



Repository: Darkwing Duck

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 8393 words

by Arukir

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A collection of *Darkwing Duck* oneshots and rewrites of previous oneshots.

Countdown until I reach 200 fics posted: 8...

Chapter 1: Home (ART)

Negaduck drags himself back to the hideout after a particularly bad week. He has a Realization.

I drew this in 1 hr 14 mins

Chapter 2: You Died (I Got Better?)

It was a normal day, a normal robbery — until it wasn't.

Liquidator has an unexpected reunion.

In case it isn't clear, the three robbers are Bigtime Beagle, Burger Beagle, and Bouncer Beagle.

The image took me 57 minutes to draw :)

It had been a normal day, a normal robbery. Until it wasn't, until more bank robbers from out of town had shown up and tried to threaten Negaduck out of the loot.

Negaduck's chainsaw had a few things to say about that. It didn't get a chance, however, as it and Negaduck were soon having a rather unpleasant rendezvous with a nearby wall, courtesy of Liquidator's hammer-shaped fist.

While the others gaped in shock, Liquidator rounded on the confused beagles he'd just saved. He growled, snapping, "Wha' da cluck d'ya tink youse doin', ya numbskulls?!"

Even Negaduck was staring now, his desire for revenge temporarily forgotten in the face of his salesmansese-speaking subordinate's rather *extreme* change of accent. By silent agreement, bank goers and robbers alike decided to stay back and watch how the bizarre situation unfolded.

The smallest beagle growled back, marching closer to Liquidator. "How dares ya! Ain't nobody gets away wit' callin' da Beagle Boys numbskulls!"

"Oh yeah?" Liquidator scoffed. "An' wha' d'ya tink Ma's gonna call ya when she finds out youse been tryin' ta tangle wit' supervillains, huh? I swear, Biggy, wha' even was ya plan? Pick a fight wit' *Negaduck* an' hope youse in enough of a piece ta brag abou' it after? Wha'ya even doin' in St Canard, man?"

"Dat's none of yer business, ya—" The small beagle cut himself off, eyes widening. "Did'ya jus' call me 'Biggy'?"

Liquidator's form froze like the thermostat had suddenly dropped, before rushing away from the other dogs. His regular persona slammed back into place "Hearing issues? Imagined nicknames? Unexplainable encounters with supervillains you've never ever met before? Try forgetting about it! Guaranteed to work in large enough doses!" Under his breath, he added, "And maybe with a mallet to the head..."

"D'he jus' call me 'Biggy'?" The robber repeated his question, looking around the room.

"Uh, I tink so." One of his cohorts answered, taking a bite out of sandwich he'd gotten from... Somewhere? No one had actually seen him with it before just then, but they were too distracted to wonder about it for long.

The tallest beagle nodded, quietly studying Liquidator. "He did. I heard it."

"Getting uncomfortable and don't want to explain more than you have to?" Liquidator asked, looking over his shoulder at the rest of the Fearsome Five. "Then try Liquidator Brand Retre—"

"Buddy?" The small beagle whispered.

"What? Dat's no—" The second beagle's sandwich was forgotten, his gaze focused on the watery being in front of him. His eyes traced Liquidator's face for a moment. "But... Ma said he died."

"You have me confused for someone else." Liquidator insisted stiffly, already flowing halfway under the bank doors. "Sorry, operating hours are over, try again some other time!"

And with that, he was gone. Silence fell over the bank for a heartbeat. Two.

"What the cluck was that about?" Megavolt asked, echoing the thoughts of everyone present.

Though for the Beagle Boys, that thought was there for a very different reason than for the St Canardians.

Chapter 3: Lightbulbs And Chainsaws

Negaduck's itching for a fight. He finds one. Simple as that.
(AKA Negaduck and denial)

Negaduck sped down the road in the Ratcrusher, enjoying the feeling of wind in his feathers as he tried to see how many traffic laws he could violate before Dipwing took notice. He considered taking his helmet off just to *really* feel the wind, but decided against it; Lynn always got so pouty when she found out he did that.

Not that it made him feel bad, of course. Her pouting was just too annoyingly adorable for him to deal with after an inevitable battle with his do-gooding doppelganger. Her guilt-tripping tactics were entirely useless against him, really!

Distracted by his own thoughts, Negaduck drove out of the main city and to the more abandoned part of town on autopilot, instinctually going towards one of his hideouts. Damn it, Darkwing avoided this place almost as much as regular civilians did, he'd never get the fight he was itching for here!

He screeched into a U-turn, considering blowing up something on the way back just to speed things along, when he heard the sound of a large amount of glass crashing to the ground. Destruction and mayhem? *Yes please!*

He parked his bike, throwing his helmet onto one of the handles, and put his fedora back on with a well-practiced flourish that was entirely lost on the empty street. He walked towards the continuing sound of smaller amounts of glass breaking, positively gleeful at the thought of the trouble he was about to walk into.

Then voices filtered in, and he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Aw, poor widdle rat." A voice mocked, followed by a little tinkle of glass and a scream from someone else. Someone... Familiar. "Scared for yer liddle 'friends'?"

"Please, stop!" A slurring voice begged. It was the one that had screamed. "You-you're killing them..."

CRASH!

"Oh, not so powerful now, are ya?" A third voice laughed. "You supervillains think you're so much better than us. Well, who's the top dog now, huh?"

Silence. The sound of glass shifting but not breaking. A soft gasp.

"I said, who's top dog now, Sparky?"

"Don't call—" A screech and a whimper. "Don't drop her! Please, no, I'm sorry! Y-you're top dog..."

More glass breaking. A wail of despair. Laughter.

"Having a party without me?" Negaduck asked, rounding a corner into the alleyway where the sounds were coming from. He ignored the stares from the idiots in it, feeling strangely serene as he surveyed the scene.

Crates of lightbulbs were open, most already smashed. Two pelicans and a large dog were surrounding Megavolt, who was half-slumped in a puddle of water. Nothing to tell him *why* his henchman was transporting so many lightbulbs through an alley, but he doubted the fried rat's reasoning would make sense to him anyways.

"Negaduck!" One of the pelicans squawked, taking a step back and nearly cutting his foot open on broken glass. "We was just, uh—"

"Having a bit of fun." The dog interrupted. All three were soon rambling excuses for attacking a member of the single most feared gang in St Canard, but Negaduck wasn't paying much attention to them.

"You know, Sparky," Negaduck began, enjoying Megavolt's flinch, "it's pretty rude to not invite someone you know to a party."

"Sorry, Boss." Megavolt whispered hoarsely, pressing himself into the wall behind him. He must have caught the glint in Negaduck's eye, though, because the terror on his face was soon replaced with tentative hope. "The, uh, hosts didn't exactly give me a plus one..."

"Really?" Negaduck asked in mock surprise, idly leaning against his chainsaw, before turning his gaze to the three morons that were still rambling on. They fell silent as he quietly said. "Well, now, that isn't very nice. Just for that, I think I'm going to have to shut this party down."

He smiled in a way that showed his sharp teeth, chainsaw roaring to life in his hands. A few minutes later, the pelicans and dogs ran out of the alley, possibly missing a few parts; Negaduck didn't really remember nor care. He twisted towards Megavolt, who started cowering again, and grinned.

"Well, that was fun." He chuckled, dragging the weakly-protesting rat to a nearby powerbox. It was broken down as everything else in this part of town, making it easy for him to find an exposed wire to shock Megavolt back to coherency. He watched him stand up and stretch for a second, then spun around to walk back to the Ratcrusher. Maybe he could still get into a *proper* fight before bed... "Well, bye."

He'd barely made it five steps before he was crushed in a rubbery bear hug. "Thanky-outhankyouthankyou!"

"Get off of me, you knob!" Negaduck growled, trying to bite him but not quite able to get the right angle. "All I did was brutally attack some idiots; nothing special!"

Megavolt set him down and backed out of chainsaw range, smiling softly. "I know, I'm sorry." He sniffed, glancing at the shattered remains of his lightbulbs with a shudder. "I should go look for sur-survivors. Just... Thank you, Negs."

"Yeah, well..." Negaduck scoffed, marching towards his motorcycle. He hadn't saved Megavolt because he liked him or anything, he clarified to himself as he zoomed back into the main part of town. Adequate henchmen were hard to find, he couldn't let some random nobodies break his.

It was simply a matter of making sure people knew that they couldn't mess with Negaduck's things. Nothing more. Really. It *wasn't*!

"I am the terror that flaps in the night!" A voice called. "Or, er, late evening I guess. I am the—"

Oh thank Ivia! A ferocious battle across the city was exactly what he needed at the moment. Destruction, mayhem, evil cackling, cheesy monologues — this was his element. This was the way the world worked, the thing that made the most sense. It was who he was and who he was *meant* to be.

He careened into a streetlight thanks to a stupidly hard hit from Dipwing's bike, rolling out of his motorcycle as it crashed. The streetlight bent and creaked, its lightbulb loosening and falling from the impact. Negaduck heard phantom echoes of glass shattering in an alleyway.

He was halfway to the explosive trap he set up, Darkwing Dork hot on his heels like a good little target, before he realized that he'd *caught the damn lightbulb*. He stuffed it under his hat to deal with later, pulling out the detonator for his little surprise, and focused solely on his plan.

It was a good horrible well-made plan. It failed, of course, but that was just because his idiotic interdimensional counterpart had gotten lucky.

He did escape with a full third of the loot, however, so he marked this one as a win. Okay, okay, maybe a tie. Whatever.

Chapter 4: Grounded | dednuorG

A new villain's causing trouble, forcing the Fearsome Five and Darkwing to team up...
Or at least that's what they think. The truth is, perhaps, far worse.
Top picture is art from ChatGPT, bottom pictures were drawn by me.

Negaduck burst into the warehouse, ignoring his slightly smoking feathers, ready to end this crazy adventure. Finally he would face the one who had dared to sabotage his operations, dared to set traps to attack him, dared to become such a thorn in his side he had to team up with *Dipwing* — finally, he would make them *pay*.

He revved his chainsaw, scowl set firmly on his beak, reinforcements in the form of his pathetic team and the do-gooders right behind him — and froze in his tracks.

Sitting on a makeshift throne was a tiny goose girl in a pink dress, playing with a doll, flanked by two polar-opposite young chickens. She slowly looked up at him, smiling brightly.

"Papa!" She yelled happily, timed just right for the incoming morons to hear.

"Papa?" His idiotic allies repeated incredulously, with the exception of Darkwing (who squawked "Nega-Gosalyn?!") and Posi-Gosalyn (who mainly just cursed).

"You are *grounded*, young lady!" Negaduck screeched once he managed to find his voice again, pointing an accusing finger in his daughter's direction. "Grounded until you're in college and no longer my clucking problem!"

"Aw, looks like Papa's being a Mr Grumpypuss again." Lynn tsked sweetly, gently pulling a tiny comb through her doll's hair.

"What were you thinking?" Negaduck hissed, covering up shock and worry with his favorite emotion; rage. "Running off to the Posiverse, messing with dangerous plo-wait, where does Crasher think you're at, brat? He may be a dumbass, but no way he let you do this."

"I maaaaay have told him a little fib." Lynn pouted. "I hated doing it," *Liar*, "but I didn't want him to worry! You see, I just had to see you, and since you've been gone so often—"

"I was *working*!" Negaduck shouted, interrupting her. "You know supervillainry's a full-time gig, if you needed to talk you should've just waited for me t—"

"Rush home, grab more weapons, and run back here without paying any attention to Lynn?" The Muddlefoot brat on the left, the one that he could usually tolerate a bit better than the others, asked with a smirk. "Yeah, perfect time ta talk, my Lord."

"He has a point, Sir." The annoying white sheep Muddlefoot added meekly. "Lynn just wants to spend some time with you, Lord Negaduck, Sir."

"No, no, boys." Lynn admonished before he could threaten the brats, her face the picture of regret and innocence. His heart sank, already knowing he wasn't winning whatever battle was coming. "Papa's right, this was hardly the proper way to go about things. He's busy, I understand if he can't spend all that much time with me. I'm sorry, Papa, for interrupting you. We'll go now, g-get out of y-y-your way..."

She sniffed, unshed tears glistening in her eyes as she hopped off the throne and started to slump away, followed by her somber lackeys. Negaduck groaned, putting his head in his hands as the Fearsome Four made sounds of sympathy and glared at him.

A loud clapping and whistling broke the atmosphere, startling Lynn into turning around. Posi-Gosalyn broke her father's hold and ran up to her counterpart, grinning. "Keen gear, nice guilt trip! How'd you get your eyes to tear up like that?"

Lynn smiled back, batting her eyelashes and putting a hand to her chest. "Oh, that? It was nothing, really." The brat loved any chance to brag.

"Course, you missed an obvious bit." Posi-Gosalyn told her absently.

"Oh? What?" Lynn asked cheerily, something dangerous glinting in her eyes at the criticism.

"Crasher's your Launchpad, right?" Posi-Gosalyn asked, gesturing to Dipwing's idiotic muscle. Lynn nodded. "Well, if Negaduck's barely home, I bet he misses him a lot! Telling my dad that Launchpad's the one that's upset always works wonders for me, so..."

"Cover my own desire in worry over Crasher's loneliness." Lynn considered. "Hmm. I like it! Tankard, dear, please make a note of that for me."

"Of course, Lynn." Tankard nodded, writing it down.

"So you're me, huh?" Posi-Gosalyn asked, looking Lynn up and down. "I didn't expect you to be so pink. Seems crazy that a little girl in a dress set up those booby traps."

"Technically I merely designed them, Speck and Tankard set them up." Lynn giggled. She eyed her counterpart critically for a moment before sticking her hand out. "It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Posi-Gosalyn."

"Gosalyn Mallard." Posi-Gosalyn corrected, shaking the offered hand. To Negaduck's shock, Lynn didn't freak out over the touch. Then again, he supposed it was sort of her own hand she was touching. "You're more fun than I'd thought you'd be, Nega-Gosalyn."

"Lynn Lord, Young Lady Of St Canard." Lynn corrected lightly. "And thanks! You're politer than I thought you'd be."

"Thanks..?"

"This is bad, isn't it?" Darkwing asked, staring wide-eyed at the two young geese.

"Ooooh yeah." Negaduck nodded, an identical expression of dread on his face as the girls began frantically whispering to each other.

"Daaad, I'm going to go play with Lynn, I'll be home for dinner!" Posi-Gosalyn yelled, pulling Lynn along by the hand. "Honker's going to *freak* when he meets you."

"Farewell, Papa! Come along, Speck, Tankard." Lynn ordered, giggling as she was led away.

"Oh no." Was all Negaduck could get out, faintly registering an echo from his purple counterpart. Was it too late to go back to dealing with some upstart's booby traps? Please?

Chapter 5: When Did I Start To Feel (More Than Rage?)

Negaduck sat in an uncomfortable chair in a stuffy hospital room, silently cursing the unconscious duck in the bed next to him.

(Negaduck and denial part 2: Electric Boogaloo)

Negaduck sat in an uncomfortable chair in a stuffy hospital room, silently cursing the unconscious duck in the bed next to him. Both of them were dressed in stolen clothes, their costumes having been quickly thrown away by Negaduck before he'd rushed to St Canard Main.

Quackerjack just *had* to decide to follow him, didn't he? Always too curious for his own good, and look where it had gotten him; caught in an explosion he had *zero business* being anywhere near. And now Negaduck was going to have triple-check buildings before he blew them up in the future!

Well, he didn't *have* to, he supposed. He doubted the fool would make such a mistake a second time, he wasn't *that* insane after all. But... He might, or one of the others might, so Negaduck was going to have to triple-check from now on. That simple.

(When did it become that simple?)

Quackerjack groaned in his sleep, hands unconsciously twitching towards his bare head. Probably trying to cover it. Negaduck growled and stood up, pinning Quackerjack's wrists to keep him from jostling himself and his injuries, ignoring the resulting whine. After a moment, Quackerjack calmed down and Negaduck breathed out a harsh sigh, releasing his grip on the other.

Almost automatically, Negaduck moved his hand to the other's head, running his fingers through the half-charred feathers. Negaduck had never seen the toymaker without his cap on, but he was pretty sure he didn't normally let his headfeathers get this twisted and bent. No duck would.

He sat back down, idly pushing the feathers back into place as much as he could, trying not to think too hard about what he was doing. He didn't used to be very good at preening, not himself and certainly not others, as he hadn't particularly cared much about it. About anything.

Then his needy-ass sidekick and daughter came along, and he'd had to get better. At everything. At talking to others, at mending too-frilly dresses, at fighting without

hurting his allies. Because, for the first time in his life, he *had* allies to worry about hurting.

He still wasn't very good at that bit. Having allies. Caring about them. Feeling guilty upset angry when they got hurt. Being a leader. It was hard enough with two fairly competent birds, more complicated when he really took over his St Canard, and now he had four utter morons to care worry about.

Quackerjack blearily cracked open an eye, flinching violently back when he registered the hand on his head, hissing in pain as he moved his injured body. Negaduck snapped at him to stay still, calling for a nurse. Quackerjack's eyes were blown wide in confused panic, but he listened, body going as immobile as the duck ever got when conscious.

His knobs might be morons, but at least they were (mostly) obedient morons.

The nurse checked Quackerjack's vitals and asked him a few questions that Quackerjack didn't answer, before leaving with a promise that a doctor would be there soon.

"N-negs?" Quackerjack asked shakily, the first words he'd spoken since waking up, eyeing the other's disguised form. "That you?"

"Unfortunately." Negaduck crossed his arms, leaning back in his chair nonchalantly, as if it wasn't digging into his spine.

"Where's my hat..?" Was the lunatic's next question, eyes darting around as if he'd find it tucked into a corner, arms twitching again but not quite moving up to his exposed head. "I want- I need my... Please."

"Had to dump it. Sorry." He said unapologetically. He hadn't heard Quackerjack this meek since... Well, ever. "What the cluck were you thinking, Chuckles? Following me after I specifically ordered you not to? You-" *could've died* "-obey me, got that?"

"Yes, Boss." Quackerjack nodded, looking away from him. His tone, his body language, his Ivia-damned *aura* was much too... Subdued. "I'm sorry."

Negaduck almost asked if he was alright. Almost. Instead, he nodded once sharply and let silence settle over them. Eventually the doctor came in and started asking questions, and Quackerjack once more completely refused to speak, leaving Negaduck to come up with enough lies to get them through this.

The doctor left with some gibberish about fractured this and take that daily and other nonsense Negaduck couldn't follow, the room immediately falling quiet again once he was gone.

Negaduck's fingers found their way back to Quackerjack's head, still trying to fix the tangled mess the explosion had caused. Quackerjack tensed, taking a minute to realize just what Negaduck was doing, but didn't pull away.

Negaduck ignored him, diligently working his way through feathers that were surprisingly soft besides the burned parts. Softer than any adult he'd ever met before had, in fact. Softer than Lynn's, and that was saying something.

Eventually Quackerjack relaxed. Not quite leaning into the touch, but not quite looking like he wanted to bolt away from it either. Accepting it. A more comfortable stretch of silent passed that way, lasting a little longer than the last.

"You took me to a hospital." Quackerjack eventually said, slowly and quietly, as if he was afraid of making such a statement. It was almost a question

Negaduck shrugged, making a non-committal grunt. Acknowledging the sentence without really confirming it.

"...did you really dump our costumes?"

"Ivia, you really are obsessed with that damn hat, aren't you?" Negaduck groaned, not pausing in his careful preening. "Here I was thinking that Drainbrain just made that up."

"Sorry." Quackerjack whispered, still sounding not at all like himself. It was starting to freak Negaduck out. He didn't like it when the world didn't work the way he thought it did.

"Tell you what," Negaduck offered, already regretting it, "stop whining about it, and later I'll steal you a baseball cap or something from lost and found."

"Really?" Quackerjack asked hopefully, perking up and finally looking a little like his 'normal' self again.

"I just said so, didn't I?" Negaduck growled, despite knowing full well that his word was usually crap. Though... When was the last time he'd actually full-on lied to the Fearsome Freaks? He couldn't remember. He didn't really feel the need to with them, he supposed.

Huh. When the cluck had that happened?

"Negs?" Quackerjack asked.

"Yeah?" Negaduck responded.

"Thanks." Maybe it was for the promised hat. Maybe it was for fixing his feathers. Maybe it was for handling the nurse and doctor. Maybe it was for not leaving him to die from Negaduck's negligence his own stupidity. Maybe it was for all of it, or none. It didn't particularly matter.

Negaduck hummed, acknowledging it in any case. "Don't mention it." He ordered.

"Of course not." Quackerjack smirked, eyes slipping closed again as he succumbed to the exhaustion of his injuries.

Negaduck sat in an uncomfortable chair in a stuffy hospital room, silently staring at the unconscious duck in the bed next to him. He was wearing civilian clothes for the first time in many years, and had gone longer without properly threatening anyone than he had in many more. He was gently preening the idiot that had disobeyed him and nearly gotten blown up, not caring if someone walked in and saw him.

His brain finally registered that Quackerjack was going to be okay, his heart unclenching for the first time since he'd spotted that flash of purple and red between the flames. Because he'd been worried. Because he cared.

And maybe it didn't matter when it happened, because it was the truth now. It had been for... A while.

Chapter 6: Both & Neither & Somewhere In-Between

Darkwing's thoughts on and journey to rebecoming Drake.

This was supposed to be Drakepad and somehow sorta became pre-relationship Darkvolt???

There was something strange, he thought, about the way people knew themselves. Or didn't know themselves, really. After so long knowing only Darkwing, it was hard getting used to being Drake again. There were many things he'd forgotten that were a daily part of most people's lives, things that were so normal they wouldn't even consider going without them. But he had, gone without them that was, since he was a teenager.

Freetime was one of those things. Now that Launchpad maintained his motorcycle and his automatic surveillance was improved, there just wasn't all the that much he could fill his days with when Gosalyn was at school. He could only nap and clean so much, after all, and Darkwing didn't go out in the day (he tried, but it felt *wrong*, and the light hurt his eyes).

So, freetime. It took a while, but he figured out some things he could do. Rediscovered the joys of television and mystery novels, took up gardening and made a game out of avoiding the Muddlefoots while he did, tried hobbies like baking and worked on his sewing. It worked, it was good, it...

Felt really weird, honestly. He preferred the weeks where he barely slept; filing reports for SHUSH that were overdue, preparing for events at Gosalyn's school, driving himself nuts over a particularly tough case... He felt more like himself.

Not that being Drake Mallard was bad, mind you, just weird. He found a peculiar joy in taking care of his house, in bringing the kids on non-super-related trips, in wasting time playing videogames or reading novels (he decided he wasn't much of a movie man), even in hanging out with Herb (occasionally). He'd never feel entirely himself as Drake, not the same way he did as Darkwing, but that didn't mean he didn't like being both.

Then Morgana came along. At first, she was a part of Darkwing's life, one of his villains. Then she reformed and, well... She was still mostly only in Darkwing's life, but she'd started being more on the Drake side of things. She preferred Darkwing, and that was fine, he did too. Drake was a part of him that he couldn't imagine losing again, but Darkwing was the bigger part. And if she didn't call him by his name, that was fine, it was barely even his name really.

If it bugged him just a little, well... He didn't see the need to say so. Maybe if he had, it wouldn't have ended the way it did. Wouldn't have ended in blasting and yelling and accusations, in her tearfully promising to do better, in him kicking her out anyways. Because while he knew she meant her words in the moment, his feathers were still smoking from her rageful spells.

Maybe nothing he did would've made it better, he thought, when the next time he saw her it was by Negaduck's side. A while later he finally accepted it, when Negaduck followed his example and left her, when she proved that it was always going to end with her magic on his skin.

It didn't stop him missing her, but it made it easier to ignore how sweet she could be when she wanted to. To ignore how much she honestly did try. To ignore everything that made him fall for her. Because his feathers weren't smoking anymore, but sometimes he woke up thinking they were.

He hadn't realized how much of his time he gave to his love until she was gone. The newfound freetime wasn't weird then, it was *painful*. Time once spent on walks beneath the moon, talking about nothing, him in his mask and her crackling with magic but both acting more like regular people than either of them had actually known how to be — it was empty, with nothing worthy of filling it.

He threw himself into his work, into spending time with Gosalyn, into hanging out with Launchpad. He sparked fights with thugs, went through Gryzlikoff's insane demands for training, anything to take up his time for just a little while longer.

But there was only so much he could do before he had to do something for himself. The space meant for her shrunk even if it never quite went away, letting him read, letting him play. Letting him garden, and sew, and bake. Letting him think, and clean, and learn to just let himself rest again. He started learning again to be more than a hero or a Dad or a friend or an enemy or a lover or a broken heart. He started remembering how to just be him. Not Drake, not Darkwing, but both and neither and somewhere in-between.

But he still didn't really feel like Drake most of the time. He was Darkwing, and Drake was something he was. Which wasn't the biggest distinction, he knew, but it felt important to him. Drake was a bin for him to dump the parts of him that didn't fit into Darkwing, but it still didn't feel like *him* precisely. If Gosalyn, Launchpad, the Muddlefoots were gone he'd still be Darkwing (more-or-less) but he didn't think he'd still be Drake.

Until Elmo. Elmo had been there all along, even if he hadn't known it until more recent years, yet he hadn't really been *been* Elmo. Like Drake, he'd become entirely his other self; Megavolt. And, like Drake, for one reason or another he'd started trying to be his first self once more. Drake wasn't entirely sure when they went from accidentally bumping into each other to planning meet ups, but it awoke something in him.

This was someone who knew him *before*. They were never really friends nor enemies back then, but they had moments of each, and Drake was surprised to realize just how close they'd really been. To Elmo, Drake wasn't some closed off mystery neighbor nor Darkwing's other half nor really much of anything else; He was just Drake, the excitable, mystery-loving kid who'd gotten surprisingly decent grades and never broke no matter how often he was bullied.

And Elmo was Megavolt, but calmer. Drake tried so hard to think of him otherwise, to return the favor he'd unwittingly been given, but he just couldn't. He found that it wasn't quite as much of a problem as it probably should've been. He'd always liked Megavolt as much as he hated him, friendly and antagonistic all at once, just like he'd seen Elmo in their school days but more extreme. More focused. Just *more*.

Drake was Gosalyn's dad. So was Darkwing.
Drake was Launchpad's friend. So was Darkwing.
Drake was Morgana's ex. So was Darkwing.
Drake was the Muddlefoots' neighbor. Darkwing thanked Ivia that he *wasn't*.
Drake liked baking, sewing, inventing, mysteries. So did Darkwing.

Darkwing was strong. Drake wasn't.
Darkwing was a valued ally of SHUSH. Drake wasn't.
Darkwing always came out on top. Drake didn't.
Darkwing easily stole the show. Drake couldn't.
Darkwing was a hero. Drake was just some guy.

Drake went to school. Darkwing didn't.
Drake collected comic books. Darkwing didn't.
Drake knew Elmo *before* Megavolt. Darkwing didn't.
Drake had free time. Darkwing didn't.
Little Drakey Mallard had been bullied, accidentally joined a gang, did well in school in every way but social. Darkwing hadn't.

In his past, something he had tried to not think about for so long, Drake found himself. He was a hero. He was a person. He was Darkwing. And he was Drake. And for the first time in his life, he actually felt like both.

Chapter 7: Technically Not, Technically Am (Conversations On An Off Day)

Quackerjack is in one of his saner moods. Unfortunately, he's also in a thinking mood, and comes up with an interesting question to ask his teammates.

I recently realized that I have posted at least one fic per month since I started posting fics on this site. I haven't missed even a SINGLE month. So, in case I don't post another this month, I am marking down that this oneshot was posted on the 9th of August, 2025. My streak continues!

I hope you enjoy this nonsense :)

Later on, Megavolt remembers pieces of the conversation and ends up actually asking Negaduck about his gender. I'll leave it up to you to decide how that went, and how many times Megavolt ended up forgetting and asking again.

The Fearsome Five were having an off day. Negaduck had gone off to wherever he disappeared when they were between capers, so the other four had decided to relax in Megavolt's apartment. Quackerjack had voted for the lighthouse, but apparently the list of people Megavolt would let step foot in there was rather short and didn't include a certain water-based villain, so the apartment it was.

Bushroot's thin form was balanced on the narrow windowsill, getting whatever sunlight he could in the gloomy part of the city Megavolt sometimes called home, one leaf absentmindedly trailing through the water in the large fishtank on the floor beside him. Liquidator, meanwhile, was trying to pretend his current puddle-like state was just him taking the concept of relaxing seriously and was not due in the slightest to the soothing hand running through his form.

Megavolt had locked himself in the bedroom, which he used as a space to work rather than sleep, and thus was unavailable to distract Quackerjack. Luckily for all of them, the hyperactive toymaker was in one of his rare calm moods and was quietly laying on the couch, idly working on a half-finished toy.

So the day ticked on, the four teammates quiet and each relaxing in his own way. As afternoon hit and notions of maybe getting up to eat were starting to form in some of their minds, a peculiar thought occurred to Quackerjack. He sat up on the couch, setting his toy aside, and squinted at Liquidator.

"Hey, Likky?" The jester waited for Liquidator to gurgle in acknowledgment that he'd spoken before continuing, "Are you still a guy?"

"W-w-what?" In his surprise, Liquidator didn't bother to try spinning his words to salesmanese, so his stammer was free to make itself known. His head reformed and lifted partially out of the fishtank just to blink at Quackerjack. "E-excuse me?"

"Ya know, 'cause you're all melty now?" Quackerjack waved his hands to gesture at Liquidator's general form. "You don't really have any guy parts anymore, you don't even have hormones or anything..."

"Yeah, an-and?" Liquidator gurgled, still looking confused. Bushroot was staring at Quackerjack in interest, his leaf raising out of the fishtank.

"And what does that make ya?" Quackerjack exclaimed, sounding mildly frustrated. "Are you still a guy? Or are you a 'they'? Or an 'it'? Or..?"

"I..." Liquidator paused, as if he'd never given it much thought before. After a moment, he simply said "Guy." and sank back into his fishtank. Surprisingly, he was a dog of few words when he wasn't particularly excited or angry.

Though it hadn't been cleared up as much as he would've liked, Quackerjack accepted that the matter had been settled, and so went back to his toy. Mr Banana Brain, however, still had something to say.

"What about Melonhead, Fred?"

"What about him, Mr Banana Brain?" Quackerjack asked, though for a moment he considered not doing so. He was in one of his saner states, and the part of him that knew he was talking to himself and that such behavior wasn't exactly *healthy* was much louder than usual.

Quackerjack's saner states were dangerous things. It was in such a state that he had manipulated a king into making him his advisor, that he had sent Darkwing into such a depression that he quit being a superhero, that he remembered his toys weren't fun playthings meant for children but *weapons meant for revenge*.

This particular time, however, was different. There were no designs to be finished, no Whiffleboy conventions to destroy, nothing that had particularly annoyed or interested him. He would've come up with a scheme eventually, but Bushbrain had suggested they spend an off day together, and now here they were. Which left his brilliant, almost-but-not-quite sane mind to think about things not related to revenge nor playtime (one and the same in most cases).

Which was how he found himself asking, through Mr Banana Brain, "Aren't plants sexless? Where does that leave Fertilizerbreath, Beth?"

"Not all plants, just some." Bushroot answered from the windowsill, not looking at the two of them. "And I, uh, I technically do have... What I mean to say is, the plants I absorbed had, they had..." He sighed, sounding a bit embarrassed, "My biological sex is a little complicated now, is the short version. But I've been a guy all my life, and I'm not exactly not a guy, so can we just leave it at that? Please?"

"Course, Bushy. Didn' mean to make ya uncomfortable." Quackerjack shrugged, going to work on his toy again. It was supposed to be a spinning top with several hidden razor blades, but the release mechanism kept getting stuck and chipped the wood almost every time it did work properly, and he was seriously considering feeding it to his mechanical teeth when he got home. While digging a small screwdriver into it, he absently added, "I'm a guy too, case you were wondering."

"I wasn't." Bushroot shrugged, still looking out the window. His leaf was back in Liquidator's tank. "But good to know, I guess."

"Hmm." Quackerjack hummed. He exclaimed in delight as his toy finally worked, only to pout when it then decided to not close back up again. *Damn thing.*

"YaaaAAAAaaah..." Megavolt yawned as he exited his bedroom workshop. None of them knew quite what he had been working on, but his 'lazy day' dress was stained with machine oil and his hair was sticking up as if he'd been shocked at least a few times, so they could make a reasonable guess that Darkwing wouldn't like it. He plopped onto the couch with a self-satisfied smile, his legs propped up on the arm of the couch and his head leaning against Quackerjack. "Hey Quackie. Wat'cha working on?"

"A spinning top." Quackerjack grumbled, scowling at his increasingly rebellious toy. He turned to Megavolt, as if just realizing he was there, and smiled. It wasn't one of his trademark Supervillain smiles, but it was still fairly wide. "Megsy! Finally decided to come out and play with the rest of us, huh?"

"I doubt there's been much playing going on out here; nothing's on fire." Megavolt snorted. "Hmmm. You know, Bushy, this was actually a pretty good idea. I wouldn't want to go too long without working on liberating my electric brethren, but maybe we should do this again sometime. It was nice."

"I'd be up for it again." Bushroot answered happily, finally climbing out of the window as the sun went entirely out of view behind the surrounding buildings. He

stretched, more out of habit than anything else considering he no longer had joints or muscles to grow stiff, and frowned at Quackerjack. "Of course, I doubt we'll catch QJ this calm next time..."

"Quackerjack Brand Insanity is just the thing to make any group gathering 25% more fun, gaurunteed!" Liquidator gurgled. Smiling in a way that reminded the others that dogs were technically hunters, he added, "Fun for the live audience, anyways."

"I don't have to come, guys." Quackerjack said, focused once more on his spinning top.

"We wouldn't leave you out, Quackie." Megavolt promised.

"Trying to make myself relax when I don't feel like it is never nice anyways." Quackerjack dismissed. "You guys schedule the off days, I'll come if I'm calm and skip if I'm not. That way I won't try to stay still for your sakes. Trust me, St Canard is better off if I'm not a duck-shaped ball of pent up energy."

Snorting at his rather candid view of himself, the others agreed to having more off days with or without him, though they'd be hypocrites if they weren't willing to put up with a bit of destructive behavior now and again, so of course he could come even if he wasn't feeling calm, really—

Rolling his eyes at their assurances that he was valued and loved no matter how hyperactive and downright annoying he was (ugh, this was getting to be too much, it reminded him of the time Bushy had a panic attack about being alone forever or something like that), Quackerjack quickly searched his mind for a change of topic. Oh! There was a question he wanted to ask, actually!

"Hey, Megsy?" He looked down at the rat, who'd slowly slipped from leaning against his arm to laying his head in Quackerjack's lap. "You're a guy, right?"

"Far as I can remember, yeah." Megavolt scratched his head, trying a little harder as always to remember the most basic of details about himself. But the important thing was that he *did* remember this time. Which meant that his memory hadn't finally gone out for good. Megavolt tilted his head back to meet Quackerjack's eyes with his own. "Why?"

"He's been asking everyone." Bushroot sighed, a little exasperated and a little fond. He was thin, being a plant and all, so was able to fit himself on the couch between Quackerjack and the arm on the opposite side to the one Megavolt's feet were on. "Turns out we're all guys, more or less."

"Neat." Megavolt said genuinely, missing the mild sarcasm in Bushroot's voice. The other two noticed it, but Quackerjack didn't care and Liquidator found it funny. His whiskers sparked as he thought of something, "Wait, but Mr Banana Brain isn't a guy, it's a doll."

With a very loud gasp, Quackerjack shot off the couch, pushing the other two off it in the process. Holding his favorite toy close to his chest, he pointed at the dazed rat, his voice filled with indignation as he insisted, "Mr Banana Brain isn't an 'it'! He is a 'he'!"

(He wasn't, though. It's a doll, it's a doll, it's just you, Quackerjack screamed at himself. But he knew that he'd long ago passed the threshold of no return, so he ignored himself, letting his delusions drown out the voice that spoke the truth. The voice that spoke words of hope that he'd be sent to an asylum instead of jail during every arrest. The voice that said children should be kept very far away from him and his inventions. The voice he'd gotten very good at believing wasn't there).

"Why? What makes him a 'he'?" Megavolt asked, sounding annoyed as he got back on the couch. "If he's not a doll, he's at least a banana — do plants even have gender?"

"Technically—" Bushroot began, but was interrupted by Quackerjack.

"I never said he wasn't a doll." Quackerjack snapped (the voice mourned his slipping lucidity). He looked at Mr Banana Brain, anger fading into thoughtfulness. "Say, what does make ya a 'he'? I've never seen any parts on ya, and you weren't changed like Bushbrain and Likky, so..."

"Isn't it obvious, Russ?" Mr Banana Brain asked "I've got 'Mr' in my name, Graham!"

"Ooooh!" Megavolt said, as if this cleared the matter up wonderfully. Whether he actually thought such or was just playing along to make Quackerjack feel better, it was impossible to tell. "I guess we are all guys, then. Neat! ...did I already say that?"

"Now that we're done discussing the finer points of doll gender," Bushroot said, dragging Liquidator's tank over to the couch (Liquidator would do it himself, but he was only allowed to move freely in a very limited area of the apartment, considering how many live wires and such were around the place), "anyone up for a movie?"

It was after the movie, when everyone but Megavolt was getting ready to go home, that one last thing occurred to Quackerjack. "Ya know," he began, "we actually don't know that we're all guys."

"Quackie, you already asked everyone here." Megavolt told him. "Remember?"

Deciding to ignore the irony of Megavolt questioning his memory, Quackerjack continued, "I asked everyone *here*, but not all of us are here! We didn't ask Negs."

Everyone collectively froze. Though none of the three mutants possessed true psychic power (beyond talking to plants or controlling water), they seemed to mentally connect as they turned in unison to stare at Quackerjack. Quackerjack, meanwhile, was staring back at them in confusion, completely oblivious as to what the matter was.

"Feeling too safe and secure recently?" Liquidator garbled, saying what they were all thinking in his own way. "Miss the comfort of the prison hospital? Well then, have I got a deal for you! Question the savage maniac we call a boss—" none of them called him their Lord and Master, no matter what Darkwing thought "—about his manhood! Guaranteed to deal with any pesky issues, like *being in one piece*, fast fast fast!"

With the last bit of sanity he had for the day, Quackerjack thought it over and said "Okay, fair point." He swallowed, pulling at his collar, thinking of how Negaduck might react to such a question. Then he grinned. "Ya know, the night's still young, and our off day is over now..."

"So *who's up to taking a little trip to the bank, Frank?*" Mr Banana Brain finished (there was something wrong with that. He didn't want to couldn't remember what it was).

"I *have* been falling behind on my errands lately..." Bushroot said slowly, grinning back. His grins couldn't really manage to be sinister, not unless he was doing something involving highly inadvisable and possibly unethical science, but he did a pretty decent job at sly and mischievous. "Bud?"

"Liquidator Brand Water is always open to a little after-hours business." Liquidator agreed, flowing from the tank and out the apartment door before Megavolt could complain about him getting things wet.

"You guys have fun." Megavolt yawned, a hand on the door as the others filtered out. "I need to charge for a while. See you whenever we planned next."

Megavolt rarely remembered when heists or planning sessions or other such get-togethers were scheduled. Luckily, the others usually knew where to find him and made minimal complaints about retrieving him.

"B-bye, El-elmo."

"See you soon, Megs."

"Catch ya later, Megsy!"

"Smell ya later, Sparky."

"DON'T CALL ME SPARKY!" Megavolt yelled through the door. Almost no-one lived in the apartment complex, and those that did were long used to him, so he didn't worry about being loud. Not that he would've particularly worried about it anyways, but still.

Quackerjack giggled and hopped after Likky and Melonhead. He was in a good mood.

Technically, his day had been very boring; he'd mostly just sat around and fiddled with one of his simpler toys (which still didn't work right), he didn't see Megsy for a large portion of the day, and the most they'd really done was watch a b-rate movie Liquidator liked that had come out two decades before he'd even been hatched.

Still, though, there was something nice about it. No schemes, no plots, no mass destruction or high speed chases or... Any of that, really. Just some friends relaxing in the general proximity of each other, talking about dumb stuff (because, yes, it was dumb. Interesting, but dumb). He'd never really had that before.

Soon afterwards, a bank alarm was blaring and lights were flashing. Smoke was thick in the air, a voice that both haunted their nightmares yet spurred on their dreams warning the three thieves that no crime would go unpunished while the terror flapped in the night. He was running, and he'd lost sight of the others, and his arms were heavy with far too much money to properly carry. Darkwing was almost on him and he was probably going to jail.

All in all, a perfect ending to a great day. :)

Chapter 8: Transformation (ART)

Negaduck comes back to the hideout and finds that a minor mishap has occurred...

This took me 1 hr and 10 mins to draw, and I'm rather proud of it.

Chapter 9: Together (ART)

What if the Fearsome Four met sooner? Some things would surely change, but then again... Some things wouldn't.

This picture took me 8 hrs and 43 minutes over the course of seven days, from August 5 to August 12, 2025. I have never spent that much time on a single picture before in my entire life, and I am very, very proud of this. I hope you like it as well :)

(If you saw the mistake on Liquidator's arm — shhh, no you didn't)

Chapter 10: Chemistry

Bud Flud was a chemistry nerd. He wasn't proud of it.

It wasn't like he was the type to think intelligence was a flaw or to feel particularly threatened by those who did think so. On the contrary, he saw intelligence as a vital asset — especially his own intelligence.

But it just didn't really fit with his image. He was a business man. He was charming, but not overly agreeable. He was competent at what he did, but was just ignorant enough to not be a threat. He was open and friendly, but had just enough secrets to seem real.

A chemistry degree would be out of place in his line of work. Which is why he never got around to actually earning one. The fact that he *could* earn one, rather easily in fact, remained a closely guarded secret, known only to his estranged family and his ex-wife.

Which meant that large orders of chemicals and lab supplies couldn't be seen among his credit card purchases. Getting said items was his first major foray in St Canard's criminal scene, which was rather different than the one in Duckburg, but he managed.

At the point where getting arrested and losing his growing company became a risk, one might think he would've decided to either give up his hobby or let it be public knowledge and obtain what he needed in a more legal manner.

But he was a Beagle. And estranged or not, that still meant something to him. Corporate espionage and political sabotage were fun, but they lacked the rush of a good heist or the style of a handoff in an alley. So he kept his hobby a secret, let it anchor him firmly within the shadows he was so used to, and continued on with his life.

Until the day he saw a heat wave warning on the news and got a truly awful idea. A truly awful, horrible, not-nice-at-all idea. He was going to poison his rivals' water supplies. His tail wagged in excitement at the idea, thumping hard against his chair.

It should be noted at this point that Bud Flud was many things, but he was *not* a murderer. The poisons he had in mind would just taste bad, they wouldn't be *harmful*, at least not long-term. And people would still have his company's water and tap water to turn to, so he was sure everything would be fine.

Later, he would remember tap water, his newly melted brain struggling to find the context for such a thought.

Later, he would remove tap water from the equation, making his own exorbitantly-priced bottles the only option.

Later still, when his body was hard and unmoving and in the center of an unfamiliar yard, he would break down over how many might have died from heatstroke or dehydration.

But in the beginning he was sane, if maybe lacking in empathy, and he was not the sort of person to risk people dying or try to murder a superhero or to kidnap a little girl.

All of that would come later.

— end of "Repository: Darkwing Duck" —