



Genius Can Be A Lonely Fate (But Quality Is Worth The Wait)

Loonatics Unleashed · Not Rated · 1512 words

by Arukir

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Rev Runner bumps into a certain coyote on the first day of highschool.

When they showed all their backstories, Rev had experimental Rocket Boots. Since then, I've headcanoned that he and Tech have been friends for years, with him testing Tech's inventions.

Edit: as of the 29th of September, 2026, this is my 19th work to reach 100 kudos! ☺

Rev isn't quite as smart as Tech, but he is smart enough to keep up with him, thus their friendship.

Writing Rev is a bit difficult. He speaks fast, always saying a lot all at once, often going off on random tangents. How'd I do?

If it's requested enough, I'll write Tech's POV of their meeting!

Chapter 1

Highschool wasn't easy for Rev Runner, but one thing made it better; a fateful encounter on the first day...

"Oof!" Rev groaned as he walked beak-first into someone in a labcoat. He opened said beak to apologize, but stopped when he spotted brown fur, sharp teeth, and cunning eyes. "Aah! A coyote!"

"Aah!" The coyote repeated, deadpan. "A roadrunner..."

Rev felt his cheeks heat up in embarrassment, getting worse when he noticed papers all over the ground between them. He fell to the floor, quickly gathering them. "Oh, I'm so sorry, I should've been looking where I was going, and now I've made you drop all your...."

He trailed off, looking at a specific page. The numbers on it would've been gibberish to most, but to him—

"Give me that!" The coyote growled as he kneeled on the floor, snatching it out of Rev's hand so fast the bird whimpered. The coyote took the rest of his papers. "Thanks, for picking them up, but I—"

"Did you write that yourself?" Rev asked, pointing to the page he'd been reading.

"Yes." The coyote's tone was defensive, but he tried to act dismissive. "But I'm afraid I really don't have time to explain it to you. I need to be go—"

"You're a genius!" Rev blurted out, and boy was that an awkward thing to do, but he couldn't help it.

The coyote froze, slowly turning towards him with a stunned look. "E-excuse me?"

"You're surprised?" Rev questioned. "You completely rewrite the Triple Albatross theorem in a simple, elegant, *revolutionary* way, and you're surprised when someone calls you a genius?! Boy, if that's not self-confidence issues, I don't know what is! Though I actually do, because my cousin's in therapy for them, though she's doing much better now. Have you ever considered therapy, or are you not at that point yet? Or are you from a culture that's against therapy? If you are, I'm really sorry for suggesting it, but I didn't know, so you can't get too angry, though I suppose you can actually do whatever—ack!"

Releasing his grip of Rev's beak, the coyote quietly asked. "You can understand this?"

Assuming 'this' was the paper, Rev scoffed, rubbing at his beak. "Who can't?! Though I could never rewrite it like that! Again, genius!"

The coyote turned away slightly. "Um, well, I suppose it is a little genius. Nothing compared to my other work, though."

Peering over the coyote's shoulder to get a clearer view of the paper, Rev gasped. "You have *more*?!"

"Yeah! You, uh..." The coyote coughed a bit, shifting nervously. "You wanna see?"

"Oh! Can I?" Rev bounced in place, grabbing the coyote's arm. "Please????"

"They're in my locker, give me a moment to—" the coyote seemed to realize something. Half-playfully, half-serious, he asked "Me being a coyote isn't going to be a problem, is it?"

Rev blinked, having forgotten that the coyote was, well, a coyote. Equally playfully-yet-serious, he responded with "Are there any roadrunner traps in your locker?"

"No."

"Then I think we're good." Rev nodded, then "Now show me, show me, show me, show me, show me, show— ack!"

The coyote raised an eyebrow, keeping a paw over Rev's beak until he opened his locker. On Rev's part, he let him.

"Oh, I'm Rev Runner, by the way." Rev introduced himself as the coyote pulled out schematics and equations that he could already tell were *way* ahead of their time.

"Tech E. Coyote." The coyote responded, sorting through his papers.

"Tech? Oh, that's such a great name for you!" Rev nodded excitedly. "Perfect for a genius!"

The coy— Tech smiled, blushing a little.

And thus began a friendship — and something more? — for the ages.

Chapter 2: Tech's Perspective

What was Tech thinking throughout his first meeting with Rev? Let's find out...

Highschool wasn't easy for Tech E. Coyote, but one thing made it better; a fateful encounter on the first day...

Tech wasn't having a good day. He'd blown up the chemistry room (*again*), got an F because he disagreed with the Theory Of Relativity, and been openly mocked by his Maths teacher in front of his so-called 'peers'.

Needless to say, he was grumpy. And when he was grumpy, he didn't always notice what was going on around him. He yelped as *something* knocked into him, scattering the very important papers he'd been carrying.

He looked down at the blue and purple bird. The roadrunner looked back at him, eyes wide. "Aah! A coyote!"

"Aah!" Tech mocked, much too tired to deal with any sort of Avian. "A roadrunner..."

The roadrunner had the decency to look a bit embarrassed, gaze flicking to the floor. When he saw the papers, the bird got on the floor and started picking them up, beak opening and closing so fast it was almost a blur. "Oh-I'm-so-sorry-I-should've-been-looking-where-I-was-going-and-now-I've-made-you-drop-all-your...."

The bird trailed off, giving Tech a moment to try and work out what he'd just said. Super genius aside, it took a moment for him to catch up enough to realize the other was staring at one of his equations.

Oh, he was much too tired to be *mocked*.

"Give me that!" Tech growled as he kneeled on the floor, snatching the paper out of the bird's hand. The bird whimpered in fright, making Tech guilty enough to try to calm down as he gathered the rest of his papers. "Thanks, for picking them up, but I—"

"Did-you-write-that-yourself?" The roadrunner pointed to the page he'd been reading.

"Yes." Tech had places to be, inventions to make, detentions to avoid! He didn't have time for one of the ignorant masses to insult something they couldn't begin to understand. Someone they couldn't begin to understand. "But I'm afraid I really don't have time to explain it to you. I need to be go—"

"You're-a-genius!"

Tech froze, slowly turning to face the bird. "E-excuse me?" He couldn't have heard that right, he must've missed a word. Of course, he was a genius, but no one else ever...

"You're-surprised?" The bird looked genuinely confused, as if he thought Tech's genius was obvious. But it *had* to be a trick, there was no way the other teen even *understood* what the equation wa- "You-completely-rewrite-the-Triple-Albatross-theorem-in-a-simple-elegant-revolutionary-way-and-you're-surprised-when-someone-calls-you-a-genius?! Boy-if-that's-not-self-confidence-issues-I-don't-know-what-is! Though-I-actually-do-because-my-cousin's-in-therapy-for-them-though-she's-doing-much-better-now. Have-you-ever-considered-therapy-or-are-you-not-at-that-point-yet? Or-are-you-from-a-culture-that's-against-therapy? If-you-are-I'm-really-sorry-for-suggesting-it-but-I-didn't-know-so-you-can't-get-too-angry-though-I-suppose-you-can-actually-do-whatever- ack!"

He hadn't really meant to wrap his paw around the other's beak, Tech just needed him to *shut* it for a second so he could think. Ignoring the utter gibberish, he was pretty sure... But he had to double check. He released his grip and asked, "You can understand this?"

The bird scoffed, rubbing at his beak. "Who-can't?!" Everyone who wasn't at least a college Physics major or super genius nerd. "Though-I could-never-rewrite-it-like-that! Again-genius!"

Tech turned away slightly, hiding a blush at the compliment. He decided to try to be a bit humble, "Um, well, I suppose it is a little genius. Nothing compared to my other work, though." Of course, humble was overrated.

Peering over Tech's shoulder to apparently read the paper, the bird gasped. "You-have-more?!"

"Yeah! You, uh..." This probably wasn't a trick, right? He sounded genuinely excited, it seemed like he actually understood what Tech had done. No matter how improbable that was. "You wanna see?"

"Oh! Can-I?" The roadrunner bounced in place, grabbing Tech's arm. Tech suppressed the urge to pull away, grinning at the other's enthusiasm. "Please?????"

"They're in my locker, give me a moment to—" Tech paused, remembering how this conversation had begun. Their species didn't have the best history, he didn't want to spend time around someone who was uncomfortable around him. He tried to play it off as a joke, "Me being a coyote isn't going to be a problem, is it?"

The bird blinked, as if surprised. He smirked, "Are-there-any-roadrunner-traps-in-your-locker?"

"No." Not any that were *identifiable* as such, anyways.

"Then-I-think-we're-good." The bird nodded, then, "Now-show-me-show-me-show-me-show-me-show-me-show— ack!"

Tech kept a grip on the other's beak until his locker was open, meeting no resistance. He started sorting his mess organized-chaos of a locker, picking out certain schematics and equations.

"Oh-I'm Rev-Runner-by-the-way." The bird introduced himself.

"Tech E. Coyote." Tech answered cautiously. He still wasn't 100% sure this wasn't a trick.

"Tech?" 'Rev' repeated thoughtfully. He grinned, "Oh-that's-such-a-great-name-for-you! *Perfect-for-a-genius!*"

Caught off guard, Tech didn't have time to hide his second blush. He decided then and there that it didn't matter if it might be a trick, it was worth the risk to finally have a... lab partner. Even if it was only for a little while.

Little did he know that it wouldn't be just a little while. Through Rev's struggles with his day job to Tech crying over his criminal ex-girlfriend to both becoming mutant superheroes, they would always be there for each other. Lab partners, teammates, friends — and maybe more.

— end of "Genius Can Be A Lonely Fate (But Quality Is Worth The Wait)" —