

# The Rise and Fall Of The Eggman Kingdom

By shadowsofvoltage

Submitted: January 30, 2009

Updated: August 23, 2009

*TRAFOTEK? I've just realised this.*

*This is an experiment so if you like it then I'll continue it.*

*Set in the future.*

*Comment please!^^*

*Can't complete.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/shadowsofvoltage/55505/The-Rise-and-Fall-Of-The-Eggman-Kingdom>

<b>Chapter 1 - The Awakening</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Cleaning Up.</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - No Hospitality</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Standing Ground</b>	<b>14</b>

# 1 - The Awakening

## The Rise And Fall Of The Eggman Kingdom.[br]

[br]

### Chapter 1-The Awakening[br]

[br]

5 isolation capsules, each with a being in it, filled to the brim with a translucent amber liquid. The Laboratory is spotless, white and gleaming from top to bottom. Scientists running around with test tubes, new information on pages, and holographic computers on a wristband.[br]

29<sup>th</sup> January 2060. An everyday schedule, until an anomalous result came in from 4 of the 5 capsules.[br]

“Hold up, Re-run the test again” one scientist blurted out, sounding like he was scared out of his wits.[br]

“Still the same, sir. Brain activity is off the charts!”[br]

The icon of the middle capsule was flashing red on the computer screen very rapidly, then the furthest on both the right and the left. Ten seconds afterwards, the last of the anomalous capsules activated its warning icon second from left. Then a set of eyes snapped open in the middle capsule, with azure blue irises.[br]

[br]

“He’s awake!”, whimpered another scientist. “Let them out.”[br]

The amber liquid drained from the capsules, one by one.[br]

The being who awakened was a yellow coloured wolf, a 15 year old that never aged. His four distinct features is 6 unmissable scars, one on the right side of the face, the right side of the chest, the right arm and leg, a scar in the shape of a cross, and a scar that appears on both sides of the tail. Lightning tattoos that reached from the shoulder blades to the tips of his fingers. He was wearing one blue polymetal glove with a circular glow on the back of his hand. The last feature is rainbow aura crystals on the back, the base of the tail, and a fringe that obscured the left eye. He was heavily shackled round the wrists. His name is Mikey “Voltage” Prower.[br]

“Where am I?” He uttered underneath his breath, looking around slowly.[br]

No-one dared answer back.[br]

Chain the echidna then stirred from his sleep. He is a blood red colour with black and a darker red dreadlock tips, Amethyst purple eyes, 13 years of age and unchanged in appearance. His black clay arms has a lava disc in the shoulders, which is attached to a chest with a moon crest. His legs are

cybernetic, with flame decals, connected to polymetal feet, which can convert into hover boots. He was also shackled but by his chest.[br]

“Man, I feel groggy” he muttered with the utmost pain.[br]

“Chain, Is that you?” Mikey asked with great surprise.[br]

“Voltage? Hey, where are we?”[br]

“Don’t know.”[br]

“Well, don’t bother asking me” A voice piped up from Mikey’s far right.[br]

“Thorn?”[br]

“Yup, I’m here, Chain.”[br]

The Ravenwolf known as Thorn is a dark green colour, sea blue eyes, with scruffy black hair, massive raven wings and a leather sleeveless jacket and black denim jeans. Under his jacket is a red and white shirt, and chains attached to both sides of the jeans. His age is unknown to his friends but his appearance was unchanged. Like the others, he was shackled round the wrists.[br]

“Pities sake. Where are we!?!?” Thorn called out with increasing frustration.[br]

“Detroit, Michigan.” A odd but familiar voice replied to him.[br]

“Who the hell?” Thorn was confused by the voice.[br]

“Wait a minute, that sounds familiar. Rogue? I thought you were dead?”[br]

Rogue the bat, supposedly killed at the ARK, was a very light grey colour, and heavily scarred at the back and chest, both after effects of what happened to him. Heavy azure blue irises and dark purple wings that reach from the top of his head to the top of the soles on his shoes.[br]

“Yeah, so did I.” With that, Rogue breaks the shackles from his wrists with one firm tug and walks out of the capsule, unaware of the consequences.[br]

[br]

In an instant, his eyes dilated and dropped to his knees, red electricity visibly shooting through his body[br]

“ROGUE!!!” Chain bellowed in shock, irises turning black in destructive anger, starting to break the chest shackle.[br]

“Wait a minute--”[br]

“CHAIN STOP!” Rogue Purposefully interrupting Mikey and Thorn.[br]

Chain instantly stopped his rage, realising the penalty for escaping.[br]

“Well, well ,well. You finally woke up after all these years” a smug voice thunderously pronounced, making them instantly look towards the door. [br]

Eggman. Still wearing the clothes from fifty nine years ago, only ageing a minute bit. Mikey, snarling furiously like someone stealing his only memory of his family.[br]  
[br]

“What the heck do you want, Egg-guff?” Thorn subjected Eggman.[br]

“Better watch your mouth, Bird Brain” Eggman replying instantly, pressing a silver button. Thorn flared up as lightning coarsed through his body, immediately immobilising him, for three seconds.[br]

Chain, adverted his eyes, and grudgingly inhibiting himself from breaking his shackle.[br]

“What I want is” he paused for a few seconds, “for you to work for my rebel neutralisation force, with my newest creation as the captain--”[br]

“W-Wait a minute, newest creation?” Chain shouted, gravely startled.[br]

“Yes, newest.” He then turned towards the scientists. “Let him out.”[br]

“Y-y-y-yes sir”. [br]

The last capsule was then drained, and opened. The creature, walked out of the capsule, and turned towards Mikey.[br]

“I would like you to meet “Project: Vertigo”, the ultimate life form.”[br]

Rogue smirked at the comment “Ultimate Life form”. “A Hedgesquirrel?”[br]

“I wouldn’t laugh if I were you, he was programmed to use chaos control and use guns and his Dragon blade to more effect than you can use your psychic control.” Eggman was smug as ever.[br]

Rogue was clearly offended by the comment, glowered at the being.[br]

Vertigo was purple with blood red highlights on his spines, arms, legs and tail. The tufted spines, obscuring his face, with blood red tips. The crest is a white diamond like on a pack of cards. His gloves and boots was highlighted with a chaos purple energy. His expression is fixed in an angered state.[br]  
[br]

“And what if we say no?” Thorn managed to ask while breathing heavily from the last shocking he got.[br]

Eggman ignored Thorn and stared directly into Mikey’s eyes, still bearing his teeth with fury. “You will

be killed. Right here, right now.”[br]

Mikey, looked down in anguish. “Seeming as it’s the only option, fine, we’ll work for you.” he utters with resentment.[br]

“Good, release them.”[br]

[br]

The shackles instantly disappeared. Thorn dropped out of the capsule and landed flat on his chest. Chain, straight away, checked on his condition.[br]

“I expect you to be out there in at least three days.” With that, he walked out of the lab, laughing in his usual tone.[br]

Vertigo, stared at each and every one of his “new comrades”. Chain and Thorn was paying no attention to him, Rogue was getting up from the immobilisation pad, and Mikey directly stared at him, unflinching. Vertigo smirked then walked out.[br]

Thorn was up but was leaning on Chain. “Okay Voltage, How the heck are we going to get out of this?” Thorn evidently ticked off with him.[br]

“Yeah, we’re playing into the hands of Eggman!” Chain adding to the rage.[br]

“We try to get answers for why I’m like this,” Rogue replied.[br]

“Then we try to get out of this mess” snarled Mikey, Before destroying the capsule he was in with a destructive thunder punch in fury. He knew that they had to get out, by any means necessary.

## 2 - Cleaning Up.

### Chapter 2-Cleaning Up.[br]

[br]

A grubby room was their next area. A broken bench, an incomplete set of weights, locker doors, buckled from past abuse, dripping taps, graphitised walls, rustic foldable chairs thrown to one side of the room. Cans of beer, cigarette butts, “Ketel One” bottles, glasses, plasters and broken windows, all covered in a thick layer of dust. The only thing undamaged and unused was a first aid kit, also covered in dust. Everything was disgusting, top to bottom.[br]

[br]

“Wow, some body needs to clean up around here” Chain spoke with disgust.[br]

“Well, I’m glad you said that, Chain,” Vertigo appeared from behind the four, “Because I want you to clear it up.”[br]

“You’re kidding me, all of this?” Thorn taken back by the command.[br]

“I wouldn’t be saying it otherwise.”[br]

“Are you helping out?” Chain enquired[br]

“I did say “You” are cleaning this up.”[br]

No-one spoke back. Thorn, angered by this, gritted his teeth. With Vertigo having his back towards them, Rogue glanced at Mikey, who was at the back of the group, leaning against a wall. Mikey, never returned the look, feeling like he’d betrayed them.[br]

“Before you start,” Vertigo carried on “Project “Voltage”, I want a word with you.” He turned to Mikey, as did the other three.[br]

Mikey never spoke after exiting the lab, due to the fact that they were working for Eggman, he felt like his voice box had been muted. He didn’t return a reply.[br]

“Are you listening, Wolf boy?” seeking an answer from him, he stood directly in front of Mikey.[br]

“Yes, sir,” He replied under his breath, feeling a sickness rising from the pit of his stomach.[br]

“Good, now, follow me.” Vertigo walked out of the room, Mikey, grudgingly, followed suit. “I want this room spotless by the time I get back.” The door closed behind him.[br]

[br]

“God, this sucks, big-time,” Chain complained.[br]

“You’re not kidding,” Thorn agreed, then glimpsing a frustrated Rogue. “Hey, are you okay Rogue?” He asked with concern.[br]

“I’m fine.”[br]

“Something’s wrong with you.” Chain, also concerned, added to the question.[br]

“What did he mean by “psychic control?””[br]

“Why don’t you try it out?” Thorn talked into the “Ketel One” bottle, taking a swig.[br]

“Good idea, Give me that!” mentioned Chain, snatching the bottle from Thorn, spilling the alcoholic beverage all over the place.[br]

“Hey, I was drinking that!”[br]

“Tough, you don’t know where it’s been, or how long it’s been there,” Chain told him with disgust, and positioned the bottle on a ledge, “Why don’t you try and do something to this?”[br]

Rogue nodded, widened his stance, extended his wings and put his right hand in front of him, directly at the bottle. Chain and Thorn looked on in anticipation, Rogue’s hand started to glow a light blue, eventually turning into an azure blue ball, his eyes seem to disappear into a heavy deep blue glow. Then...[br]

\*FWASH\*[br]

The ball careered rapidly into the bottle, hitting it directly in the body, destroying it instantly, the shards flying in all direction, and evaporating in many flashes of ruby red flames. Thorn was gob smacked, Chain was ecstatic from seeing the destruction, and Rogue, smirked at his devastating power, and fired at a glass that Thorn was about to pick up. Thorn retracted his arm instantly.[br]

“Watch it!” Thorn bellowed in terror.[br]

“This...” Rogue started to pronounce, “This power..., will show him who the ultimate life form is!” then fired energy balls in all directions, wiping out every contaminate in the room, different colour flames littering the area, then vanishing into the air. He then smirked, folded out a chair, put his feet up, and relaxed.[br]

“So, that’s it? That’s all you’re doing?” Thorn asked with confusion.[br]

“Stop whining. I’ve done the hard work, now fix the bench.”[br]

“Easy for you to say.” muttered Thorn.[br]

“Help me out then, Thorn!” Chain told him.[br]

[br]

After two hours of hard graft, both of them had fixed the bench, stop the leakages and reshape the lockers. Rogue dozed off after the first thirty minutes of watching them work. Thorn planned on shoving Rogue off the chair, until the door swung open, Vertigo standing at the door, his knuckles covered in blood. Thorn stopped what he was about to do and Chain printed his name onto the locker he called without telling anyone. He viewed the room, without saying a word, then smirked immorally.[br]

“Hmph, impressive. Very, very impressive.” He said slowly, without any emotion in his face. He then reached behind the wall and chucked the bloody, lifeless figure of Mikey into the room, “but, I can say other things about him.”[br]

Mikey coughed up blood as soon as he landed on the floor. His face was scattered with many cuts across the face, his bottom lip bleeding, the scar on his chest reopened, covering him and the floor in blood.[br]

“Crud,” Thorn uttered, and flew to the blood-soaked being, trying to wake him up. Chain, immediately seeing the distress on Thorn’s face, rushed beside him, colliding into Rogue in the process. Rogue plummeted to the floor, instantly waking him up. He looked directly at Vertigo, and unintentionally put his hand into the thick red liquid that trickled beside him. Without looking at his hand, his temper grew rapidly. Vertigo couldn’t care less.[br]

[br]

Vertigo grabbed something else from behind the wall and threw it recklessly towards the body of Mikey. The items were his three swords, named Thunder Aura, Kitesu 4 and Phoenix Plume. The swords clattered on the floor. Mikey’s ears twitched from hearing it, then his eyes snapped open, a fire burning inside him. Without warning, he stood straight up, blood still trickling from the cuts on his face. He instantly charged at Vertigo. Vertigo, however, closed his eyes. Mikey threw a triple attack combo; a straight punch, a roundhouse kick and a lightning heel kick. The Hedgesquirrel, still with eyes closed, blocked the punch, ducked the first kick, then jumped out of the range of the second kick, that left a trail of blue lightning behind it. He then reopened his eyes, which was now glowing a dark purple. Mikey was swinging around for a lightning left hook, until Vertigo swung a violent roundhouse kick into the reopened chest scar of Voltage’s, splattering blood all over the wall. Mikey stopped the attack instantly, doubling over in a inferno of pain. Vertigo grasped Mikey by the forehead and dragged him to his feet, and kept hold.[br]

“CHAOS...” his hand that held him firm started to glow a dark purple. “POWER BLAST!” In an instant, a flash of purple light tore through the room, sending Mikey airborne through the area, colliding with the lockers, devastating the lockers, sending chunks of metal through the air.[br]

Chain immediately turned his arm into a blade and stormed Vertigo. Vertigo grabbed the other arm and threw him back into the room effortlessly, landing in Mikey’s blood.[br]

“Stay down if you know what’s good for you,” he warned, then walked out of sight. Rogue just missed him with an energy ball hitting the wall.[br]



“Goddamnit! Thorn! Check up on Mikey, NOW!” Rogue commanded. Thorn nodded, then moved the locker that was laying on top of Mikey, trying to check up on his condition. Voltage looked up, his forehead covered in blood, the dreads, spikes and rainbow aura bang, soaked by blood.[br]

“Damn...” he uttered, near to silently under his breath, before blacking out.

## 3 - No Hospitality

### Chapter 3-No Hospitality.[br]

[br]

A bleeping of a heart rate monitor is the only thing that the heavily bandaged Mikey can hear the next day, but he was unable to open his eyes due to the amount of things going on in his head. His mind was recalling the events that happened with him and Vertigo. Holding onto his swords, his mind went mental with thoughts of what happened during his and his friends dormancy. What was happening? Why were they under Eggman's control? How did Eggman become a dominant force? More importantly, where was his family? His other friends? Miles? His vision of fighting Vertigo stood out, more fore mostly, how did he do it?[br]

[br]

*Vertigo was on his hands and knees, his face covered in cuts and slashes, blood trickling slowly from them, the most damaging wound coming from a huge gash from the right side of his chest. Voltage only needed to use his right hand sword, Thunder Aura to bring Vertigo to his knees. Mikey smirked with confidence, with blood trickling from his lip.[br]*

*"Eggman obviously tried to deceive me, by saying that you were the "Ultimate Life form" ..." he scoffed, flicking the blood off the kissaki\*, "but, as usual, he was wrong, and underestimated me!"[br]*

*Vertigo started to snigger, then the snigger grew into an malevolent laugh. Mikey gave a perplexed look towards the fallen being. Vertigo disappeared behind a ferocious ball of purple and red fire. Mikey backed off to avoid the combustion, shocked with what just occurred in front of his eyes , before bumping into something other than the wall. He gradually turned around to see Vertigo, standing in front of him, grinning nonchalantly. How can he disappear, and reappear behind him, without the damage that was inflicted by Mikey?[br]*

*Vertigo lifted a fist up, while it was glowing a light purple. "Chaos..." he called out, and disappeared, without a trace. Mikey held his sword parallel to his chest, eagle-eyeing all corners of the area that they've been fighting in, the corridor had slashes in the concrete, the wooden cupboard, ruined by the fight. [br]*

*The fight started by Vertigo kicking him in the back of the head, while he was retrieving his swords from the cupboard.[br]*

*Mikey lowered his guard, assuming that the fight was over, and Vertigo ran off. He turned to walk back towards where Chain, Rogue and Thorn were cleaning up, until...[br]*

*" TRACER!" Vertigo reappeared in front of him and swung the glowing fist at Mikey. Voltage braced himself for impact, closing his eyes and being unable to unsheathe his left hand sword, Phoenix Plume.*

*He opened his eyes, looking at the Hedgesquirrel, who glanced back, closed his eyes and smiled malevolently. "Check your chest, Wolfy." On that command, Mikey looked down towards his chest, a light purple globe protruded from the middle of his chest. His face practically turned white with terror.[br]*

*"Not good, most definitely not good." He thought in panic. Vertigo reopened his eyes, grinned even more sadistically, and snapped his fingers. The orb, virtually blew up on his chest, knocking him on his back, sliding at least ten feet before stopping. He laid for two seconds, got onto his knees, before collapsing back on the floor in a pool of blood. He did the same amount of damage on him, but with one punch. Impossible![br]*

*"Get up!" Vertigo commanded, and lashed out on the reopened chest scar. Mikey coughed up blood as soon as the kick connected, looking as he just got shot by a shotgun. "GET UP!". Voltage slowly got up to his feet, dripping blood all over the place. "Let this be a lesson to you," he spat in his face, then without warning, laid into Mikey with a flurry of fists. Mikey, unable to block any of the pummelling, gradually blacking out from blood-loss.[br]*  
[br]

*"Pssst, Mikey, you awake?" Mikey, snapped his eyes open, looking at the door, seeing Thorn standing at the door, holding a package and a file with the Eggman insignia. Mikey nodded, and signalled to close the door behind him. "Man, you took a pummelling from that freak."[br]*

"I know, I didn't see half of the attacks... Damn..." he mentioned to Thorn.[br]

"Mikey, a purple cat girl left this with us", handing over the package to Mikey, who grabbed it by the strings.[br]

Mikey looked at the label, and read it to himself.[br]

"Dear Mikey,[br]

Make sure you open this up as soon as you wake up, it's your trademark clothes.[br]  
Love from... you know who. Xxxxxx."[br]

"Blaze," he said, smiling like he met an old friend, for the first time in years.[br]

"Who?"[br]

"Never mind," he replied quickly, shaking his head. He untied the string, unwrapped the paper and took out the items of clothing. His bandana, trademark hat, a fedora, a "Combi Buff"\*\*, his jacket and his black shirt with the Masamoto phoenix *kamon*\*\*\*. He shed a tear due to the fact that someone made it through the time he was immobilised. He then reached into his hat, pulling out two pieces of folded paper, spreading them out, and looking at them for at least a minute, before being interrupted by Thorn.[br]

"What is that?"[br]

“A couple of old pics, one being of me and my little brother, and the other of my girlfriend, wearing my hat,” he answered, showing the pics to Thorn.[br]

“You look really cute without the tats and scars!” he laughed.[br]

“Ah, Shut it,” Mikey replied, being very embarrassed by the comment.[br]

Thorn looked at the girl in the other picture. “That’s the girl that gave us the package.” Mikey took another look at the girl, “She hasn’t change a bit in looks, as a matter of fact, she hasn’t changed a bit.”[br]

“Blaze? Wow, that’s the power of Quantum Aura crystals.”[br]

“Blaze, huh? You are lucky.”[br]

“I know.” Mikey told Thorn, tears welling up in his eyes.[br]  
[br]

Thorn grabbed the folder from the table and shoved into Voltage’s chest that was wrapped up in bandages, connecting with the cut.[br]

“OW!”[br]

“Whoops. Sorry,” he told Mikey, struggling to restrain his laughter.[br]

“Ought to be, What is this?”[br]

“A profile on “Project: Vertigo”, but it’s encrypted with a code.” The folder had a digital lock on an aluminium folder.[br]

“Ok, “3GG, M4N”.” With that, the folder clicked open.[br]

“That was simple.”[br]

“But complicated enough for you to not get it.”[br]

Thorn, unimpressed by those few words, thumped Mikey in the cut on the chest.[br]

“OW,OW,OW! Okay, I deserved that.”[br]

“Let’s put that behind us, now.”[br]

“Agreed.”[br]

Mikey took a look at the few pages that were in the folder, two of the pages caught his eye. “Here, take a look at this...” He told Thorn. Thorn scanned through the page.[br]

“Wow, wait until he hears this.”[br]

Mikey smirked, but he looked at the second page, which wiped the smirk clean off his face, and replaced it with rage.[br]

“What’s wrong?” Thorn enquired. Mikey replied by giving the page to him.[br]

“Ok,...test complete. Subject...” Then Thorn looked at Mikey in shock. “In Critical State.”[br]

“The “Subject”... was my brother.”[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

\*=Japanese for the tip of the sword.[br]

\*\*=Google “Buff Headgear”.[br]

\*\*\*=Japanese for crest.

## 4 - Standing Ground

### Chapter 4: Standing Ground.

[br]

A hospital bed in the critical conditions wing was occupied with Miles Prower, an oxygen mask obscuring the face of the two tailed fox, also un-aged by the quantum aura crystals, but his arm was heavily burned, and his chest was discoloured by chaos energy. His fur, stained by his own blood from the tests that they committed for Vertigo's test of power. Outside the cubicle, Mikey, heavily bandaged, the chest uncovered, showing the reopened scar, the fur around it, heavily stained by blood, looked through the glass panes, his face, fixed in an detached expression, his eyes static, unblinking. His right hand clasping onto his swords, looking as he was on the verge of breaking. He walked slowly towards the door of the cubicle, his left hand reached in the direction of the door handle...[br]

[br]

"Voltage?" a voice piped up from his right. Mikey stopped millimetres from grasping the handle, and, keeping his hand outstretched, looked in the direction of the voice. A hedgehog, young in appearance and just smaller than Mikey, black spines appearing from his head in the same form as Sonics.[br]

"Dante? What the hell are you doing here?" he asked, with slight confusion.[br]

"Jericho accidentally ripped his hand up with a Jaguar engine we found on the scrapheap... more importantly..." he said to him, with a hint of perplexity, "...How come you're standing up? I mean, the severity of that cut on your chest, for a normal being, that would at least stop you from walking for at least three months..."[br]

"Dante, shut it!" He snapped at him. Dante faltered to reply. "I'm not a normal being, am I? And besides, my little brother's in there..." Dante tried to respond to the question, but Mikey walked in to Tails' cubicle.[br]

"H-hey, Voltage, what are you doing?" Dante asked, frightened that he might be breaking a few rules, and dashed in behind him.[br]

[br]

Mikey looked on, his brother in the bed, Tails' breathing was slow, his eyes closed, his hands were relaxed. Mikey reached for his brothers hand, but...[br]

Tails' eyes snapped open, his hand snatched a handgun from the drawer next to the bed and held it to his brothers head, his eyes fixed on his eyes, the finger on the trigger, clearly panicking. Dante practically jumped out of his skin when he saw the pistol being aimed at Mikey's head, but Mikey never moved a muscle, and stared into Miles' petrified eyes.[br]

“Miles,” Mikey whispered to him, nudging the gun away from his face, only for him to put it straight back to him, but he was now shaking like a leaf in a hurricane. “Miles, It’s me, Mikey” he whispered, nudging the pistol away for the second time. This time, Tails kept the gun down, but his eyes welled up with tears. Without warning, Tails sprang up and grabbed him, tears streaming down his face, hugging him as hard as he could, sending the gun flying across the room. The gun hit the flooring, firing the bullet at Dante’s head. He managed to avoid the projectile within a few millimetres, his face was a picture of hilarity, his pupils were pin-point small, and he was sweating like a pig, but neither Mikey or Miles paid any attention, because for the first time in years, this was the first time they met as brothers. Tails was crying heavily, clearly delighted to see his brother alive from all of the years.[br]

“I really missed you, Mikey,” he sobbed, “I really did.”[br]

“As did I, Miles,” Mikey said, also crying as heavily as Tails, for the first time in many years. “I’m seriously thankful that you’re alive.”[br]  
[br]

“Erm, excuse me?” a feminine voice came from the door. Dante turned around, but the tearful brothers never reacted. The female voice came from a busty eighteen year old pink hedgehog, with long, dark pink hair. She was wearing a traditional nurses outfit, and wearing a badge that said “Typhoon”. “You two aren’t supposed to be here, this patient is still in critical condition.”[br]

“Uhh... they’re brothers and they haven’t seen each other for a very long time..” Dante started to speak, but Typhoon cut him off.[br]

“But that still doesn’t mean that you can’t come in here,” she spoke in a very commanding voice, “So can you two please come out of here?”[br]

Dante faltered for the second time that day. Voltage looked behind him to see the nurse standing there. He wiped the tears from his face and turned back to Tails.[br]

“Listen, Miles,” He started, very faintly, but loud enough for Tails to hear, “I’m going to get them to put you in the other bed in my room in the hospital. There, I can keep a close eye on what’s happening to you, okay?”[br]

Tails wiped the tears from his face and nodded, still slightly sobbing from the emotion.[br]

“Brother...” Miles said while tears started to well up in his eyes again. “Don’t let him attack me again, brother... please?” With that, he burst into tears again and held onto Mikey. “Please... He’s a monster, Mikey...”[br]

“Miles,” Mikey softly said, “If he lays one finger on you, I’m going to cut him in half, I’m not going to let him get you.”[br]

“Thank you, Mikey!” Tails cried out. With that, Mikey walked out, holding on to his chest in great pain.[br]  
[br]

Dante and Typhoon was waiting outside, talking to each other, holding each others hand. Mikey silently closed the door behind him, looked at them without them noticing, and cleared his throat to catch their interest. Both of them turned their heads towards Mikey, and Typhoon broke off from holding each others hands.[br]

“About time you came out, you aren’t supposed to be out of your room at this moment in time,” she explained to him.[br]

“Listen, my little brother is very distraught, and he wants to go into the same room as mine, okay?”[br]

“Sir, I don’t think that’ll be possible...”[br]

“JUST DO IT, NOW!!!” He shouted, making a few patients to raise their heads and look in their direction.[br]

Typhoon was lost for words, temporarily. “Okay, I’ll get the staff to move him there.” She eventually said.[br]

“Thank you,” Mikey replied.[br]  
[br]

About half an hour later, Tails was moved into the same room as Mikey, and for the first time, Miles managed to relax.[br]

“Without the threat of Vertigo,” Miles thought to himself, “I should be safe.”[br]

Jericho, a grey hedgehog, with the same chest as Shadow’s and wearing green sneakers, and his left hand heavily bandaged, occupied the third bed in the room, leaving Dante to have the last one in the room. They were just about to start a game of Texas Hold’em with a set of cards that Dante brought in, but Vertigo barged in without notice, looking around for something, or someone. He ignored Dante and Jericho and looked directly at Miles, who instantly shrank away, cowering behind his cards, trying desperately to ignore him. Vertigo smirked, with a twisted look, then turned to Mikey. His twisted smirk turned to a twisted smile.[br]

“Why, if it isn’t the Prower brothers,” Vertigo scoffed. Dante and Jericho looked on, confused by what was happening in front of them. “I can’t wait for the next test, you two tailed freak!” he shouted at Miles, who teared up in fright of what would happen to him if it was him to be the target in a test.[br]

“You’ll shut the hell up!” Mikey snapped at him, and stood directly in front of him, clearly ticked off with him.[br]

“Heh, you couldn’t even fight me earlier on in the week, what are you gonna do?”[br]

“I’m not going to let you harm a hair on him,” he replied, breathing heavily.[br]

Vertigo smiled, turned and sniggered for a few seconds. Then, without warning, lashed out onto Mikey’s



open wound, covering his fist in blood. Unbelievably, Mikey didn't move a muscle, and looked on. Vertigo was dumbfounded by his resiliency. Mikey shook his head and threw a lightning right hook, connecting with Vertigo's cheek, shedding blood on his face. Vertigo reeled the tiniest bit, but recovered and wiped his cheek from his blood. Seeing his blood infuriated him. As he wound up for a knock out punch, a bat grabbed his fist and stopped him from swinging at Mikey's temples. The bat was a dark grey colour, wearing a leather sleeveless jacket, and very baggy jeans. His eyes were a very deep amber colour.[br]

"Vertigo, what the hell you doing?" he said eventually.[br]

"Scarce, I don't want you in my "conversations", especially when it's with these two." he replied, with a tone of voice that neither Mikey or Miles liked the sounds of.[br]

"Well, have it later," Scarce spoke to him, "and see to that cheek. Nurse?" Typhoon walked into the room.[br]

"Yes sir?" she asked.[br]

"See to my comrade here, please," with that, he walked out.[br]

"Okay, sir," she said, as she started to lead Vertigo out of the room. Vertigo's eyes was still fixed on Mikey's unchanged face. He then made an execution gesture to both Mikey and Miles, by running his thumb across his throat, then stormed out. Typhoon waved to Dante before she walked out as well, and he waved back. As soon as the door closed, Jericho looked at Dante with a smile.[br]

"I can't believe you actually got a girlfriend before me," Jericho laughed.[br]

"What? Wait, she isn't my girlfriend," Dante replied instantly, trying hard not to blush, but failing miserably.[br]

"Sure she isn't," Jericho laughed. Then he glanced at Mikey, who was checking the damage to the scar on his chest, which covered his palm of his hand in his own blood. "Voltage, you alright?" he eventually asked.[br]

"I'm fine," he responded, as he sat down, his face showing pain.[br]

"What are we going to do, Mikey?" Tails asked, with great dread in his voice. The room fell silent. Not a sound was made as they all looked to Mikey.[br]

"This is where we start," he finally answered.[br]

"Start what?" Dante questioned him. Mikey turned around to him, with a burning flame in his eye.[br]

"This is where we start standing our ground."