



There Were Good Times

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 399 words

by Arukir

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Relationships: Nega-Gosalyn & Negaduck (Disney)

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

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Lynn knows Negaduck isn't a good person, but... *There were some good times.*

Or, Nega-Gosalyn thinks back on the good things about when she was Negaduck's Ward.

An old one, published mostly in its original form. If you want a oneshots about any of the scenes mentioned, please comment!

Lynn Lord was not, as some might tell you, a bad person. She never wished harm on the innocent, she took no delight in others' suffering, and she always tried to do her very best.

She was, however, not quite what she seemed. She adored pink and frilly things, cleaning and knitting were grand hobbies in her eyes, she always had a kind word and a kinder smile for all those around her -- but she was neither weak nor naive.

She was cunning, able to manipulate things just as she wanted, and had mastered self-defense when she was barely hip-high. She was smart, a detective in her own right, always paying attention to the little things.

But, most of all, she was her father's daughter. Negaduck was not a good person, that she knew, nor had he been a good father, but still... There were good memories, and useful things.

Lynn could shoot the flea off a dog, provided you could get her to touch a gun. She could train said dog as easily as another could run from it, no matter the breed. She could name every musical one could think of, and knew how to make pistachio ice cream from scratch.

Chemistry and sewing, martial arts and motorcycle repair, psychology and gymnastics -- yes, he'd taught her useful things.

But the memories were what she treasured most. Nights at the gun range, him telling her stories after while he cleaned his guns. Days at the kennels, eating ice cream where no one could see. Falling asleep to some musical or action movie, safe in his arms. Him pretending to like the things she'd baked, or the way he'd try to hide it when he actually liked them.

Birthdays, and trips, and saturday night dinners. The days when he was home, uninjured and not planning a crime, pretending that he didn't want to spend time with her.

The day a kid had thrown a snowball at her and she'd pelted him with her own snowballs before Negaduck could react, walking off with her beak in the air. The startled laugh he'd failed to cover up, so surprised he'd forgotten to say 'no' to building a snowman with her.

He had to be defeated, and she was better off with the Friendly Four, but... There'd been some good times.

— end of "There Were Good Times" —