy who avoids his gaze… she turns her head fully away from him.

“Hope, stop.” Sonic took a direct approach, turning serious as a fist formed in his hand, and his teeth gritted together, glaring at her. “This is hurting her.”

“Oh, trust me, its hurts my heart too. They’re making this so complicated.” Hope looked as though she was going to tear up the papers in front of her and start eating them, thus was her state of mind as well.

“It doesn’t bother you, too?” Amy spoke up then, “My code is—once again— being threatened. I can’t just stay away from you, Sonic… it’s in my code to pursue you.” Tears began to form, but none were ever shed. It was like she didn’t have anything left to give.
She stood up straight and looked Hope dead in the eye, “I’ve died for this. Several times. If they keep on shutting me down, then rebooting me time and time again, then isn’t that the same as saying I’m useless?”

“…Don’t go down this road again, Amy.” Dr. Hope’s heart was breaking like bullets being fired in all different directions around it. “You know I’m only trying to help your well-being…”

“Her well-being is my concern.” Sonic stepped forward, silencing the two girls by asserting himself between them. It startled them enough, seeing him so directly in the crossfire, when usually, he was the one stepping away from the drama. “I’ve learned a lot.”

The two glanced at one another, surprised to see this kind of Sonic, not being shy or tactful at all, but just stepping up into the fray.

“Amy’s… My love interest.”

Dr. Hope’s mouth dropped.

“And I’m her hero. I always have been, and I always will be.”

Amy’s mouth also popped wide open.

“I’m assuring both of you,”

He held his hands out to both of them, a gesture to stop again as he fully placed himself in the middle of them.

“My relationship will remain my own. Hope, calm down. I’ll reason with SEGA, they’re practically my biggest fans, anyway. They’ll want what’s best for me. They already accepted my decision, they’ll accept my protest too if I fight hard enough for it.”

Hope smiled.

“And Amy…”

After returning her smile, he stepped slowly around to face Amy, lowering his hands.

“If I can comfort any of your fears… it’s that I’ll never lose you again.”

Amy’s watery eyes batted adoringly to him. Once again, there was some slight coughs of amazement, but she covered her hand over her mouth and jumped into his arms.

The moment of their embrace filled Dr. Hope with a new found courage.

She looked towards the door, ready to take on Clyde and even SEGA again if needs be.

“Amy…”

“Oh, Sonic!!!”

He dipped his head down into her shoulder.

“Don’t worry… I’ll always fight for you. This time, you won’t have any fear… because I’m here.”

With the quote of her infamous line, she sucked up her tears and giggled, rubbing her head into his chest.
“My hero~”

She happily sighed out.

“Okay, okay, come on… not in front of Dr. Hope…” Sonic grew shy again, before uneasily turning to Dr. Hope and giving her a nervous smile. “So… about this space station concept…”

Amy gasped.

The phone rang though, and before Dr. Hope could laugh at his tension-breaking humor, she picked it up. “Hello?” she slightly laughed into the receiver.

“…What?” her face turned to horror, and she looked up. “I have to go.” She immediately hung up the phone and bolted out of the door, completely moving Sonic and Amy out of the way to do so.

“What was that all about?” Sonic questioned, looking to Amy in his arms.

“I… I don’t know.” Amy shook her head, pulling her hands back from around him and letting them bundle up by his and her chests.

Hope hurried down the hallways, passing characters and employees in her stride.

“W-woah! Watch it, Hope!” Vector was almost bulldozed down when she turned a corner.

“E-excuse me!” a girl had to pin herself to the wall to let Hope pass like a steam train.

She opened one eye to see if Hope had passed, then pressed on with an uncomfortable look on her face.

Hope rounded many corners and walked down the stairs to the lab, swinging the door open. “What do you mean Eggman’s being-“ she stopped…

Eggman looked like a torture soul, hung like Sonic did during his re-coding, but this time… it looked so much crueler.

“What are you doing to him..?” her emotions caught her off guard as she walked up to him, seeing him panting and slowly lifting his head up to see her.

“Dr. Hope… Don’t trust him, he’s a! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!” Eggman looked as though he was being electrocuted. After a moment, the lab workers stopped and the lights dimmed back to normal in the room.

“Ha…Ha… He’s not what he… Ha… seems.” Eggman glared and scowled as Dr. Hope turned to look behind her.

Holding the command button on the computer down, Clyde lifted his finger up and walked over to Dr. Hope.

“So glad you could join us.” He sneered, walking with his hands out as if welcoming, but then behind his back. “Fine data, don’t you think? Ripe for the plucking.” Clyde stopped beside her, looking as though in glee at seeing Eggman strung up with his arms and legs out, hanging like trapped in a spider web. “I remember this… but it was our little blue boy up there. Or at least, SEGA’s little starshine.” He seemed different to Hope, not like he was before…

“Don’t make me repeat it.” She was still in shock, but her head shook slightly as she eyed him down.
Clyde didn’t even look at her, he just grinned wider as he watched Eggman stare him down as well, then frowning deeply.

“Marvelous works of art, aren’t they? But that’s all they are. Little systems installed for a brief moment before *blip!* Out of sight! Like turning the power off on your console at home.” He turned around, walking back to the lab technicians. “Show her what we found.” He leaned leisurely against the desk, as two of the workers split off from the sides and moved up to Eggman, moving some data around to show her his data.

“Why is that data red?” Dr. Hope asked, “Doesn’t that mean something bad?”

“On the contrary. We’re just working in real time, so that’s why it seems that way.” Clyde stated this so casually, but Dr. Hope’s eyes widened.

“You-! You’re editing him while he’s still live!?” she took one powerful stomp towards him but he also stomped his foot to stop her, slowly lifting his leg to cross the other as he relaxed and reclined further back against the desk.

“That’s-!... All the outburst I’ll allow you to get away with today, Doctor Quack.” He looked back up to Eggman. “Silly little data bit. He actually thought he could *sway* me to some diabolical scheme of his. As though I was insecure enough to fall for such a trap. He even claimed to have all the power, while still locked away safely in his file. That’s how I got him, you know. *I wasn’t stupid enough to put my forehead against the computers.*” He smirked a harsh mock towards her.

“You think I had a choice?” she growled out.

He puckered his lips and shrugged, as though stating she was weak and could have. “Regardless of what assumedly happened, SEGA could be sued by me for looking into my personal affairs. Such as having someone hack my file… I wonder where he could have found out how to do that…”

Hope suddenly twitched.

“You wouldn’t happen to know of anyone…” He slowly rose from his resting position, walking over to her, dangerously close to her face… “Who would secretly wanted information on my files… and failed to retrieve them… leading a mad old data antagonist to try his hand at cracking the code… *do you?*”

She gulped, seeing the hostility in his eyes.

“Oh, that’s good… I was worried for a moment you were keeping information away from the local authorities.” His warm breath on her face made her realize something. He was completely in power… and he enjoyed every moment of it. Even this domineering approach… he had played her since she entered his car.

“Well done, Miss Hope. You have found a way to actually be useful partner.” He stepped away, “Fire it up again.”

With the command, Eggman arched his back and his code was immediately shown with painfully slow to watch lightning bolts begin to trail their way, one at a time, through each data bit and begin sparking through and copying code from him.

“What are you doing!?” she was horrified, “He doesn’t deserve this!”

“He’s a piece of imagination! And a villain, no less. I thought you’d be a little more accepting of that fact.” He pulled out an apple and bit into it, carefree again.
As he rested his hand on the desk to support him, Dr. Hope charged over to the other lab workers, “Stop! Can’t you see what you’re doing!?”

“Leave them alone, Hope!” Clyde cried out, “They’re doing their job.” He took another bite, “Something you should really consider getting.”

“I have a job,” Hope declared strongly, not afraid to face him again. “It’s ensuring that companies with people like you in it don’t ruin their characters for life!”

“Touching. But, Soph, I have no intentions of ‘ruining’ anything. Isn’t that what you’ve been up too?” he took another bite and then walked by her. “Unlike you, I finish what I start.” He was hurrying through the apple, “I found that Sonic and his friends weren’t quite what they used to be. And what do the fans want? Continuity? Why not formally start with the most obvious, core routes of the bigger picture, hmm? Familiarity.”

Eggman grunted in pain, trying to hold it in as his code began to duplicate and like osmosis, form a new strand. That new strand was then quickly taken by the two lab workers in the front, and finally, his head hung low as the zapping stopped and lightning bolted through the code.

The system sparked but Eggman looked burnt to a crisp.

“Eggman…” she mouthed out, almost reaching a hand to him but then pulling it back.

He looked up, “Why… hack! Ehem… hmm… apologize?” he faked a bruised smile, but it was clear that wasn’t a kind experience for him. “After what I did to you… you should be enjoying his monologuing and leaving me in peace…” He hung his head low again… but then lifted it with touched and confused arches in his eyebrows when he heard her whisper—

“I’m sorry.”

He met her eyes with his glasses… then smiled lightly to her. For the first time, she could see the real character in him, a beloved and classic video game villain character retrieving some sympathy from a true fan of the game. “My cold, black heart is touched.” He seemed to be putting humor over his real feelings. “…I won’t be saying ‘thank you’, Dear Sophie. But… Your pity is appreciated.”

“It’s not pity.” She countered.

“Well… whatever inspired you to ignore him stating his deviously business-minded plans and turn your emotional condolences to me was stupid but greatly admired.” He now joked an honest grin and nod, as Hope turned to realize Clyde was almost done with the apple and still unaware she wasn’t paying attention to him.

“So after that, I figured Eggman’s code could be approved once and for all. It was! Thank goodness for a swift and easy email transfer. Now, all the characters will be getting a modified ‘Directive Code’ that will force them to obey the company official established over their behavior and coding… oh, is that… me?” He held up his arm, and a few lab workers, having successfully edited Eggman’s code and recreated it, wrapped a strange arm-band around him and strapped it on tight.

A device came to life, showing a hologram as he typed in something, “You see, Sophie… No one likes to not be in control of a situation… Whether it’s in your own personal life or, let’s say, resetting all your character files back to their original programings with new, strict mandates with the resulting, forced upload directly to their code.”
Eggman’s face broke, a look of guilty horror at what he was saying as Dr. Hope shook her head. “No…”

“Why… I think even your simple counseling degree could understand that I’m simply clearing a problem out of my immediate life.” He rose his arm up, and Dr. Hope’s heart skipped a beat.

“You do understand, don’t you?” he tilted his head, “Distracting you with thoughts of Sonic and Amy’s recent behavior was nothing difficult. Making you feel like you could work with me, and even get a little of my backstory out in the open was the perfect way to keep you from influencing anything unwanted till I found my perfect scapegoat. We were never equal, Hope. We were never partners. This is simply me… taking the initiative… and getting a better job.” He turned his arm towards Eggman.

“…Kneel.” He stated.

The code flared through and Eggman was released from hanging by the grid, dropping to a knee as he shook his fist.

“Darn you… I’ll admit I was outplayed, but you can’t do this to us. Think of the children!”

“What children?” Clyde laughed, “The only thing they’ll know about Sonic The Hedgehog and his series is what I want them to see. I’ve studied popular character direction trends. With my help, you’ll all undergo the necessary, constricting protocols of a successful gaming line. Your usual liberties will be stripped from you. You’ll finally be what you are. With this hard reset, you’ll be restarting from the time when the company was doing fairly well. Back to your old, glory days, Doctor Eggman. If that is even what you are, data bit.

“No… No… No, no!” Hope knew this would not only threaten every character in SEGA, but she also knew that if this worked, every company would suffocate and robotize all their characters in this fashion…

“Clyde, you… You can’t just-!”

“Eggman’s code communicated to all data beings that were still linked to him through this absolute obedience code. With this new invention, no more needless damage on the company or its name will be had.”

“I can’t see Japan letting you do this!” Dr. Hope watched him throw the eaten apple away.

“Really? You didn’t get the memo? The corporate world acts fast under constant pressure, Hope. Pressure you kept going!” he moved his arm away and typed something else in the device. “Soon, this entire update will shoot a lightning bolt straight through every character file. They’re whole world will be what it was meant to be, what it once was. They’re just toys, figments of lights on a screen, Dr. Hope. It’s about time you started looking for a new career if you can’t accept that.”

“It’s an unusual, strange, but intriguing idea…” Eggman seemed to compliment, but felt his whole body resisting the position of ‘kneeling’ he was in. “However…” he slowly rose to his feet. “Even if you keep us locked in an absolute, one-way coded highway… there’s always someone who will break that system. Challenge the rules… In fact, I have a feeling that the first character who ever figured out they could walk and talk within the walls of their company may just be the key to solving this upset.” He eyed Dr. Hope, turning to her subtly as though giving her a clue.

“Data is always transferring, technology always evolving…” He kept staring at her, and she shook her head, still unsure of what he wanted to convey to her.
“Restricting the wills and hearts of others... You’re clearing targeting Dr. Hope’s digital character life structure.” He gestured with his nose to the door. Was she meant to get something..?

“My structure..?”

“Ah, yes. Clever as always, computer.” Clyde looked up from the device. “Sonic’s torn code? A grievous flaw. But no matter. Although I still find your theory rather childish: Will, Life, Heart, and Action. This takes care of that first step, don’t you think? So that the rest of that poppycock can go the way the company sees fit to control it. They’re out of control, Hope. Don’t you see that by now? When you were controlling the emotions board—without permission—mind you... weren’t you... happy?” he mocked her again, and this time, it sank deep into her core.

“She’s no doctor.” Clyde then turned to Eggman. “She’s just a silly little fangirl who never learned to read a room.”

“You acknowledged her theoretical structure and turned it obsolete.” Eggman suddenly stood taller, to his full height. He looked almost sympathetically towards Hope, returning the gesture she had once given him.

He turned with a serious expression of defeat but correctness towards Clyde, “I know I’m right, so do you. Deep down, you were threatened by how much influence and power she was obtaining in this company. Even I was trying to stop it.”

Dr. Hope looked back up, “E-Eggman…”

“All you see is a woman you’re desperately trying to push out of threatening your coveted career ambitions. Commendable, as any villain would agree with you. However, they would more so be glad at how you’re doing it. You’ve made her your rival, haven’t you Clyde? Something about her ticks you off, I know the feeling, believe me. Blue hedgehogs have nothing on blondes. But take it from someone with experience in defeating heroes…” He looked to Hope then, seeing her shake and tremble from being crushed so deeply in everything she once held dear. “You’ve unknowingly empowered her. She’ll come back fiercer, stronger than you can possibly imagine. You may leave us heartless, soulless, without will and motionless toward everything we once called life. But that won’t change the fact that the fans will still buy the games. There will still be critics. The company will evolve and before you know it, so will we. We’ll take on this cybernetic existence again. We’ll walk and we’ll talk. And no directive from the company is going to stop the Will of what we were made to be, the Life that it gave us through our brand and products, the Heart of what fans give to our series, and lastly the actions we'll take to stay in constant, continuing Motion. You’ve lost the second you saw her as an enemy, Mr. Clyde... though, I personally prefer CC.” he leaned forward, smiling and nodding his head, “Makes you more or less adorable than absolutely repulsive.” He then walked up and grabbed Dr. Hope’s arm, pulling her to him to whisper into her ear, “This changes nothing between us. Amy has made foreign code. I think it’s best you go and have her rip it out of herself, store it in a—let’s say a old abandoned laptop or something—and perhaps save us all by giving that exact code to a convinced ‘new’ Sonic that maybe the life he once lived was important afterall?”

Dr. Hope was still shocked from everything that was happening, but knew that Eggman had already calculated a way out of this mess.

“You’re a big, softie.” She kid, and began to leave.

“Whatever it is you’re both planning to do, its nonsense.” Clyde clicked ‘upload’ and smiled as the device stirred to life.
"I’m still here, Clyde." She stated firmly, opening the door as Clyde lost smile all too quickly. "And so will Sonic."

He looked to the door as she slammed it shut.

"Women," Eggman shook his head, “So emotional.” He folded his arms after wiping a tear from his glasses’ rim.

“…So predictable.” Clyde held up his arm-device and looked relatively relaxed towards Eggman, “Ready to be nothing more than code, Robotnik?”

Eggman made a face, “That’s my grandfather. And for your information, I’m a feminist. And I take great offense to that statement-!” before he could even lift a finger, he was suddenly shocked through the slow-moving lightning bolts.

“Let’s start with the most annoying character…” Clyde looked down at his device, seeing the upload was happening to Eggman, “…Where are you..? Amy Rose…?” He scrolled through the list…

Checking it twice.

-Inside SEGA’s Employee Rest Area-

Everyone was gathered together, they even pushed the pool table as other employees also got in on the discussion too. Well, the ones that knew the characters, anyway.

“And that’s what’s up.” Dr. Hope quickly explained everything like spark notes, hurrying as she turned to Amy. “All I know is, Eggman says you’ve got some sort of code that could solve this mess?”

Amy’s eyes trembled, “It’s… It’s not quite done yet, b-but…” she felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to see Cream flying by her shoulder.

“Miss Amy… Don’t be scared.”

Was she referring to the times she had been deleted before?

“W-What’s it like?” Charmy suddenly spoke up, as everyone turned to look down at him. He was too disheartened to fly, holding his hands together tighter and tighter as they fidgeted left to right. “F…Faa…Fading away?”

“None of us are fading away!” Knuckles swung an arm up, charging through the mass of Sonic characters as he headed to where Dr. Hope stood. Taking charge, he seemed to be using some of his ‘Sonic Forces’ code to take hold of the situation. “Everyone calm down, we’ve been through crisis’s far worse than this. If we really don’t have much time, then Amy, whatever you’ve made… it’s about time you used it.”

“She’s not an original, that code could be defective.” Tails argued, lifting a hand up, “I opt for contacting Japan!”

“We can’t always rely on-“ But before Amy could continue, Sonic intervened.

“We can’t bother Japan about these things anymore. They’re already worried as it is. We haven’t given them a reason to breathe easy for a while now.” He looked back to Amy, nodding to her. “I know it’s not perfect, but maybe you could quickly tweak it a bit… something not so specially for
you… Is that okay?” his eyes narrowed a bit. “I know that you were saying this was important to you… but are you willing to revise it for all of us? Amy?”

Amy took out the code, letting it wave in the air a moment before being held in her hands like a shimmering beam of light.

She looked to her friends, all staring at the code and wondering how she even made it without being an original, but then looked to her for hope.

“…I… I… Of course I will!” She suddenly tore the code apart, making spaces. “It’s apart of who I am!”

Dr. Hope smiled, ‘She barely even processed it before she knew what to do. She’s selfless like that, and I think Sonic knew how to trigger that emotional connection out of her like that.’ She looked to Sonic, seeing him smiling the same proud expression as her own.

“Everyone, take some of your code that you care about too and put in it with her own.” Sonic demonstrated, twitching a moment in pain as he ripped some code out and then laid it to intertwine with Amy’s.

Everyone began to do so, but soon…

“Here, place it somewhere SEGA can’t- AH!!” Amy let go of the code.

“Amy!” Everyone shouted.

She shook and her whole being seemed to hover in air, lines of electric zig-zagging, painful lightning streaks began to shred through her character base to expose a new color than the usual greenish blue.

“It’s happening.” Tails’s eyes shook, then he leaped for the code everyone had worked on together, trying to make it fit perfectly into a ‘storage code’ of sorts. “The code! It’s still attached to her!”

In horror, Dr. Hope held out her phone. “Here! Place it here before she’s re-coded!”

Tails quickly grabbed the code and was about to transfer it but suddenly cried out in pain too.

“No!” Dr. Hope reached for the code, but it swiped right through her hands. “I… I can’t grab it!” she looked around to see the other characters crying out as though being electrocuted.

“Mother!” Cream jumped into her mother’s arms.

“Cream, please!” Dr. Hope cried out, “Tails has the code! If it gets deleted in the update, none of you can return like you once were!”

Sonic looked around him, his eyes shaking at how badly this whole thing had turned out. “All this…” He stepped back, “Because I didn’t want to lose her?”

“Sonic!” Dr. Hope reached out, but she could see the lining of his base start showing his code, he was feeling helpless, and that caused a loop in his code.

His eyes suddenly turned to processing swirls.

“He… He can’t process losing… Not like this. He’s not suppose to feel anything remotely close to seeing all his friends die in front of him. Oh, Sonic… You can’t feel beyond this point, can you? You’re not allowed too… even with that new code you-…” She suddenly realized, “What
happened to your orange code!?" It wasn’t there, she grabbed his shoulders, still able to touch him, but couldn’t see anything and just watched his body fill with light and then… lightning…

During his data loop, he was also updating… He couldn’t help her now.

“No… No, I can’t… I can’t lose you all…”

She fell to her knees, watching as Tails’s update was slowly engraving the lightning bolts towards the code in his frozen and quivering hands.

“…Everyone… you all believed me to help you and I… I’m useless.” She felt tears streaming down her face. “Everyone… you were all… so important to me… I’m so sorry… Clyde even targeted those of you who were obscure, just to keep you from helping me. It’s all my fault. I know it is… I’m… I’m a phony…”

She bent her hands into her face, turning her phone to the side of her face and holding it just by a thumb and finger.

“I… I’m so stupid… I-“

“Miss Hooopppee!”

“I thought I could make things better here, but I… I only made it worse.”

“Don’t give uuuppp!!!”

“W…What?”

Dr. Hope slowly turned her head, her phone nearly slipping out of her hands as suddenly a tiny Rosy The Rascal leaped to grab Tails’s code, and raced to shove it in her phone.

When the data stream of light began to move, a lightning bolt on Tails’s fingers, finally reaching the area, seemed to snap like when lightning hits an iron rod and couldn’t connect to the data in time.

“R…Rosy?” Dr. Hope was astonished, seeing her smack her hand against the phone and look kindly up to Dr. Hope. “H… How are you..?”

“I don’t have a voice, so I borrowed Cream’s.” Rosy turned to look back at Cream, smiling with tears in her eyes, still tucked into her mother’s arms as the lightning began to now effect every character in that room… Expect Rosy the Rascal and soon, the rest of the Mania cast moved through the taller characters legs.

Classic Sonic stopped to look at Shadow reeling in pain, frozen and unable to stop the download, and then sorrowfully turned to the rest of the modern crew.

“You… You all weren’t affected?” Dr. Hope sounded as though she was seeking comfort, but then her phone ding’ed and she quickly looked to it.

File Uploaded to the Cloud.

“I… I should put this somewhere safer.”

She wiped the tears from her eyes, putting it in a Google Drive folder.

Tails stepped up, the only one to actually own his own voice as Rosy The Rascal quickly lost
Cream’s voice systems when Cream began to update.

“If Rosy could say more, I know she would say that you’re not alone.” He shook his head, stopping just ahead of her. “We can’t stop what Clyde has done. But… together, we can try and make things right.”

“It’s… it’s against the company though.” Dr. Hope wiped her eyes, “If I do this… I could lose my entire career…”

The characters all made a face, before Mighty the Armadillo clasped his arm and held it up, angrily showing her to be tough, before smiling kindly to her.

“That’s right.” Tails stated, and looked back to her, “You’re tough, Dr. Hope! You’re the one that brought Rosy back to Japan, right? Genesis—Oh, I mean—Classic Sonic says he owes a great deal to you. That’s why we have this.” Classic Tails stepped aside as Classic Sonic stepped forward,… was he the original from Japan? Or was he the American one?

His design looked like Mania Adventures, so she couldn’t tell.

He pulled out the orange code, then smiled to her and held it to her phone.

“…Genesis…” Dr. Hope’s eyes slowly drooped as she watched him copy the code, and then place it back inside himself, the rest being placed into her phone. “…That’s the second time you’ve done that… isn’t it?” she looked up, heartbroken on how trusting he was of her… when she… when she had the audacity to try and trust Clyde again!

She was sure of it now, this had to be Genesis from Japan… It had to be… right?

Only Originals could pull out code and copy it… Amy must have used some other way to make code from scratch, but this looked like the power of an Original.

Classic Sonic took her hand, placing it over her phone and then placed his other hand on the bottom of it.

His eyes closed before re-opening with a warm and hopeful smile on his face towards her.

“…You’ve got to be the hero now, Hope.” Tails translated. Innocently, Classic Sonic blinked his eyes. “We’re all relying on you to keep what we’ve learned and treasure it. We can hide it. But in order to do that, we have to accept this new update… That way, the company won’t see us as erroring or dangerous.” Tails, in his child-like voice, shook his head cutely as though really trying to make a point to Dr. Hope.

“So… This isn’t going against the update… it’s to keep those precious memories and emotions you’ve all learned close to your hearts, without necessarily expressing them inside the company?”

Tails and the rest of the crew nodded, but Ray the Flying Squirrel gave her a thumbs up and turned his head to the side with a wink, being spunky about it all.

“You guys…” She wiped more tears away. “Okay, I’ll try and make sure you all get this discreetly!”

She looked up to the other employers, “What about you lot?”

The employees all looked to each other, tears building in their eyes from watching the moment, but nodded.
“You can even share the file to me, I’ll make sure nothing happens to it.”

“We should have a copy on standby, just in case something like this happens again.”

“I… I don’t want to lose my job, but… if the characters only act civilly in public, but then in private our themselves… I mean, I don’t see the harm in it. I just don’t want the office to turn boring again or something like that!”

“Yes! It was so fun to see the characters and have them greet you at work!”

“I loved animating them!”

“I loved *drawing* them!”

“We all love them.” Hope smiled fondly down to the little cast, as Classic Knuckles hit his fists together lightly, smiling boldly up to her.

“Alright, let’s do this! Operation, Correct-the-Wrong!” In the spirit of Knuckles’s naming missions, she held up her fist proudly as the rest of the employees did too!

But it would be a lot more harder than she thought…

---Some Time After---

It was extremely painful to watch the characters go through the update, seeing their code spiked through with thick but tiny lightning bolts that coursed through their data frames… but once the process was over, the characters were like nothing had ever happened.

One at a time, Hope would have them in the office, holding out her phone to them with the file open, but each and every one of them diverted their eyes, sighed, and wouldn’t accept the code.

Not willing to understand their reasonings, she tried to convince Sonic that he told her to do everything in her power to keep everyone from losing all they’ve gained. But to Sonic, it seemed the past should be buried in the past, and that the future was littered with endless possibilities…

“Don’t give me that crap!” she spat out, speedily keeping up with his fast-paced walking as they strolled through the office rooms.

“Borrrring~” Sonic nonchalantly made an unamused face, but secretly smiled a sly look when he noticed her trying to keep up.

He ducked corners and even slide under office desks, fazing through them as she tried to keep up.

“Sonic..! Excuse me, sorry, Sonic!” She tried to keep an eye on him and follow, but he was just too good at being sneaky to do so…

“Oh!” she stomped her foot down, “Now I know how Amy feels! Just listen to me for five seconds!!”

“Five seconds!” Sonic cried out, getting into a runner’s position and revealing where he was, looking over his shoulder to her. “5… 4…”

“Oh no,” Dr. Hope’s eyes widened, imagining for a moment in her mind’s eye that they were animatedly shrinking with each number called from his countdown. “Excuse me, sorry, wait! Don’t!”
“3… 2~” He wiggled his butt a moment on the two, as though taunting her.

“I can’t keep up-!” she admitted, and he stopped his counting to look at her.

The look made her stop entirely in her tracks. She could feel her heart pause too…

It was as though his eyes were saying, ‘I know, so stop.’ And then he took off.

It was a serious expression… but why was everyone so against feeling and having what they once held so dear to themselves?

She lowers her shoulders, moving back to her office as she notices skype has been opened.

She wipes a tear and quickly picks up the call, switching into Japanese, “Hello, Hoshi-kun.”

“Sophia! Oh… Ai-ah, you look awful.” He tsk’d a moment and rubbed behind his neck. “Still not getting through to them?”

“Nope.” Dr. Hope looked sorely defeated, sighing and dipping her head to bang it lightly against the wood of her table.

“That’s not good. No, don’t do that! Stop! Wait-!” Hoshi cutely tapped the computer screen, trying to get her to look back up at him and stop acting so dramatically pathetic. “You’ll hurt your head…” he kindly admitted.

“I’ve already racked it around enough times trying to figure out why they won’t express anything meaningful to me anymore!” she threw her arms up in the air, but finally did come up to speak with him again. “I mean, I screwed up. They seem to understand what happened, but the emotions and understanding of the events are all gone. It’s like what happened with Japanese Amy.” She rubbed her head, trying to figure this out before…

“Japanese Amy…” Her head came up out of her hand that was harshly rubbing against it, leaving her forehead red from the tough love. “… They’re like giant signal beams… if we can get this code into Japanese Amy, then they’ll all sync up and we can do that for all the originals!”

As she began to get excited about her plan, Hoshi’s face dropped in kindness.

“Haha! I’ve done it! I’ve figured it out!” she moved her hair back and fixed her bun, wondering why Hoshi wasn’t getting just as excited as she was. “What’s wrong?” she wasn’t expecting his reply.

As she was fixing her hair, he lowered his voice and scooted closer to the computer. “Japanese Amy… Won’t help you.”

Her hands paused in their task.

She lowered her hair and let it all drape down her shoulders. “…Why not?” a string on her heart snapped. “Does she not remember how close she and her American counterpart are?”

Hoshi remained silent, taking a deep breath in and letting it out. He turned more somber, moving his hands below the table and out of her sight as he stared at the table, trying to think through his answer carefully.

“They were practically best friends!”

“Please, Dr. Hope… some people will hear you.” He gestured with his eyes that someone was
coming, and she quieted down, lowering her voice into her headset microphone.

“…Who’s passing by?” Dr. Hope whispered.

“Is that Sophie?”

Japanese Sonic?

“…Do they hate me..?” Dr. Hope didn’t mean to let that slip, but the whisper apparently broke Hoshi’s bluff and Sonic’s face soon came into the picture.

“…You shouldn’t be having this conversation so openly.” Sonic gave a smirk to Hoshi, “A certain someone might overhear you.” He took the camera off the computer and held it to his face, Hoshi was now out of frame. “Don’t worry, we still miss ya an awful lot over here!” he winked, keeping his voice relatively hush-hush as well. “However, as for helping you with America… well…” He looked to the side, making another face and sweat dropping. “It’s awkward to admit it… but we’re kinda prioritizing different things right now… In truth, It’s probably better this way.”

Suddenly, Japanese Amy grabbed the camera, pulling it out of Japanese Sonic’s hold.

“E-Emi!” he cried out, shocked by her arrival.

“That isn’t like you at all!” She stated, looking angry as she leaned her head closer to his, forcing him to step back and look guilty with a comical appearance to it.

“Ah… Mmmm…” He seemed to slant his eyebrows as he let her talk, knowing she was somewhat right.

“At least… it’s not the you I’ve known.” She put the camera back into Hoshi’s hands, but Dr. Hope listened in. “Sonikkku…” she stood upright, but behind her back, held one of her arms and lowered her chin down, still looking cutely up at him. “I know I gave up things… but I did it on my own free will.” She then held a pointer finger up to his nose, making him look away, still a bit weary about being publicly scolded like this. “I know you only said that to her because you didn’t want me to worry, right!? But it’s okay! It’s… It’s…” She suddenly swung right into his arms, crying. “Why am I crying?! Whhaaa-hhaaa-hhaa!!! Why does this hurt so much to say?”

Sonic’s ears bent a bit and he held her back, “There, there… Emi, I know… But this has taken a toll on a lot of us… America… Has to deal with America from now on.” He patted her head, trying to soothe her, before looking to Hoshi. “All of us have to make a choice here too.”

Hoshi held the camera a moment, then placed it back on the computer for Hope to see what was going on.

Japanese Amy dried her tears and wiped her eyes, turning more confidently towards the camera, “Hope! Don’t worry! I may have given up some things but… but I want to believe it was worth it…” she suddenly turned a little gloomy again, unsure.

She shook her head, growing more and more sure with herself as she spoke. “I know in my heart that we’re still friends! I know what happened, but it doesn’t make sense to me why I would want to feel that way again. It doesn’t make sense, my actions, because I’m not emotionally involved with it anymore. Maybe that’s why they won’t accept it. Maybe that’s why… That’s why I empathize with them.” She touched her heart a second, but then once again pepped up and kept pushing herself closer to the camera, even climbing up on the keyboard a bit to do so, startling Sonic and Hoshi as they waved their arms about, not sure how to stop her mid-pep-talk. “But that doesn’t mean you should stop trying! Maybe some characters don’t need it as much as others do!
Maybe, secretly, Sonic doesn’t understand why but maybe he does want his old code back! We can’t get involved, and we really shouldn’t because… Because it’s not our decision to make!” She was firm, she was strong in her words… it had been a long time since Hope had seen this version of Amy Rose before…

It was almost… yes, it was comforting.

She smiled.

“Dr. Hope! You listen to me, and not Sonic, or Hoshi, or anybody!” she stood on her knees on the computer, one hand on her hip and the other tilting the camera up so that no one was in her point of view but Japanese freakin’ Amy Rose. “No one’s going to glitch because Sonic still has the original code. We all do. I may have edited myself without anyone in the company really knowing… but I chose it. If American Amy chose differently, then isn’t that saying something? But Sonic didn’t chose that. My Sonic… My darling chose to keep his code and his memories exactly as they are! Mine hurt… mine were hard and awful and I don’t quite know everything about it but I know that I did what was right for me and all the other Amy Roses in the world. I believe Sonic has done the same, since before this whole extra ruckus started. He put me first. If American Sonic can remember that even though he doesn’t understand why he did what he did… then at least help him understand how he had to do what he did. Because he didn’t want to lose me… because he didn’t want to hurt his friend.”

No one interrupted her, in fact, Dr. Hope had the instinct to start recording on her on her computer.

Japanese Sonic’s voice suddenly broke out with a, ‘Aw Geez, Amy’ and it made Dr. Hope break the tension with a laugh.

Japanese Amy smiled back to Sonic, “You are my darling Sonic, after all!” she cooed, before looking back at Hope, “Sophie-chan! Fight-o!”

“I… I will.” Dr. Hope nodded, “But first, I have to make sure Clyde doesn’t just hit the update button again. I have to get that device off of him and convince him to let this control fest go!” she formed a fist, trying to gain confidence. “He can’t fire me… but he certainly can underestimate me!”

Amy’s face blew up with a cute blush and open grin, “Ahhh~ That’s the Sophia I know!” her eyes sparkled with admiration, and for the first time ever, Dr. Hope felt like someone was not only counting on her, but also deeply loved her too.

“…Thank you, Amy.” She choked up on the words for a moment, “From the bottom of my kokoro, thank you.” (Author note: Kokoro means Heart in Japanese, but moreso I think it means the feeling in this case.)

Japanese Amy cheered her on, putting her hands into fists too and squishing her face in with them, “Go, go, Sophie-chan! Save, the, Americans!” she sang slightly in her chant with an accented English, making Dr. Hope and the boys laugh a little at her sweetness.

“Thanks for calling Hoshi… I’m… I’m sorry.” She looked down, still feeling guilty about her previous thoughts regarding the play fight and car ride with Clyde…

“For what?” Hoshi tilted his head and then brought the camera down, being careful not to disturb Amy as he moved over to grab it.

“N… nothing.” She shook her head, “You’ve just always been good to me, you know that?”
“…Oh, uh-no… Always.” He seemed a little taken off guard by that confession, but she hung up before she could say anymore.

Japanese Amy and Sonic looked to Hoshi with a suspiciously mischievous smile on their faces, “Always?” they puckered their lips, teasing his feelings.

“Oui!” he lifted a hand as though to scold and Sonic quickly grabbed Amy down, racing off with her.

“I’m surprised you said anything.” Sonic ran holding her bridal style, just like the old days, but kept his eyes and head squarely on the route in front of him, darting around and dodging the sliding Japanese doors as they opened or closed, getting in just in time before someone who couldn’t see them closed it.

“You know I’m not moping around anymore!” she protested, “And besides… Hope needed me. It’s my job to make sure everyone is filled with hope and love! That’s my purpose, after all.” She leaned her nose against his cheek, making him blink his eyes and open his mouth a moment at the unusual contact and then turn his face to her slightly.

“…Oui… That’s…” his eyes were pretty innocent and she giggled.

“What? I’m not saying for you to kiss me… Only that you should.” She pouted and looked away, being the rascal he knew and cared about, before he rolled his eyes and placed her down.

He leaned to the side, “Aw well… guess you don’t want it as badly as before then.” He teased, peeking an eye open as he shrugged one arm out.

His smirk vanished when she gasped and turned around to holler back at him, “Hey! Oooohhh… You know I want you and only you, Sonic! Marry me! Kiss me! Just don’t ever regret that you missed me!” she kept moving towards him, skipping a little towards the end as she listed off her little rhyme and then went to embrace him, but he bolted off. “Eh?” she stopped playing to look and see he had darted away.

“Sonikku?” She looked around, “Ahhh-mooo!” she puffed up a side of her cheek, “He really did get away…”

Then… she heard a plastic pot fall over and seem to hit the ground.

Turning slowly around to the path just ahead of her, she noticed Sonic slowly peek out from around the corner.

“Ah!” She pointed to him and he dashed away. “Hehee! I knew you couldn’t resist the Amy Rose charm!” in absolute glee, she bolted after him.

As she ran to find him, his figure suddenly blurred blue back to where she had started, suggesting he had ran in a circle and he put his arms together, watching her round the corner with her arms spread out to hug him once she found him.

He shook his head, “You haven’t changed… but at least I have.” He closed his eyes, smiling a moment as he knew she couldn’t now fully comprehend that change… but at least she could now enjoy it.

He opened his eyes just enough to give a fond look after where she had disappeared behind the corner, then with that cocky Sonic attitude, bolted out the window and began to race along the Japanese roads.
Dr. Hope burst into the room like a hurricane, her stance firm and proud, as Clyde gently sipped his drink and held a copy of IDW comics in his lap.

He put the comic, subtly, into a drawer and closed it without making a sound. 

*She didn’t notice.*

“I’m here to talk.” She stated, boldly. (Author’s note: Lol, pun intended.)

“And be loud to boot, too.” He took a larger gulp of his drink and placed it down on a coaster, then sat more professionally up and pulled out a document. “Finally ready to fill out your retirement papers, yet?”

Her nostrils flared, “I sent an Email… or did you not get the memo?”

“Memo?” he suddenly looked a little concern, quickly moving his chair to his laptop and typing in things. “I wasn’t informed of any possible meetings…”

“Looks like the company has been taking note of how well Japan’s Originals are doing… *without your updates.*” She folded her arms. ‘Heck if I’m telling him it’s because Emi decided to chill out a bit.’ She held in that stutter of information waited to see him review the email.

His laptop was to the side of the table, and after quickly pursuing what she was talking about, he moved back to the center of the table. His hands intertwined and he placed them over his mouth, camouflaging once again his thoughts from leaking out through his poker face.

His eyes were still reading… so she looked to the guest seat and began to move over there.

“Wait.” He stated, and she stopped and remained standing. “Don’t make yourself comfortable just yet, Miss Quack.” He tapped a button, assumedly closing the email before adjusting his sleeves and cuffs.

“It appears you think I’ve been bamboozled.”

“Well, haven’t you?” Dr. Hope tried not to let him get under her skin again. “After all, they’ve given you ample time to prove your updates have any good effects on both marketing, publicity, and-“

“Those are about the same.” He corrected, rolling his eyes steely as he went to fetch some papers.

She was shook a moment, but not deterred. “Either way… I’m right and you’re wrong.” She placed a hand on the seat. “And this is going to take a lot longer than a few minutes so I’m demanding you offer me some water and let me take a seat.”

He paused a moment, “…Since when did you become so bold?” he chuckled a moment to himself, but it was more a stifle to hold back what was clearly agitation.

“You’ve lost, Hope.” He picked up his drink, then finally gave her the time of day to actually make eye contact. “You lose.” He sipped his drink, then licked his luscious lips. “Give up.”

She mentally scolded herself for staring so long at him, looking away to get the fluttering out of her stupid heart.

“I may hate you… but a part of me still wants to understand you. If I can get you mad, maybe
you’ll start speaking sense again.” She openly stated, making him raise an eyebrow.

“Beg your pardon?” He leaned back in his chair. “Are you insinuating that you’re going to use my **medical background** against me?”

She suddenly noticed how awful that sounded, “Well, no… not like manipulation but I-“

“That’s exactly what it sounded like.” He took another sip, “And telling me your plans is just like any 4D villain, wouldn’t you agree? Monologuing…”

“You’re one to talk!” She stomped her foot down. ‘Calm down, Sophia… Calm down.’

She took deep breaths, “How can you do this to them, treat them like you’ve been treating me. Like we don’t have feelings!”

He paused in his drink and smiled, sitting it down. “Implying?”

“Implying?!?” She was getting worked up, “Oh my gosh… you’re using my tactic against me.” She realized he was making her angry and pinched the in-between space of the bridge of her nose and where her eyebrows met if she scrunched them up hard enough. The layer of skin she could physically grab and squeeze somewhat calmed her down, but to Clyde, it was all signs of weakness.

“You’re become less funny and more annoying by the minute.” He turned himself from facing her directly, not even giving her that common decency and leaned back, staring up at the ceiling. “I’ll tell you again, as many times as it takes, just so you’ll finally let it crack that thick skull of yours. At least, one of these days, some common sense should.” He picked up a stress ball and began to toss it up in the air, and for a moment, his carefree nature completely threw Dr. Hope off.

“The characters aren’t real to me. Even you’re living in a delusion and should be hospitalized right where you stand. But because I’m so darn generous I’ve ignored you while the company still finds some form of use for you. What is that? I have no idea. To me, you’re wasting our money away. And if layoffs ever do come, you’re top of the tier list, but before any of that happens I have to put up with your little shipper-girl tantrums and off-screen riots so here’s another bit of clarity to your cloudy perceptions again.” He caught the ball and stared intensely into her soul, “Even though I address an angry Sonic, doesn’t mean I actually believe that’s a living, breathing character. It’s data. It’s supposed to act a certain way and unbelievably predictable as long as the code does its proper function.” He stood up, “I just get a high out of ‘imagining’ them being upset with me, Sophie.”

She gritted her teeth.

He rounded the table, “I adore watching you fade into insanity when I indulge your pretend. It’s like playing with the same toy, but you’re trying to steal it and smash it when the other kid’s not looking… just to see them wonder what happened to it.” He leaned at the front of the table and crossed one of his legs in front of the other, then placed a hand up to mouth, just letting it rest as the other hand cupped the elbow. “Look at you…” he chuckled a moment, “You love it when I **roleplay** the sensation of all it, don’t you?”

She hated this. She hated how smug and cool he looked. How utterly in control he was and how he must feel it too.

Her email didn’t phase him. It barely made him flinch.

The idea made him panic only for a moment before it was completely snuffed out like a candle
being lit and short-lived.

Then why… Why did this turn her on? He was domineering and she hated that in people. So if it wasn’t his sense of power, what was so alluring about him?

She hated herself for this. She couldn’t figure out what drew her to him so much.

He was awful. Absolutely terrible compared to the sweet, sensitive, and smart Hoshi-san.

She liked Hoshi-san. She could date him. So why did it trouble her so much that Clyde seemed to have her wrapped around his finger… *when she knew his other hand was choking at her neck…*

“Your childhood must have been worse than I thought.”

His eyes bulged a moment as though he was momentarily unable to keep his chill about something.

“I can’t believe I actually thought you were-!”

“-And you, Miss Hope,” He suddenly pushed off the table, interrupting her and making his way slowly towards her. “Are not the charismatic—mature—woman I’d hoped you were…”

They were now facing each other head on, face to face…

There was a moment where they just stared, she noticed the height difference, how his eyes just barely reached above her forehead…

She looked him up and down, wondering if he was going to attack or do something to her, lose his temper again but he just placed his hands in his pockets.

He leaned down to her ear, “What are you looking for?”

She immediately darted her head and eyes up again, trying to step back but the chair interrupted her and she tripped, stumbling a bit before blocked her way of getting her spot back again.

He chuckled as she was forced to sit down in the chair. “That’s funny… It’s odd how you can be so incredibly annoying and then so stupidly comical in a matter of seconds.”

She just stared at up at him, breathing silently through her mouth.

He continued to stare down at her… his smile closing a moment as he bent down over her.

His hands came out and he placed them on the armrests beside her, shutting her out from further escape.

“Everyone has to grow up sometime, Quack…” his voice turned strangely relaxed and smooth,… velvety.

“Quit calling me that.” She tried to sound tough, even glaring her eyes, but there was absolutely no question that it held no backbone. She was succumbing to whatever trance he was putting on her… and it was showing… *badly so.*

His fingers gripped the armrest and lingered a moment before he tapped them as though thinking something through.

Then his hands glided seamlessly up the chair, forcing her to lean back to avoid his incoming presence and was forced to press up against the back of the seat.
“Would you rather I speak to you on a… *first name’s basis*?” What was this? He was teasing and mocking her, yet… there was something seductive underneath it all.

She didn’t say anything, avoiding his eyes as he continued, moving his head to try and look at her better.

“Don’t you think it’s about time you found a job that isn’t playing tea party with databits… and instead,… perhaps pursue a career that allows you to spend more time with people than imaginary friends?” he tilted his head, speaking below a normal speaking range as her head ducked down, trying to figure out why her upper chest was burning up and why his cologne smelled so good.

He fluttered his eyes a moment and leaned his mouth just inches from her widow’s peak that also gave her a bit of a cowlick… It was one of the first times he had seen her hair fully down and without the bun…

Should could feel his breath, and every part of her was shouting out that this was demented and demonic if somehow—twiddling her fingers—this interaction also meant he might be attracted to her too…

“If you kiss me…” She finally stated, and he pulled back a moment to look down at her expression. “I’m calling harassment.”

She didn’t make eye-contact. She kept fidgeting with her fingers.

“…*Would you now?*” he seemed incredulous, but was it at the thought or was it because that’s what he was thinking.

“Don’t flatter your worthless self.” He got up off of her, adjusting his coat which had unbuttoned and opened to spread out and block her further before, but now he tightly kept it back with some added buttoning.

“Calling me worthless is still office abuse.” She countered, getting up before he swung himself back and moved back towards her face.

“*You think I don’t know work policies?!*”

She immediately stumbled back into the chair, completely against the back of the seat, legs up and bent in as she stared wide-eyed at his outburst.

From such a deep, whispering voice to a sudden bear roar was shocking to experience for anyone. “And you called me 0 to 100.” She muttered.

He scoffed at her joke, making her smile and her eyebrows rise as he fixed his own hair and turned away from her.

She waited a moment, and once again he looked back to her.

They both shared a twisted smile, and he turned away again and chuckled.

He leaned against the table, “You’re out of your mind.”

“Are you sure I’m the only one?” she asked, though something grabbed at her and she wished she’d just kill it now… *but it wanted to play.*

He looked at the side wall a moment, “… You don’t want me to update them again. But what
exactly are you planning to do? You can’t fully change them back.”

“I don’t need to change them all.” She got up again, careful to balance herself away from the chair this time, as to not make another folly and trip on it again. “I just need to change one. And this one just wants one thing back… then I’ll be back to my job. The one you keep calling worthless.”

“I’m glad you know which one I’m calling worthless.”

She stopped in trying to back towards the door.

“…Excuse me?”

He turned his head back to the wall again, making sure she couldn’t see his expression.

He waited… what was she waiting for.

He looked to the blinds… making his way over to them and closing them in a swift movement. “Does this seem… odd to you?” he started taking off his cuffs, placing them in a tin-netted can with pens and other such office supplies in them.

“Honestly, as a counselor and psychologist, I think—if what I’m thinking is right—we’re both pretty screwed up.” She watched him unbutton the jacket, making his way over to her.

“You’re no psychologist.” He suddenly lunged at her and she helped throw his jacket off. The strange union of their mouths and overly eager grabbing to pull the other to them didn’t seem to catch either by surprise though…

“I want it in it writing…” The hand she thought would choke her neck suddenly caressed it and brought her more into his passionate kiss. The temptation to stay there was too great and she found herself giving in with each noise she uttered.

“I have a degree…” she guided his hands over her waist…

The energy was clearly a release from something that had been building… but at the moment, their rivalry was still fresh and hot their faces…

“Where?” he slipped over a kiss to speak out the side of his mouth, then rotated his head back to make the exchange even deeper than before.

She shoved him off of her after a moment and spread her arms out against the door, breathing hard. “Hanging on my wall.” She couldn’t get enough of it.

He wiped some spit off his mouth, his eyes like a hunter’s spear through her own. “You should really… think about getting it renewed.”

“It hasn’t been that long.”

“How old are you?”

“Funny you should ask that.” She jumped up into him and he caught her in his arms. Now, the height difference didn’t matter.

“I’m asking anyway.” He pulled away after a few more ruffles of her hands through his dyed silver hair.

“I’m younger than you by two years, smart one.” She admitted.
He narrowed his eyes a moment, “…Only two?”

The fiasco didn’t seem likely to stop… as suddenly Hope jumped off and pulled herself away again, “That never happened.” She stated, pulling herself together and adjusting her clothes again.

He laughed, “Don’t worry, your ‘pristine’ reputation with those miserable animals won’t be ruined so swiftly. There aren’t any cameras in here.” He grabbed his jacket off the ground, “And I assure you…” he placed his jacket back on.

“*It won’t happen again.”*

“Remember when you called me competition?”

He turned to match her gaze.

“Remember when I also said *bite me*?”

She left that office feeling like he wouldn’t meddle in her affairs, since he ‘half-won’ regardless if she gives the characters back some of their feelings and memories.

Though… it still haunted her. How was it that they were so attracted to one another? They were awful to each other and hated one another’s guts!

It didn’t make sense to her… and she immediately felt the regret when she thought about Hoshi…

Still, that obstacle has been… *momentarily*… taken care of.

-Back within SEGA’s hallways-

Knowing Sonic resisted and basically refused to take the data back, she knew there was only one person that could make him change his mind. Which was unlikely, now that his code was properly back to a dated history of himself, but she had to try. She had to try and make this right.

“Amy?” She bumped into the girl without—at first—making a battle plan but the cheery, pink hedgehog turned around with a bubbly twist and giddy look on her face.

“Dr. Hope!” she hopped a little to the side and swayed her body back and forth, “And to what do I owe the pleasure?”

She sighed, wishing she could speak normally with her like the old times but bent down to her level and squatted a bit by her side, “I’d like to try and talk to you again.”

Amy’s expression simmered a little as she looked off to the side, but her smile never left her face.

“I know everyone’s been… hesitant… with me lately…”

‘How do I remain careful when I feel so awful and good inside!? At the same time!?’

“But I really need you to hear me out this time. It’s about Sonic, not you.”

“Not me?” she suddenly perked up, her once trying to ignore eyes were now on high alert, staring directly into Dr. Hope’s.

“You’ve gotta be the one to make him rebel. The reason he took that code, the meaning behind it, it was all for you!” Dr. Hope extended a hand out to her, gesturing the importance of how she played into all this.
Amy stared at the hand, looking completely unaware of what Dr. Hope was saying. “I was glitching…” her glossy eyes nodded with the movement of her head, as though stating she knew that was fact. “But other than that, this whole thing was my fault.”

“No, Amy. That’s what you’re not understanding. There were more emotions behind it. It wasn’t just glitching, it was why you were glitching, and what Sonic did to make sure that would never happen again.” She was finally getting somewhere. Dr. Hope shifted herself and sat down by Amy Rose’s side.

No one was walking down the hall at the time, and most of everyone was either working in their cubicles—eyes fixated on their computers—or off getting lunch.

It was the perfect time for a one-on-one,… but also the most crucial too.

“Do you remember anything..? Of how you felt or why you did what you did?” She encouraged, seeing if what Japanese Amy had said was right.

American Amy’s eyes darted about on the ground, then she shook her head. “I’m really sorry… I see all that chaos and it makes me… well… embarrassed.” She rolled her eyes away, as though too ashamed to speak about it.

“Amy… Do you remember the good parts, though? The parts where Sonic-“ she cut herself off, seeing Amy turn her head away.

Her shoulders bounced a moment.

“You do remember.” Dr. Hope sighed in relief. “So you do know why it’s important.”

“He won’t see it that way…” she could barely admit it, just like in the beginning… “He doesn’t see me like that… I’m not Rosy.”

“You are though!” Dr. Hope took her by her shoulders and forced her to look at her, “Amy, look at me! You know who you are! At least, you did! For a brief, wonderful moment you two knew what you wanted from your relationship. You can have that again. No more glitching, no more chaos, or confusion… Amy… You don’t have to think that the rest of your life will be chasing after something for naught.”

Her head shook lightly, her mouth opened and closed as if daring not to admit anything. “I’m sorry…” she finally breathed out, “We shouldn’t be talking like this…”

As she tried to get out of her hold, Dr. Hope pulled her in close. “Amy… Amy, you have to remember… you have to at least remember our friendship, right? I never meant to steer you wrong and I feel like I can honestly say I don’t think I ever did… But I don’t have perfect memory like you guys do. You guys store everything and things can get weird when you don’t know the context of it all. But trust me, believe me, one last time…” she felt Amy’s arms trembling… before wrapping around her again. “You’ve probably been holding a lot in, haven’t you? You’ve wanted to ask questions but no one would really listen or understand you, right? You can’t feel alone anymore, it’s too dangerous. Please… I know your new code won’t allow you to feel exactly the same as you did before, but at least let Sonic realize that he chose to feel this way. He chose it for you, Amy. So that you can be happy… so that he can be happy with you… You are his Rosy, you’ve evolved to become Amy, and you’ll continue to change and to grow alongside him. Whether that’s in the games or not, it’s real. Whether it’s canonically stated or officially proclaimed or isn’t at all! It’s still there, behind the curtains, for you both to enjoy and express on your own. Please… you have to give him this…” She held out her phone, and Amy held back tears.
as she looked at the file name.

Sophie Hope didn’t notice at first.

No one really did.

But the code was named.

Classic Sonic’s Orange Code and Amy’s edited Code had merged within the file.

It had done its own thing.

The two, once just a bunch of numbers to signal a file was now named:

*Our Restart*

“Rally them all together, Amy.” Dr. Hope watched as Amy, still uncertain, took the code in her hands. “Give them back what they want… they only put the essentials into that file. It won’t be everything, but it’ll be what they hold most dear.”

She opened the file, looking at the strand of code, no longer orange or teal, and skimmed her fingers over it.

“Are we going to get in trouble?” her innocent eyes turned back to Hope.

“We might get scolded, but nothing besides keeping it hidden and safe will occur.” Hope instructed, “The company is now convinced that this data wasn’t the cause of all the commotion from before. It’ll be okay.” She nodded, “No one is going to stop Sonic from getting his way. Nothing will come between you two again.”

Amy looked back at the code, she stopped when her fingers ran over a similar code she was familiar with, and opened it up to look at it. She gasped, placing a hand over her mouth.

“What?” Dr. Hope said, unable to read what all the odd code language stated.

“It’s not code, this is just a silly pun.” She laughed into her hand, tears still threatening but never coming through. “Look. It says, it’s just nonsense but it says, similar to coding—”

[If “I love her”—

Then:

—No Glitch.

Else – “I lose this heart”

But: “Don’t let that happen again”

End.]

“And that’s somewhat like..?” Dr. Hope was slightly confused, looking to Amy. “How… code is written?”

Amy was giggling and tearing up, her hand covering her awestruck mouth. “It’s a mockery of structured programming. It’s like… It’s like he’s wrote this for me.”
“…Or himself.” Dr. Hope’s mind began turning on its wheels… “Amy, we have to convince Sonic to at least look at this. Maybe it was left to convince himself to take the data back!”

“Everyone needs this.” Amy suddenly saw a strip of code meant for herself, she pulled the tangent out and let it seep into her arm… “I… I want this… I want to know… what I treasured so much in all those horrible affairs… What made me keep going… when all I ever seemed to do was cry and laugh.”

“It’s because you had, probably for the first time ever, a real human heart.” Dr. Hope’s words caught her and entangled her in something she had never thought possible.

“I feel it.” Her eyes widened and her code branched out into a different, separately created string of code. “I feel his love for me. It was always a hope in him but now…” she looked down at her arm, then felt the spot above her chest where the code was moving through… “Now I know.” She smiled up to Dr. Hope.

“Help them know.” Dr. Hope encouraged, smiling sweetly as she got up.

Amy nodded, taking off and concealing the code within herself.

She passed by Cyrus, before stopping a moment and looking back at him.

He looked at her, unexpressive.

“…Good evening, Cy.” She bowed her head, politely…

He didn’t give her the same gesture.

She glared up at him.

“Don’t worry!” Hope’s voice caught both of them and they looked down the hallway after her.

She folded her arms, “He won’t bite you.”

With that Cyrus closed his eyes and walked on, ignoring the two.

However, Hope watched him carefully with her eyes… when he passed, she mumbled, “Nothing out of the ordinary.”

He took a half-step, giving him time to reply to her before moving on, ducking his head to do so, “So you say, but I still won.” And continued onward.

‘Doesn’t matter.’ She thought to herself, ‘Japanese Amy cleared my mind on it. You can destroy data, but you can’t destroy the spirit that created them.’ She watched Amy wave slightly back to her before carrying on.

Having no luck finding him, Amy made her way to the rooftops…

Slowly creaking the door open, she looked around and when her eyes rested on the dark blue of a hedgehog covered in the night sky of the San Francisco moonlight, she ducked partly back in.

“…Sonic?” she lightly called out, seeing the resting figure’s head flick up and then look behind him.

“…May I see you?” She cutely peeked her head out, smiling delicately, not sure if this was a good time or not.
“Ah, solitude never was sweeter than with company.” He joked, relaxing again and waving her over, “Why are you being so polite? Just come over. It’s a free world.”

Was it?

She took a deep breath, feeling that sensation from the new code again and slowly moving out from the other side of the door, closing it carefully before skipping on over to him, sitting down with her legs to the side of herself. She giggled a moment to him and he smiled to her, then they both looked up at the night sky.

Sonic’s smile suddenly faded, his eyes scanning the sky and then her. “…You took foreign data in.”

She fidgeted, sucking in air real quick and then looking away.

He frowned, “Amy…” it was as though asking her to admit it.

She didn’t, her head just lowered along with her ears.

He sighed, sitting up and closing his eyes. “… Gonna start this again?”

“It’s not me who wants too.”

“You can tell her no.” He complained, looking away from Amy.

“I’m not talking about Sophie.” She looked back to him, then pulled out the code.

He immediately turned his back to it. “No.” he stated, like a child being presented with broccoli.

Amy pouted, “You didn’t even look at what it says…”

“I’m not going down that rabbit hole again… I can’t stand even reminded of it!” He flung his arms around, but Amy only saw her hopes shattering from his swings.

“You… You won’t even look at it?” Her voice turned into a quake, which made him stop and turn his head slightly. “You won’t even look at me?”

“That… is not you.” He looked back around, pointing accusingly to the data. “It’s not any of us.” He swiped his hand out.

“Sonic… Please-“ She moved closer.

“No.” he moved his knee back, as though taking a step back. “I’m not him. He was never me.” He waved his hands out. “Amy… It’s all fine now. We’re back to what it’s supposed to-“

“You wanted this!” She shook the data out in front of her, then pulled it into her stomach, as though denying it to him now. “You told me to take this back!”

“…What?” he almost breathed out the words when she pulled up the mockery code.

He looked at it, his face suddenly sinking, but his mouth hung open as though still not fully understanding it.

“This looks like…” a smile creased up at one end of his gapping mouth but it disappeared as he pulled the screen closer to him, trying to solve the riddle. “What does this mean? Did I make this?”
“Do you remember? Or is this just something you felt and so you can’t recall.” Amy tilted her head, then looked down at the screen. “If ‘I love her’… then ‘No glitch.’… Why do you think you changed in the first place, Sonic?” she bent her eyes, seeing that for the first time, he was really listening, trying to put to and to together.

She leaned closer, moving to the side of him and sitting with her shoulder touching his. She ducked her head into the side of his neck, making him move a bit and look at her, still unsure what she was doing. “Ever thought… that you didn’t want to go back? That this… this code… could be our true selves?”

“…You mean… how we’re originally supposed to be? Or how others want it?” Sonic raised an eyebrow, looking a little upset.

“No…” Amy raised a hand and soothed him by gently stroking the in-between section of his eyes. The action made his code stutter and him blink fast. “S-s-st-stop that.” He moved away and dropped the screen, having it hover in the air a moment as just detached data.

“Sonic…” She pulled away, withdrawing the touch.

“No… No, you wouldn’t have done that if you didn’t take in that foreign code!” He shook his head and squinted his eyes shut, getting up to avoid her as she got up to chase. “This isn’t you.” He shoved a hand behind him, trying to get her to go away.

“This is me! This is why you changed! This is also you, Sonic! You wanted this!” Amy held out the code again, “You made this!”

“Why!?” He turned back around, panting slightly.

The cold air clung to their bases… but it had little effect on them at this point.

Sonic’s eyes were frustrated, but it didn’t seem to be at her. She seemed to be connecting the dots now. “Why did you glitch?”

“You remember.” She stated, “You have too, how could you not?”

“No.” he shook his head and came closer, “Japan didn’t glitch, you did.” He squarely pointed at her. “Japanese Sonic didn’t have the data back. We all were living for years without it! No glitch!” he spread his arms in a cross again, but Amy heard his words, trying to think things through.

“So now what? It’s not his fault?” he gestured behind him, as though meaning his Original self in Japan. “Is it just solely mine?” he touched his chest. “Can that code answer that? Or just bring that painful reminder to me back of what I never chose to feel! They programmed Rosy and she died! Then you were made with her remains. She came back, Amy! What does that mean?! Resurrected through you, or was separate to begin with? Not even that, I’m not supposed to be romantic. I’m not meant to… to…. I shouldn’t say anymore.” He suddenly looked scared, turning away. “Forget it. Just get rid of that code and let’s go back to how things should be.” He was about to walk away, but his knee stopped from fulfilling the action.

He lowered it down and shook his hand into a fist, “Shoot… I messed up. I said too much… I just got a little steamed, sorry about that Amy. I’m more mad at everything that happened than you.”

Amy’s eyes remained in the darkness of the night, the code slowly… falling from her hands.

“Amy?” He looked back at her, watching the code fall and then looking back up at her. “Amy..?”
When she looked up…

Her eyes were fizzing like an old television screen.

“No…” He stepped back, “It can’t be…”

He looked to her code, reaching out and seeing the lines of code all glitching out but one… the branch that he called ‘foreign’.

“This can’t be happening…” He fell to his knees, hand still reaching out. “Why is it doing that..? This isn’t right… I…” he let himself fall and hit the ground with his fist.

“It really is me… what am I doing wrong? Why can’t you stop glitching?”

Amy looked to the code swaying on the ground… it began to slowly get blown like a plastic bag in the breeze.

He saw it, his eyes widened and the threat of losing it… he couldn’t bare it.

“Urk..!” he reached and caught it.

The second his hand touched it… he could feel himself. Everything inside him was saying to take it…

His code reacted, *Save her.*

“H-how?” he looked to Amy, then back at the code.

His body glowed a moment, the stream of his existing code moving along a path already there. *Save her.*

“But I don’t know how!!!!” He gripped his head and hollered into the night, as the painful sound made Amy fall limp.

“Amy…” through the slits of his fingers, he saw her faint. “AMMYY!!!”

Charging to her, he held her—laying lifeless as her body began to fizz and blip out of existence before reappearing again.

“Amy! Aaammmyyyy!!” He kept crying out her name. “No… Why is it just me? Why… no matter how many times were re-written… Why can’t I…” he looked at his arm.

*Glitching.*

The terror in his eyes suddenly came with realization… he looked at the code in his other hand, flying by Amy’s remaining image…

He let go of his anger.

He brought the code into his program.

When it fully spread out through his mainframe, he took a deep breath, and held Amy close.

Ducking his head down, he spoke, very calmly.

“Where are you going?”
Amy’s eyes immediately straightened out, she blinked and looked at herself as the rest of her body began to cut out of its loop.

She was materializing again, the color of her coding, mixed with teal and red, slowly took in his data and he lifted his head up, smiling.

Amy touched his face, cupping his cheek a moment. “Hi…” she let out, weakly.

“Long time…” he swallowed a moment, holding back further emotion. “No see… Amy.”

“Do you know who I am? How you feel about me?” She tilted her head.

“Yeah.” He let the sound out, bobbing his head as he just stared at her in love, surrendering to the new code. “You’re my Rascal.” He chuckled out, barely above a whisper.

The two embraced, but after a moment, Amy finally let out a sob and Sonic snake-grabbed her head with one whip of his arm and kissed her cheek.

She giggled and pulled a minute out of it, “Hehe… It’s better this way. Before, it didn’t make sense. Why go back to this? It seemed so confusing and… and delusional. But that red code… that update and those… those stupid mandates! That wasn’t evolutionary characterization at all! It was… nothing but a perfect disillusion.” She looked away a moment, then laughed, “I’m saying all kinds of things today.”

He laughed with her, “I know, you’re a poet.” He joked, but they were still filled with emotion, unable to really take their eyes off each other.

“I know…” he said again, “I know now. Our imperfection… makes us really happy.” He shrugged, “There’s so much more to us. More than those memories suggested. In order to return to a life we can create, a life that—naturally I stand for! We have to take this code, a code we manufactured… together.” He put his head down to hers, their foreheads touching.

“Hehe, looks who’s also spitting out soliloquy.” She also teased, laughing as he gave her an unamused look.

“Yeah, well… I learned from the best how to be reflective.” He tickled her and she squealed.

“Ah! No! Haha! Sonic, mercy!”

“You never gave me any mercy… It was either love you or lose you. Guess how that feels?” He stopped and looked her dead in the eye, an intense, playful atmosphere seemed to settle on the two.

“I guess… now we can.” She gently leaned into his shoulder again, and his intense expression changed to a gentle fondness.

“When did you get so wise..?” He leaned to rub his head lightly against her own, cupping her head with his hand as they fell into each other.

“I know our current code didn’t see why it all matters. But…” she looked away, breathing deep breaths and letting them go in an attempt to calm down. She was… after all,… almost gone again. From everything… especially his world.

“It does matter. You remembered. How did you take everything back? How did you know I would?” he moved to brush some of her quills out of her face, wanting to look at her again.
“Because of what Hope said… but also… because…” she looked down, a little sheepishly before smiling mischievously and cheerily bumping her head up to his own, making his nose and hers touch. “Because you stand for freedom! Haha! You’re the embodiment of it… Sonic.” She pulled away, batting her eyes a moment as though trying to look irresistible.

It was working…

“Oh, please…” He faked not being affected, looking away and having his code trigger for him to turn shy. He removed his hand from behind her head and itched his nose, but this action also forced her to come further into his chest.

He faked he didn’t mean to do that either.

“You knew what was right. Don’t try and give me all the credit…”

“But you were the one that wrote that funny pun in the code software. I’ve always trusted you, Sonic. I knew you would do what’s right, by me, and especially by your own true feelings. Your heart… Sonic. I knew you’d listen to your own heart.” She rubbed her head into his chest, lifting her hand that was now around his neck down to his chest. “I never doubted you… Even when my code couldn’t register what you said… I knew it wouldn’t be the last time I saw you.”

“That curse…” Sonic cringed. “I think I get that now too… I think I get why and how you glitch, Amy… Japan was never confronted with love like I was. The Japanese… they’re very private people. But we’re American. Love is… well, it’s just differently expressed here… I think that’s why you and I had issues with our code, Amy. Because here,… here it’s-”

“Hey, were you gonna rat me out as defective if I didn’t glitch just then?” Amy’s head moved up and out of his chest, and for a moment, his eyes blinked and he sweat-dropped.

“E-…N-no, what I was saying was-“ he seemed to be uncomfortable…

“Soooniiic….” She glared up at him.

He flinched.

“By taking back what’s mine already!? Please, Amy. I’m not horrible!” he pleaded, getting overly animated again.

She narrowed her eyes, “Uh-huh…” she summoned her hammer.

“Wa-wai-wait a second, Amy… We-… We were having a good time weren’t we? T-talking about our feelings and stuff like that? … Amy?” he was slowly scooting away, creating an exit plan.

She crawled towards him, “Yes~? My Darling, Sonic~?” she hissed out, pretending to make it sound ‘cooing’.

“Thank you, Amy! I appreciate you giving me back my will and right to chose for myself! Eep! Ah! Not so hard! Ow! I was forced to leave love behind but now- Yeouch! I have it back and it’s all thanks to-Haa! You and Hope!” he was getting whacked pretty hard up there… the hammer swinging down as he tried to appease her and duck from the hits, but he let her get a few in… just to let out some possible steam that she might have been feeling for a while now…

As the two had their moment, Hope returned to her office, surprised when she turned on the light to find Clyde sitting in her chair, throwing some files out that had her name on it.
"…What’s this?" she harshly stated, "I really didn’t want to see you again."

"…You’re religious, correct?" He pointed to one of her bios, printed from a book.

"…Did you… research me?" she pretended to be aghast.

"Offended?"

"Highly flattered and appalled." She faked injury, "considering I would never look into your backwater history…" She admitted quite frankly that she had tried to look into his story, but got nowhere with it.

He smiled, getting up. “You’re like that snake in the garden,” He stated, “Considering your religion is somewhat that, right?”

"It’s not somewhat, it is." She put her hands on her hips, “And Satan is evil. I did a good thing today.” She patted her head, “And if no one praises me, I do it for myself! I don’t need a screwed up man and you don’t need a ‘non-charismatic’ me. So there.”

"So there.” He leaned against the wall, “Tell me, is that the only thing you remember me insulting you with?”

“Honestly, I tune out sometimes.” She leaned an arm on her table, manipulating her figure… “It’s hard when you’re such a nasty villain but a excellent and handsome business associate. Now, kindly leave me be. Or is kindness not apart of your coding?” she picked up the files, turning herself as though excusing him. “Oh… and you’re not getting these back.” She puckered her lips, “Does that make you cry, Cy?” she teased.

He puckered his lips, “Does talking like a baby seduce most men you try for, Soph?” he mocked her right back and moved on towards the door.

She fumed, and in her mind’s eye, little puffs of train smog blew out of her ears.

She slammed the papers down and turned back to him, a hand on her hip, being defiant in letting him get the last word. “This was far from Eden, Buddy!”

“I’m not your buddy.” He reached for the door.

"Wait-!"

The cry was soft and feminine… he hesitated and looked up, but didn’t turn to her.

“…Ehem.” She switched tactics, trying to be tough again. “Adam fell that men might be; and men care, that they might have joy.” She quickly quoted.

“…What is that?" he touched the door knob, “Scripture?”

“It’s what I believe.” She stated, “Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great Mediator of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself.”

“…So now you’re Scriptorian.” He rolled his eyes, opening the door. “Whatever it is you believe or don’t. I still have won, and there’s not redemption for you in that—“

Tails batted his eyes, apparently having about to knock on the door before placing his hands behind
his back and wagging his tails in their idle animation.

“Are you making fun of her beliefs?” he tilted his head, “Isn’t that not allowed at work?”

Clyde just sighed, attempting to walk through Tails but Tails got hit back and it forced Cy to stop a moment. “Hey! Ouch! I’m right here! You see me, so move!” he hit him a bit, “Fine… I-I’ll move.” When Tails realized he couldn’t shove Clyde with enough force, he opened the door wider and stepped in. “Hmph, jerk.”

Hope couldn’t help but hold in her chuckles as Clyde stood there a moment.

“Guess you run into air too, hey, Cy?” she then gestured to the door, “Could you close the door, please? These are private sessions. And if you’d like to talk more about your horrific childhood traumas, you’ll need to make an appointment.”

He grabbed the door forcibly, but then took out some pills and popped one or two in. “Private… indeed.” He slammed the door shut.

Tails flinched at the sound, sitting in the chair. “Man, what’s his problem?”

“What’s my problem.” She mumbled, sitting down.

“What?”

“Nothing! That’s for me to stress out about and for you to know nothing about!” she did some jazz-hands to cope and then returned to the session. “So, have you heard?”

“Heard what?”

“Nope.” She shook her head, realizing he hadn’t gotten the data back and continued, “What would you like to talk about, now, Tails?”

**Restart by Newsboys Plays**

~I was finished, game over. Couldn't carry the weight on my shoulders~

Sonic and Amy, rushing around, began to bump into all the characters, slyly trying to start up conversation before showing the code and convincing the other characters to take it.

~At my end, in trouble. Knocked down on the ground seein' double~\

While they do so, a blue blur knocks Sonic down as he shakes his head. He looks up, and sees Classic Sonic with Rosy in his arms, facing him from the back. He looks to him and winks, before taking off again as Rosy hugs her blue knight with hearts all around her head.

Sonic smiles, before Amy jumps down and snuggles with him too, making him laugh.

~But then your love, love opened my eyes. Lifted me up, up, now I'm alive~

She kissed his cheek and he smirked, getting up and kissing her on the way up as the rest of the characters around them look flabbergasted before the code seeps into them, once they realize what’s going on and their code settles, they start to immediately cheer and hug one another.

~I raise my hands, hands to the sky, Singing—Oh oh oh oh oh (etc.)~

Cream and her mother wipe a tear from one another’s eyes as the whole Chaotix team rush in to
give a surrounding hug to them. Shadow looks at the strange code and ‘hmph’s away, digitalizing before looking to see another him. His eyes slightly hone in on the figure as Japanese Shadow looks to him and smiles. American Shadow turns his head away from him with a frown, looking annoying by his presence being there and fades into the computer.

~Oh Lord, I'm a different man. You gave me a second chance. I was lost, I was fallin' apart, But you came along, and you hit the restart~

American Sonic dips Amy before they break and Amy jumps excitedly but then notices something behind Sonic and gasps, pointing eagerly as she jumps in his arms to state there's something behind her. Sonic holds her and looks around, turning to see the main Japanese cast has digitalized, and Japanese Amy has her hands together, thrilled to see American Amy again. American Sonic slides down a bit from Sonic, looks to him, and as she moves away, rushes to embrace her. They twirl in their embrace, sisters once more. American Sonic scratches behind his ear, a little embarrassed, and looks to Japanese Sonic. Japanese Sonic gives him a kinda ‘slow smile’ only indicating something devious about that last kiss he saw but Sonic just swats the air to break his focus and then loops his arm around his neck and grins to him. Japanese Sonic raises an eyebrow and they slightly wrestle while Japanese Sonic gets the upper-hand and noogies him.

~You, you, you hit the restart. (x2) You came along, and you hit the restart.~

Each of the Japanese cast visited their American counterpart, spooking some who weren’t expecting it. The Amys, squeezing one last time for good measure, finally broke apart as they stared utterly happy in their lives at one another. Japanese Amy cupped American Amy’s face and then spread her arms out wide as though releasing leaves up into the air. It was almost symbolic, stating how free she was now, and that there needn’t be anymore worries or doubts.

~I was twisted, like bad religion. Fully committed to my way of livin’~

Dr. Hope, holding her hand to her chest, steps out into the area where this is all occurring. Then Cy’s office comes into view as his blinds are down, a finger making a slit through it before it closes, shutting out his eyes from the viewer. The two Sonics kid and joke, getting out of their mini-brawl before seeing Dr. Hope.

~I heard the preacher, but never listened. On a dead end road without a mission.~

Dr. Hope puts her hand down and smiles, trying to be polite but clearly nervous. The Amys see this and look to each other, walking over and each grabbing a hand, bringing her into the celebration. Even Eggman is clapping and dancing in his file with Orbot and Cubot, though… his dancing is way off beat… and out-dated… He pauses to see a digital letter that is from Japanese Eggman, and grins wickedly. Cutting back to Dr. Hope, Vector, Storm, and Omega lift her up into the air, carrying her a bit as everyone cheers for her as well.

~But then your love, love opened my eyes. Lifted me up, up, now I’m alive~

Within the cheering, Sonic stops to look down at Amy, who in return, stops to turn to him. They lower their hands and then draw closer, their noses touching and smiling. Dr. Hope continues to be bounced in the air, though its clear she’s having fun, she’s clinging to the power-strength characters desperately as though fearful she might fall at any instant. Though… the drop wouldn’t be that far down…

~I raise my hands, hands to the sky, Singing—Oh oh oh oh oh (etc.)~

There seems to be a created mosh pit and suddenly, the characters are singing the ‘Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.” Parts, dancing.
Now on the roof, Japanese Sonic releases some code out in the air. He looks behind him to see Genesis, young Classic Sonic, also step out and release some orange code mingled with teal out into the open as well. Everyone watches, all gathered on the roof, as a montage of the first few chapters of this whole, insane story come to life on a big, digital screen.

~You, you, you hit the restart. (x2) You came along, and you hit the restart.~

Everyone watches as Classic Sonic experiences Rosy’s death, rips out the code, then Sonic and the first triggers, the glitch that defined everything, American Amy’s first deletion… which the two Amys hold each other during, not baring to watch and keeping their eyes closed during.

~Restart, restart, oh oh oh. Restart, restart, oh oh oh~

Continuing with the plots leading up, the next triggers, the drama and adventures, and finally, American Amy N.2 and N.3.

~I was lost, I was fallin’ apart, But you came along, and you hit the restart~

Japanese Amy releasing the data through Sonic’s point of view, then the rest of the story up to this point.

~You make all things new. That’s just what you do. You're making me new. (x2) Resta-ar-art (etc.)~

When everyone starts leaving, the Sonics and Amys stay. Classic Sonic offers his hand to Rosy, who takes it and they also depart from the roof. While they go, Rosy sneaks a kiss, covers her face, then peeks over her large hands. Classic Sonic freezes a moment, shakes his head, sneezes, and gives her a playful glare and pout. She jumps at him but he dodges happily and rushes away while she follows him, his orange code brighter than ever.

~You, you, you hit the restart. (x2) You came along, and you hit the restart.~

American Sonic and Amy look to each other, before being rudely pushed out of the way by Boom!Sonic and Boom!Amy, who bow and then start dancing. Taking in the spirit, American Sonic shrugs and scoops Amy up, Japanese Sonic steals Boom!Amy and begins dancing with her, to which Japanese Amy makes a face but then mischievously takes Boom!Sonic’s hand and dances a little crazily with him, swinging him around as he clearly doesn’t even have his feet on the ground anymore. Japanese Sonic stops and taps his foot to her… She smiles at him.

~Restart, restart, oh oh oh. Restart, restart, oh oh oh~

Boom!Amy snatches Boom!Sonic away as he seems momentarily unaware of what just happened due to how fast it all just went down. They exit down the stairs and close the door while American Amy and Sonic laugh and Japanese Sonic and Amy just snicker and butt heads a moment.

~I was lost, I was fallin’ apart, But you came along, and you hit the restart~

The two relax and fall back, creating a line of them as they reach their hands up to the sky, the code returns to them and the orange code mingled with teal seeps through them, presumably back to Classic Sonic. They laugh as their code lights up, enjoying one another’s company.

Song End.
“Hey, Sonic?” Japanese Sonic looks over at his American counterpart.

“Yeah, Sonic?” America teases back, but the two Sonics are glomped by their Amy’s on opposite sides of each other. “Hey now! Haha!”

“Woah. Hahaha! Think we’ll ever get used to this?” Japan tries to lovingly bat his Amy just a little more away from his face, but it’s half-hearted and she giggles under the soft touch.

“Haha, well, Dad Sonic.” American Sonic teased, making a voice with it to sound obnoxious as his Amy kept cuddling up next to him.

“Don’t call me that.” Japanese Sonic shook his head, not taking any of that attitude today.

“The point-!” he pulled American Amy closer to him, “Is to never get used to it!” he immediately leans over and begins kissing her.

American Amy squeals when they part and American Sonic just sneers at Japanese Sonic, seeing how uncomfortable he is with public displays of affection.

“What? We’re alone, aren’t we?” Again, he’s only looking for a fight.

American Amy could care less, however, looking over to her Japanese counterpart who pouts and makes big, hegdie-hog eyes at her Sonic.

“That’s what keeps it timeless.” American Sonic finished, winking to Japanese Amy and then putting an arm around his own. “You should try it sometime.” He once again, unashamedly, kid to throw Japanese Sonic into a pressurized situation.

“Eee~<3” American Amy squee’d again, placing a hand on his chest and whacking him playfully, “Stop it. You’re making him squirm.” She hid her smile beneath her hand as her and American Sonic snickered to one another.

Once again, Japanese Amy’s eyes lit up and she got up and loomed over Japanese Sonic, blinking her eyes fast as though begging to join in on the fun again.

Japanese Sonic, before seeing this, shakes his head, muttering under his breath, “Americans… So bold.” Before seeing Amy above him, “Ge-Ahh..!” He makes a shocked sound effect and this sends American Sonic and Amy rolling with laughter, clutching their stomachs at how hard their wheezing at the moment between the adorably awkward two.

“Man, cultural differences.” American Amy giggled out, getting the last of those butterflies out of her system as she saw Japanese Amy puff up a side of her cheek, getting more and more frustrated.

She once again, very cutely this time, glares at a sweat-dropping Japanese Sonic for him to give her something! Anything at all.

“Come on, Me.” American Sonic nudged his Japanese Original’s shy arm, “She’s practically asking…”

“And so nicely too.” American Amy chimed in, wanting to help her other too.

Japanese Sonic rolled his eyes, “You’re all insufferable.” He teased, taking Japanese Amy and getting up with her, holding her bridal style. “But we are proud Japanese, and as such…” he suddenly gave Amy a slightly perverted look, “We keep things behind closed doors.” He winked to American Sonic and Amy as Japanese Amy’s eyes bulged and her face turned bright red.
American Amy and America Sonic suddenly closed their mouths, holding in amazed laughter and trying desperately not to hit each other and fidget with their feet at what Japanese Sonic had just implied.

“Sou desu ka?” American Sonic blurted out, before laughing again as Japanese Sonic was clearly just trying to get one over on him. (Translation: Is that right?)

Embarrassed, Japanese Amy lightly smacked her Sonic and then covered her face. “D-Don’t tease about that!!!”

Japanese Sonic just leaned into her ear, “We’re the adults here, Amy… we don’t have to tease in front of the kids~”

“Ohhh!! You’re still teasing!” she whacked him with her hammer and swirls came out of his eyes, making him wobble a bit with her in his arms.

“I.. wAs… JuSt… Saaayyyinng…” Japanese Sonic woozily stated.

The four laughed one more time together before Japanese Sonic abruptly left with Japanese Amy… American Sonic kid that it’s probably a date with an open door, no need to be alarmed, as American Amy whacked his arm and said to stop it.

“I wanted to see that.” American Amy admitted, “Japanese Sonic kissing Mom.” She half-joked, laughing into her hand.

“I bet you would. But let’s let them go… after all… where were we?” American Sonic turned back to her but she patted his face. “Ouch.” He kid.

“You’re so bold now. What happened? Suddenly think you’re a smooth player 1 now? Hehehe~” She thought she was being clever, but when she noticed nothing happening, not even a quick quip back, she looked and saw Sonic turned over, fetal position, looking extremely down and defeated.

“I thought I was being cool…”

“OH, SONIC! NO! I LOVED IT! YOU WERE SO COOL!” Realizing immediately that he was still shy and didn’t know what he was doing, she comforted him as he faked not wanting to engage in this anymore, pretending he was ripping out his code for good and just gonna fade with her into nothingness as she slowly came around and started laughing.

They did eventually kiss… as did—

Over on the San Francisco golden bridge… Japanese Amy and Sonic also shared in another tender kiss…~

“I like that we didn’t do it in front of them. They acted like they were fishing for it.” She adjusted her dress, scooting closer to him.

“Emm… Maybe.” Japanese Sonic stared dreamily off at the bridge and the lights of car passing under them.

“Ne~…Sonikku?” (Translation: Hey… Sonic?)

“Hmm?”
“Do you think we’ll ever be able to… you know… say how much we care about each other… like America Sonic and Amy can?”

“I don’t think we really need to, but… if it matters that much to you-“

He pulled out a flower, twisting its stem so it flopped over to her.

It was slightly reminiscent of Sonic X’s famous, romantic scene.

Mouthing the words, Amy scoffed.

“Don’t pull that again!”

“Hahaha! Suki desu.”

“E…eh?”

Japanese Amy blushed, looking back at him. “I… I mean, a moment ago, you said were were practically married with kids!”

 “…Not the reaction I thought that’d get.” Sonic was actually stunned to see her acting so differently than he expected.

“S-sa-say it right!” she was clearly freaking out and blushing, madly in love with him… so why..?

“Do you mean…” He suddenly shied away, turning a little distant. “E-Emi…” he protested, but Japanese Amy suddenly shouted it out and jumped into his arms.

“Aishiteru…! Sonikku!” (Translation: I love you! –upmost use of the word- Sonic!)

“E…Ehh???? Emi-chan-! (Translation: WHAT THE I CAN’T EVEN AMY MY HEART, THAT’S SO INTIMATE I YOU’RE SO CUTE WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT!? YOU SAID IT SO LOUDLY OH MY GOSH I CAN’T HANDLE THIS YOU’RE TOO MUCH I HAVE TO ACT NATURAL I HAVE TO BE COOL I CAN’T I CAN’T YOU’VE LEFT ME SPEECHLESS WHAT DO I DO NOW!?)

(Yall thought this was only Sonamy? When I got you to care about some OCs? Nah, dog. Everyone gets character development around these parts. LOL Anyway- Did I just add scripture to my fanfiction? Yes. Yes I did. Why? Why not? I felt it fit in some way lol Also, I hope you enjoy that little extra fluff at the end there XD It’s a little out of character, but it’s been building up since forever in this story. Anyway, love you all and I finished this at 8 in the morning with 89 pages! :DDDDD I’m gonna go jump into the ocean now cause that’s what my life is. Cute hedgehogs. Digital babies. Goodnight everybody xD Literally, just a few more sentences, and I’ll reach 90 pages……… oh well. Probably longest chapter I’ve ever written though. Did you enjoy it? Did you? Maybe this should end here now. Where to go from here? Well, I guess I’ll figure that out when we reach it. But for now, I think that’s good. Maybe. I don’t know. It’s never-ending~ lol like the game. Still not at 90!? I really wanna make this a thing. My longest chapter ever. Have I ever reached a 100..? Only if I combined chapters. WHOO. I should not do that. Your poor eyes. Am I losing my mind? Probably, is this 90 pages, you bet your freakin’ Sonamy butts it is XD biggest Sonamy fanfiction chapter of all time goes to..? Tell me which one you like better, Clyope –Clyde x Hope- or Hoshope –Hoshi x Hope- We’re almost at 90… MADE IT!)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!