



For Goodness Sake!

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 3161 words

by Arukir

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For Goodness Sake!

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Morgana Macawber/Drake Mallard, Drake Mallard/Launchpad McQuack, Neptunia & Stegmutt (Disney), Fenton Crackshell & Drake Mallard

Characters: Drake Mallard (Disney), Morgana Macawber, Launchpad McQuack, Fenton Crackshell, Neptunia (Disney), Stegmutt (Disney: Darkwing Duck)

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Incorrect Quotes with the Justice Ducks

I headcanon that Darkwing eventually breaks up with Morgana and gets with Launchpad. This is to say that some chapters will have him with Launchpad, and others will have him with Morgana.

As much as I think she's abusive and headcanon her as going back to villainy, I try to treat Morgana fairly. There are a lot of good points to her, and I hate when people demonize characters they don't like. I would love feedback on this and other fics in this series telling me if I did her justice or not. Thank you, and I hope you enjoy :)

And that's it for this one, I hope you enjoyed! :)

Around eight fics are planned for this series in total. Unfortunately, I don't have a set posting schedule, but keep your eyes out! ;)

Chapter 1: Strobe Light

Gizmoduck: Just so everyone knows, don't ever try to climb a tree at night carrying a strobe light, owls DON'T like it.

Neptunia: ...what happened?

Gizmoduck: I made a VERY bad mistake.

Chapter 2: Chosen Ones

Ivia is my avian goddess. Her mammal counterpart is Mima.

//The team's reaction to being told they're the chosen ones

Darkwing: I will not let you down. [monologues for five hours about destiny and his own heroism]

Stegmutt: Sounds fun!

Launchpad: K.

Neptunia: No, I'm clucking not. [returns to ocean immediately]

Morgana: Do I have to be..?

Fenton, working quadruple time for almost no pay as an accountant/guard/lab assistant/superhero: Please, Ivia, I am so tired...

Chapter 3: Morse Code

Gizmoduck: [clicks pen]

Neptunia: [clicks pen in response]

Darkwing: Stop that.

Gizmoduck: Stop what, Wingy?

Darkwing: You two are talking about me in morse code.

Neptunia, rolling her eyes: Yes, honey, that's what we're doing. In our very limited free time, we took a class on an outdated and unnecessary form of communication, just so we could talk about you in front of you.

Neptunia: When we already do that anyways.

Darkwing, shrugging: Okay, then. [leaves]

Gizmoduck, in morse: Told you it'd work.

Launchpad, calmly eating potato chips nearby: [internally debates whether to remind them that DW knows morse code and is definitely planning something, or just watch the chaos unfold]

Launchpad: [chooses chaos]

Chapter 4: Spanish

I don't like much about the new DuckTales, but Fenton being Spanish and a scientist are great ideas, so...

Darkwing: Okay, team, for this mission we're all going to have to speak some Spanish.

Fenton: If anyone needs some help, I can teach you.

Darkwing: I don't need help speaking Spanish, Giz. I'm fluent.

Fenton, excited: Really?! ¡Qué maravilla! ¡No sabía que hablabas español! ¿Cuánto tiempo llevas hablándolo?

Darkwing, panicked: Uh... I mean [clears throat]

Darkwing, confidently: ¡Qué pez más bonito! Estoy embarazada.

Fenton: ...

Fenton: You just complimented Neptunia and then told me that you're pregnant.

Launchpad: Yay! Eggs!

Darkwing: Launchpad, guys can't lay eggs!

Launchpad: [processes information]

Launchpad: I'll love you no matter what, DW.

Fenton: Aww!

Darkwing: Launchpad, NO—

Chapter 5: Clumsy Giant

Darkwing: [waddles in half-flattened]

Morgana: Dark! What happened??

Darkwing: The saying “it is better to beg forgiveness than to ask permission” no longer applies to Stegmutt.

Chapter 6: Train Station

Steggmutt: Oooh, a train!

Neptunia: We're in a train station, Steggers.

Morgana: I've never been in a train station before. So much work to get from place to place when you could just open a portal.

Neptunia: Yeah, except we can't do that, hon.

Morgana: Oh, right, mortals.

Morgana: I keep forgetting that...

Chapter 7: I Couldn't Decide Which One, It Works With Either

Gizmoduck: Why are your tongues purple?

Launchpad/Morgana, innocently: We had slushies. I had a blue one.

Darkwing, blushing: I, uh, I had a red one...

Gizmoduck: Oh, alright the– wait...

Gizmoduck: OH.

Steggmutt: You shared slushies? How nice!

Neptunia: Sure, hon, let's go with that.

Chapter 8: Tiff Of The Titans

Special, extra long chapter!

Darkwing: How did you, of all people, become a superhero?

Fenton: I have a philosophy in life; if the seat is open, so's the job.

Fenton: And, really, they should've made the password *much harder* to guess.

Darkwing, who spent years training to be a detective and superhero: Do you mean to tell me [eye twitches] that you STOLE THE SUIT and Scrooge just LETS YOU KEEP IT?!

Fenton: Gee, I guess it does sound bad when you put it that way...

Darkwing: Giz, can I ask you a question?

Gizmoduck: Sure, Wingy! Anything!

Darkwing: Why don't you go back to your own town and leave me alone?

Fenton, shakily: Please, just tell me what the book is about. The actual plot, por favor.

Darkwing, reading an annotation on the cover of a book, unfazed: A subversive masterpiece. A deep and touching story. New Yolk Times Bestseller.

Darkwing, now looking directly at Fenton: Cluck you.

Darkwing: BWWAAAAAAAAAAAA! Oh, you hear that? That's the wrong opinion alarm.

Gizmoduck: That is not something you actually have installed.

Darkwing: Sorry, say again? I couldn't hear you over my alarm that YOU SET OFF with your WRONG-ASS OPINION.

Gizmoduck: That wasn't an opinion, it was a FACT!

Darkwing: BWWAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Fenton: Name something you believe in now that you didn't as a child.

Darkwing, without thinking: Myself.

Fenton: ...

Fenton: Is that a good thing or a bad thing or..?

Darkwing, still not thinking very much about this conversation because he's mentally redesigning his gas gun: I don't know, ask Launchpad. He's good with the emotions stuff.

Fenton, genuinely worried now: Did you just tell me to go to *Launchpad* because he knows something you don't???

Darkwing: Yeah—

Darkwing, finally catching up to the conversation: Of, of course not! The Masked Mallard of St Canard is skilled at all things superheroes should be, which includes emotions! I'm certainly not worse at them than my buffoonish — *which I mean in the most affectionate way, of course* — sidekick.

Darkwing: Honestly, Giz, where do you get these crazy ideas of yours? Now, if you'll excuse me, I have superheroly things to which I must attend! [books it out of there strategically retreats]

Fenton: ...

Fenton, shaking his head: And Mamí said I'd never find friends weirder than me.

Darkwing: Why are you so late?

Gizmoduck: A technical error occurred, causing an unexpectedly long bout of unconsciousness!

Darkwing: Overslept?

Fenton: Overslept.

Darkwing: This is horrible! This is the most humiliating thing to ever happen to me!

Gizmoduck: Oh? Even more humiliating than–

Darkwing: We are not doing this *right* now, Fenton!

Darkwing: Fenton... I'm bleeding...

Gizmoduck: Oh Ivia... what's your blood type?!

Darkwing: B positive...

Gizmoduck: I'm trying to but you're bleeding–

Chapter 9: Self Defense Training

Gizmoduck: For self defense reasons, I'm going to pretend to be a burglar and you guys have to act wisely.

The Team: Okay.

Gizmoduck, in a gravelly voice: If you don't want to die, give me all your money.

Stegmutt: I'm sorry, Mr Burglar, but I don't have any money.

Morgana: I can't die and don't really understand Normie money, so...

Darkwing: I already took your gun, game over.

Gizmoduck: That's not how this– hey, you actually took some of my weapons!

Gizmoduck: How did you even get into my suit??

Darkwing: I don't trust you with guns.

Gizmoduck: That's a *why*, not a *how*!

Darkwing: [shrugs]

Neptunia: I'm confused; when do I get to stab the tin can with my trident?

Gizmoduck: *You don't.*

Neptunia: What kind of security test is this?

Gizmoduck, eye twitching under his visor: One we're never, ever repeating.

Chapter 10: Rain

Neptunia: Why are you two always out during rainstorms?

Morgana: It's so peaceful and refreshing. I love the smell of rain, it reminds me of home.

Gizmoduck: Wingy bet me I couldn't get struck by lightning, but he's WRONG.

Chapter 11: Caffeine

Neptuna: The duck is restricted to decaf for the rest of this adventure.

Darkwing, gesturing to Morgana and Gizmoduck: Which one of us?

Neptunia: All of you.

Chapter 12: Life Of The Party

Morgana: That was a joke. Say ha.

Neptunia: Ha.

Morgana: Now do it again.

Neptunia: Ha.

Morgana: Congratulations, you are officially the life of the party.

Chapter 13: Preference

Darkwing, to the Team: If you think I'm playing favorites, you're wrong. I like all of you equally!

Darkwing, earlier: [using boxes of Gizmoduck dolls for target practice]

Chapter 14: Plans

Gizmoduck: We have to plan, we have to figure something out.

Neptunia: Tinhead, when have any of our plans ever actually worked? We plan, we get there, all hell breaks loose.

Neptunia: *That's just how it works, hon!*

Morgana: ...That sounds like a horrible plan.

Darkwing, tired: Unfortunately, we've had worse.

Chapter 15: Batman Gambit

Fenton, cracking under the pressure of juggling multiple jobs and being a hero: [fakes his death] It's the only option.

Stegmutt, at Gizmoduck's funeral: We're burying a great person today! [sniffles]

Darkwing, shocked: Did someone else die?

Fenton, popping out of the casket: Wingy, you asshole–!

Stegmutt, screaming: *Zombie!*

Darkwing, taking money from Launchpad: Told you so.

Chapter 16: The Team When They Drop Food On The Floor

Fenton: Aw man. [throws it away]

Launchpad: Five second rule!

Darkwing: Foolish germs, thinking they can stop me!? [Eats it off the floor]

Stegmutt: [Sobs on the floor]

Chapter 17: Music And Responsibility

Gizmoduck: My life is a little too much panic and not enough disco.

Launchpad: My life is a little too much fallout and not enough boy.

Neptunia: My life is a little too much chemical and not enough romance.

Gosalyn: My life is a little too much imagination and not *nearly* enough dragons.

Morgana: Oh, don't worry dear, I can fix that–

Darkwing: NO

Chapter 18: Ignore His Spikes, They Can't Do Anything About Those

Neptunia is Stegmutt's mom now 😊

Launchpad: Hey, Stegmutt, what do you have there?

Stegmutt: A KNIFE!

Launchpad: Okay, have fu–

Neptunia: NO!

Chapter 19: He Stopped Being Drake For So Long

Darkwing: Good news! Gosalyn's visiting Duckberg with Launchpad for a week, so I can fight crime for the next 168 hours straight!

Neptunia: That doesn't sound very healthy, hon.

Darkwing, shrugging: Yeah, but with them gone there's no reason for me to act like a person, so...

Morgana: Are... are you okay..?

Chapter 20: Fair Point

Darkwing: Sometimes I feel like Gizmoduck is looking down on me.

Neptunia: That's because he's in a giant mechasuit and you're short.

Darkwing: HEY, I am at a *perfectly normal* height (for a duck).

Darkwing: Besides, I'm taller than you.

Neptunia: Yeah, but I could still kick your tailfeathers, hon.

Darkwing: ...

Darkwing: Touché.

Chapter 21: But With 20% MORE FORCE!

Neptunia: If we can't do it by sheer force, we'll do it my way!

Stegmutter, genuinely confused: But your way is sheer force.

Chapter 22: Some Of These Developed A Bit Of Plot

Launchpad: DW, you can't let Morgana stay the night!

Darkwing: Why not?

Launchpad: Well, um...

Launchpad: How are you going to feel when she sees you without your costume?

Darkwing: I'll just keep it on until she leaves.

Launchpad: You can't do that, what if someone comes by?

Darkwing: Oh, right... I-I'm sure Morg will be perfectly fine with me being Drake for a while.

Darkwing: I mean, she wants to be part of my life, and that's a pretty big part of my life nowadays, so...

Darkwing: Yeah, it will be fine.

Launchpad: ...If you say so, DW.

Chapter 23: He Doesn't Sleep Well

Neptunia: Someone woke up on the wrong side of the nest this morning.

Darkwing, grumpily: I don't sleep in a nest, I sleep in a bed like a normal clucking person.

Neptunia: Woke up on the wrong side of the bed, then, moron.

Darkwing: Well, you're still wrong then. I didn't wake up on the wrong side of *anything*.

Neptunia, rolling her eyes: Oh, whatever.

Darkwing, smugly: You can't wake up if you never went to sleep, which I didn't. So there. You're wrong, I'm right. As always.

Neptunia: ...

Neptunia, yelling: Morgana! Launchpad! Tinhead! Someone come deal with the crazy duck before I do something he'll regret!

Chapter 24: Drakey, Drakey, Quite Contrakey

Neptunia: Stop failing.

Darkwing: Don't tell me what to do! I'll fail right now!

Darkwing: [succeeds]

Darkwing: Dang it!

Neptunia: And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how it's done.

Rest of the JD: [oohs and aaahs]

Chapter 25: Brooklyn 99! I Love That Show

Morgana: Neptunia, please keep an eye on Dark today for me, will you? I'm afraid he's going to say something to the wrong person and get punched...

Neptunia: Sure, I'd love to see the duck get punched.

Morgana: Try again.

Neptunia, sighing: I will try to stop the duck from getting punched.

Chapter 26: Baby, It's Cold Outside

Launchpad: It's pretty cold outside... wanna hold hands? We should stay close.

Darkwing, blushing: Okay.

Stegmutter, confused: But it's Summer...

Chapter 27: He's A DINOSAUR, For Pete's Sake!

Stegmutt, after having a nosebleed: Welp. Time to wash the blood off my hands.

Neptunia: ...

Neptunia: You know, Steggers, people don't see it because you're all childlike and normally you're standing next to the rest of us...

Neptunia: ...but you're actually a little terrifying.

Chapter 28: Everyone Loves Launchpad, He's A Cinnamon Roll Dipped In Honey, The Ultimate Wholesome Goofball

Neptunia, to Darkwing: Honey, I know you love Launchpad. I mean, everyone does, even me. He's a very nice person and I respect him immensely.

Neptunia: But I think he might be a complete clucking idiot.

Darkwing, nodding: Oh, he definitely is, yeah.

Launchpad: Hey, guys, whatcha talking about?

Neptunia: Uh...

Darkwing: Neptunia thinks you're a very nice person that everyone loves.

Launchpad: Awww! Thanks, Neptunia.

Neptunia, relieved: Yeah, honey, don't mention it–

Darkwing: She also thinks you're an idiot.

Neptunia, angry: *Did you have to–!?*

Launchpad: That's fair. I am.

Darkwing: That's what I told her!

Neptunia: ...

Neptunia: What is wrong with you land dwellers?!

Darkwing and Launchpad: [shrug]

Chapter 29: Polysemy

Darkwing: Hey, Morg, wanna hear some dark humor?

Morgana, smiling: Yeah, I love dark humor!

Darkwing: Alright.

Darkwing: [turns off the lights] Knock knock.

Morgana, frowning: Turn the lights back on.

Chapter 30: He Doesn't Sleep Well... Part 2!

Gizmoduck: I'm not so sure you're stakeout material, Wingy.

Darkwing: Are you kidding? I'm a chronic insomniac, I was born for this!

—alt—

Gizmoduck: I'm not so sure Wingy is stakeout material, Launchpad...

Launchpad: Don't worry, DW was born for stuff like this!

Gizmoduck: Oh?

Launchpad, cheerfully: He's a chronic insomniac, he stays up all night watching people anyways!

Gizmoduck, worried: *Watching people..?*

Launchpad: There hasn't been a single crime in our neighborhood since we moved in!

Launchpad: Though, I'm not entirely sure there was any crime there *before* we moved in either...

Chapter 31: Gaslight

Neptunia: Gatekeep, girlboss, and... Oh, what's the other one again?

Morgana, not looking up from her Witch Weekly magazine: There isn't another one. You're crazy.

Chapter 32: I Love Him, But He REDEFINES The Term 'Mood Swing'

Neptunia: Are you having another depressive episode, duck?

Darkwing, scoffing: A 'depressive episode'?

Darkwing: I'm having a depressive series and we're just on season one.

Chapter 33: Lick

Fenton: Launchpad, you look deep in thought. What's wrong?

Launchpad: Did you know you can look at any object and know what it's like to lick it? Even if you've never touched it before?

Fenton: ...

Fenton: I'm never asking you anything ever again.

Chapter 34: Darkwing Is A Little Weird And A Massive Troll

Gizmoduck, connecting wires to a suit worn by Darkwing: Remember, Wingy, if you die in the training simulation–

Darkwing: Yeah, yeah, I know, if you die in the simulation you die in real life.

Gizmoduck: ¿Qué? ¡No! You need to reset the simulation with the terminal! Diosamía, ¿qué te pasa?!

Darkwing, offended: Nothing's wrong with me, excuse you!

Gizmoduck: ...

Gizmoduck: I thought you couldn't speak Spanish?

Darkwing, freezing: Oh, uh, I–

Launchpad, overhearing: Of course DW speaks Spanish, he knows like twenty languages! It's pretty neat.

Gizmoduck: Twenty languages, huh?

Darkwing, quietly: twenty-seven, actually...

Gizmoduck: So when I was trying to teach everyone Spanish and you kept messing it up..?

Darkwing: In my defense, I still pretty much hated you back then and messing with you is a lot of fun.

Gizmoduck: ...you're an ass, Wingy.

Darkwing, shrugging: I will not argue that in this particular case.

Chapter 35: Assumptions

Morgana: Why do you let me win when we race up the stairs? You're the faster one.

Drake, in his head: Because I'm a little scared you'd curse me otherwise.

Drake, out loud: Erm... it's nice to see your smile when you win!

//later\\

Morgana: He's probably just staring at my ass, isn't he?

Neptunia: Yeah, probably, hon.

Morgana, rolling her eyes: Men.

Chapter 36: Aggression

Neptunia: What? I'm not aggressive!

Fenton: Last Tuesday, you wacked me with a pair of crocs and stole my chocolate chips!

Neptunia: Rule one of the ocean, hon — survival of the fittest.

Chapter 37: Magic + Coffee = Problems

Morgana: When life gives you lemons, don't make lemonade. Make life take the lemons back! Get mad! I don't want your damn lemons, what the hell am I supposed to do with these? Demand to see life's manager! Make life rue the day it thought it could give Morgana Macawber lemons! Do you know who I am? I'm the person who's gonna burn your house down! With the lemons! I'm gonna look through my spell book for a combustible lemon that burns your house down!

Darkwing: [nervous laughter] Morg, honeybun, sweetest...

Darkwing, taking a mug from her: Maaaybe you've had enough coffee for today.

Chapter 38: Potatoes

Neptunia: Are you listening to me?

Stegmutt, nodding: Yep.

Neptunia: What did I just say?

Stegmutt: 'Are you listening to me?'

Neptunia, rolling eyes: Before that.

Stegmutt, thinking hard: Uh... Something about potatoes?

Neptunia: No, Steggers, I was not talking about potatoes.

Stegmutt, shrugging: [cheerful] No idea, then!

Neptunia: ...

Chapter 39: Code Red

Gizmoduck: I'm never having a debate with Wingy ever again, he literally started his argument with "Riddle me this."

Launchpad: Oh no.

Gizmoduck: What's wrong?

Launchpad, not paying attention to him: [yells] Goz! Your dad's reading Batknight comics again!

Gosalyn, in the distance: CLUCK!

Chapter 40: I Will Never Stop Loving This One

Neptunia: Synonyms are weird because if you invite someone to your cottage in the forest, that just sounds nice and cozy. But if I invite you to my cabin in the woods you're going to die.

Launchpad: My favorite is trying to understand the difference between a 'butt dial' and a 'booty call'.

Fenton: It's called connotations.

Morgana: Try this one on for size, "Forgive me, Father, I have sinned" vs "Sorry, Daddy, I've been naughty."

Darkwing: Great news, everybody! Language is now banned!

Chapter 41: Breakup

Darkwing: Morg, I'm sorry. I, I can't keep seeing you anymore.

Morgana: No wonder, you're always out during the dark of the night!

Darkwing: Morgana... no...

Chapter 42: Monty Python Is Fun 😊

This is EXACTLY how this went down

Neptunia, to the ocean creatures: I am your queen, long may I reign!

Shark: Well I didn't vote for you!

Neptunia: You don't vote for queens, hon.

Jellyfish: Well how'd you become queen then?

Neptunia: The poison of the upper world, the waste of the land dwellers, filtered down through our waters. It changed me, giving me the legs and mind of the land dwellers, but my heart remains with the ocean. That is why I shall lead you on a glorious conquest of the upper world, that is why I will bring back the glory of the waters, that is why we of the oceans will bare witness to the dawning of a glorious new world order.

Neptunia: That is why I am your queen.

Ocean creatures: ...

Dolphin: Listen. Strange poison drifting from the surface and changing people is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some *mutation-based vendetta*!

Neptunia, glaring: Listen here, you little punk, you either follow me or else! [brandishes trident]

Dolphin: ...

Dolphin: You know, conquering the upper world doesn't sound *that* bad, I suppose. Might even be fun, really!

— end of "For Goodness Sake!" —