



Ocean Eyes

Megamind (2010) · Not Rated · 2010 words

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

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

Tags: Megamind Has Gills (Megamind 2010), Megamind is a Little Shit (Megamind), Kidnapping, Near Death Experiences, Panic Attacks, Alien Biology, not as dark as it sounds, Megamind has a tail, My 143rd fic overall!! :), Fear of Death, Flying, Theft, Maybe qualifies as angst?, if it does then, Angst and Humor, Drama, maybe drama, anyways?, Angst and Drama, possibly, someone please tell me if it qualifies, Implied/Referenced Bullying, Fluff and Angst, Fluff, There's some Fluff at the end at any rate, seriously not near as dark as it sounds (I'm pretty sure), Not Beta Read, No betas we die like Metro Man and Minion, (how much fake death was there in that movie?), (wasn't it supposed to be for kids?)

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When a particularly frustrating battle ends with a little too much taunting, things take a very dangerous turn.

TW: Swearing, near-death experiences.

I just had a mental image of Metro Man getting fed up and tossing Megamind into the ocean, then somehow managed to write a fic around it. Hope the twist wasn't too obvious, and that you enjoyed either way! :)

Aswell, I'm not sure if anyone would get this, but Megamind's boyfriend/girlfriend slip up and his apology for it are intentional. He's hoping to distract Wayne further with something personal that he possibly shouldn't know.

"Oh, come on, Metro Mahn." Megamind rolled his eyes, unfazed by the yet-to-be unleashed lasers glowing barely a foot from his face. "You and I both know you won't carry through on a threat like *that*. At least try to be believable, old friend."

The lasers flickered out, leaving Metro Man's regular eyes. There were no cameras right now (not even Brainbots, though he wouldn't know that), the battle had already taken them far away from Roxanne, so he didn't bother stopping his irises from shifting colors. He gazed almost thoughtfully at Megamind, quiet as he pondered, not moving to continue the fight.

Which was... Really weird, actually. Metro Man wasn't a thinking sort of guy, and his superspeed meant he didn't have to spend long thinking about things anyways. Between this and the whole 'threatening to shoot lasers at his face' thing, Megamind was actually almost a little nervous.

How dare Metro Man do that to him! "Are we going to get back to the battle, or have you finally decided to surrender to my super-ri-or intellect?"

"It's 'superior'—" Metro Man started.

"Ha, so you admit it?" Megamind teased.

"I admit nothing." Metro Man responded, frowning. "And I will never surrender! I will, however, give you the opportunity to surrender before—"

"Oh, before *what*?" Megamind snapped, sneering. Maybe there was something in the air, but the day's activities hadn't really seemed all that much fun for either of them. Instead, it felt almost... annoying. "You punch me and drag me home, I escape, rinse repeat ad nauseum? Face it; you haven't been willing to do anything, let's say 'interesting', to me since we were kids. Why should I surrender when I know nothing you do will ever actually stop me?"

(He, meanwhile, would just continue to get smarter. His inventions were always improving, always getting more interesting, always getting closer to actually defeating the other. His enemy, on the other hand, hadn't really changed since they were teens. It was getting a little stale, honestly, endlessly repeating the basic same routine.)

The hero frowned, head tilting as if he was actually considering Megamind's words for once, and *what the Hell* was that about? Metro Man was a big, violent brute, obsessed with his image — he didn't *think*, he didn't *consider*, and he most certainly didn't listen to what Megamind had to say.

"You know what? You're right." Metro Man smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes, which flashed bright orange and yellow. "This just isn't working. I've put you back in jail how many times now? Maybe it is time to shake things up a bit, try something a little more *extreme*."

"What?" Megamind blinked, backing away a few paces. He did not like the look on his enemy's face. He narrowed his eyes. "Please, as if you'd ever ruin your image by *actually* hurting me."

"Well, yeah, but..." Wayne grinned in a very not-nice way, teeth bared and eyes practically glowing. "There's no one watching us right now, is there?"

Something deep in Megamind's genetic code started screaming at him that he needed to get away from the angry Flying One *right now*. For once agreeing with his annoyingly strong instincts, he turned tail and ran.

Unfortunately, superspeed trumps panic. In barely a second, Megamind was in the air, being held by his throat in a way that would kill a human before long. For Megamind, the grip wasn't even uncomfortable, but he still started clawing at the giant hand as if it were choking him.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Megamind hissed, too distracted to internally curse the inhuman sound. "Stop bluffing and put me down *right now*! This isn't how this works! You can't just grab me, where's the fun in that?"

Metro Man didn't respond, not even with a semi-witty oneliner, instead flying off at breakneck speeds. Megamind was a bit annoyed (and relieved) at the premature end to their game, before he realized that they weren't heading for the Metro City Prison For The Criminally Gifted.

The brute wouldn't *actually* do anything to him beyond their usual fights, would he? Sure, he had humiliated and harmed him in a variety of ways when they were young, but even Megamind had to admit that the bully he'd known was long gone! Despite what Megamind liked to say, the other really was a relatively nice guy now, on camera or off. Megamind wouldn't let him within a city block of Roxanne Ritchi if he had even an inkling of his old abusive personality.

But the old fear was still there, and Metro Man definitely wasn't playing by the rules anymore, so why should he?

"So, after all these years, all it takes to push you past the brink is a few small words?" Megamind forced himself to laugh bitterly, feigning angry curiosity. He just needed to distract his *captor* for a few minutes... "No, what was it really? Did your mommy send you to bed without supper too many times? New girlfrien- sorry, new boyfriend like it when you give into your *darker* impulses? Oh, I know--"

His tail wrapped around his De-Gun, pulling it free and settling around the trigger. He calculated it so he was right above a treeline in a park, close enough that he probably wouldn't even break a bone when he fell, and prayed the thing was already on De-Hydrate (the only setting that worked on the damned brute as of yet).

Unfortunately, Metro Man was again faster, free hand grabbing the gun just before the trigger could actually be pulled. He looked at Megamind and raised an eyebrow.

"Ah, uh... Sorry?" Megamind laughed uneasily, well and truly panicked at the utter lack of *banter*. They really weren't playing anymore, were they? There were no rules, no

precedent for what was happening, no way of knowing what was going to happen. And absolutely no way to escape.

Metro Man turned his head away and ignored the Supervillain, tucking the De-Gun into a hidden pocket in his cape.

(Had he always had that? Were there more pockets? Oooh, it looked like a phone was stuck in one of them, interesting–

No! Focus! Survival first, questions about cape pockets second.

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...Would Minion be able to sew pockets into his cape without messing up the way it moved? And would copying Metro Man be worth it to have a place to store snacks and extra weapons? Hmm, he'd have to store those thoughts for later.

Okay, thoughts stored, now he could focus on the potentially life-threatening situation.)

"Wayne, please!" Megamind finally tried begging as they crossed over the docks and picked up speed, hands gripped tight around the other's wrist. "I didn't even do anything!"

Metro Man gave him a very unimpressed glare, so he amended. "Nothing worse than usual, anyways. So maybe you just found it boring, but I can fix that! No more Wizard Of Oz themed schemes, and you drop me off in jail without hurting me, what do you say?"

"No deals this time, little buddy." Metro smiled in an unnervingly casual way, finally stopping his flight. "And, besides, when did I say I was going to hurt you?"

Before Megamind could do more than open his mouth to respond, the hand gripping his throat let go. His own grip on the other's wrist was loose, leaving him quickly tumbling through the air, barely catching sight of the Hero flying away to leave him to his fate.

How the fuck is this not hurting me?! Megamind thought in a panic, disbelief and a little bit of betrayal slicing through him, before he actually registered what was beneath him. He would've laughed if he hadn't been falling.

He twisted until his body was straight, head down and arms to his sides, and effortlessly slipped into the water of the ocean he'd been dropped into. He opened his gills and dived low enough so that Metro Man couldn't follow him if he was still hovering around, then hid between some rocks while he waited out a panic attack.

That asshole had let him fear for his life, all the while just planning to throw him to sea? This was at most *mildly annoying*, but Megamind had honestly thought Metro Man had snapped. *And the bastard stole his De-Gun!*

This called for a revenge of the highest order. Or at least a very severe prank.

After his body and chemical responses caught up with the fact he wasn't going to die, Megamind finally calmed down enough to brave open water and surface. He couldn't see any landmass on the horizon (how far had they flown?!), but he had an impeccable internal sense of direction, so it only took him a few minutes to figure out where home was.

He wasn't sure how far he was, but he did know that this was the farthest he'd ever been from Metro City since he first landed. He felt weird, being outside... outside his territory. He didn't use that word often, not even in his own head. Humans didn't have territories, not like that, but he did. Being away from it hit him hard, as did the fact that he was away from Minion, his prison family, even Roxanne.

Strangely, even the fact that he was away from Metro Man suddenly seemed wrong in a way he couldn't properly articulate in any Earth language. For all that they were rivals, nemeses, mortal enemies...

Minion said their species lived together. He hated Wayne, but apparently his body considered the hero a *part* of his territory, instead of an interloper or challenger like he assumed. If he was supposed to be there, why did they fight so much? *Was it all actually just a game?*

With no other option and far too much time to think, Megamind started swimming forwards.

Several days and one very interesting fight with a lobster later, Megamind crawled onto the shore of Metro City, grinning like a lunatic. Most of his armor had been abandoned in the water at some point or other, including his boots, but he still had on enough clothing to be legal.

He found a Brainbot quickly enough, as they patrolled the entire city while invisible to human eyes, and had it take him straight to the Lair.

"Sir!" Minion gasped, pulling him into a hug almost immediately. "Where have you been? All Metro Man would say is that you'd be back soon, and I've been so worried! What did he do to you? Are you okay—"

"Minyon, I am fine." Megamind chuckled, pressing his head against the glass of Minion's suit, the fish pressing on the other side. They'd have to go swimming soon, as soon as he could stomach the sight of water again, because he very much wanted to actually hug his lifelong companion after being so far away. "I just need a little... Rest. It has been a long few days, after all. And then, we shall get planning!"

"Planning for what, Sir?" Minion asked, picking him up to carry him off to bed. "It's a little soon for another plot, isn't it?"

"Metro Mahn has *changed the rules*, Minyon." He laughed, loud and real and not at all like his usual maniacal cackles. This wasn't for show in the slightest, just real glee bubbling up, echoing and overlapping in a way beautifully inhuman. "Things are going to be a lot more in-tear-resting from now on, my dear Henchfish!"

If days on end of swimming, avoiding sharks, and feeling utterly lost and alone outside his territory was the new price of the game? Well, then he supposed the game was going to have to be worth it.

— end of "Ocean Eyes" —