



Hello, Little Spark (Welcome Home)

Sonic the Hedgehog - All Media Types - Not Rated - 1248 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Sonic the Hedgehog - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Miles "Tails" Prower & Sonic the Hedgehog

Characters: Sonic the Hedgehog, Miles "Tails" Prower

Tags: My First Work in This Fandom, AI-Generated Images, Developing Friendships, Found Family, or getting there at least, Tails was adopted and raised by an elderly human couple called the Prowers, I also have this vague idea that some characters like Ray were his foster siblings, Hero Worship, Fluff and Angst, Headcanon, War, Protective Sonic the Hedgehog, Miles "Tails" Prower Needs a Hug, and gets one!, they aren't like siblings yet but they will be, Cute, Miles "Tails" Prower and Sonic the Hedgehog are Siblings, or at least they will be, Mentioned Dr. Eggman | Dr. Robotnik, Mentioned Uncle Charles "Chuck" Hedgehog, Accidental Child Acquisition, More accurately: Spontaneous Child Acquisition, Tails is 10 and Sonic's like 14-16, Miles "Tails" Prower and Sonic the Hedgehog are Like Siblings, I know I said they weren't but to be fair they're already really really attached to each other, Sonic the Hedgehog is Miles "Tails" Prower's Parent, ← another interpretation of where this goes, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, sorta - Freeform, I wrote this in one sitting and edited it while posting

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A retelling not of Sonic and Tails' first meeting, but of the moment afterwards, when Sonic looks back at one face amongst many he's met during his fight against Robotnik... and decides that maybe this particular face isn't one he wants to leave behind.

(Number of fics until I reach 300: 3...)

Rarely, some Mobians have special powers, like Sonic's speed. Tails doesn't yet know he's one of them and can fly. The spark he and Sonic get sometimes when they touch is their powers reacting to each other, hence why it mainly happens when Sonic's running or Tails' tails are involved.

Sonic looked over his shoulder at the little fox. The one that he had saved, and had fought by his side with the bizarre gadgets he kept in his unassuming, worn backpack.

The one whose family had been captured by Robotnik. His adoptive family, Sonic reminded himself, which meant it was the second time the poor little guy had ended up all alone.

(Sonic tried to ignore the sharp pang of loss and worry for his Uncle Chuck, spiking thickly over the similar but dulled pang for his own long-lost parents)

(It wasn't easy to ignore, and he didn't really succeed)

The kid was smiling and waving goodbye as if they hadn't both just had several near-death experiences on that misadventure of theirs. As if he wasn't a child making his way in the world by himself, trying to take on Robotnik just like Sonic was.

As if he really was perfectly fine with how Sonic was walking away.

Miles sighed and turned around, fighting against the urge to look back and watch Sonic for as long as he could.

The hedgehog was so cool! The way he casually defied about eighty laws of physics whenever he used that superspeed of his, the way he seemed unbothered by everything, the way he acted so brave and noble and heroic no matter how dangerous the situation was... Miles would've really liked to have gotten to know him better, been his friend even.

Miles shook his head sharply in a bid to rid himself of the thought. As much as he would've liked to spend more with the older boy, he couldn't afford to waste brain-power lamenting such things. He needed to find shelter somewhere where the Egg patrols wouldn't find him, someplace near food and water and preferably some sort of scrapyard or junkyard where he could start gathering parts. He'd have to steal what he needed, of course.

He wasn't a thief by nature, but it shouldn't be too difficult to figure it out, and then he could begin work on building what he needed to raid Eggman's nearest base and free the prisoners there. If his family wasn't among them, it would still be a good practice run for the next, and the one after that, and however many he needed to take down to get his Grandparents and foster siblings back.

His ears began to droop at the thought of how much work was ahead of him, the schematics and diagrams in his mind's eye growing more complicated by the minute as he thought through the logistics of everything he needed to do. He was looking at months, at least, and maybe even years.

Years. By himself. In the wild. Trying to fight an evil, brilliant megalomaniac with a ruthless army at his beck and call.

Miles forced his ears back up, his face setting in determination. Just like Sonic had told him, *put on a brave face, little buddy, you'll feel better*. Dr Eggman's army was made up mostly of machines and cyborgs, and if there was one thing Miles knew, it was ma-

chines. He wasn't up to Eggman's level yet, that he knew, but that was only because he was so much younger than the mad dictator.

(Too young to be doing any of this, a little voice in his head reminded him, but he ignored it. Too young or not, he had little choice in the matter. *Such is the tragedy of war*, Miles mused, remembering some of the philosophy books Grandpa had gotten him. He tried to ignore the way his heart hurt at the thought of his adoptive grandfather)

(It wasn't easy to ignore any of it, and he didn't really succeed)

He could learn. He would learn. And then old Eggface wouldn't know what hit him.

Miles put one foot in front of the other, determined to face the daunting journey in front of him head-on. Young, outnumbered, alone — he was still going to succeed, because he was Miles Prower, and he could figure out the solution to any problem given enough time (and it was going to take him so *much* time). He could do this.

Blue energy filled his vision, something that didn't quite feel like electricity sparking within him, and the next thing he knew he was being held in Sonic's arms as the other boy *ran*.

"So, uh," Sonic began awkwardly, and Miles *knew* he shouldn't have been able to hear him with how fast they were going, the sound should've been torn away by the wind. But once again it seemed the rules didn't apply to this marvelous blue hedgehog. "My parents are... gone. Missing. My Uncle Chuck raised me, but Egghead has him now, so I'm on my own too. And a couple kids like us shouldn't be out here all alone, right? So why not stick together? You know, get both our families back?"

Miles blinked up at Sonic, who looked down at him — *how was he going this fast without even looking where he was going*, all Miles could make out around them were mostly-green blurs, *how was he doing any of this* it was so COOL — nervously.

Miles grinned and threw his arms around Sonic's neck, pressing his face into the other's chest. "Yes! One thousand to the fourth power times yes! Of course I want to stick with you. You mean it? You really mean it?"

It was Sonic's turn to blink, taken aback by Miles' enthusiasm. He chuckled, smiling softly at him. "Of course I do, little buddy. You can stick with me as long as you want."

"Promise?" Miles asked hopefully. He *really* didn't want to be alone anymore.

"Promise."

Sonic was walking a lot slower than he was used to, careful not to disrupt the sleeping fox kit in his arms. It had been several hours since Sonic had asked the kid to travel with him and the sun had long sunk down past the horizon. He rocked Tails gently, wondering what he'd gotten himself into by taking on a brilliant, far too independent little kid with a habit of building machines almost as dangerous as Eggman's.

Sonic had grown up an only child and in hiding on top of that, he had no clue how to behave around such a young kid, much less take care of him. Maybe he should've told the kid he'd help find someone to take care of him, instead of promising to let him stay with him...

Tails snuffled in his sleep, his twin tails wrapping around one of Sonic's arms. Sonic froze, his heart melting, even as he noticed that bizarre spark he kept getting around the kid again. He shook his head rapidly, both to clear it and to get some of his energy out. The spark thing wasn't what was important right now.

He looked back down at the sleeping child, smiling. They had all the time in the world, now, so he could always just figure it out later. And as long as Tails wanted to stay with him, Sonic decided, he was going to do everything he could to keep them together.

A promise was a promise, after all. And somehow, Sonic couldn't see himself regretting this one.

— end of "Hello, Little Spark (Welcome Home)" —