



Aftermath

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Megavolt and Quackerjack each tell their friends about what happened following the events of *The Haunting Of Mr Banana Brain*.

Chapter 1: Megavolt's POV

Megavolt tells Bushroot about Paddywhack -- or, more accurately, how Quackerjack was affected by him.

So, this is technically a flashback from a longer fanfic I'm working on. You don't need that fanfic to understand this one, but basically QJ has been captured by Paddywhack again, so the rest of the F4 are going to Darkwing for help.

And then they met up with Darkwing and plot happened, so I cut it off here.

"So, um... How do you know about Darkwing beating P-P-Paddywhack?" Bushroot asked Megavolt, changing the subject.

"Because Quackie told me." Megavolt sighed. "A couple years ago, I think, I arrived at Quackerjack's lair for a caper..."

Megavolt slunk out of an alleyway, approaching the old warehouse, excited for his da-crime with Quackie. A local toystore had gotten a new stock of Whiffle Boy toys, and Quackie had a new giant mallet in need of a test run.

Noises of destruction and yelling echoed out of the warehouse, and Megavolt briefly wondered if Quackie had robbed the store without him, but that thought was disproven when he entered. Where he had expected to see Whiffle Boy merchandise shattered upon the

ground, he instead saw... Jack-in-the-boxes? Bent, twisted, smashed to the point they were barely recognizable, littering the ground between towers of toys.

That didn't make any sense, of course, since Quackie loved jack-in-the-boxes. He was Megavolt's Quackerjack-in-the-box, hehehe.

"What?" Bushroot asked, staring at Megavolt as they approached the bay.

"Umm..." Megavolt cleared his throat, a deep pink spreading across his face, clearly visible thanks to his lack of fur. "Forget that! Now where-? Oh, right, I made my way through the warehouse, following the sounds of Quackie's shouting..."

"Quackie?" Megavolt called, twisting through the maze of dolls, model airplanes, yoyos.... Megavolt's thoughts stopped as he turned a corner and finally spotted who he was looking for.

Quackie was breathing hard, his new hammer splintered and dirty as he smashed it over and over again on the ground, a metal box flattened beneath it. Mr Banana Brain was tied up nearby, and it seemed to Megavolt like he was pleading for help calming his duck down.

"Quackie?" Megavolt repeated softly, taking a few steps forward.

Quackerjack spun around, a wild look in his eyes, his pupils darting back and forth in sheer panic. Finally, recognition dawned on his face, his grip on the hammer loosening until it crashed onto the floor.

Next thing Megavolt knew, Quackie's arms were around him, tears streaming down his face. "S-Sparky! I didn't... He.... I missed you so much!"

"Don't call me Sparky." Megavolt said automatically, freaked out. He wrapped his arms around the duck. "Quackie, what's wrong? What happened? Who... Who hurt you?"

"He was in a jack-in-the-box, Sparky." Quackie pulled back, not letting go, and stared Megavolt straight in the eyes. "God, he was Mr Banana Brain! Sparky, he was in Mr Banana Brain..."

He mumbled and cried for a long time, but eventually got across that some monster in a jack-in-the-box used Mr Banana Brain to hurt him, but Darkwing helped him escape.

"Shush, Quackie, shhh." Megavolt sighed, sitting on the floor and holding him. "He's gone, he won't hurt you again. I'll protect you. I promise I'll protect you."

"Monster with a jack-in-the-box." Bushroot repeated, climbing after the others up the bridge.

"If that wasn't enough, there's the red eyes." Megavolt added, nearly effortlessly walking up the bridge supports -- he was used to walking on wires. "Quackie hates anything that glows red, ever since that night."

Chapter 2: Quackerjack's POV

Quackerjack tells Liquidator about his and Megavolt's first kiss.

Liquidator's been transformed into a non-anthropomorphic dog, him and QJ are stuck in Paddywhack's realm together, Quackerjack's trying to help his friend stay calm and ends up telling this story.

The reason Quackerjack told a longer version than Megavolt is because Megs was trying not to give away the fact they're dating (they honestly think they're good at hiding it), while Quackerjack's been alone (Besides Mr B and Paddywhack) in the box for a while and just doesn't care about hiding anymore.

"Touch makes it better." Quackerjack mumbled, using his free hand to cuddle that banana doll of his, the other still patting Liquidator's head. "Something about his magic's weaker when you're next to somebody you know. Sparky helped me figure that out."

Liquidator perked up. The Demented Duo hadn't officially come out, but it wasn't a well-kept secret. The idea of actually finding something out was almost distracting enough.

As if reading his mind, Quackerjack groaned. "You've still got a waaaaay too expressive face, Likky. You want to hear the story?" He nodded. "Fiiiine, but you owe me a story once we're outta here..."

After the... First time with Paddywhack, Darkwing had let Quackerjack go. Oh, he pretended to make an attempt to catch the clownish criminal, for appearances sake, but he had people to take care of and maybe he felt something like sympathy for the poor toymaker. Whatever, point is, Quackerjack ran from Darkwing's lair. Did you know it was in the bridge towers? Whodda thunk, huh?

He dragged himself home, more on muscle memory than anything else, his brain a whirlwind of thoughts. Chief among them was utter disbelief that he was finally free. But once he got home, he found himself utterly surrounded by jack-in-the-boxes. It had been one of his favorite type of toys, but now...

Hours passed in a blur, all that existed was the screeching of metal as box after box was smashed under Quackerjack's hammer. At some point, though he couldn't actually remember doing it, he'd tied up Mr Banana Brain. It'd be a long time before he trusted the doll -- his best friend -- again.

A voice sounded through the warehouse, neither Mr Banana Brain's nor his own, but he didn't pay it any attention. There were still jack-in-the-boxes to destroy, after all. But the voice kept calling, getting closer, and fear gripped Quackerjack's speeding heart as he recognized his name.

Breathing harder than he ever had, Quackerjack spun around, expecting Paddywhack to be there. His mind filled with image after image, all of the punishments the demon would give him for daring to escape. But the images faded, replaced by a yellow jumpsuit and an oh-so-familiar face, twisted with worry.

Relief filled the toymaker, but so did weakness. All that happened caught up with him, and he was distantly aware of the thunk of his hammer hitting the floor. All he could see was the rat in front of him, offering comfort and safety without saying a word, caring so much about Quackerjack when others would run in fear of the demented duck's mind having fully snapped.

He threw himself forward, clinging to the rat in fear he'd disappear otherwise. There was something wet on his cheeks, the tears he had been holding back falling now that he was truly safe.

"S-Sparky! I didn't... He.... I missed you so much!" The toymaker managed to get out, grip tightening.

"Don't call me Sparky." Megavolt grumbled because of course he did. It almost made Quackerjack laugh. Strong, rubber-coated arms wrapped around the sobbing duck. "Quackie, what's wrong? What happened? Who... Who hurt you?"

"He was in a jack-in-the-box, Sparky." Quackerjack pulled back, not letting go, and stared Megavolt straight in the eyes. He didn't know how he was managing to speak, but the urge to tell the rat everything, to be comforted... "God, he was Mr Banana Brain! Sparky, he was in Mr Banana Brain..."

He mumbled and cried for a long time, doubting he'd really gotten anything but a rough idea of what had happened across, but it didn't matter. All that mattered was that his Megsy didn't leave. He stayed, he listened, he comforted. And nothing could hurt Quackerjack so long as he was there.

"Shush, Quackie, shhh." Megsy sighed, pulling the duck to sit on the floor and holding him close. "He's gone, he won't hurt you again. I'll protect you. I promise I'll protect you."

It was a stupid promise, he barely knew what he was up against, but there was no doubt in Quackerjack's mind he'd do his best to keep it. He looked in his mismatched eyes, so pretty

through his goggles, and it hit him. This rat, this wonderful, insane, lightbulb-obsessed, electric-powered villain -- he'd do anything for Quackerjack. And Quackerjack would do anything for him.

It wasn't a well-thought-out idea, but Quackerjack had always acted on his whims, so he quickly pressed his beak to the other's snout. The other stiffened in surprise, but soon was kissing him back, both of their hands roaming over the other's body. All Quackerjack wanted in that moment was him, to feel him, be with him, know him inside and out. He needed him, needed that comfort, needed that closeness.

But the rat pulled away. There was regret in his eyes, but also a steely determination as he held onto Quackerjack. "Quackie, you don't know how much I want this, but we can't. You aren't in your right mind right now."

"When am I ever?" Quackerjack chuckled weakly, his first coherent sentence in who-knows-how-long?

"Quackie..." Megsy sighed. "You know what I mean, you clown. I'll hold you, I'll stay with you, I promise you that. Edison, I'm not even against kissing. But I'm not going further with you until I'm sure you're not just reacting to whatever trauma happened to you today. We don't have to do what we almost just did now, we can wait a while, okay?"

"Promise you won't leave?" Quackerjack whined, holding him tighter. He didn't really understand right then why the other was rejecting him, and the idea came to him that maybe he'd made a mistake, maybe he'd driven away the one person that could comfort him.

He got a light shock and an eyeroll in answer, the rat sighing as he made himself more comfortable against the wall of dolls, pulling Quackerjack against him. They fell asleep like that, more than one night in a row, Megsy absolutely refusing to leave the warehouse until he was sure Quackerjack was okay. A few weeks later, they did the thing Quackerjack had wanted to, and he was grateful his Megsy had made them wait until he could close his eyes without seeing Paddywhack.

Quackerjack coughed, cheeks flushing beneath his feathers. He hadn't meant to tell that much of the story. But it was nice to talk to someone without fear, and once he'd started, it was sorta hard to stop.

— end of "Aftermath" —