



# Finders Keepers

Megamind (2010) · Not Rated · 3133 words

*by Arukir*

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# Finders Keepers

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'Finders keepers, losers weepers' is a phrase that applies to many things. Pokémon cards. Old toys. Wallets.

And, as Roxanne will assure you, runaway alien children.

(Countdown until I reach 200 fics posted: 3...)

Only 2 weeks today (February 18, 2025) until my first anniversary of posting fics. ☺

## Prologue: It's A Child

It's Saturday.

Roxanne has rules for Saturday; no work, no Hal, no stress. For one day of the week, she isn't a reporter struggling her way up the KCMP ladder. She's just a normal woman, enjoying a quiet day to herself.

So she sleeps in late, until at least noon, and doesn't wonder whether she'll still have a job next week.

She drinks way too much coffee, with a side of too many pancakes, and doesn't worry about her next article.

She spends hours lazing around, watches crappy TV, makes a dent in her 'To Be Read' pile. She doesn't think about the errands she's putting off.

Those things can wait until Sunday; she still has a blissed seven hours left until midnight, and she's going to use them to make herself feel like a person again.

The only problem is, she's sorta out of ideas for what to do next. She doesn't really feel like doing much of anything, but just laying around is starting to feel like a waste. Maybe she can try that online game Hal recommended? It did actually sound interesting, more than his usual suggestions anyway.

She's not really in the mood for that, though. Maybe she can just...

She scans her eyes across the room from her position laying on the couch, looking for something, anything to do.

She could try to bake? Or maybe finally start yoga? Or–

Her eyes land on her sneakers, such simple things, and she grins. It's been forever since she went out for a proper jog, and she still has a few hours of sunlight to work with. This is perfect!

She jumps up, hurrying to change into something a little better for running than an oversized Hello Kitty t-shirt. (Hey, it's her day off, she's allowed to spend it in her pajamas)

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The sky is clear, the wind's in her hair, and her favorite playlist is streaming through her headphones. Life is good.

Right up until she sees the smoke, a giant black cloud of it billowing close by. It's her day off, she doesn't need to investigate, she should just go home and–

And she's already heading towards it, sucking in a sharp breath when she turns a corner, viewing the destruction on front of her. A building she vaguely remembers as being condemned has collapsed, broken brick and burning flames everywhere, twisted metal that looks like it might've once been some sort of machine strewn about.

It is *horrifying*, and Roxanne decides that maybe this was a bad idea after all. She turns around, ready to head home and call the police, when a flash of movement catches her eye.

Oh God, someone isn't actually trapped in this, are they? She inches warily closer to the rubble, trying to spot the movement again, and blinks in frozen surprise when she finally finds the source; a small, groaning body, weakly twitching on the ground.

It's a child. Is Roxanne's first thought, followed by:

It has a tail, claws.

It's unconscious.

It's blue, its head–

It's a child.

Might be a child, might be an old man. No way to know–

It's hurt.

Its clothes are torn, dirty scraps of orange fabric barely clinging together. Blue skin is marred by numerous cuts, bleeding green and white in horrifying (yet admittedly fascinating) swirls.

Maybe it's a mutant. Maybe it's a monster. Maybe it's somebody's pet. Maybe it really is a child, or maybe it's as old as Great Nana Ritchi. But what's absolutely clear is that it's hurt, and there's no-one else around to help it, *and she is not going to just abandon it.*

So she lifts it up, carefully, not sure whether to be thankful or worried at how light it is. It groans and shifts in her arms, pressing closer without waking up, whining when her fingers brush one of the cuts.

She turns, ready to go home and try to save this thing's life, when something makes a sound behind her. She looks back, seeing a clear glass ball with something inside it, struggling to roll after her.

A piranha? But piranhas don't glow like that, she's pretty sure. And they don't have expressive enough faces to look so desperate and scared.

There's a crack in the glass ball, leaking just a few drops of water at a time. There's a cut on the fish's head, making the water go murky as black liquid oozes slowly out. It's obviously hurt, and its eyes are clouded enough that she can tell it's probably not thinking well right now, but it's still trying to follow her.

Roxanne turns back, switching the child's weight to one arm and scooping up the glass ball with her other before she can think better. The fish makes a startled, strangled sound, before pushing itself towards the kid. She moves her arms just enough to hold them to each other, and watches as both relax despite the glass barrier, cuddling with each other as best they can.

If Roxanne wasn't dedicated to saving them before, she most certainly is now. Her apartment's only a few blocks away, she was jogging barely ten minutes before she stumbled upon the rubble. She breaks into a sprint, reaching her home in five.

Now she just needs to... Figure out how to actually save their lives, before they bleed to death. The ball cracks open a little more, black-stained water rushing out faster, making the decision of what to do for her.

"First thing's first, then." She sets the blue one on her couch, heading into the bathroom despite the fish's sounds of protest. She plugs the bathtub, letting the water fill up, and grabs a knife from the kitchen to carefully create a hole in the ball. "Come on, little guy, let's get you settled."

The fish slumps into the water for all of five seconds before hopping out, flopping a few inches across the floor, obviously determined to rejoin the other despite its failed attempts at gasping breaths.

This might be a little harder than she thought...

## Chapter 1: A Little Complication

M'ren = Megamind

When M'ren wakes up, it's with a headache. Which is the least of his concerns, as he gets a mental alert message seconds after regaining consciousness. He's laying on something softer than his cot, surrounded by unfamiliar smells, with something pressed against his forehead. *And he can't remember how he got here.*

Was he trying a new diet, again? Maybe he had a bad reaction and passed out in school. Or maybe the people in sunglasses have taken him for the Summer?

No, the government beds aren't this soft, and the last he can remember it was the middle of the semester. Then again, he's registering a rather large chunk of time missing from his memory, so who knows? He'll have to wait until his internal clock realigns and then search for the missing memories, before he can know for sure what happened.

The most pressing concern — '*what happened?*' — is on the backburner for now. Time to move on to move on to the second most pressing concern — '*where am I?*'

He opens his eyes slowly, adjusting to the evening light.

(Year: ???, Month: ???, Day: ???, Cycle: Evening, Hour: ???, Minute: ???, Second: ???)

He's on a couch, gauze and bandages covering his body (that explains the pressure on his head, at least), dressed in ill-fitting clothes that are definitely *not* his uniform. It's a sleeveless black dress, the straps tied together to keep them hanging on his shoulders, twisted so that his tail can fit through a slit in the side. He's never worn black before; he takes a second and decides he likes the way it looks against his skin, despite the white bandages.

He turns his attention outwards, startled to realize he's in a *house*. Or an apartment, whatever, semantics don't matter right now. He can recognize it based on stories from his classmates and depictions from TV; he's in an actual living room, not in jail or school or the base. He chirps excitedly, calling for Minion to double-check this is real and he isn't just getting too caught up in a hallucination.

°Sir?° Minion gurgles tiredly from a large bowl on the coffee table nearby. What's he doing outside his orb? M'ren moves to stare into the bowl, ignoring the pain of movement to watch familiar brown eyes snap into alertness. °Sir!°

**°Greetings, love, mine/yours, scared, happy, new, where?°** He chirps quickly, too tired and confused for silly concepts like grammar, despite Minion's scolding look. Then he notices a bandage on Minion's eye ridge, and the concept suddenly seems a lot less silly. *°You are hurt! Who did it? Tell me, then I will share your hurt twofold with them. Tenfold!°*

*°Calm now, Sir, your Minion is fine.°* Minion smiles reassuringly, making M'ren relax fractionally. He opens his mouth to say more, but then a door opens and a human walks into the room.

M'ren tenses at the sight of a stranger, immediately running his comparison programs. Wide hips, bumpy chest, thick eyelashes — female, then, most likely. No wrinkles, not old, but she looks more like his teacher than his classmates — adult? Probably? Definitely older than him, so best to just assume and show her respect.

"Oh, you're awake!" She says, looking a little startled.

Running through female-specific rules:

- \* Don't hit girls (don't hit anyone).
- \* Don't initiate physical touch.
- \* Never ask a lady her age (*dammit*).
- \* Never guess a woman's weight.
- \* Don't insult her appearance (don't be too complimentary either)
- \* Don't ask one for coffee (unknown whether tea counts or not).
- \* Never underestimate an angry broad.
- \* Don't call a woman a broad, chick, or dame, no matter what Uncle Nathan says.

Okay, so far he isn't doing anything wrong. He straightens as much as he can without hurting too badly, nodding a greeting with a wary smile. He presses back when she starts moving closer, but she doesn't seem mad about it. So, probably not one of the sunglasses people, then? They don't like him moving away from them.

"...Hello." She says quietly, stopping a few feet from him. She moves a hand to her chest. "I'm Roxanne, Roxanne Ritchi."

Ritchi. Hmm, he likes that name, it sounds chirpy. Easy to say.

"I found you outside, hurt." She adds, hesitantly.

What was he doing outside? And, oh, that means she's probably the one that bandaged him up. That's nice of her, kinda like Doctor Dex. He heals fast enough that it's

rarely necessary, but he always appreciates it. Plus she helped Minion, who can't heal as fast, so he's triply grateful.

He must be too quiet for too long, because she says. "Are— can you understand me?"

He nods quickly, remembering Warden's words: *It doesn't matter if you feel like talking or not, kid; you've gotta make sure they know you can understand them, alright? It's important they know you're smart enough to, or... It's just important, okay?*

He's pretty sure he knows why it's important, but he tries not to think about it. Still, he puts energy into the nod, wanting to make sure she knows he's smart. Smart like a person, he's a person.

*Teacher, why do I have to sit next to it? It keeps staring at me!*

Well, close enough to a person.

Miss Ritchi blinks, mouth moving into a small smile. "Okay, that's good. You can understand me. Can you talk? I know Fish can't, but..."

Fish? Oh, Minion. Right, Minion was awake before him, probably for a while. M'ren glances at him, chirping *"Danger? Safe to tell truth?"*

*"Sir, Miss Red asked a question."* Minion says in his scolding tone, bioluminescence flashing in a way that turns red into a name. M'ren's confused again until he notices Miss Ritchi's red shirt. He feels a little safer, knowing that Minion likes her enough to call her something other than 'the human'. *"Don't be rude, answer her."*

M'ren lifts his hand, twisting it in the 'more-or-less' gesture Uncle Larry taught him. His mouth doesn't like how English feels, and his brain doesn't like how it works, but he can technically speak it.

"A little?" Miss Ritchi guesses, getting a nod in return. "Okay, that's... Not too bad. God, what am I doing?" She groans, putting her head into her hands for a second.

*"She's a little stressed."* Minion explains, eyes slipping closed. Oh, he really must like her if he's trying to feel her mind. M'ren knows he doesn't like human minds, doesn't like human emotions. *"She's... Overwhelmed? I don't think she works with the prison or government, Sir, she's doesn't know what she's doing with us."*

M'ren hums sympathetically, knowing how it feels to get overwhelmed. He works his throat for a second, silently practicing until he's confident enough to chirp "Ri-tchi? Me-iss Ri-tchi?"

Her head snaps up, eyes wide. Was he not supposed to speak out of turn? She'd asked if he could, so he assumed... But now she's laughing, so maybe he didn't do anything wrong (for once).

"Yes, I'm Ritchi." She sighs, pointing to herself. Then she points to him. "Do you have a name?"

Oh, this! He's good at this! Identifying himself is one of the Routines he learned when he was really little. He sits up straight, looking forward, and repeats his legal designation.

"Metrocity Specimen 95-Q, Government Identification Number 592701. In custody of the Metrocity Prison For The Criminally Gifted, under supervision of the American Extraterrestrial Unit, Subsection 3. Species: Unknown 7." After a second, he remembers to add the last bit. It's only been two years, he doesn't always think about it. "Provisionally on loan to Metrocity Little Gifted Shool."

He grins widely, very proud of himself for being able to say all of that, even though he knows he mispronounced a lot of it. °I didn't even stutter!°

°Good job, Sir.° Minion flashes in praise.

But Miss Ritchi doesn't look happy. Her face is pulled into... Yes, it's definitely Displeased #8, though just a bit softer than when the Warden does it. #8 usually means a human finds something disturbing, which almost always means he did something bad.

When Miss Ritchi starts opening and closing her mouth, trying to think of something to say, M'ren internally winces. He was good, he identified himself just like he was taught! But he obviously must have messed up somewhere, if she's reacting like this. He looks around, wondering whether or not she has a naughty corner.

There's no signs of kids from what he can see, so probably not. It explains why she's overwhelmed, though, if she doesn't have prior experience with kids or how to discipline them. Maybe he should give her some suggestions? That would be helpful, and helpfulness is good, right?

(He wishes he was better at being good.)

Before he can actually try to give her such suggestions, she takes a deep breath and asks. "Extraterrestrial? That means you're an, an alien, right?"

He nods, confused. Of course he's an alien, what else would he be? But, at least he didn't actually do anything bad. Probably.

His automatic expression mimicking must still be running, because she notices his confusion and reacts with "There's nothing wrong with that, of course! I, uh... Do you have a smaller name? Sorry, it's just a little long."

M'ren hesitates. He has a lot of smaller names, it just depends on who he's talking to. Kid, Freak, Blue, ET, Gills, Buddy... Normally there's someone to introduce him, he isn't on his own a lot, so he doesn't know which name to use.

"It's okay if you don't." Miss Ritchi says quietly, frowning. He really needs to lower the honesty of his expressions the next time he has a quiet moment to shift through his mind. "What am I even doing? I should've asked you how you're feeling by now, I'm sorry. Does anything hurt?"

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The kid blinks when she changes the topic, slowly gesturing to it– himself, to his entire body. Roxanne sucks in a breath. Yeah, that makes sense, he was pretty badly banged up.

Wait, is he a 'he'? He looks like one, but that's not saying much if he's an alien.

(God, that introduction... The alien thing isn't nearly as big a deal to her as the fact that the kid is apparently under the custody of a prison. And 'on loan' to a school? What the Hell?)

"I didn't feel anything broken when I was bandaging you, but I don't know much about your, uh, species." Roxanne moves closer to the couch, sitting on the edge of the opposite end to him. She reaches a hand into the bowl, which makes the kid tense until he realizes his... Friend? is okay with it. "If you or Fish are hurt worse than what a few bandages can fix, I need to know, alright?"

"...Minyon." The kid says in a voice that chirps like a bird or a cat, pointing to the bowl. "N't Fist."

"Minyon?" She blinks, then looks to the one in the bowl. "Is he saying that's your name, little guy?"

The fish nods, grinning toothily, but the kid shakes his head. The kid growls, making her jump, then makes a face of intense concentration. "Min... Yin. Minion."

"Minion." She repeats, smiling at him. She turns to Minion. "Well, it's nice to have something to call one of you at least. How are you doing, little guy? Head still hurting?"

Minion shakes his head 'no', leaning slightly out of the bowl and towards the kid. Roxanne lifts the bowl up and puts it into the kid's lap, startling both of them. She briefly worries it was the wrong move, but then the kid grins and hugs the bowl close to his chest, lifting it to touch his cheek to the top of Minion's head. He's chirping and Minion's flashing, and they both look happy.

This entire thing is more complicated than she thought it was going to be, despite the fact that she already knew it wasn't going to be simple. Hell, the government is apparently involved now! But, well...

They really do look very happy. And isn't that worth a little complication?

— end of "Finders Keepers" —