



# Darkly Dawns A Different Duck

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 907 words

*by Arukir*

# Contents

**Darkly Dawns A Different Duck..... 3**

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Nega-Gosalyn & Negaduck (Disney)

Characters: Negaduck (Disney), Nega-Gosalyn (Disney)

Tags: Short & Sweet, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Fake Character Death, Injury, Breakfast, Episode: s01e01-02 Darkly Dawns the Duck (Disney: Darkwing Duck 1991), Episode: s01e35 Life the Negaverse and Everything (Disney: Darkwing Duck 1991), Negaverse (Disney), Cute, Panic Attacks, Denial of Feelings, Platonic Relationships, My 169th fanfic overall :)

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*Negaduck ponders the little girl that has somehow, inexplicably, become his problem.*

Might add more to this someday, but this seems good for now. Hope you like it!

Oh, one note: I headcanon that Negaverse birds have sharp teeth. This'll be mildly important.

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I love how Darkwing sorta fell in love with Gosalyn in a parental way, and I wanted to show that with Negaduck. It's quieter with these two, no tickle fights or anything, because neither is good with emotions. I like writing Lynn as having a lot of different facets to her, cutesy and tough, sweet with a secretly rough sense of humor. It's not very canon, but I love sweet Lynn & Negaduck.

I hope you enjoyed reading as much as I enjoyed writing 😊

Negaduck stared at the sleeping girl who had somehow, impossibly, become his problem. That goody-two-shoes Bulba wanted her, which was reason enough to keep her in the tower until he figured out why, but he was having doubts about how long he could stand someone so... Pink.

He'd been prepared for a prisoner, had a perfectly terrifying cell all ready, but he hadn't accounted for her coming willingly. He didn't expect the way she'd lit up when he'd said he'd come to kidnap her, the hope in her voice when she asked if she was really leaving the orphanage, the excited bounce in her step when she oh-so-daintily helped herself into his sidecar.

He'd been about ready to throw her out and forget the whole thing when she started scolding him about his lack of helmet, but then Hammerhead and his little hero zero squad had started chasing them, and she'd urged him to go faster.

"I already told them I didn't want to go with them, Mr Negaduck, Sir." She explained, raising her voice only as much as was necessary to be heard over the rushing wind as they drove. "Really, it's quite rude of them to keep insisting."

Who told the good guys 'no' and the villain 'yes'?

Normally, he would've turned around and taught his pursuers a very painful lesson. Unfortunately, he didn't have any practice protecting a hostage while fighting, and he was still sore from a mishap from breakfast. He'd enacted evasive maneuvers instead, eventually careening into the water of the bay, accessing one of his secret entrances while Hammerhead and the other losers gaped at the apparently suicidal act.

That was how he'd found out that the little Waddlemeyer really did not like getting dirty. Dealing with a twenty-minute long panic attack was definitely a new experience for him, but eventually she was dry and cautiously exploring his lair.

And by 'cautiously', he meant *pushing buttons on purpose*! He saw her do it, saw the moment in her eyes when she decided to ignore his warning not to touch that lever, heard the stifled laugh when the laser fried him. The brat was lucky he was too amused confused to punish her for that...

"A radio, keen gear!" She'd grinned, tapping his breakfast timer. "Can we listen to some tunes, Mr Negaduck, Sir?"

"Wha- no!" He shouted, running to pull her away from his breakfast obstacle course. She was useless to him *dead*, after all.

He hadn't expected her to jump up and start running through it instead. She cut the grapefruit, caught the eggs, dodged the toast; the amount that girl could move in a dress was insane. There was a lot about her he didn't expect.

He especially did not expect her frankly *incredible* time, not near as good as his but "Not bad, brat."

Of course, she'd forgotten the milk. Just like he always forgot it. Something about that almost made him smile, but he blamed that on the lingering concussion from the fridge.

"I'm really sorry, Mr Negaduck, Sir." She muttered much too sincerely for his tastes. "I didn't mean to turn on your, uh... Training program?"

"Breakfast, actually." He'd corrected with a groan, lifting himself out of the fridge. "Don't be sorry, kid, it was just a mistake. Ha, I make 'em all the time!"

What exactly possessed him to say *that*, he wasn't sure. But now she was sleeping, after singing herself a ridiculous lullaby her late and not-so-great gramps had taught

her ("Lullabies were Grandpa's nice thing. He wasn't as bad as people say, Mr Negaduck, honest!"), and he still had to go deal with Bulba despite missing an entire day's sleep.

So why was he sitting here, by her bedside, watching her sleep instead? He, he was just worried about security, is all! She'd already gotten into his lasers and breakfast timer, who knew what destruction she could cause if he left her unsupervised?

She snored (still somehow dainty), kicking a webbed foot and tightening her hold around the ridiculously cutesy doll she'd brought with her. Her hair was out of its curled pigtails, falling softly around her face. It was hard to believe she could cause any amount of destruction when she was like this.

He should just lock her up. That would be the safest, least annoying option. But he couldn't. Not because he felt bad about the idea, of course. No, it was simply more practical to just let her sleep in the bed instead. Because, uh... She wasn't trying to escape right now! That was it. If he locked her up, then he'd have to deal with annoying escape attempts. So, this was better.

Waddlemeyer turned her head, making some of her hair fall partially into her half-open beak. Not wanting a repeat of the last wet hair incident, he reached out and tried to brush the wayward strands away.

He stifled a yelp as sharp teeth dug into his skin, yanking his hand away quickly enough to tear several feathers loose. He looked between the slightly bleeding marks and the peacefully resting girl, entirely disbelieving.

"Bloodthirsty little brat, eh?" He chuckled quietly, letting himself soften a bit without anyone around to see. Maybe this wouldn't be as annoying as he thought.

— end of "Darkly Dawns A Different Duck" —