



The Things One Finds In The Mist (Are Not Always The Things One Expects)

Sonic the Hedgehog - All Media Types · Sonic the Hedgehog (Live Action Universe) · Sonic Underground · Not Rated · 3027 words

by Arukir

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The Things One Finds In The Mist (Are Not Always The Things One Expects)

Fandom: Sonic the Hedgehog - All Media Types, Sonic the Hedgehog (Live Action Universe), Sonic Underground Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Knuckles the Echidna & Miles "Tails" Prower & Sonic the Hedgehog

Characters: Sonic the Hedgehog, Knuckles the Echidna, Miles "Tails" Prower, Original Sonic the Hedgehog Characters, Original Characters

Tags: Original Character-centric, Theft, Illusions, Fireworks, Art, Fanart, Digital Art, AI-Generated Images, Some of the images are AI and some are drawn by me, this is my second ever Sonic the Hedgehog fic!, though technically I started working on it long before my first one..., also I wrote this whole exhausted and there are way too many italics XD, I took the idea of Sonic secretly being the prince of Mobius from Sonic Underground, But it's only hinted at, might add more chapters or maybe a sequel in the future, Who Knows?, I have this vague idea that Robotnik gets sent back in time and takes over Mobius but that doesn't c, Fourth of July, Chases, Knuckles the Echidna and Miles "Tails" Prower and Sonic the Hedgehog are Siblings, Fluff, Cute, Light Angst, Backstory, Worldbuilding, Mobius (Sonic the Hedgehog), Mobians (Sonic the Hedgehog), Animalistic Behavior in Mobians (Sonic the Hedgehog), Mobians Wear Clothes (Sonic the Hedgehog), Or at least some do

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When a mischievous pangolin steals a sandwich, the Wachowski brothers give chase, leading to unexpected consequences and... friendship?

(Number of fics until I reach 300: 2...)

One small scene is unfinished for now because I'm exhausted. It's marked with // and a note about what happens in it. It really is short, and will be fixed once I'm no longer exhausted. Happy Fourth of July, everybody! ☺

Pangolins can make a variety of breathy sounds, hiss, hum, softly chirp, and maybe growl (online results are contradictory on that one). Their scales clatter and jingle as they walk. But they don't have vocal cords and can't make any true calls, really. So Jasper is, quite fittingly, mute.

The J in his name stands for Japers or Japery, since japer means "a person who tells jokes, plays tricks, or behaves as a jester. It comes from the verb jape, which means to jest, mock, or fool". But I've thought of cutting the Pangolin part from his name and just making Japers/Japery his surname — thoughts?

(Which design is your favorite?)

Jasper J. Pangolin wheezed out a quiet, breathy laugh. Far below the branch of the large tree he was perched on, the Red and Blue ones that had noticed his most recent

theft (so much fuss over one measly sandwich!) were running in circles, chasing after the phantoms his Mist created for them.

He nearly fell over in his silent laughter when Blue's voice reached him:

"Oh, come on," Blue cried out. "How is he this much faster than me— no-one's *this much faster than me!*"

"Did not Shadow outrun you, several times in fact?" Red asked, surprisingly calmly for a guy that was ninety percent muscles and violence, head tilted towards Blue. The big guy wasn't even looking as he punched a phantom, which went spiraling just out of his reach before the blow could actually hit.

"Shut up, Knuckles," Blue responded through what sounded like gritted teeth, growing more frustrated by the second.

Jasper took another look down at Red, considering. *Knuckles*. He shuddered, gripping the trunk of the tree he was on harder when a stray blow to the base made the *entire massive thing* shake. Yes, Knuckles suited the brute well. Suddenly, Jasper felt inordinately happy that it was his Mist and not him that was facing those oversized, spiky fists.

SMASH!

What was— oh. *Oh!* Jasper threw his head back, chirping and rustling his scales in delight, the sounds echoing throughout the trees and being distorted by his Mist into something truly eerie. He didn't really care about the way his pursuers were now frantically looking around with frightened, confused faces, though. That wasn't the reason he was 'laughing' so hard.

No, his delight was because the Blue one had *run into a tree* chasing his phantoms. A tree! The guy could think and move at hyperspeed, and he still couldn't avoid one little tree! Jasper shook with mirth, nearly falling out of his tree as he doubled over with the force of it. He gripped the branch he was on with his tail, swinging upsidedown over open air and humming as he watched Knuckles and Blue continue to go after his phantoms.

What morons, he thought, *chasing their own tails!* Ohhohoho! He soundlessly snickered, settling in to enjoy the show. He supposed he should be making a clean getaway while his Mist distracted them, that was how it usually worked, but he just couldn't help staying a bit longer to watch — these were some of the most entertaining people he'd ever met!

He should have expected the universe to punish him for the decision to stay, honestly. He knew better by now than to skip a chance to *run*.

A strong wind suddenly tore through the area, unfastening Jasper's tail from his branch with the force of it. He curled into a ball as he fell the long, long way down to the ground, his thick scales clattering across the ground as he made impact and rolled straight into the wide trunk of another tree.

Jasper uncoiled and sat up, holding his head in one hand and gripping the pilfered sandwich with his other. Disoriented, he looked around, heart sinking. His Mist was gone, blown away by the wind.

It was gone, and he couldn't release more yet, not so soon after having already released so much of it. He needed time to produce more, to build up his stores.

Which meant he was out in the open, up against two guys that could pass for a boulder and a bolt of lightning, with absolutely no cover to hide him. Yeah, this was bad. Really bad.

Jasper shook his head and jumped to his feet, chuffing at himself scoldingly. Of course it was bad, it wouldn't do him any good to sit around practically *meditating* on that fact, though!

He could never hope to outrun Blueberry Spikes, not without his Mist to distract the guy, but that didn't mean he couldn't escape. They didn't know where he was, they would already have him if they did, and that meant he could still get away if he was *careful* about it.

He put the sandwich in his mouth, freeing his hands as he agilely spun and jumped onto the trunk of the nearest tree, holding on tightly with his claws for only a moment before launching himself at the next tree. He couldn't risk traveling through the higher branches again, he didn't know if another freak wind gust was coming, but he could still use the trees to move faster.

He moved swiftly between the trees, internally cursing every stray *jangle* and *clink* that arose from his scales as he did, keeping his eyes on his path and his ears open for his pursuers. Several tense minutes passed without issue before he came to a clearing, forcing him to leave the trees for solid ground once again. He moved down from the tree reluctantly, taking the sandwich from his mouth as he carefully walked forwards.

Jasper looked around warily as he crept through the clearing, expecting at any moment to run into one of those he was trying to avoid. He breathed a sigh of relief when he made it over half way through without incident, straightening from his stealthy crouch — he must've lost them...

Someone cleared their throat behind Jasper, startling him and making him spin around to face them. The red one, Knuckles, stood at the edge of the clearing, glaring fiercely at him.

"Are you real this time?" Knuckles asked solemnly, pointing at Jasper.

Jasper shook his head no, bringing his clawed hands up and twisting his face in an attempt to look as mockingly, impishly unreal as possible. Hey, the guy looked like he could benchpress a boulder — maybe that meant he had the brain of a rock, too. Jasper figured it was worth a shot, at least.

Unfortunately, bringing his hands up also brought the sandwich into view. Whoops.

"The missing PB of J!" Knuckles exclaimed, eyes widening before narrowing considerably. His lips pulled back in a scowl. "So you truly are the one who has pilfered from our food stores. Come and face the retribution of the Wachowski clan, heathen!"

Jasper nodded at him in agreement, grinning and giving him a big thumbs-up. This threw Knuckles off just long enough for Jasper to twist around and scurry deeper into the forest on all fours, his peanutbuttery prize held securely in his mouth once more.

See? He silently sniggered to himself, looking back over his shoulder as he ran. Morons!

One of these days, he would later muse, he was going to learn to keep his guard up for more than a minute at a time. Alas, that was not to be the day it happened. Jasper turned his head to look in front of himself once more, just in time for a streak of electric blue energy to cut straight across his path. Jasper struggled to twist backwards before he hit into the too bloody fast Blue One, stumbling to a halt and tumbling backwards...

...straight into something solid and too warm to be a tree. He looked up into the face of Knuckles and smiled nervously, gulping. With a look that did not bode well for Jasper's future, Knuckles gripped the front of his shirt and twisted them around to slam him (ow) into a tree, pinning him there.

Well, now that was just plain rude.

Jasper hissed, thrashing wildly. But Knuckles' strength lived up to his looks, his grip too strong for Jasper to break free of his hold. He swung his tail, trying to catch his attacker with its sharp scales, but he couldn't reach him at the angle he was held at. He slumped in defeat, going limp in his spot between the tree and Knuckles' huge hand.

//Sonic runs up next to Knuckles, smiling smugly at Jasper. Jasper sulks and scowls at him.

//Jasper sees Tails, recognizing him as the 'Yellow One' that he thought had stayed behind. He sees the spinning tails and his first thought is something like *since when can foxes fly*, his second thought is more along the lines of *oh, the wind*, and his third thought is basically *huh... maybe they're a bit smarter than he gave them credit for*.

//Tails and Sonic are both called by name in this scene, so Jasper knows their names now (or maybe it's just Sonic's name spoken and he doesn't learn Tails' name, I haven't quite decided yet)

//Tails (or Sonic?) takes the sandwich away

Jasper made a low, disappointed hum deep in his throat as the sandwich was pulled from his grasp. He foraged that fair and square! Well, *unfair*, but still.

He sighed. Back to berries and nuts for him, he supposed. Right after he was done here, that was. He looked at the three surrounding him, trying not to let his nerves show through.

There were three main types of people that caught Jasper stealing from them. The ones who thought a few hard fists might deter his fun, the ones who asked endless questions, and the ones who were some mix of the first two.

The Trio that had him this time seemed to be the questioning type.

Who are you? What are you? Where did you come from? Why did you steal from us? (Because he was hungry and it smelled good, duh).

Questions questions questions. So many questions

Oh well. He supposed it was better than one of those very *big* fists to the face. There was just one little problem...

He lifted his arms and crossed a finger from each hand over his mouth to make an X, willing these he-supposed-not-morons-but-it-made-him-feel-better-to-keep-thinking-of-them-that-way to understand that he couldn't answer. He was a Pangolin, for Mobius's sake, what did they expect?

"Answer me, ferret!" Knuckles demanded.

Ferret? Ferret?!

Okay, Jasper would now like to take back his earlier correction — these guys were definitely morons. He made a soft almost-growl and swiped his claws at the idiot's face, only registering how bad an idea that was when the grip on him tightened and Knuckles' mouth twisted into an even bigger frown than before.

Before Jasper could do something to defuse the situation (or maybe escalate it — even he didn't really know which he was planning at this point), a loud explosion shook the sky, followed by several more in quick succession.

All the Mobians present startled, looking wildly around themselves in fright, trying to figure out what was exploding.

Well... almost all of them.

"Hey, neat! Fireworks!" Sonic exclaimed, zipping just past the treeline to look up into the sky. "Oh man, someone must've got a bit overeager, the Fourth's not even until tomorrow." He laughed. "I'm one to talk about not wanting to wait, though, huh guys? Guys?"

He looked over his shoulder at the three frightened Mobians behind him, raising an eyeridge at them in confusion. "Guys, what's wrong— wait." His eyes widened in dawning realization. "Have none of you ever seen fireworks before?"

He received three identically shaking heads in reply.

Jasper's world devolved into streaks of blue, energy dancing over his scales, and wind rushing over him. When the sensory onslaught stopped, he was *somewhere else*, sitting on one of the grassy hills that gave the nearby town its name. Next to him sat Knuckles and the fox kit, both looking just as disoriented as he felt.

"Okay everyone, time out," Sonic called, standing in front of them. He dashed away and back, and in a blink was holding a whistle that he blew into sharply. He put one

hand against the other in a T and said, "I know we've got this whole chase thing going on, but let's forget about that for a second, because obviously the much more important thing in this situation is—"

Another series of BA-BOOMS interrupted him. Jasper tugged on his oversized head scales, looking around in fright. The other two *sane* (ie: not Sonic) people present were doing much the same, the fox kit holding tightly to Knuckles as they visually scanned the area for the threat.

"This!" Sonic said emphatically, gesturing wildly at them with both hands, incredulous. "You guys don't know the epic awesomeness of fireworks!"

"What are these working fires of which you keep speaking?" Knuckles asked him seriously. Personally, Jasper thought the whole warrior aesthetic was kinda ruined by the way he was gently rubbing the back of the scared child currently clinging to his side, but whatever. "And how may we defeat them?"

"Fireworks aren't something you *defeat*, Knuckles," Sonic replied, shaking his head in exasperation. "Just— listen, guys — all of you," he pointed at Jasper, who was growing more and more confused (when exactly had he lost his grip on the situation so badly??) as he said this, "— I promise nothing's going to hurt you, alright? Just watch the sky, right over *there*, and you'll see what I mean in a second. Just trust me, okay?"

Listening to him was a bad idea. Not three minutes ago he and his buddies had Jasper pinned against a tree, and he was apparently mad enough to *laugh* when there were strange, unexplained explosions happening.

But the way he *smiled*, something about it... Jasper couldn't help feeling like he really could trust him. Like the hedgehog would be true to his word and nothing could possibly hurt them if he said they were safe. It was a smile that made one *want* to follow along with whatever he was saying and gave them hope that everything would work out for the best.

(It reminded Jasper of those old portraits of the King and Queen, from before they disappeared. They were hedgehogs too, weren't they? It'd been so long since he'd seen the portraits, it was during one of his earliest heists, but...)

(He could've sworn, for a second...)

(Nah. It was just a coincidence. Maybe all hedgehogs smiled like that, who knew?)

Against his better judgement, Jasper settled against the grass, tail curling relaxed around him as he looked where dear old Blueberry had directed. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the others do the same.

Another series of explosions went off, and this time, Jasper could see what had caused them: color. Big, booming bursts of color lit up the sky in time with the explosions, filling it with light.

"Wow," the fox breathed, and Jasper couldn't help agreeing with him.

"So these are the working fires," Knuckles said, enraptured, not taking his eyes off the fireworks. "You are right, Hedgehog, these are not to be defeated. They are to be cherished and *defended at all costs!*"

Jasper would've rolled his eyes at him, but he didn't want to look away from the fireworks for even a second.

He'd already thought this planet was better than Mobius — mostly thanks to the lack of planet-wide war and mind-controlled cyborg slave armies, though the cheese puffs were definitely a bonus too — but this sealed it: he was *never* leaving this amazing world.

Not unless he found another one that had fireworks, anyways.

"See, guys?" Sonic asked, laughing as he zipped back and forth around the hill to see the fireworks from as many angles as possible. "Fireworks are the most amazing, epic thing *ever* in the history of, like... Well, ever!"

Jasper nodded slightly in agreement, grinning up in wonder as more and more explosions lit the sky. He could feel the shockwaves in his bones. Should he be worried about that? Eh, who cared, it was worth the weird feeling to get to see such a spectacular sight.

Sonic eventually settled down, sitting on the opposite side of Knuckles to the fox and leaning against him. Knuckles put his arm around the hedgehog and pulled him closer, all three cuddling as they watched the fireworks.

It was cute, Jasper thought, how close they were. That they could just lay against each other, uncaring to the world around them, focused entirely on the same sight.

...

Yes, they were very cute.

They were also not paying the slightest bit of attention to Jasper.

Or to the sandwich.

...

.....

Well. The humans did say 'waste not, want not', did they not? So who was he to waste such a golden opportunity?

His prize once more in his possession, Jasper snuck quietly off into the darkness, not pausing until he was safely hidden away in his den. It was a shame to miss the last of the fireworks, but the hedgehog had implied there would be more the next night, so he didn't feel too bad about it.

Jasper laid against the side of his cramped den, biting into the sandwich at last. Hmmm, peanut butter and grape jam, *delicious*.

His tail smacked against the floor, making little jangling sounds as he thought about the bizarre turns his day had taken. Those Wachowskis really were something different, huh? So close to each other, and so strangely kind, even including him in their firework watching.

He knew he really should be packing up and getting away from the superpowered trio of Mobians that were sure to catch him again if he stayed anywhere near the town, but, well...

He never had been one to listen to his more reasonable side. And how could he resist such *fun* people? Jasper made a series of near-silent, breathy giggles to himself.

He really couldn't wait to play with his new friends' favorite targets again.

— end of "The Things One Finds In The Mist (Are Not Always The Things One Expects)" —