



Fearsome Five Formation

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 436 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings, No content warnings apply

Characters: Elmo Sputterspark, Quackerjack (Disney), Reginald Bushroot, Liquidator (Disney), Negaduck (Disney)

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The Fearsome Five forms for the first time.

This is technically a flashback from a larger fic I'm working on, but I think it works on its own.

I know Negs' is oversharing a bit, but I was really just exploring his motivations for building a team in the first place. So maybe some of this is actually just in his head?

"So... You're not Dipwing?" Megavolt asked, standing in front of a desk. Beside him were an overgrown weed, a living puddle (*shudder!*), and a clown. In front of him was apparently Darkwing's twin brother.

"But you look just like him!" The clown said in awe, bouncing a little in place. And it was true, even down to the clothes, though they were a different color. At least, Megavolt thought they were a different color. His fried brain made it hard to tell sometimes, but didn't Darkwing usually wear something a little, well, darker?

"Very observant." The duck growled, his voice deeper but otherwise identical to Darkwing's. "I'm a villain from out of town, I guess you could say. Couple years ago, I got bored and came here looking for a good time, when I discovered that damned do-gooding doppelganger wearing *my face*."

"C-couple years ago?" The weed stammered, wringing his hand... Lea... Upper extremities together "How come w-we've never heard of you?"

"Yeah, you'd think a Dipwing Dork look-alike would be big news!" The clown added, pulling on the sides of his jester cap.

"I only let Dipwing see me, unless I was framing him for something, keeping under the radar." The duck frowned, and something about that sent chills up Megavolt's spine. "But we've fought, each winning and losing smalltime, neither able to really defeat the other."

The duck leaned forward a little. "You see, gentleman, we have the same skills. We know *exactly* how the other thinks. So I'm changing things up. With your guys's help, I'll cut St Canard off from the outside world and capture Darkwing, leaving the city to our tender care." He cackled.

"Inquiring minds wish to know, what'll you do with a certain caped crusader?" The puddle asked, his tone something like a TV commercial. "Once you've captured him?"

"Torture him 'til he kicks the big one." The duck shrugged. And those words coming out of *that* face, more than anything, solidified that this wasn't Darkwing.

"And, if we don't want to help you?" Megavolt asked slowly. He should've just turned around and ran...

How many times has Darkwing had you helpless?" The duck asked, staring at each of them in turn. "Trapped? Completely at his mercy? Imagine if he, say, had a sadistic streak for a second. If he didn't just hurt you in *battle*. I can do *anything* he can, and I'm willing to do a lot more. Now, who's ready to take over the city? Show of hands!"

Four hands raised uneasily into the air.

— end of "Fearsome Five Formation" —