

So Obvious

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Birkin scratched his head in confusion as to how he ended up in the situation he was in. He had agreed to meet Blanky again, but this time a small, grey skinned man in a racing suit and helmet had tagged along too. His eyes and teeth were bright yellow and Birkin could only assume he drank a lot of coffee and smoked ten packets of cigs a day. "So, who is your friend?"

"I don't know. I've never really met him before." Blanky was watching the small man cautiously. "I thought he came with you!"

"The name's Turbo." He grinned at them both with his huge yellow teeth and brushed off his racing suit with one hand. Birkin's eyebrows raised, instantly noting his strange lisp.

Blanky couldn't resist a small jibe. "Been smoking too much, have you?"

Turbo's head instantly shot upwards to look her dead in the eye. "I beg your pardon?"

"Well, how do you explain the yellow teeth?"

Turbo's smile dropped into grimace as Birkin attempted to hold in a fit of amused laughter. "How do you explain your being annoying... neth?" His yellow eyes flashed at her as he jutted out his lower jaw.

"What! Aww come on, don't feel bad I was just fooling!"

"How dare you insult my faith!"

"I am curious to know how you got yellow teeth. As a matter of fact I find them cool!" Blanky waved her hands around in an attempt to dispell his anger.

"Do you know who I am!?" He stopped his raging and his face softened, allowing his grin to return. "... Oh. Well then."

"But how did you make your teeth yellow? I'd like coloured teeth too!"

Turbo was about to reply when a blue robotic-looking woman dashed straight at them jumped in and landed butt first onto Turbo. "HIYA PEEPS!"

Turbo was, of course, completely mashed by her rear end and could only force out a small whimper.

"Oh, hi Ionia! Long time no see!" Blanky waved and then noticed that the small man was under Ionia's posterior. "Aww poor thing, he's squashed!"

After a small pause Ionia wiggled herself around to see if there was something under her and, sure enough, she felt Turbo pancaked under her. She peered down and grinned sheepishly. "Hm? Oh! Heh,

whoops."

Blanky reached a hand underneath Ionia and yanked Turbo out, dusted him off and fluffed him up a bit. He just let out groaning sounds as he wobbled on the spot. "Hgnnn bleh!"

Blanky sat him down on a nearby rock and tilted her head, concerned for his wellbeing. "You ok?"

Turbo was obviously suffering from the blow and seemed out for the count. "Brickth and lollipopth and poop and..."

Ionia watched him with wide eyes and burst into fits of laughter over what was coming out of his mouth.

"Aww, you're a cute little fella!" Blanky smiled and pinched his cheeks, something that Turbo wasn't very fond of people doing. He flailed his arms weakly as she continued to do it, rocking awkwardly on his rocky seat. "So cute, so cute, so cute!"

Ionia tilted her head and leaned sideways to get a better look at what was going on. "Hey-o. Whatcha... Whatcha doin' there?"

Blanky, thinking she meant something different, turned her head a little to answer the question. "Me? I'm back in town, to visit the Dastardlys. Y'know? That new game that got plugged in recently. Dastardly and Muttley. His whole family is around here now." She paused a little and flushed a shade of pink. "And Birkin. But, right now I'm gushing over Turbo here!"

"I was..." Ionia pointed to Turbo's now red cheeks. "Talking about what you were doing to him. It looked fun." Her face contorted into a sinister grin to which Turbo replied with a defensive whine. "HNNNNNN!"

"Ah I see! My bad." She stopped pinching his cheeks and turned to face Ionia properly. "What are you doing here Ionia?"

"I was following hi..." She stopped herself mid-sentence, a sudden sinking feeling overwhelming her over what she almost said. "No! I wasn't following him! I was doing something totally unrelated in the exact same direction as him purely out of coincidence!"

"Oh really?" Blanky gave her a knowing smile. "And what was the 'totally unrelated thing in the same direction purely out of coincidence thing' you were doing?"

Ionia eyes darted around nervously. "I was... Was..." Her eyes fixed on a rock on the ground. "Coming here to tell this rock off! Y-yeah! Bad rock!" She pointed at it pretending to tell it off.

Blanky folded her arms and raised a brow. "Coming to tell a rock off? What did it do?"

"I, er..." Ionia was startled for a second by the sound of Turbo dribbling. "It made a pee pee on my carpet!"

Birkin folded his arms and gave Blanky a knowing look and Blanky returned the look with a grin. "It did, did it?"

"I was clearly not following him. Nope." Ionia shook her head frantically.

Blanky grinned at the pair and began to envision them together. It was sweet in an odd way. Her face tinged pink again, but her thoughts came to a screeching halt as Turbo began to sing like a drunk man just leaving a bar.

"Birdth and beeth and BUTTERFLIETH!"

Ionia clonked him on the top of his helmet in an attempt to shake him out of his dazed state, but was just met with strange protest. "Oooooowww. No Mooom, I'm not going to thchool!"

"Well, that's interesting! Aww they like each other!" Blanky clasped her hands together and made a sweet face at them both.

Ionia's eyes widened. "WHAT!? Me? Like HIM!?" She pointed at Turbo who was now dribbling all down his chin and sucking his thumb.

"Well, yeah. The very fact you smacked him just now proves that."

Turbo interrupted them again and started his drunk man singing. "Ten chubby angelth with big fat wingth. To heavy to fly they crath into thingth."

Ionia, the confused expression on her face getting worse by the second, smacked him again, all the while keeping her eyes on Blanky. "It does!?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"I don't get it..." Ionia's eye began to twitch a little, a reaction she was all but used to. She tended to fritz when nervous or confused. Thankfully for her, Blanky changed the subject.

"I don't believe we've met before Turbo." She slowly walked to the still dazed racer and held out her badge. "I'm police officer Blanky Wood."

Ionia instantly flinched knowing that if Turbo snapped out of his daze that he wouldn't care for seeing a badge like that. "shoot! Er, I mean..." She took Turbo's arm and puppeteered him to wave, mimicking his voice out the corner of her mouth. "Hi."

However, Turbo's eyes lit up at the sight of the badge. "Shiiiiinyyyy!" He reached for badge and fell off his rock in the process. Ionia instantly reacted and caught him before he could land on the hard ground in a heap. "Mleh."

She sighed and looked him over. "You'd think he'd be better protected wearing a helmet." Blanky nodded and returned her badge to her inner pocket. "Well, lucky him to be wearing one at all."

Birkin was watching Ionia's every move with a small smirk on his face. He was quite the judge of character and he thought he had the two sussed out. He leaned in towards Blanky and whispered in her ear. "They are SO into each other."

Blanky fought back giggles and whispered back. "I noticed too. Of course they will never admit it, they're as stubborn as each other!"

Ionía had taken to slapping Turbo about a bit to try and get him to wake up. "Ooo ooo. Big summer blow out!"

A short while after, Turbo stopped Ionía's hand and glared up at her from in her arms. "THTOP HITTING ME YOU THTUPID WOMAN!"

Ionía breathed a sigh of relief as a small puff of mist escaped from her vents. "There, all back to normal."

The small man just rubbed his head and grumbled profanities under his breath.

"Don't be mad Turbo, she cant help the way she feels. I'm sure she doesn't mean you any harm."

Turbo scoffed and continued glaring up at Ionía. "Doethn't mean me any harm... HMPH!"

Ionía smiled widely as she began to rock him like a baby to mock him. "Awww is the likkul baby pouting?"

Blanky let out a sigh and clasped her hands together again. "Aww, now kiss!"

Turbo's head instantly snapped round to look at Blanky. "What!?"

"Well its obvious you want to!"

"It tho ith not!"

Ionía just continued to rock him like a baby, enjoying her moment of sarcastic triumph.

"Aww what a sweet sight!"

Turbo glared at Blanky, his eyes flaring. "That ith dithguthing."

"Hey!" Blanky put her hands on her hips and gave him an unimpressed look. "Don't be like that, Ionía is lovely!"

He grumbled and rolled his eyes. "The ith my friend, yeth."

Birkin chuckled. "Don't try kidding us. We know you guys are doing the super muchacho mambo in secret."

Upon hearing what Birkin had said, Ionía instantly dropped Turbo in shock, her eyes as wide as saucers. "What the..." The racer let out a yelp as his butt hit the hard ground.

Blanky leaned towards Birkin and nodded. "Good one. Now, let's leave them to be together for a while!"

Turbo overheard them and shot to his feet. "NO! DON'T!" He proceeded to walk up to Birkin with a frown. Birkin couldn't help but laugh inwardly over just how small he was compared to him. The man was barely 4 feet off the ground, it was almost cute.

"That wath uncalled for!" Turbo stomped his feet.

"It's true though, right? I mean, it's so obvious you guys are making whale noises together."

Turbo's mouth shot open, feigning disgust he turned his back on him. "Ugh!"

Ionia had heard and was going through a range of emotions all at once. "Oh dear. Oh my." Her eye began to twitch again. "Gah!"

Turbo heard Ionia's gasps, looked towards her and noticed that she was fritzing again. "Keep that glitch under control, my dear." He paused as his heart skipped a beat, realizing what he had just said. "Er, I mean..." He did his best to keep up appearances by yelling and hoped they hadn't noticed his slip up. "THTOP GLITCHING!"

Ionia just hiccupped loudly as Birkin eyed Turbo with a sly grin. "You said dear. Hah."

"No. I thaid... Beer. Yeah. Beer."

Birkin and Blanky tilted their head at him and stifled their mirth. "Is she going to be OK?"

"It'th OK. Ionia does that when theth nervouth. Or confuted. Or exthited. Or luthful."

The pair almost fell about laughing and Birkin leaned down towards Turbo's face and grinned. "How would YOU know?"

The racer froze to the spot and twitched. He didn't know how to react to that at all.

"Poor thing; I sympathise. I too get nervous around a certain gentleman." Blanky laughed and batted her eyelashed in Birkin's direction to which he responded by scratching the back of his neck awkwardly.

After a moment, Turbo finally snapped himself out of it and decided to react after all. He pulled back a leg and kicked Birkin in the shin.

"YEEOWCH!"

Satisfied, he stomped back to Ionia and slapped her butt to get her out of her glitching state.

"THANK YOU DARRRLIII... er... " She clasped her hands around her mouth. Turbo hissed. "Shhh!"

Birkin rubbed at his shin and frowned. "Little shoot. No wonder they unplugged your game."

Turbo just stuck out his tongue and watched as Blanky went over to check to see if he was alright. "Where does it hurt?"

"No biggie, just my shin. I've had worse." Birkin chuckled hinting at the incident with the G-Virus.

Blanky nodded and pulled out her travel first aid kit from her inner jacket pocket and took out a band aid. She could see a small cut where the skin had split from the kick Turbo had given him. After placing it on his shin she stood up and put her kit back to its original place.

As the two were occupied, Turbo took the opportunity to check on Ionia. He patted her leg and looked up at her sympathetically. "Better?" Ionia just smiled softly and nodded.

"Better now, Birkin?" Blanky was satisfied with her patch up job.

"Yeah, thanks."

It was then the pair noticed Turbo and Ionia staring at each other and Birkin shook his head. "Jeeze, just get it over with already."

Turbo spun on his heels. "What?"

"What do you mean Birkin?" Blanky looked at him and then returned her gaze to the two in front of her.

"If they aren't making whale noises. Then it's about high time they did! The sexual tension is so damn obvious."

"That doeth it!" Turbo was having none of it. His face flushed red as he rolled up his sleeve and started to stomp his way over to Birkin. Ionia managed to dive in quickly and picked Turbo up by the collar leaving him flailing and punching the air.

Blanky held the cackling Birkin back so Turbo didn't punch him and yelped. "Well!" She said trying to change the subject. "I'd best be off, its getting late. You're welcome to join me, Birkin"

He stumbled forward and brushed his lab coat off a little deflated that he couldn't at least continue the little fight he had going. "Fine, fine." He hobbled slowly off and looked back to Turbo and Ionia and rolled his eyes as Turbo began to pull childish faces at him.

Ionia, forgetting herself, pulled the little racer in for a hug. "You're so cute when you're angry."

"HNNNN GHHHHHGGNNNH IONIA... THEY.... NOT GONE!"

"Oops."

Birkin stopped and pointed at them. "Hah! Caught you!"

Blanky smirked. "Let's leave them. Why should they have all the fun?"

Birkin, understanding her meaning, hooked an arm around her waist. "Indeed." He turned back to wave at Ionia and Turbo. "Have fun doing the horizontal pogo guys!"

Ionia's eyes widened and she instantly dropped Turbo again.

"YARGH!"

Blanky and Birkin, now satisfied, started to wander off to the train carts to take them to Game Station as Turbo, glad they were finally leaving, started to crawl into a nearby bush for shelter from any more injury. "Ngggh."

Ionia looked at the bush with Turbo inside, back at Birkin, back to the bush and back to Birkin again who had stopped for one last look. She grinned widely at him and pointed at the bush. Birkin, knowing exactly what she meant, gave her a small salute and watched as she dived in after Turbo.

"GERONIMOOOOO!"