



Drowning (In What I've Done)

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 1654 words

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Drowning (In What I've Done)

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

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Tags: Rebirth, Stuttering, Liquidator Has A Stutter, Liquidator Is A Chemistry Nerd, Guilt, Mutants, Threats, Team as Family, Liquidator loves being a mutant, Angst, Introspection, Robbery, Crimes & Criminals, Attempted Kidnapping, accidental attempted murder, Insanity, Being turned to stone and getting claustrophobia and trauma without realizing, not nearly as dark as it sounds, Not Beta Read, no betas, We Die Like Bud Flud!, Temporary Character Death, It's Likky, and technically just mentioned, Darkwing Duck and Gosalyn Mentioned, Paddywhack Mentioned, Fearsome Four Mentioned, Character Study

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Chapter 1: 3rd-person inner thoughts from when Liquidator is trapped as a statue. Boring and jumbled, since Liquidator's going a bit insane.

Chapter 2: Liquidator meets Negaduck for the first time.

Chapter 3: Liquidator's thoughts on his life as a supervillain.

Chapter 1: Musings Of A Statue

Takes place after Likky's debut.

Mima is my Mammal Goddess. Her Avian counterpart is Ivia.

Remember, this is Liquidator's perspective and thoughts, despite being third person. This is how he perceives things.

What he did wasn't that bad, was it? With so low a dose, the toxins just tasted badly. They couldn't hurt anyone, he didn't hurt anyone.

They'd have to buy water anyways, is it so bad to make sure they bought it from him? No one would've gotten hurt.

Did he really deserve to die? To fall, to crash, to melt from the inside out? He remembers the burning and he mentally shudders. Bud Flud was weak, so he's no more.

But The Liquidator was strong, and is that really so wrong? All he did was good marketing! People would just have to pay a little more, is that so bad?

Alright, maybe hardening the bay wasn't the best idea, in hindsight. Actually, that probably disrupted trade, didn't it? And it's not like people can actually drink salt water anyways...

Whatever, he would've turned it back eventually. He's not the bad guy here! Okay, so he tried to kill the hero, but that duck had it co–

Wait, kill? That is what he was trying to do, wasn't it? But, well... Darkwing killed him first! Accident or no, he had to pay. One can hardly blame The Liquidator for acting a little drastically in anger, pain, fear.

It wasn't like he did anything worse tha– wait, didn't he try to kidnap a little girl? A tough, business-minded little girl. He didn't, he couldn't, he would never!

But he did, didn't he? He tried to take her away. Why did he do that? He can't remember what he was thinking, what was going through his head. Is that the kind of person he is, kidnapping children?

And the more he thinks about it, the more certain he is that cutting off the water supply in a heat wave was a terrible idea. People could have died, in fact–

People might have actually died. He could be a murderer and not even know it. This isn't how it was supposed to go, he didn't want to hurt anyone!

He just wanted–

He just wanted to poison them. He just wanted to destroy their water. He just wanted their money. Because he's a greedy, amoral, business-obsessed *fleabag*.

Buddy Beagle was a chemistry nerd who cheated on other people's homework for money and blackmailed those that dared to pick on him.

Bud Flud was a self-made man, millions of dollars and a million ways to make more, he didn't care who he stepped on to get there.

And The Liquidator? Who was he? Currently, he was a statue. An attempted kidnaper. A maybe-murderer.

If he ever made it out, oh Mima if he was ever free again, who would be? A villain, definitely. Greedy, always. A salesman, of course. But maybe some new business standards wouldn't hurt...

He'd always had some sort of standards, some base morals. And he violated nearly every one of them! His mind felt as hard as the rest of his body, thoughts pushing through slowly and painfully.

Would he ever get out? Ever be free again? If he did, he'd do better. He wouldn't be a hero, he loved being the villain too much, but maybe... Maybe he could give his opponents a fighting chance?

No more Hard Water, that was for sure. And those water mites took too much concentration. Technically, with his new form, he could sneakily steal the desired funds without even being seen. Could continue on without hurting anyone.

But a life in the shadows didn't sound very fun. What was he to do? He felt like he was drowning all over again, acid replaced by guilt and confusion. If only he knew what to do, what the right answer was.

Chapter 2: Saved! Kidnapped? Eh, Same Dif

Likky is saved! Sorta.

I headcanon that Likky develops a trauma-induced stutter that goes away when he talks like a salesman. That's why his speech is more normal in his first appearance.

A cement statue can't see, but it can apparently hear. Which sort of makes sense, sound is just vibration, after all. Liquidator heard everything around him, feeling vaguely insulted when he realized he'd been placed in some schmuck's yard.

He felt sick when he realized that yard belonged to the little girl he'd tried to kidnap. A daily reminder of what he'd done, how crazy he'd gone, who he had hurt. He had to hand it to Darkwing, the duck was excellent at torture.

He could hardly be sure how long his statue had been there before it was moved, loaded into a vehicle by the sound of it. Weeks, months? At this point, it might've even been years. He couldn't tell.

He felt *something* pull at him, not at the statue, at his essence. For the first time in *ages*, he opened his eyes, taking in the relatively bright light and turning it into something he could understand. He was in a fish tank bolted to the wall in the back of a large cargo truck, staring at the statue he'd been in so long.

He splashed around in the tank, uncaring why he was there, relishing the simple freedom that came with being caged rather than frozen. Ah, to have his true body back! It took him a few minutes to relearn how to see, how to feel touch, how to solidify and melt. Hearing was easy, he'd never stopped having that. It had taken him a week to learn all these things when he'd first been reborn.

He wondered if he could still speak. Leaning against the glass, Liquidator practiced vibrating his body, making a variety of random sounds before he felt ready to try turning his garbled voice into words. "H-hel-hello?"

His eyes went wide at the stutter. It was probably due to not speaking for so long, but it was a terrible first impression to make on his saviour/kidnapper.

Whoever was driving either couldn't hear or didn't care, and Liquidator gave up after only a handful more times. To his absolute horror, his newfound speech impediment wouldn't go away.

They drove for a while, until sunlight stopped streaming in through the clear roof, before parking inside an abandoned warehouse.

The back of the truck opened, allowing the entrance of a very familiar duck. Liquidator growled — just what game was his tormentor playing at?!

"Has winning become dull? Not getting the same amusement you used to out of your enemy's humiliation?" Liquidator asked, noting somewhere in the back of his head that he wasn't stuttering. "Gloating to an unresponsive statue not enough? Then try—"

"I'm not Dorkwing." The duck's voice was deep and rough, his scowling beak filled with sharp teeth. Suddenly, he didn't seem so similar to the Terror That Flaps In The Night.

"Having trouble creating your own brand?" Liquidator snarked, crossing his arms. "Nine out of ten criminals do not recommend looking to Dipwing for inspiration."

The duck walked casually up to the glass, running a finger down it as if to inspect for dust. "If ya ever say I copied him again," his voice was dangerously calm, sharp gaze suddenly locked onto Liquidator's own, pinning him with inexplicable force, "I'll turn ya back into a statue and *bury ya in the desert*. Got it, knob?"

Liquidator gulped, nodding.

"Good. Now, I'm Lord Negaduck." The duck grinned. It was not a nice expression. "You can call me 'Boss'..."

Chapter 3: Reborn In The Crumbled Stone Of Who I Was Meant To Be

Likky loves his life.

Likky calls the rest of the F4 by their names when civilians aren't around.

Is Likky secretly sabotaging the others on a regular basis? Yes. Does he care more about them than he has anyone before? Also yes. Is he extremely worried that he'd betrayed them all for a big enough payday? Almost constantly. Would he? Probably not, maybe.

Bud Flud's life had been *boring*. Oh, at the time he hadn't thought so. Money, fame, women, cars, more underhanded schemes than you could shake a stick at — his life had been everything Buddy had ever dreamed of. Everything he'd worked so hard to achieve. His absolute perfect life.

But being The Liquidator was so much *better*. Sure, it had its downsides; being turned into stone, being turned into pudding, being tortured by an angry clown demon who had a grudge with Jack, getting trapped in little mason jars, etc.

It was a worthy trade off. He got challenges, adventure, freedom! Both in the sense that a supervillain doesn't have to worry about ethics boards, and in the sense of being made so entirely out of water. Sometimes, he pitied his more solid friends.

Friends, that was something else Liquidator had that Flud never did. Reggie, Elmo, Jack, even the Boss — he wouldn't trade them for anything.

Even when they got caught, it was exciting. Fighting cops, going toe-to-toe with Darkwing, running away into the night, organizing jailbreaks, and so much more. Even when he and Elmo collided, even when their powers got stolen, even when the Boss took all the loot, he didn't regret a moment of it.

And, okay, maybe he's not the most loyal of teammates. Does he steal the others' shares and hide them before they all get arrested? Does he sneak civilians out of the fighting zone? Does he manipulate his teammates into rebellions and arguments just for his amusement? Yes, yes he does.

Would he die for any one of them? Well, that's a moot point, he can't die. Would he spend the rest of his days trapped in stone for any one of them? He hopes he never has to find out.

Because he thinks he's the sort of person who'd sacrifice anything for those they care about, but he'd thought he was the sort of person who'd never harm a child. He doesn't

want to be proven wrong *again*. Buddy Beagle had enemies, Bud Flud had minions, Liquidator has friends. He has to be The Liquidator, because who is he otherwise?

Who is he, if he isn't who he thinks he is? Who he wants to be? Who those closest to him expect?

He'll never be the hero, but he isn't so bad, is he? After all, he almost never tried to hurt anyone, did he?

Really, what he's done isn't all that bad.

— end of "Drowning (In What I've Done)" —