# Deflower

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**Summary:** To enter your thoughts for just a few seconds, as you pick my heart from your teeth. The obscene dance of our memories. What you touched and what you tore. In time, perhaps something resembling guilt will devour us.

## \*Chapter 1\*: Deflower

Wish I could say when exactly it was that he decided I wasn't good enough for him.  
I dunno. Maybe it's always been this way, and I've just been stupid enough to think I could satisfy him. Does that make me foolish? I suppose it does..

"I'll be back later," he says, putting on his red sneakers and tying them faster than my eyes can follow. "Don't wait up."

"Where are you going?"

"Don't worry about it," he replies.

Feel like I don't know him anymore.  
Like I lost the only thing in life that mattered.

"Don't go," I plead. "Stay in. I'll make us some dinner, and we can watch a movie, or something."

"No, that's okay," he says, not even looking at me.

"Please, Sonic... stay with me tonight."

"Just fucking drop it, alright? It's not happening."

Shut up. Just like he wants me to.  
The door closes behind him, and I wonder what it is I did.

Wish I could read minds, so I could figure out what he wanted from me. So I could fix it.  
Then again, I wish for a lot of things these days. None of them ever come true...

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Push down and twist the cap counter-clockwise. Fucking child-proof safety. It's not like he plans on giving me what I want anytime soon.

I just wanted a family. Something to build. Is that selfish?  
Don't know. Don't even care anymore. I traded my sadness for numbness ages ago. It's better than feeling.

Pop the pill to the back of my throat into a pocket of saliva. Antidepressants. I wish I had a glass of vodka to wash them down, but then again, I wish for a lot of things these days. And none of them ever come true.

Sonic....  
A hero.  
An angel with an amber halo. Black wings and a pitchfork that he's constantly stabbing me with. I try not to cry, but it's a hard thing to avoid.

I try to think back to when he treated me well, but I can't think of a single time.

I'm happy, I think.  
Or content. I can't even tell the difference anymore.

Sitting here, on our beautiful couch, our expensive couch, and try not to think about him. It's hard not to. When I turn on the television, I cry. Not because it reminds me of the times we shared, but because it's obvious that I'm trying to avoid an issue.

The pill bottle was left open. I take another one. I don't want to feel.

Remember when he used to hold me in his arms. Remember when he used to fuck me. Remember when he used to make me feel special, before disappearing off into his life.  
He has me convinced I'm the center of his universe.

Wasn't even the last person I fucked. I feel bad, just thinking about it. The last person I fucked was his best friend, Tails.  
Don't look at me like I don't give a shit. I do. I feel horrible.

Tails dated me before Sonic ever did. I would be lying if I said I didn't love him. But I fucked that up, too.

My situation is a hard one to explain.

You know the first thing I ever fell in love with about Sonic was his back?

It's true.

I was enamored with it.

Was always behind him. He never even looked at me. Never even knew I existed.

Staring into the blank Tv, I wonder what's wrong with me.

He's all I can think about these days.

Guess this is karma. Getting back at me.  
I cheated on him four times. The other two times wasn't about love. I guarantee that.  
There was Nack. Then there was Knuckles.

Don't really care for them. It wasn't about that. Sonic and I were having an argument on both occasions, and the opportunities just presented themselves.  
Am I wrong? Does this make me a bad person?

Sonic treats me like shit. Is that justification?  
I don't know. I don't know a lot these days. I've been lost for quite some time.  
Either way, I suppose I had it coming. I guess I deserve it. All of it.

Tails, though. He meant something. I never forgot him. I know, it's stupid, but I never did. He mattered so much to me, but I let him go over something so dumb. I didn't think he could give me what I wanted out of life. I didn't think he was interested. But he was. Five years too late, I find out that he was.  
He's always been my friend. My best friend, in fact. Someone I try to go to with any problem. I try not to bother the poor kid, though.  
He was always there for me. I dragged him through hell and back, and he's always been there for me. My best friend.  
I gave him to my other best friend.  
Cream.  
Gave him to my other best friend, and I hate them both for it...

Have you ever loved more than one person at the same time? Have you ever had to hide the whole story from everyone you care most about? Have you ever shared everything with one single being who can never be yours?  
If not, than you can never understand.

I hate my life...

Have you ever wanted to stop existing? To just die, and disappear into thin air? Have you ever wanted this, and lacked the courage to follow through?

Take another pill. They're not working on me like they should.

Stare at the blank Tv screen and wonder where my life went. I think about Sonic, I think about Tails, I think about me.  
I think about life. I think about death.  
Try not to think about anything, as I stare into the black Tv screen.

"Why do you stop working on me?" I ask the bottle with no response. Voice breaking.

I take another pill, and lay back, eyelids slowly coming together, covering my naked eyes.

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Swimming, struggling to keep my head above water.  
The sun set oh so long ago, replaced with dark cloudy skies darkened with the rain to come.  
Waves getting bigger and bigger, swallowing me, sucking me down. Kicking desperately, fighting vigorously just to resurface and catch my breath.  
Screams going unheard, cries drowned out by the crashing water all around me.  
Lightning strikes in the distance, flashing brightly, lighting up the sky like a massive broken strobe light fr a couple of beats. Everything goes dark again, and the delayed crash shocks me, before being devoured by another wave.  
Anger washes over me.  
Resurface.  
Another wave crashing down on me.  
Sadness.  
Kicking, fighting, struggling.  
Draw in the cold air, sharply stinging my lungs.  
It's raining now. Heavily. Lightning strikes once again.  
Reaching for the black sky, searching frantically for the stars, but they stay hidden behind the thick blanket of dark clouds.  
I can't even remember when it was I lost my way.  
Wave consumes me, along with despair.  
Regret.  
Fear.  
A sea of emotions eats me alive.  
Suffocating, current pulling me under.  
No matter how much I struggle, I cannot escape. I cannot resurface.  
Draw in a lungful of salty hatred.  
Choking, fading away...

I try to think of a sunrise, but nothing comes to mind.

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The light creeps in through the thin curtains.  
Awake. God knows for how long.  
Daylight. The time is unknown to me.

Eyes scan the somewhat dimly lit living room. I wonder what time it was exactly I fell asleep. Look over to the VCR which tells me it's already after ten.

Head hurts.

Blink twice. Wipe the mess from the corners of my eyes with the knuckle and fingertip of my left hand.

Yawn.

Still tired, I force myself up off the couch. Legs stiff. Stumble my way down the hall, eyes locked on the cracked door at the end.

Press the door open with the flat palm of my right hand. Creaking, light creeping it's way across the length of the quiet, dark bedroom to reveal a desolate, neatly made bed.  
My heart sinks.

Where could he be?

Try not to cry as I make my way across the shadows of the empty room over to the bathroom door.  
I need a shower.  
Fingers grasp the knob in the darkness instinctively, and the door opens. Hand snakes around the wall and fumbles for the switch on the other side. Flip them both on accident, and the room lights up with the hum of the vent above. Flip the switch closer to me back down, and the noise dies down. Step in, removing my blouse and neatly folding it and placing it on the lid of the toilet seat. Thumbs hook the inside of my panties through the top, bending over to pull them down along with my skirt. When they meet the floor, I step out of them, placing them gently on top of the skirt.

Sigh.

My naked form catches the corner of my eye in the reflection to my left. Stop and turn, admiring myself. Perhaps admiring is the wrong word, because I don't admire this ugly body one bit.  
Let's say I'm taking it in.  
Critically judging all that makes up the worthless creature that is Amy Rose.

I cannot stand to look at it any longer. Turn to the bathtub and step in. Close the curtain behind me, and bend over to turn the water on.  
Pull the lever over the faucet to redirect the water.

Washing over me, the cool liquid makes me shudder. Fingers work the knobs to adjust it properly. Getting warmer.  
Stand back up again, water splashing my face and trickling down my back, between my spines.

Eyes close.

His face is etched into my mind. His stoic, emotionless face. Judging me coldly, from behind that brick wall he calls a facial expression.  
I wish I could break the wall, but I cannot.

And Tails called me hard to read..

Open my eyes back up, only to close them once again.

This time, I see him.  
Tails.

Hands working in second nature, they grab the body wash and the loufa. Thumb flicking open the cap and tipping the bottle over the spongy material. Squeezing it, and closing it back up, setting it back in it's rightful place.

I see Tails sobbing before me, naked and helpless.

Like a tipped tumbler, all of his contents spilling forth onto the ground before me. I can only look at it, staring, watching the puddle spread wider and wider.  
Forming in thin pools around my bare feet.

I speak in metaphors.

Washing, scrubbing, rinsing.

Soap caught by running water washes down my body, swirling around and disappearing into the drain at my feet. Dripping down the bridge of my nose.  
Free hand's fingers tracing my chest down passed my navel.

A sigh escapes my lips as my wet fingertips trace my cunt, gently rubbing against my clitoris, sending chills down my spine. Constant pelting against my back as I drop the loufa and plant the soapy palm of my newly freed hand against the moist tile wall in front of me.

I am pathetic.

Picturing Tails in here with me, kissing me, caressing me as I mirror his actions.

"Are you nervous?" I ask.

"Yes," he responds.

"Don't be."

I am worthless.

Picturing Sonic holding me in his big, strong, arms. Protecting me, arms wrapped tightly around me, kissing me.

"Don't ever leave me," I plead.

"Don't worry, baby," he says, "I love you."

For a second, I almost feel special.

I am disgusting.

Picturing the blade of my razor running at an angle down my leg, separating the skin, scarlet pools forming around the laceration.

Picturing the street from the window on the top floor of this apartment complex I live in, getting closer and closer to me.

Picturing the scorching bowels of our kitchen stove.

Rubbing myself harder, stifling moans into my shoulder, biting it.

Picturing Sonic fucking me hard. Fast. Choking me. Slapping me. Punching me. Abusing me.

I hate myself.

Climaxing, holding myself steady, stifled moans muffled by the skin on my shoulder.

Inhale.

Knees buckle, and arm drags against the side of the wet wall as I slide down to my ass.

Hands buried in my face, I try in vain not to start sobbing.

The last time I got laid was months ago. His name was Tails, and it ruined our friendship.

He doesn't want to kiss me anymore. He doesn't want to hold me. I make an advance, he pushes me away.

He doesn't want me..

I am dirty.  
I am filthy.  
I am ugly.  
I am grotesque.

I deserve this. . . . . .

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Drying my naked body off, course towel rubbing against my smooth skin, dampening with the droplets I wipe from myself.

Throw the damp towel over the rack next to the shower.

Turn around to face the fogged mirror. Scan the counter for my purse. Fish out my bottle of antidepressants.

It doesn't start off as a suicide attempt.

Twist the cap off the child-proof cap to my little orange bottle of pills. Spill a couple of pills onto the bottom of the cap, and pop them to the back of my throat. As I swallow, my mind begins to wander. I think about my life. I think about the things I've accomplished in my life. I try to outweigh the moments in my life I could really look back on in disgust with the ones I look back on with fond memory. To my disdain, I cannot. Trading my pain for numbness, I pour myself a handful of pills and swallow with difficulty. Think about those I've hurt in some way, and I'm sure I can't even think of them all. Think about how sorry I am I ever existed, and dump the remaining contents directly into my mouth, and bite down, crushing the horrible tasting pills between my teeth. I just want it to end, I just want this to all be over. Is that so much to ask? Is it selfish? I don't know. I don't fucking care. Straining to swallow, almost choking. Snatch the straight razor Sonic uses to keep his face cleanly shaven off the counter top, and stumble my way into the bedroom. Make my way to the vanity mirror at the end of the bed we share and plop down in the seat. Examine myself for a moment before my eyes focus on the razor nestled between my fingers. Open it, revealing the blade and my focus returns to the mirror before me. Watching myself, I press the blade against my body, my chest, the skin just above my right tit. Doesn't take much pressure for the sharpened edge to divide the flesh. Skin separating, opening up, dragging across the surface of my body to create a long line. Blood leaking from it in slowly dripping streaks. I don't even feel it. I don't feel anything. Bring the blade up to my mouth, and lick the edge, which sinks into my tongue. Warm, thick liquid leaking into my mouth as I twist the blade and dig it into my left cheek. Struggling to drag it through, across my face to the back of my jaw. Disconnection. My teeth visible through the outside of my face. Remove the cold metal from my mouth, and redirect it to my nose. Sawing into it, teeth gritting, eyes shut, and I picture his face. Oh, how I wish he would just save me. The hero of Mobius. He could save me so easily, but for some reason, he just refuses. Eyes refuse to open, so I trace the outline of my lids, and pull them away with a little difficulty, skin tearing away in rough patches. Blood running down my face, shaking so violently I drop the straight razor to the ground beneath me. I can't tell if I'm laughing or crying. His face, his expressionless face plaguing me, staring at me from behind the glass surface of the mirror before me. Halo floating above his head, glowing intensely. Black wings spread out. Clutching a flaming pitchfork in his strong hands, drawing it back, ready to stab, stab, stab me, burning away my soul and reducing me to ash. I cry out to him, I beg him to look at me, to hold me, to touch me.

Hear me.

Notice me.

Focus on me.

Hold me.

Feel me.

Fuck me.

Think about me and only me.

Are these destroyed features of mine what you might consider pretty?

Am I good enough for you, yet?