

# ARCADE - Anything You Want To Be

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*ONESHOT*

*Based on the ARCADE fandom*

*Turbo spends some time with Marina and muses on her future.*

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**Chapter 0 - Anything You Want To Be**

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## 0 - Anything You Want To Be

Turbo had been looking after Marina while Ionia was away on a training mission with her group. He had stayed inside the cave that Ionia had claimed for herself and had since become 'their cave'. He enjoyed it immensely. It was quiet and secluded, away from the hustle and bustle he was surrounded by every day and it was cosy. The plush pillows were heavenly, deep and soft. Perfect for resting his back after a days racing. Turbo rubbed his yellow eyes and sniffed to clear his airways, looking down at his daughter as she sucked on the zip of her suit. His face slowly broke into a smile, a smile that was instantly mirrored by Marina whose eyes were fixated on his face. "That'th not for eating." He lightly brushed away the zip from her mouth and tucked it back under the fabric of her suit. Marina didn't like being restricted, screwed up her face and whined. "No, no, no. Don't cry, my little thauthage!" He quickly slid his hands under her and lifted her close to his chest. "It'th OK! I'm here." Marina's whining trailed off as she felt the warmth of her father's body against her. She gripped onto his racing suit and happily chuntered nonsense as Turbo rocked her gently. "Thankth for giving Daddy a break. I'm thtill new at thith, remember?" He flashed his big, yellow teeth at her and she responded in kind by showing off her gums. "When you grow up you'll be the prettieth rather ever." Marina wriggled in his arms and giggled, enjoying the attention. "You know, you were a thurprithe. Mommy and Daddy's big thurprithe. And, even though I don't know what I'm doing..." He suddenly leaned in close. "Thhhhhhhhhh, don't tell anybody..." Marina just grinned not having any idea what he was saying anyway. "Even though I don't know what I'm doing and I probably ththink at thith whole Dad thing, I'm happy. Happy and thtill thurprithed thith even happened to me in the firtht plathe." Marina's eyelids began to droop as he spoke and she eventually ended up dropping off to sleep, her hands still holding on to his suit. Turbo stopped and stared down at her, listening to her light breathing. He adjusted her carefully so she was more comfortable and lightly traced a finger over her face. "I wonder if you'll be a good rather?" He whispered softly down to the sleeping child in his arms as thoughts of her future filled his head. He knew that she was in danger every day, that there were older arcade members who were against branch codes and would fight to stop them from ever existing. But he didn't care about them, they were just idiots. He would fight them if he had to and he knew that the few people who knew about her would too. He felt sorry for anyone who picked a fight with Ionia's group, Hellas. He smirked as mental images of people getting their butts kicked filled his mind. "Yeth, you'll be fine... you can be a rather. Anything you want. Jutht becauthe you're not an offithial character doeth'nt mean you don't detherve a chanthe, right?" He poked her little nose lightly. "You can be anything you want, thauthage. Anything." He paused for a moment and raised a brow. "Jutht don't be a Roadblathterth racer. OK?"