



Little Moments

Megamind (2010) · Not Rated · 3068 words

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Little Moments

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Relationships: Megamind & Roxanne Ritchi, Megamind & Metro Man (Megamind), Megamind & Metro Man & Minion & Roxanne Ritchi, Megamind & Megamind's Prison Uncles (Megamind), Metro Man & Minion, Minion & Roxanne Ritchi

Characters: Megamind (Megamind), Roxanne Ritchi, Metro Man (Megamind), Minion (Megamind)

Tags: Tags Are Hard, Random & Short, Fluff, Friendship/Love, My 151st fic overall! :), Aliens, Sick Character, Prison, Movie Night, Bonding, Injury, Violence, Rivals with Benefits, Except those benefits aren't sex, Not Beta Read, No betas we die like Wayne Scott, Lipstick & Lip Gloss, Dancing, Banter, Minions

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Megamind ficlets less than a thousand words. Ranging from under one hundred words to several hundred. Will be updated whenever I think up another random scene. Hope you enjoy! :)

Chapter 1: Speech Patterns

"Miss Ritchi, we meet again!" Megamind cheers loudly as the bag is pulled from her face, balancing on top of a spike-covered robot.

"Ollo, Megamind." Roxanne yawns, wishing the Knockout Spray had lasted longer. She was up all night working on a story, and— why is he staring at her like that? "Something wrong?"

"What? Um, no, of course not!" Megamind shakes his head quickly, backing up a half-step and nearly falling off his latest invention. He leaps nimbly up, righting himself, and gestures wildly as he switches back to monologue mode. "Where was—? Oh, yes! Scream all you wish, no one can hear you now!"

Roxanne rolls her eyes, leaning back to rest a little as she soaks in the usual performance. Well, usual except he keeps glancing at her weirdly. She smirks at him, making him look away quickly. Heh, silly Supervillain...

Chapter 2: Help!

Megamind is out of options, and they all know it. He has no weapons, no tools, nor even the use of both hands as one is busy gripping Minion's orb to his chest. The Brain-bots are too far away to help before the damage can already be done.

Megamind whimpers, pressing his back into the alley wall, and watches his pursuers close in. He shuts his eyes with a sigh, slumping as he accepts that surrender is the only choice left.

As weapons raise to take aim, Megamind opens his mouth and screams, at the very top of his lungs:

"Metro Mahn!"

Chapter 3: Movie Night

This is actually the first scene in a fic I was writing but decided needed a major rewrite. This scene worked well on its own, though, so I decided to post it.

M'ren is Megamind's birth name. It came to me in a dream, I hope you like it :)

If you haven't seen Mystery Men, you need to stop reading this and go watch it. Trust me, if you like Megamind you'll LOVE it!

M'ren is a disgrace of a Supervillain and he knows it. Supervillains are not supposed to care about their Damsel's feelings, are not supposed to give in to their requests, are not supposed to wilt under their ultimatums.

Yet here he is, in Roxanne Ritchi's living room, sharing a couch with Metro Man. At least Wayne seems as uncomfortable with this as he is. And M'ren surprisingly pulls off his turtleneck better than Wayne does his sweater vest, so there's that.

(Looking better in civilian clothes should feel like a hollow victory. Somehow, it feels better than an actual win)

"Alright, guys, what movie do you want to watch?" Roxanne asks cheerfully, setting up her DVD player.

"Oh, can we watch Mystery Men?" Minion calls from the kitchen, busy setting up snacks. "Sir never lets me watch it at home."

"Of course we can, Minion." Roxanne agrees, glaring at the two men on her couch to quell their budding protests. "I'm sure I have it somewhere around here."

She does indeed have it, M'ren can see it laying innocuously it on her bookshelf, but she hasn't found it yet. He shares a look with Wayne, a silent understanding passing between the two enemies; neither wants to watch a cheesy Super flick.

"Hey, Roxie, maybe it's over here?" Wayne says casually, standing up and directing her attention to the opposite side of the room.

Waiting for her back to be fully turned, M'ren hurriedly but quietly scrambles towards the bookshelf, grabbing the DVD case with the intention of stuffing it under the couch.

"Oh look, Sir found the movie!" Minion says in the overly innocent tone that means he's feeling smug.

^Traitor.^ M'ren trills, smiling brightly so Roxanne can't guess what he's saying, before handing the disc over. "Here you are, Miss Ritchi."

"Thanks, Megamind." Roxanne takes the DVD and goes back to the TV.

"Nice going, genius." Wayne mutters under his breath as soon as they're both seated again.

"Shut up, idiot." M'ren hisses back.

Chapter 4: Heist

The longest one so far, with subtle hints to a bigger plot I may but probably won't write more of. If you want to, *feel free to*.

This is one of the fics that fits with my platonic version of Roxanne and Megamind. One or two decades age difference, with him being barely out of his teens, so she ends up as something of a motherly figure for him.

Megamind twirls lazily in his chair, idly wondering if he should add a few new butterflies to his walls while he waits for the evening news to come on. Of course, that would involve asking for something to paint with, and he's pretty sure he's still on the 'no extra privileges' list... Maybe Uncle Larry would be willing to sneak him something?

His thoughts on whether pinky promising not to use it to escape might gain him his desired supplies are interrupted by KMCP Channel 8 News finally switching to a report on his latest, brilliant scheme.

Miss Ritchi has never taken this long between his defeat and her account of it before; he's almost worried. Ah, perhaps she just needed extra time to figure out how to remain neutral about this particular plan? It was one of his best, after all! He can't wait to hear what she thought about it, he's bouncing with anticipation—

The reporter that comes on is definitely *not* Roxanne Ritchi. She's a lot younger, with blonde hair and tanned skin, wearing a dress that barely counts as not-a-shirt. Megamind stares in silent shock, not really listening, and starts to panic.

Where's Miss Ritchi?! He hasn't actually hurt her this time, has he? He's sure he hasn't, he took every possible safety precaution, she was absolutely fine when he last saw her. Maybe his buffoon of a rival messed up, somehow? Megamind growls at that thought, already mentally planning a bioengineered virus to make his old *friend* regret it if he did.

But, no, Metro Man is with the new reporter on the screen now. He looks confused at the switch, delighted over the obvious fawning of the newbie, disgusted at the obvious fawning of the newbie — none of the guilt or horror Megamind reluctantly admits he'd be feeling if he was responsible.

So, maybe she's just out sick? But she didn't seem sick, surely she would've said something if she was? Called a Timeout or at least asked Minion for some soup? She's not likely hurt nor sick, so what else..?

Oh. Megamind sags a little, not even reacting to the new reporter calling him a monster, as a third option occurs to him. Maybe she just didn't want to do the report. Maybe she was tired, or had something else to do, or... Found the plot too boring.

It doesn't matter, of course. She's allowed to not feel up to it, she doesn't *have* to be the one reporting. He just— he was hoping she had liked this plot, more than most. He really tried to make sure it was fun for her, he could've sworn her laughter seemed stronger than usual...

No matter, though. He'll just try harder next time. She doesn't *have* to show appreciation for his efforts, he'll never be mad at her for not behaving as he hopes. Just her participation in the Game is more than enough, for all of them, certainly more than he had ever expected from anyone.

Just so long as she's not bored of him the Game, then it doesn't matter who reports on it.

A series of shouts shock him out of his thoughts, drawing him curiously to the round window of his cell door. Minion isn't breaking him out *already*, is he? They don't have any plots scheduled, and he was really hoping to sneak a visit with his Uncles...

A guard who is not Uncle Larry and therefore unimportant (though he remembers Uncle Larry arguing with him a few times, so maybe he can be upgraded to 'threat') approaches his cell, being forced along by a cloaked figure. Megamind groans, not really up for being captured by another Villain (*again*). Or maybe it's a wannabe Hero? Eh, doesn't matter, they're equally annoying.

As the lock to his cell turns, Megamind drops back into a fighting position. Without weapons or anything he can use as such, he's admittedly not the best fighter — but damn if he's going to be taken without at least *trying*.

The door swings open to reveal the terrified guard. Before Megamind can do more than open his mouth, there's a flash of blue, and a small cube sits where the guard was just seconds ago. His eyes catch on a slender hand, red nails curled over the handle of a high-tech gun.

Wait, *that's* his De-Gun, who the Hell would steal his De-Gun? His mind whirs in a panic. How did they get his De-Gun, Minion had— is Minion alright?!

His eyes follow the hand as it travels upward, catching the brim of the red hood and pulling it down to reveal—

"Miss Ritchi?" He gasps, heading tilting in confusion. "What? What are you..?"

"Hey, kid." She grins, something angry mixing with the expression to give her an air of power. "You wanna help me rob a bank?"

Chapter 5: Soup

Wayne knocks gently on where he knows the Lair's secret entrance is, waiting patiently until a disgruntled blue alien steps out into the night air.

"What the Hell do you want?" Megamind grumbles, rubbing sleep out of his eyes, looking grumpy enough to appear much more intimidating in his hazmat pajamas than he usually does in spikes. "I haven't done anything this week."

"I know you haven't. I, um, I'm not here to..." He trails off at the other's glare. Oh, this was a really bad idea, wasn't it? But he's already here, he can't really turn back now. "I heard– Roxie said that Minion's sick?"

Megamind straightens, eyes flashing, suddenly much more awake. He hisses, an in-human sound. "You come *near* him and I swear I'll–"

Wayne doesn't let him finish, instead stuffing the canister of soup he brought into the startled Villain's arms. "I... Tell him... I hope he feels better soon!"

He flies off before he gets a response, not wanting to be yelled at. Of course, if Nana Scott's recipe helps the little Fish, then even getting yelled at is worth it.

Chapter 6: Playing Around

| Megamind steals an office chair for the first time...

M'ren is at his worktable. It's late, late enough that even Minion's gone to bed. He yawns, mouth stretching too wide, and sets down his tools.

He should go to bed. That's how late it is, how tired he is, that even the excitement of a new invention can't quite keep him going.

He tries to stand up, but he stumbles a little, sending his new chair spinning backwards. Oh, he didn't know office chairs could do that?

He sits for a second, letting the thing stop, and contemplates it quietly. The he grins, mouth stretching too wide, and kicks at the ground to send him spinning across the room.

Minion wakes to the sound of laughter. He startles when Sir spins past him on the office chair they stole. It's too early for this, and Sir's bed is still made. "Sir, did you get any sleep last night?"

"How can I sleep, Minyon?" He spins the chair faster, only to jump off it in a move that makes Minion gasp with worry. He lands nimbly, arms held out dramatically. "There's too much fun to be had!"

(Minion almost gets rid of the chair, but Sir takes to sleeping in it after wearing himself out playing around, so he decides it can stay.)

Chapter 7: Possessive

Someone stole Megamind's new weapon. I wanted to write a fic around this scene, but couldn't figure out how...

The gun blasts — which isn't fair, he wanted to be the one to test it — and hits the Hero square in the chest. And Wayne—

Wayne falls out of the sky, hitting the ground with a large crash, clutching his chest. Megamind stands frozen as the gun powers up again, because nothing hurts Wayne like that and—

And he's going to get shot again, which could *really* hurt him. The big bully is going to finally get what's coming to him, and the gun's ready to fire, and...

And Wayne's screaming in pain, his eyes bulged out in fear, trying to scramble backwards. He's hurt, helpless, afraid — everything Megamind has always wanted him to feel, everything Megamind has felt, and it should make the Supervillain *beyond* happy.

Instead, all he feels is rage. Rage that someone would dare hurt his nemesis, rage that yet another bully was getting to cause this sort of pain, rage because he's a possessive idiot and Wayne is his.

The dehydration gun is in his hand and he's surrounded by blue cubes, and he can't really remember how either of those things happened but whatever. He locks eyes with Metro Man, who actually flinches back at the cold rage in them.

(Which, okay, might bring him *just a little bit* of satisfaction)

Wayne is bleeding, golden and glowing and no more human than Megamind. Megamind dehydrates him before he can do something stupid like fly off and try to heal on his own (probably would get an infection, the oaf), stuffing the cube into his pocket.

He takes Wayne home, rehydrates him and uses the Knock-Out Spray because the hero is weak enough to respond to it, then gets to work patching up his wounds. Minion's confused, but asks few questions as Wayne recuperates.

(Minion likes Metro Man. He didn't like Metro Boy, but he likes Metro Man. Maybe Sir won't be as mad to learn that as he thought)

Wayne wakes up, eventually, when he's almost completely healed. Megamind braces for a fight, he's resigned to one, but is surprised when the other just... Stares at him. For a few minutes. And then flies away.

Chapter 8: Lipstick

"I don't mean to alarm you, Miss Ritchi," Megamind says slowly, foregoing his usual post-bag-removal greeting, "but your lips seem to have *changed color*."

Roxanne blinks, then laughs. "Oh, you mean– It's just lipstick, Megamind, nothing to worry about."

"Lipstick?" Megamind repeats, eyes doing that flick-flick thing she knows means he's searching his memories. "Oh, yes, I forgot it comes in more than just the red spectrum. You, ah, usually stick to tamer shades...."

"I bought a tube of green by accident and thought 'why not'." Roxanne explains, shrugging as best she can in her bindings. She doesn't want to accidentally shrug them off *again*, after all.

"Fascinating." Megamind hums, leaning towards her to get a better look. "I don't understand why humans don't choose brighter shades more often; it really looks excellent on you."

"Glad you like it." Roxanne smiles, meaning it. She loves how Megamind gets when he's interested in something, the way his curiosity just takes him over. And she especially loves it when she gets to introduce him to simple things that someone honestly should've explained to him a long time ago. Getting to be the one to share with him feels special, in a way that's unique to the two of them.

In fact... She opens her mouth to speak, an idea popping into her mind, but hesitates. She isn't entirely sure how he'll react to this, she doesn't want it to seem like she's mocking him. Then again, he already wears eyeliner, so maybe it isn't a problem for him. "Do you want to try some?"

"What?" Megamind asks, gaze leaving her lips and focusing on her eyes, his wide forehead wrinkling with confusion.

"Do you want to try my lipstick?" She clarifies, watching his confusion melt into a wide grin. "I have some in my purse."

The grin falls, replaced by something worried and regretful. "I can't go rifling through your purse, Miss Ritchi. I... Thank you for the offer, though."

"Oh." Roxanne pouts, just a little, before a solution presents itself. "Well, I can grab it for you."

"I'd have to untie you for that." Megamind points out, after a second's thought.

"So?" Roxanne asks. "It's still like three hours until game time — just tie me back up before then."

"And how do I know this isn't some plan to sabotage me?" Megamind asks warily. "How do I know you aren't just tricking me into giving you free rein over my Lair, *Temptress*?"

(Like she doesn't have 'free rein' every scrabble night, silly villain)

"You don't." She replies with a sharp smirk. "I guess you'll just have to risk it and see."

He watches her thoughtfully for a moment, then gives her a small smile and a chuckle, moving to untie her. "I suppose I will, won't I?"

"Sir, I—" Minion pauses in the doorway at the top of the stairs, not entirely sure what he's looking at.

Sir is twirling rapidly on the toes of one foot, much to a clapping Miss Ritchi's delight, before coming to a dramatically-posed stop. Strangely, one hand is covering his mouth. "Minyon, I have something very important to ann-ounce!"

"Yes, Sir?" Minion asks carefully. There's no telling what could happen whenever Sir gets into one of his more playful moods.

"I feel..." Sir removes the hand to reveal his grinning, bright green-on-blue lips, "pretty! Oh so pretty! And witty! And *gaaaay*!"

Sir goes back to twirling.

Miss Ritchi goes back to clapping.

Minion goes back downstairs.

Chapter 9: Interesting Noises

"Sorry." Megamind flinches, cutting off the rumble-coo.

"For what?" Roxanne asks, sounding genuinely confused. Oh Destiny, has he actually messed up enough in this conversation that she doesn't know which thing he's sorry for?

Oh well, he'll just have to clarify and try to figure out the other things later. "The noises. I know humans don't like them, I shouldn't have—"

"Oh, sweetheart." She smiles, but there's something sad in it. Was she hoping for an apology for something else? *What did he miss, what else did he do wrong?* "You don't have to apologize. Your... noises are amazing."

Amazing? He feels his face pull into a too-wide smile, almost apologizes for it until he realizes she still doesn't look scared. She— she said his noises are amazing!

She's lying, of course, but he'll take the gesture for what it is; she cares enough to not want to hurt his feelings, cares enough to pretend, cares enough to tolerate the things most people hate.

The Warden and his Uncles are the only other humans to ever care that much.

He trills happily, and her head tilts, eyes going wide. Oh, now that's—? Why—?

Nosey reporter. He almost wants to laugh, when he figures it out. Creepy or not, she can't stop herself from wanting to know more about something.

Well, who is he to deny her? "I can make more sounds, if you want to hear them?"

— end of "Little Moments" —