

Comatose

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A MetalSparksonic fanfiction. Sparks ends up in a coma after losing a battle to Sonic since he had no help from Metal...now Metal sits there beside him and wonders...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/JustaMetalSonicFan1/47344/Comatose>

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1 - Comatose

Metal's POV

Beep.

Beep.

That sound is one of the only things I can tell he's alive...

Sparks...I refused to help him, and look at where he's at now....In one of the base's hospital bed, comatose, barely alive....

My silver claws gently run over the stapled and welded pair of cracks seen clearly on his skull. I wince at the thought of how much pain that would've caused....

What happened was Sonic had grabbed him and tossed him in the air, and appeared above him...then spin-dashed him and sent him crashing into a titanium wall...normally Sparks is able to be able to bust through it, but head-first...there was a cracking sound before he fell onto the ground, instantly unconscious...I seriously thought he was dead by the fact he didn't get up or move at all...I didn't help him...because we were angry at one another... You see, he had stopped being my other enemy..he just seemed to stop being evil, instead was planning to run off from Eggman...I confronted him before he had the chance to leave and first we started arguing verbally...then started fighting...Sonic came in when we ended up in a city and was destroying buildings...eventually, Sparks was the one to be fought, and he quickly looked over to me for assistance...but I was so enraged with him I left him for dead and watched as he didn't stand a chance...He's a cyborg, thus, he eventually weakens and becomes exhausted.

He was so tired after fighting with me, he basically gave up during his fight with Sonic.

I feel horrible for not helping him..

My clawed hands gently enclose around my face to comfort myself.

Guilt...Depression...Rage...Confusion...Hope...Despair...So many emotions threaten to break me and leave me a pile of shattered remains...I'm not even supposed to feel these things...these emotions are meant for the living to have...but I am not among the creatures of flesh, but instead the beings of metal...I was meant to have no other emotions besides anger...I was built for rage to fuel my actions...but now...now there's a bombardment of feelings...

One of my hand's fingers spread apart so I could look upon Sparks once more...Oxygen mask upon his silver muzzle, orange eyes hidden, arms covered in wires that were connected to the various devices to check on his bodily functions and make sure he stayed alive, wrists with a few IV needles in them, body

battered and bruised, stitches seen to close various wounds...

It's been like this for 3 weeks now...he's been in a coma for three weeks...I'm surviving on my reserve battery and coffee, since I haven't shut down and tried to recharge since the accident..I'm just worried he'll die when I'm not awake...

I rub the black digital screens called my eyes tiredly, shaking my head afterwards to ward off sleep. The knock at the door makes me look up at the doorway as a figure slips through doorway. "Sorry I'm late, Metaru...I was held up in Corridor #5...god only wonders why the shadow clones are dragging in crap we don't need." I hear him say in frustration, and I give a grin. "Here ya go." he hands over one of the cups he was carrying over to me. "Thank you, Metaru Shadow-chan." I reply happily. "No problem.." the other replied, holding his own cup as he takes a seat beside me.

"So, he's still not up...?" He asks the obvious question. "He's still not..." I answer with a sigh, sipping the coffee from the cup. Metal Shadow looked over at me and then down at Sparks. "I'm still inquiring as to why you're acting like this." I raise a blue metal eyebrow at him as I gazed at him. "What do you mean?" I question. "I mean, you're acting...out of character, I suppose I should say...you have never done this with anyone before...normally you're the one who cuts life-support for the fun of it..." I cringe away slightly at the thought, and he tilts his head curiously at me.

"I thought you were one not to care about such trivial things like death of another...nor did I think you cared about someone..."

"I thought the same." I reply, looking down at my pure black coffee, and rub my head with one hand. I feel a bladed hand rest on my shoulder in a comforting manner. "Don't worry...Sparky's a tough cookie...I promise he'll get through this..." "I hope so..." One or two of the clawed digits that wrapped around my cup clicked upon it in an unnerved fashion as my attention turned towards the heart monitor at the sound of a few beeps missing...and then returned to it's original slow tempo. It was as if God was fracking with me...as if showing the very thin thread of Sparks' life and threatening to cut it at any moment, the blades of the sharp instrument opened and hovering around the thread.

It was hours before Metal Shadow left the room and I was by myself again, sitting beside the unconscious hedgehog.

Beep.

Beep.

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Beep.

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Beep.

His heart-beat just got lower....I can tell Sparks is losing the battle of life and death...I can see his

breathing rate lessening...hopefully it is just one of those false alarms...please be a false alarm...

Beep.

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Beep.

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Beep.

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Beeeeeeeeeeeeep.

shoot!

I scramble up to my feet, making my chair tumble over as I try to restore the young cyborg's heart-rate....with no success..

He's gone...

That's the first thing that comes to my mind, and it screams it over and over again.

After managing to pull my stool of a chair upright, I sit down in a feeling of not only devastation..but depression, heart-break, shattered hope...My hands go to either side of my head and their fingers tighten their grip around it as a swoop of the sudden emotions hit me like a ton of bricks.

He's gone....

He's gone....and it's all your fault...

Because you didn't help him...he's dead.

You kill everything...you're just a monster....

He cared for you, he protected you, and you didn't help him in his time of need...

My eyes close tightly as my mind yells and insults me, causing me to shake my head as if to disprove it. To say it wasn't my fault...but it threw undeniable proof towards me that made my ears lower flat against my skull. Since I sat so close to his bed, I was easily able to cross my arms and rest them on his abdomen, with my head upon them. Sadness loomed over me, and eventually I feel something cool slip down my metallic cheeks. I raise my head and wipe the liquid off and glance at it...a blackened version of a living figure's tears...I am...crying? How is that possible? It doesn't matter how that was possible or not, as my body started taking advantage of some way to release the depression that it was feeling and I was soon sobbing over the body of Sparks.

I didn't really hear that sound till I paid attention to my surroundings when something started moving...

Beep.

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Beep.

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Beep.

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Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

I feel something touching my arm...my eyes gaze at whatever it was to find the clawed hand of the supposedly dead creature slowly managing it's way to rest upon it and next thing I saw was a pair of orange eyes drowsily opening to look around. I pull myself off the figure and watched as he rose up to sit upright, pulling off the oxygen mask.

It's a miracle.

"How on earth is it possible?" Would be the first thing I would've normally asked, but I didn't care how it was possible right now...just that he was alive was all that mattered.

Normal POV

Sparks was surprised when a pair of cool metallic arms embraced him in a matter of happiness that he was alive...he heard the android say how glad he was to have him alive and awake, that he thought Sparks had died...It warmed the heart of the young cyborg to hear all of the concern Metal had been through, to hear him apologize for arguing... "Okay, wherever you put the real Metaru Sonikku, tell me. Is he eating okay?" He grinned, and heard the chuckle of the older figure. "I'm fine, it's still me...I was just worried..." the robot replied, ruffling his spikes playfully. "Mind telling me what exactly happened for...however long I was out for?"

-2 hours later-

Sparks was finishing the rest of Metal's coffee as the android kept explaining and explaining till finally he finished. "Wow..." he said, blinking. "So you sat by my side for the whole three weeks I was unconscious?" He was answered with an embarrassed nod. "Aww, you really do care about me." Sparks smiled, and it made the shade of pink on the robot's muzzle grow deeper. "Shut it, Sparky." "Nevah! I will torment you with this piece of information forev-" Sparks was silenced by a pressure against his lips...He dropped the empty paper cup on the floor in shock in a reaction.

Metal was kissing HIM. Oh my fricking GOD!

Just as Sparks was starting to melt into the contact, the android pulled away, a grin upon his muzzle. He laughed as it was Sparks' turn to blush in frustrated embarrassment. "Aww, you look so darn adorable when you blush!" Was his comment, that made the boy's cheeks turn even darker. "Now, promise you won't tell anyone, okay?" "Fine..." Sparks muttered in defeat. "Good, now lets go and tell Eggman and everyone you are up and alive." Metal chirped before heading to the door. "You're a tease, you know that?" The lightning adorned hedgehog told him as he followed. "I know." Metaru replied, sticking his tongue out childishly.

(So many emotions in this story...but I added happy and funny for the ending, so we're all good. ^^ I sniffled a little while writing the sad parts...it was so sad! T-T Oh well. Here ya go. One chapter story, and I'm making the cover-art for it now. Comment please! Title was inspired by the song 'Comatose' from some group I dunno...)