# Silence

**Story:** Silence  
**Storylink:** <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/5824475/1/>  
**Category:** Sonic the Hedgehog  
**Genre:** Horror/Suspense  
**Author:** cornwallace  
**Authorlink:** <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/251681/>  
**Last updated:** 03/17/2010  
**Words:** 3322  
**Rating:** M  
**Status:** Complete  
**Content:** Chapter 1 to 6 of 6 chapters  
**Source:** FanFiction.net  
  
**Summary:** Golden.

## \*Chapter 1\*: Prelude

The tip of the razor meets the side of the bullet.  
An almost illegible **S** is scrawled into the casing.

"Your name," his scratchy, yet somewhat high pitched voice growls, "is Sonic."

The rest of the letters in the name are etched in, following up the first.

"You're the fastest," he says, "so you need to go first. You'll never see it coming."

Trembling gloved fingers slide the ammunition into the open revolver.

He picks up another bullet from the box on his desk.

"Your name," he starts, readying the blade at the side of the tiny object of metal and lead, "is Bunnie, because you never loved me, and you never will."

Licking his lips, he breathes in deeply through his nose and holds it.  
The object is labeled and loaded into the gun.

Previous actions repeat.

"Your name is Sally, because you'll never be the leader I should have been."

Three bullets loaded, and the revolver is closed and locked.

Antoine holsters the weapon and leans back in his chair.  
He retrieves a cigarette and a matchbook from the desk beside him. Stuffs the cigarette into the corner of his mouth, folding the matchbook over and tearing out the last remaining match. He strikes it against the back of the book and lights up, inhaling the bittersweet slow death.

He plucks two more bullets from the box. He names them anonymous, and sits back to wait for the show to finally begin.

## \*Chapter 2\*: Step 1

"Bleed."

Crack. Crack. CRACK.

"Bleed, you fuck."

Another sickening blow, as Antoine finally begins to stand, limply tossing the bloody rock to the side and looking at his handiwork.  
What was once Sonic's head is now a flattened mess of cracked skull and mashed brain.  
He smiles and wipes away blood and particles of brain matter stuck to the fur on his face with the back of his blue coat sleeve.

"I'm going to enjoy killing you the most, Sonic."

-

Antoine snaps out of it.

Showtime.

He holsters the gun and stands up, throwing his arms through the blue jacket he wears every night, tightly fastening the buttons.

He stops to look at himself in the mirror. Staring intently into the face of what he has become.

"Antoine," he says, speaking to his own reflection. "I'm happy to be the one to inform you that your work here at Knothole Village has finally paid off. You're finally going to be promoted!"

He forces a twisted smile. His yellow, fucked up teeth almost shining, but not quite. It's more of a dingy glow.

"That's right, Antoine! Your journey to the top finally begins now."

He holds out his hand to shake.

"Don't blow it, now, kid."

-

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Knuckles rapping against the hard wooden door.  
Lightening strikes. Thunder, seconds to follow. The conditions are perfect.

The knocking continues until a light finally clicks on inside, visible through the curtains of the window right next to the door.

Antoine, very briefly, and very discreetly smiles.

The door opens. Sonic looks annoyed. Antoine has a worried expression on his face.

"What do you want?" Sonic asks with little enthusiasm.

"You must come quickly, Sonic! We haven't much time!"

"What the hell are you blathering about, Ant?"

Let's just say that Sonic and "Ant" don't have the friendliest of relationships.

"Something is seriously wrong with the ring pool, Sonic! It's unbelievable, you have to hurry!"

Antoine turns to lead the way when Sonic zooms past him, racing all the way to the ring pool in a matter of seconds.

His silhouette stands before the ring pool, a dim glow emanating from the murky depths. He scratches his head and listens got the wet, uncoordinated footsteps of Antoine to come plopping through the mud behind him.  
Finally, they do, accompanied by his rapid, shallow breathing, indicating that the poor fucker is out of shape.

"So, what's up with this thing, Ant?"

"You don't see it?" He manages to ask between breaths.

"Everything looks A-OK to me here," he says, starting to turn.

Antoine closes the distance between them, stopping just behind his shadowy figure.

"Look closer," he says, stopping him.

Sonic leans over, just slightly.  
Antoine reaches into his jacket, and firmly grasps the handle of his gun.  
Wait for it.

"I don't see anything."

Stupid fuck.

"Give it a second, Sonic. This defies all logic."

"Hrm."

Antoine inhales deeply...

Wait for it..  
Wait for it....

...and there it is...

Lightning strikes.  
For a split second, the bright flash of light illuminates Antoine drawing his pistol from the holster hidden inside of his coat, and quickly raising the barrel op the gun up to the back of Sonic's head. The click of the hammer being thumbed back immediately sets something off in his brain. He wants to violently react, but he cannot. He is frozen.  
His eyes widen as the gunshot goes off under the cover of thunder.

-

The light rapping of knuckles can be heard coming from the other side of Sally's door.

She rolls over in bed, not immediately recognizing the sound. The knocking continues.

"Hello?" She calls out to the darkness, half asleep.

No response.

Just light knocking.

She gets up, sleepily stumbling through the darkness of her hut, blindly groping the walls for a light switch.  
Finally, the light comes on, and Sally begins rubbing her eyes.

More knocking.

She looks at the door, a pit forming in her stomach.  
Bad feeling.

Suddenly, she is scared. Her trembling hand reaches over to the cold door knob and grips tightly. The doorknob turns, and she slowly pulls the door open.

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Sonic's corpse looks so peaceful, Antoine thinks to himself.  
The empty shell of what was once a great hero, just floating there. Lifeless. Alone. Nothing but a mere shadow obscuring a backdrop of cloudy yellow, slowly darkening to a deep orange due to the blood spilling from his damaged head.  
Antoine admires this for a moment before holstering his gun, dropping to his knees to lean over and grab his foot. He drags the corpse from the water out onto the land.

Antoine can barely make out what's left of his face in the pale moonlight. He smiles down at him and admires his handiwork. His left eye blown out. His other eye wide with fear. His jaw, slack. He saw it coming. He saw it coming, but this time, Sonic the hedgehog just wasn't fast enough. Kind of ironic, Antoine thinks to himself.

Kneeling down beside him, Antoine closes his eye, and pushes his jaw closed.

"You always were better than me, Maurice," he says lovingly to the corpse in a hushed tone.  
"But I think that must be why I have always hated you."

He closes his eyes, and leans down, pressing his lips hard against those of his cold, dead, lifetime competition.  
His lips lightly smack as they part and he raises his head back up.

"A kiss goodbye, to the worthiest of adversaries. A hero to many, a menace to some. It goes without saying, that surely, you will be missed."

-

"Are you okay, baby?" Sally asks Tails, picking the six-year-old up and bringing him into her home and out of the rain.  
She can't tell if he's been crying, or he's just soaked, but something seems to be wrong. Holding him to her torso, his head resting on her shoulder.

"I don't want to be alone, Aunt Sally," he says, sniffling. His tiny voice trembling. "I had a nightmare and I can't shake this horrible feeling that something really bad is about to happen."

"Aw, it's okay," she says, patting him on the back. "You can sleep with me tonight, if you'd like."

"I'd like that."

She sets him down and he looks up at her with his big, shiny blue eyes.

"Thank you, Aunt Sally."

-

The knife enters the stomach just below the center of the rib cage with relative ease.  
With little strain, he drags the blade downwards, until it grinds against the pelvic bone.

Antoine sheathes the boot knife and goes back to what he was doing.

He removes Sonic's organs from his useless body with his hands, grunting lowly as he forcefully removes them. He tosses them nonchalantly into the water behind him until he's feeling around a relatively empty cavity.

Quickly, Antoine gathers as many large stones as he can to fill the space. One by one, he places them in Sonic's torso before quickly and lazily sewing him back up.

Getting up, he bends down to pick up the lifeless body, straining.

"Heheh, you got heavy," he breathlessly notes to himself, grabbing him under the knees and neck, and tossing the inanimate Sonic into the water.

Splash.

He smiles, watching the hero sink to the bottom of the ring pool.

## \*Chapter 3\*: Step 2

"That's right, you fucking whore," he whispers roughly into her ear.

Hips thrusting back and forth, her cold metal legs hitting him in the sides, grinding against them. He can already feel the bruises.

"You bitch!"

Her good arm wrapped around him, nails digging into his back. Her metal arm sprawled out limply above her hand.

His hands slowly make their way around her throat, lightly squeezing at first.

"I love you, Bunnie," he says, softly, tightening his grip.  
"I love you, I love you, I love you."

She begins to weakly thrash about, but Antoine puts a stop to it.

Her face turns blue and her eyes slowly shut.

"I hate you."

-

Antoine snaps out of it.

He looks to his hands, noticing his blood stained gloves. He quickly removes them and stuffs them into his jacket pockets.  
Looking up, he notices Bunnie's hut in the distance. Her light is on. She's probably reading, Antoine thinks to himself. He likes to watch her.

"Gotta love the night shift," he says under his breath.

-

"My stars," she says, filling the second cup with tea. "I didn't expect to be havin' a guest this late."

"I hope I'm not putting you out," Antoine says quietly.

"Oh no, dahlin', it's no trouble at all."

She sets the glass in front of him.

"Thank you so much, Bunnie. You're a sweetheart."

"That storm out there is pretty fierce. I can't imagine you patrolin' all alone out there tonight."

"I really appreciate it."

"Do you do this every night?"

She sits across from him at the table and draws a sip from her little ceramic mug.

"Yes ma'am. Have for years."

"I wasn't aware of that."

"It's true, however I don't expect you to know that. I'm kind of invisible around here. Nobody pays me any mind. I'm something of a loner."

"You must have someone you can call close."

"No ma'am. All alone."

"Do you just not like people, or something."

"The other way around. I guess it's more because people don't really like me."

"I couldn't guess why, suga. You seen like a mighty fine gentlemen to me."

Antoine slightly blushes and sips his tea.

"If only more people felt that way," he mutters to himself.

He finishes off his cup of tea and gets up to put it in the sink. On his way back to the table, he admires the back of her head, his steps slowing.  
Approaching at a snail's pace.

"You have a really pretty neck, Bunnie," he says, licking his lips and stopping just behind her,

"Uh, yeah. Heh. Thank you," she nervously responds.

"It's just too bad," he whispers.

"What?"

She begins to turn, only to be interrupted by a bullet mangling her ear and tearing into her fragile Mobian skull. Ear flops to the side, dangling, hanging on by a mere thread. The force pushes her to the left as she leans over to the side. Gravity drags her from the chair to the floor like a rag doll made up of seventy-five percent robot.  
Antoine smiles and licks his lips.

"Bleed," he says to the shell, nudging her face to cause more blood to leak out of her gaping head wound out onto the tile she lays on. "Bleed, you cunt."

-

"I'm scared, Aunt Sally."

"Shh, baby. It's okay. I'm here to protect you. Nothing will happen to you while I'm here. Promise."

-

"A kiss," he says, planting one on Bunnie's cold, dead lips. " To the one I love, I am invisible. You never even knew I existed. And now, you do not."

He gets up and briefly looks around the place.

"I wish I could have shared your life with you. Then, I wouldn't have had to take it from you."

He wipes his wet eyes with his knuckles and sighs.

"Why couldn't you just share?"

Then, finally, he turns to the door and leaves.

## \*Chapter 4\*: intermission

"Once upon a time, there was a god."

Antoine takes a sip of his coffee and leas back.

"Is that so?"

His reflection winks at him.

"Yes sir. He loved them with all of his heart."

"I didn't know god had a heart."

"Figure of speech, Ant."

"I hate it when people call me that. And you know it."

"Perhaps better than you."

"Hrm. Right."

"So, what's our next move?"

"Kill Sally?"

"Yeah. Right after I finish this coffee."

"Antoine?"

"Yes?"

"Do you love me?"

"No. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't say I do."

"Than you can never be happy."

"Why's that?"

"You have to learn to like yourself before you can ever be anywhere close to happy."

"Bullshit. What I need, is silence."

"Suit yourself. I'm only trying to help."

"Yeah, well, fuck you."

"Aw, Ant. That's no way to speak about yourself."

"Whatever. Anyway, back on topic."

"Yeah, okay. So, god loved his people, however, they were ungrateful. No matter what they got, it was never good enough. Never happy with what they had. They always wanted more, so eventually god stopped trying. And when this happened they rejected him. Shut him out. He could see the glorious planet and watch, but they would simply ignore his presence when he would visit. But he couldn't just sit there and watch his planet destroy itself. All of his beautiful creations. He couldn't stand to watch it happen. God killed himself to avoid witnessing our own self destruction, something still happening to this day."

"Ha. Right."

## \*Chapter 5\*: Step 3

He's on top of her, and she's screaming very loudly.  
His hands wrapped around her face, his thumbs pushing their way through her eyes.

"So much of a strong leader you are, stupid fucking cunt."

Thumbs wet with blood and other bodily fluids, he forces them as deep as they can go into her eye sockets, pushing through what's left of her eyes into the brain.

Even louder screams tearing through her vocal chords.

-

Antoine snaps out of it.

"Sally," he says to himself.

It's time.

His eyes strain to make out her hut in the dark distance.

-

Shink.

Still asleep, Sally rolls over onto her side, towards Tails.

Crack.

Gurgling noises snatch her from her slumber, and hurl her back into the real world.

Her eyes open slowly.

Vision comes into focus, and she immediately begins to scream.

Tails stares up at the ceiling, eyes wide open, blood leaking from is gaping jaw, and spurting from around the edges of the knife in his throat.

A bloody gloved and holds it in place, pinning Tails to the bed. His hand leaves the hilt of the blade and draws his firearm.

She scrambles out of her bed and makes a break for the door.

Quickly aims and pulls the trigger. The projectile leaps from the barrel and buries itself into her upper spine. She falls face first into the door and slides to the ground.

He wrenches his boot knife from Tails' neck and approaches her broken figure.

Leaning in, he looks her in the face.

"It's okay, Sally. You needed this. We both did."

She stares at him with a confused expression on her face. A line of blood and saliva leaks from her bottom lip.

"You had a good run, Princess."

She wants to speak, but she can't.

He kisses her and smiles.

Then he knifes her in the throat. Hard.

"Goodnight, Princess Sally."

## \*Chapter 6\*: Peace & quiet

"What are you doing out here past curfew?"

The rain falling down on them. Hard.

"I thought I heard a gunshot."

"Must have been the thunder. Go back to your hut, Rotor."

"Could you at least check into it for me?"

"Sure thing. I've got it handled."

"Thank you, Ant."

-

On the monitor, Antoine can be seen coming. Robotnik sits there at his desk, rubbing his chin. He emerged out of the darkness, and now he slowly trudges through the rain towards the big bright lights of the city.

"Snively?"

"Yes sir?"

"Our guest of honor has arrived. Go pick him up."

"Right away, sir."

-

Antoine looks up to see the headlights of a car approaching.  
The vehicle stops just sort of him. The door opens and Snively steps out.

"Get in. I've been sent by the doctor to retrieve you."

Antoine silently complies, opening the passenger side door and getting in.  
Snively backs up and turns around, taking Antoine back with him into the city.

-

"Did you do it?"

"What?"

"You know. Kill Sonic. Did you actually manage to do it?"

"Yeah, I killed him."

"How?"

"Shot him. Back of the head. Never saw it coming."

"Uncle Ivo will be pleased."

"I'm sure he will."

-

"Come in and have a seat, my dear boy. No need to be shy."

Antoine takes a seat on the guest side of his office's desk.

"Welcome aboard, Antoine. You have certainly made the right decision."

"I killed Sonic."

"I know."

"How?"

"I know much more than you might think, sir. About everyone and everything."

"What?"

"I've known the location of Knothole for quite some time. Consider all of this sport. As we speak, a team of SWATbots carry on to finish the job you started. It'll be a piece of cake with all the threats eliminated."

He laughs and leans back in his chair.

Antoine looks at him for a second, before glancing to his left, at Snively.

"I like you, Antoine."

Ant looks up at the monitors in time to see Rotor being dragged, kicking and screaming out of his hut by a SWATbot.

"I admire this, sir. All of it. You could say I envy you, in a way."

"How sweet."

"I want it, sir. I want it all, and I want it now."

"Excuse me?"

-----Step 1: Draw firearm.  
-----Step 2: Cock firearm.  
-----Step 3: Aim.  
-----Step 4: Fire.  
-----Step 5: Repeat steps 3 & 4 in another direction.

Got Robotnik in the windpipe. Shot Snively in the heart.

Antoine gets up and walks around the desk. Straining, he manages to push the fat fucker out of his chair, so he can take his seat.

He sits there on his throne, all alone, staring at the screens.  
Watching his former colleagues cry, scream, and fight back in vain, only to brutally have their heads smashed in.  
Smiling, he picks up the remote and turns the monitors off.

Antoine picks up the lighter Robotnik kept on his desk, and pulls a cigarette out from the pack in his coat pocket.  
He lights the cigarette and sighs.

"Peace. This is all I ever wanted, just peace. And now I've destroyed the problem causers. And now I have peace. No more fighting. No more war. Just peace."

Sweet silence.