

# Obsession

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*What if the Sonic the Hedgehog you knew wasn't exactly what people say that he is? A dark sonamy with a slight bit of romance and horror put in! One-Shot!*

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# 1 - Obsession

## Obsession

The wind whipped through his quills as he sped past field after field, all full of nothing but grass and flowers, growing beautifully within the light of the sun. Something had been bothering him all day but he was too lost within the life of the wilderness surrounding him. *What was it that had been bothering him though?* He thought as his speed increased. And then it all came back to him. The memory fell upon him as a sharp piece of ice piercing his heart. The girl that lived below him, within the apartment below him. Her face came to his mind, floating incessantly around trying its best to annoy him. Every night, after he had gone to sleep, he peered through the crack within the floorboards at her sleeping form, noticing her pretty, pink face rise above the covers, enticing him to snuggle up with her.

She was certainly bewitching to him. So bewitching that in fact he wanted to get to know this woman, to show her what she had been missing for most of her life. His longing to be inside her nearly swallowed his mind, begging him to barge down her door and take her, make her his property. He shook his head, knowing that what he was thinking was wrong but he couldn't help looking at her, her beautifully fragile chest rising and lowering gently with each breath. She was an obsession, his obsession and no one else's. She was certainly attractive in her own strange little way. Her pink quills were always well brushed and pushed into place while her pink dress clung to her form, giving her a soft, feminine look. How had he known this? Well he had been watching her of course, feeling his obsession becoming more than just a crush. Now he fully understood why she had become the centre of attention to most men, so much that in fact he felt that he was a little more to her than the people who had been trying to ask her out, some of them not really taking the picture and trying once again to win her heart but she had none of it and that's what made her special to him, his own obsession, his little angel.

He stopped in front of the apartment block, opening the door in that unusually cool way that he always did, making passers by gape at the famous figure in front of them. That's what they would always think. Sonic was the hero of Station Square, so in other word he was nothing more but a puppet to them, his strings snapping out of their grip as he took one look at the door of apartment 201, where his beautiful obsession lived, probably getting ready for a bath as it was already night fall. He made his way towards his apartment, getting ready to take another look through the peep hole that existed within his floor, right next to his sofa. She knew that he watched her; he could usually feel her beautiful emerald green eyes upon him even when he wasn't looking at the hole. Maybe she liked him or maybe he knew her from a past life, after all he had been alive since the start of the civil war, living as an aristocrat within a life of squalor before being changed forever, becoming a creature that existed between two worlds, half vampire, half furry. He was a hybrid in other words.

Nobody knew the truth about Sonic the Hedgehog, nobody dared to find out. Anyone who did never live

to tell the tale. He was a monster to the humans that surrounded him and the only people that knew about his "Change" was his two best friends, Tails The Kitsune, a scientist who had been supplying him with a serum that would help him with the cravings for human blood and Knuckles The Echidna, the young guardian of the Master Emerald. Tonight he would take her, turn her into his queen. He gazed once more at the deserted bedroom before slipping off out of his apartment, his figure becoming bathed within the darkness of the hallway, sweeping silently past the humans that loitered within the light filled areas of the hallway, their minds becoming frantic with fear from the darkness that surrounded them, the signs of the emotion showing upon their porcelain faces.

He smirked slightly at this, his own fear welling up inside him. He gazed into the peephole of the apartment below him, making sure that the coast was clear before he became a swirling ball of mist, entering only through the bottom of the door. He gazed around the apartment, trying to take in the colours that surrounded him. Once he turned her, all this was going to change. There would be no pink upon the walls or any of the furniture as a matter of fact. It was going to be more subtle colours like black or navy blue. His unusual emerald eyes came into contact with the woman as she made her way from the bathroom, too engrossed within the hard rock music that was coming from her Walkman. He looked up and down, taking in all of her curves as she unwrapped the towel from around her body, revealing her perfectly shaped breasts underneath.

He unconsciously made his way towards her, becoming a hedgehog once more. He gazed into her emerald green eyes, as if he was casting a spell over her and she gazed back, simply out of fear. *Who was this strange hedgehog that had materialised from behind her?* And she realised who he was and began to back away slowly until her shivering form hit the wall. He grinned at her, revealing his two well shaped fangs before moving as if by magic, faster than a steaming train until he had his arm around waist, delicately kissing her neck until she felt the fangs make their mark within her fur, her screams muffled by the hand that was cupped around her mouth. She screamed until she began to feel her limbs give away underneath her, weak from the blood loss. As they did this however, the cerulean blue hedgehog lifted his head and made a cut upon his chest, forcing her to drink up the blood that dripped freely from the wound and then she blacked out, the face of the smirking hedgehog becoming drowned within a void of darkness.