



Not Used To This

Megamind (2010) · Not Rated · 581 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Megamind (2010) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Minion (Megamind)

Tags: Minion Is A Neatfreak, Near Death Experiences, Life Debt, No Dialogue, Not Beta Read, My First Megamind Fanfic Ever, My 135th Fanfic Overall, Random & Short

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Minion is stuck in Roxanne Ritchi's apartment after his robot suit malfunctions.

Short oneshot right now but I might add more later.

Minion is bored. And stressed. And trying very hard not to give into the impulse to eat that annoying crab in the corner of this stupid tank, but only because he's certain Miss Ritchi wouldn't appreciate the death of her fish.

Sighing deeply, he decides to investigate the little treasure chest. Again. At least it's sort of interesting actually swimming around instead of floating in his orb, even if he does keep hitting into things.

Dammit, he's just not used to this! How do regular fish function with just their fins and open water? No orbs, no Boss, no robot suit? Oh, how he wishes he was in his suit! Then he could do something useful, like pick up the clothes on Miss Ritchi's floor or make a snack for her, she's looking much too thin—

Wait, no, that isn't what he should be wanting to do. He wouldn't pick up or anything, he'd kidnap her, just like Sir told him to. Well, maybe he could pick up just a little first? Her apartment really is rather messy, after all, although it's nothing compared to how the Lair gets after Sir goes on one of his inventing sprees — no engine oil or crumpled up blueprints in sight, thankfully.

But it's not really like he could do either in his current predicament. He reaches the treasure chest, trying to pop the bubbles it produces to practice his precision (okay, and a little because it's fun and they're kinda mesmerizing, and maybe he can sorta see why non-sapient fish like these things...), avoiding glancing out at the living room.

Or, more accurately, he's avoiding glancing at the robotic suit lying lifeless in the middle of the livingroom. The suit that he knew was malfunctioning but had insisted on waiting until after the kidnapping to actually tell Sir about because he didn't want to

spoil the plan. The suit that had fallen to pieces in the middle of Miss Ritchi's apartment and crushed his orb as it did so.

He shudders at the phantom feeling of too *much air* over his gills. If Miss Ritchi hadn't thrown him into her fishtank... He sighs, ignoring the pretty bubbles, and reluctantly admits to himself that he wouldn't kidnap her right now even if he could.

It's not like he *wants* to disobey his orders, but she saved his life. Even if he is a villain('s henchfish), he can't just let something like that slide! ...right?

Well, at least that's one bright side to this; he physically *can't* kidnap her right now, so the decision is entirely out of his fins. No guilt or betrayal either way, as the only thing he can do is wait for Sir to get worried enough to come find him. And then wait for his suit to be operational again.

He *misses his suit*. He's gotten too used to having arms and legs, to being able to go where he pleases and actually *do things*. He hates being stuck in this tank, but it could be worse, he supposes; he could be lost in the sewer or reverse-drowning again.

He returns to the bubbles, ignoring the mess of the apartment. Ignoring the bizarre feeling of being utterly useless. Ignoring the worry of how Sir is doing without him. Ignoring the fact that he is completely vulnerable and technically at their enemies' mercy.

He hopes Sir gets here soon.

— end of "Not Used To This" —