



Noise

Megamind (2010) · Not Rated · 1223 words

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Megamind's Lair has noise dampeners. The noise dampeners are always on, unless it's show-time. And Wayne very much wishes he could blame instinct or muscle memory for coming to the Lair one night after the dampeners malfunctioned.

Megamind's Lair had noise dampeners. Wayne knew he must, because the only time Wayne could hear inside the Lair was when it was his cue to come crash the Evil Plot of the week.

There didn't used to be cues, before Roxanne. There weren't many rules at all before Roxanne, before there was this fragile but fiery human who could get hurt if either of them messed up. So now there were cues, there were rules, there were limits. It was a game instead of a fight, a game with high stakes and a lot of punching, a game that got both of them riled up and frothing at the mouth — but a game, nonetheless.

The point is, the noise dampeners are always on, unless it's showtime. And Wayne very much wishes he could blame instinct or muscle memory for coming to the Lair one night after the dampeners malfunctioned, but he couldn't, because he would've crashed through the ceiling if that had been the case.

Instead, he snuck in through the door. He floated silently past machines he hoped he'd never face, and a few he could've sworn he already destroyed, following the sound that had brought him here; Megamind whimpering and pleading under his breath.

He found the little guy fast asleep, curled up on one of those funny-shaped desks meant for blueprints, said blueprints scattered or squished beneath him. A nightmare, then, no actual danger. Wayne could go, and Megamind would never know he was here.

Unless he had cameras. Which he probably did. Ah, fuck.

Wayne would just have to poke around a bit, make it look like he'd come to spy instead of checking up on the other. He'd catch hell for breaking the rules like that, but at least it wouldn't look like he cared about his nemesis. Because he didn't. Care, that was. He didn't care about Megamind in the slightest.

(He had just been ready to laser whatever asshole was making the guy scared, was all. Reasonable reaction for any Hero, really!)

Unfortunately, he was bulky and too tired to focus on being all that careful (it was really late, and he'd had a long day saving that stupid demon cat again), so the first thing he tried to gently prod came tumbling down in a heap of clanging metal and sparking wires.

Megamind leapt into the air, landing in a very graceful crouch, green eyes wide but still dazed with sleep as they fell on Wayne.

"Hey, little buddy." The Hero chuckled nervously confidently. "So, probably wondering what I'm doing here, huh? Well, I can explain..." He very much couldn't explain, but maybe Megamind would just yell and throw him out and he wouldn't have to—

Megamind did yell, but it was not an angry sound. No, this was a screech of pure terror as he backed away quickly into a wall, eyes still not focused enough but definitely pointing in Wayne's direction.

"P-please." Megamind whined, voice clouded with sleep and— oh, he was still in the nightmare, wasn't he?

Okay, Wayne had heard of this, he was sure of it. At least, mostly sure. He needed to calm Megamind down before the villain got hurt, right? He looked around for something that might give him an idea of how to soothe the other, ignoring the litany of mostly-not-human languages streaming from the panicked alien's mouth, blue body curling into a ball on the floor.

Until Megamind circled back to English and he said. "No, Wayne, please... I'm sorry, don't, I'm sorry!"

Wayne. Wayne flinched back at that, sending himself about three feet through the air. Because of course Megamind had nightmares about him. Of course he did, why not?

Every time Wayne thinks he's repaired enough to leave his childhood behind, he turns around and sees something new that Metro Boy broke. Little brat hadn't under-

stood how fragile people were, but he did now. Now that it was probably too late to actually do anything.

Another whimper tore from Megamind, reminding Wayne why exactly he was still sticking with this ridiculous hero gig. It was too late to fix things, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to try.

"Hey, calm down little buddy, it's just a nightmare." Metro Man said softly, floating slowly towards him with palms outspread placatingly. "I'm not gonna hurt ya, I promise. Can you tell me what's wrong?"

Was he doing this right? It wasn't his strong suit, but hopefully he was good enough at the 'all-loving Mr Perfect' act to pull it off.

"...blew up the science room." Megamind muttered quietly, face hidden by his limbs as he curled tighter.

Wayne froze. He remembered that. He remembered what led up to *that*, and he remembered the *aftermath* of that. He was very much against corporal punishment, but if he could he'd kick his younger self like a soccerball.

He licked his lips, trying to think of what to say. This just had to happen the one week Minion was in jail instead of Megamind, didn't it? That fish would know how to handle this, he was always the best at handling anything Megamind-related.

"Dude, I'm sorry for that, okay?" He finally settled on, the apology getting through enough for Megamind to peak at him from between his arms. "But that's in the past, we aren't kids anymore. You need to get out of the school and come back to the Lair, you need to... Break Minion out of jail, and feed the Brainbots — do they even eat?"

"Brainbots?" Megamind blinked, eyes looking just a little bit clearer.

Oh, they weren't around back then! Yes, okay, new stuff... New stuff... Oh! "Yeah, and you need to come up with a plot to kidnap Roxie— Roxanne Ritchi."

"Miss Ritchi?" Megamind inhaled sharply, sitting with his knees drawn up, tail wrapping around his ankles.

"She'll miss you if you stay in school all day, bud." The weirdest part was that Wayne was pretty sure she actually would.

Megamind blinked rapidly, looking around at his surroundings, and Wayne saw the exact moment he woke up. And of course the little genius figured out exactly what had happened within seconds, groaning as he laid his giant head in his hands.

"You alright?" Wayne asked after a second, floating almost close enough to touch. Which, in hindsight, was a momentarily stupid idea.

"Get out." Megamind growled, pulling the De-Gun out from *somewhere* and pointing it at the Hero's chest. He looked up, wide green eyes filled with hatred, and embarrassment, and more exhaustion than Wayne would've thought possible for one man to feel — but Megamind had always had a knack for the impossible, hadn't he? "If you tell anyone about this, Metro Man, you will *regret* it."

Metro Man nodded, both of them knowing the gun couldn't damage him in the slightest, and left. He had things to do, so many things, a neverending list of tasks that would be the Hero's responsibility as long as he lived.

The most startling thing about the look in Megamind's eyes, he decided, was how much he looked how Wayne felt.

— end of "Noise" —