

RP: Loosing the Plot



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By [Negaduck](#) 554 days ago [Comments \(28\)](#)

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Deep in the rumbling bowels of the Querido Quetzal, down many twists of a hidden staircase, was one scary sight.

It was not the rickety meeting table which jeetered with each of the club's bassier notes.

It was not the lights which flickered along the room's darkened edges.

It was not even the huge axe lodged casually in the wall charts displaying some of the city's key positions.

It was Negaduck. Waiting.

And Hades knew Negaduck did not take waiting well. Not when it was his own menagerie of minions - that was, superpowered 'teammates' - that he was waiting for.

Better rock up soon, fellas.

[OOO: Fearsome Five sound off whenever. We can work out a posting order later if need be.]



• [Malicia Macawber](#) 554 days ago

Bushroot hated arriving first.

It meant being in that room alone. With Negaduck. Which was essentially the same as being completely alone, but worse.

It always caused such a mental conundrum for him: Should he fill the awkward silence in the room with talk? Negs hated 'small talk' or any talk at all that wasn't productive, though. But that just left the other option, which was to just... sit there silently, and fidget nervously.

He was already fidgeting as he stepped through the door and chose a seat at the table furthest from his Boss -- out of strangling or being-tied-in-a-knot range.

"The-the others should be here s..soon." He remarked. His stutter always worsened in the presence of his brooding leader.



[Quackerjack 554 days ago](#)

Right on cue...

"The party don't start 'til I walk in!!! Heyyyyyy fellas!"

The ever cheerful voice of one Quackerjack of Quackerjack Toys echoed throughout the room, as the jester himself bounced into the underground room, smiling from ear to ear.

Noticing only Bushroot and Negaduck, he grinned excitedly. He was early! Great!!!

"So, how's it goin', guys?" he asked, casually plopping himself on the seat next to Bushroot's and placing his feet on the table.

He always loved it when things got like this. There was always the promise of chaos and fun!!!
Aaaand money!!!



[Nigel Mallard 554 days ago](#)

The jester was likely spared a throttling on the grounds of being entirely too annoying – for the moment, anyway – thanks to the timely entrance of a certain grumpy, grumbling electric rat.

"Did it *have* to be a club?" Megavolt lamented as he entered, only helping to completely throw off the ominous atmosphere their boss had probably been trying to achieve.

"I don't do well in this type of environment, you know," he complained, taking the seat on the other side of Quackerjack. "No one ever wants to dance with the dorky one. It's like high school prom all over again."

Oblivious to the fact that it was his villainy and questionable sanity rather than his 'dorkiness' that was to blame for his social ineptitude. Or, more importantly, that a meeting with the boss was not the place for venting personal frustrations.

The rodent paused in his grouching and griping for a moment as he listened to the thumping sounds emanating from the club above them.

"The music *is* pretty catchy, though," he admitted, his mood brightening a little.



[Negaduck 553 days ago](#)

Bushroot was right about one thing: he hated their chatter.

And their powers. And their ridiculous appearance, their catchphrases, their cheery ineptitude, their relative naivety, their bickering, their selective loyalty, their inability to source decent coffee, their insanely unique quirks--

Negaduck hated a lot of things.

So it was a good thing for the sake of his mood and their spines that everyone was in place and ready to go.

Or were they?

"Where's the Liquidator?" Glare slid dangerously over the group, hunting for an answer, or at least someone to blame.

But settled instead on a large pitcher of water on the table.

Was that there before?

"That'll do." If it wasn't by chance the actual Liquidator, it could sloosh around in his absence. Same same.

Thus it began. The pitch.

"Well, gentlemen." Meant ironically, of course. "It has been a long time. Too long. The city has rested in relative peace. To the point, I fear, that some of the populace have forgot the 'fearsome' in Fearsome Five."

Leaning in with that killer grin.

"Let's remind them."

Preemptively dealing with the why, he straightened. "To do that, we need to show them how flimsy this illusion of control really is. And there is no faster way to achieve that than by turning their own security apparatus against them, starting with their most renown beacon of bravery, the shining knight in the field of virtue, the champion of valour, the formidable, the heroic--"

Wait for it.

"--Gizmoduck."

If only Darkwing Duck had been around to appreciate that.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 553 days ago

Relieved the rest of the crew arrived, though only for a moment as he squirmed uncomfortably when Quackerjack picked the seat next to him. The toymaker had no sense of personal space, which the plant-duck valued greatly for himself.

He sat back and listened to Negaduck's lengthy, dramatic speech -- the Boss really loved those. Certainly one thing Negaduck and Darkwing had in common... though Bushroot never dared to say such a thing aloud.

His purple eyes widened. "G...gizmoduck? But *how*? He's, well... all of that stuff you just listed! And more! How'd we turn him against all the Good Guys?"



[Negaduck 552 days ago](#)

Thank you, Bushroot. Perfect lead in. It's like you're following a script or something.

Negaduck's grin only got nastier. Conspiratorially nastier, that was; the Four weren't in danger.

Yet.

"With--"

Appropriately dramatic flourish to reveal... a small leather box. The sort that would ordinarily contain a fancy engagement ring.

"--*this*."

Uh, was he proposing what it looked like he was proposing?



[Quackerjack 551 days ago](#)

Quackerjack, as usual, was only half listening to Negaduck's plan. What? He'd get Megavolt to fill him in later! There's a most interesting fly buzzing around...

Though, being the nearest to Bushroot when he asked that question, he caught on about the plot to... turn Gizmoduck against the good guys?

All attention was immediately drawn towards his boss as he presented the (ring?) with a flourish.

"Ooh, shiny!"

Of course, Quackerjack, of course. You should reach in and touch it without the boss' permission.



[Nigel Mallard 551 days ago](#)

Was that... an engagement ring?

The rat scratched his head, understandably baffled by their boss' latest plot.

"But.. how would that work? I mean, he's a hero and you're a villain. And you hate him." Stating the obvious, because that was one of his many useless talents.

Oh no. Did this mean he was going to have to sit through a wedding now? He didn't even have

a suit to wear!

Also... would that make Gizmoduck 'Mr. Negaduck,' or Negaduck 'Mr. Gizmoduck?'

So many (rather disturbing) questions were now ping-ponging around inside that scrambled brain of his.



[Negaduck 551 days ago](#)

No words. Just narrowed eyes.

Were they proposing what he thought they were proposing?

Quackerjack would find that outstretched limb crushed in a very humourless grip before his leader made to nearly clobber Megavolt over the skull. *With* him.

"No, you morons. This is only a cover!"

Pulling out from the box the actual device, which looked nothing more than a thumb tack. Carefully holding around the edges to avoid activating it or jabbing himself, because one big prick at the table was enough.

"This is the device. Doesn't look like much, but it carries the Cassowary Virus. Jam it into a computer, and every line of its programming will instantly turn destructive. Jam it into a computer built around a man and well..."

Come on, you knobs. Even a two year old could figure this out.



[Malicia Macawber 551 days ago](#)

"...Hurt a little?" Bushroot finished helpfully. "I-I mean, that sharp part of that looks, well, *sharp*. I can't imagine pricking your finger on it, let alone jabbing it into someone."

Evidently distracted more by the 'tack' part, and less by the 'a-ttack' part.

A thought suddenly occurred to him. "But if you put that on Gizmoduck um... we won't be able to control him either, right? Will he attack us too?"



[Nigel Mallard 550 days ago](#)

Clambering woozily back into his seat, Megavolt shoed away the winged lightbulbs dancing around his head.

"He's got a point..." No pun intended. "Dealing with one mentally unstable hero is bad enough!"

Never mind the fact that he wasn't exactly one to be talking about mental stability.



[Negaduck 548 days ago](#)

"What?" Looming over the trembling plant, voice at Level 10 Maximum Growliness.

"Are you scared, *Bushroot*?"

Sure, a wild Gizmo was a threat. They would have to balance that against the threat in front of them, particularly if he got in a mood.

Fortunately it was salvageable.

"The lot of us together can handle one stinking ex-hero!" Waving it off to stalk back to the front. "All we have to do is point him at the good guys, and they'll be so busy blasting away at each other, we will be able to do whatever we want."

That greed creeping back again. "Think about it - the cash, the jewels," The hand wringing good times. "The havoc!"

The priorities! For Negaduck at least. But they all had their own - largely out of control - imaginations.

"And all thanks to the city's 'finest'."

From little things big things.. blow, eh?



[Malicia Macawber 543 days ago](#)

"M...m...me? A scary blossom? Of course not!" Trembling so hard that his leafy purple hair made a rustling noise.

He considered Negaduck's dream scenario. "That sounds... nice?" Not really.

"So uh... where do we start with this plan?"



[Quackerjack 543 days ago](#)

That sounded good enough for the demented clown. He chuckled. "Well, I *have* been looking for more citizens to appreciate my toys!"

He wasn't kidding.

But yeah, the jewels and money sounds good too.

"Yeah, what are we waiting for?" he asked, in sync to the mutant plant duck's question, for once.



[Negaduck 540 days ago](#)

"Well Gizmojerk isn't here. We need to lure him to St Canard."

Obviously. Working with morons.

Fortunately he had a map big enough any moron could understand it.

"In lieu of a giant magnet - don't even start, Sparky - the most certain way of doing that is to decimate McDuck Industries' manufacturing wing."

Four key locations circled out across the city. The advantage of this approach was there was plenty of variety between the factories to suit each of their interests. Something for everyone!

... if your interests included industrial grade manure, street lighting or being a total loon.

"By the time we get to the main Headquarters-" Correspondingly marked. "-we will have hit McDuck where it hurts - his coin purse - and he'll have no choice to send in his goon on wheels."

Wheel, technically, but pointing out technicalities to Negaduck never ended well.

Unlike this plan, which was sure to end *perfectly*.



[Nigel Mallard 532 days ago](#)

Megavolt, who had brightened -- no pun intended (sorry, Negs) -- at the very idea of using a giant magnet, wilted as said idea was immediately shot down. With an insult, to boot.

"DON'T-" the rat started, before thinking better of it. While that name was a sore spot for him... he knew he'd have even sorer spots should he finish that line.

The rat was down with this plan. Any opportunity to liberate his luminescent brethren!

Now that the plan was actually laid out, Megavolt figured it was finally a good time to ask what the others had been asking. "So, when do we get this show on the road?"

But, really, was it *ever* a good time to ask Negaduck *anything*?



[Negaduck 530 days ago](#)

Leaning forward, there was that scary voice again.

"Now."

Couldn't trust this group with too much initiative, however. "Attack as many of McDucks assets as possible. If anyone asks, that's all we're aiming for, to bring down that old geezer."

Would be a side bonus but hey, all paths lead to anarchy.

"And whatever spoils you happen on in the process, well-" Another vicious grin. "They're all yours."

Generous as always.

So what're you waiting for?!

((OOC: QJ, Megs, yer up! You can work together or separately, whatever is easier. Once you guys are done we'll go Bushy and I'll NPC Liquidy unless he shows up. Woo!))



[Quackerjack 530 days ago](#)

Wait- so, did that mean...

A bright grin worked its way up his oversized bill.

The McDuck Toy Factory! Oh, YES!!!

Quackerjack laughed in excitement, clapping his hands. Negaduck had never needed to be impatient. He was going now!!! "C'mon, Sparky!!!" he cheered, grabbing the electric rat and yanking him out of the underground room. "TOY FACTORY, HEEEEEEERE WE COME!"

Silly Megs... you know you don't have an option when it comes to your best friend. But maybe, if you're lucky, you could get him to stop by McDuck's light bulb manufacturing company when you're done.



[Nigel Mallard 529 days ago](#)

Megavolt should know by now that fighting it was of no use. But that never stopped him from trying.

"Oooh, how many times do I have to tell you??" he protested as he was dragged from the room by the overzealous jester. "Don't call me Sparky!"

Once they were outside, he managed to wrench his arm from Quackerjack's grip. "And why do we always go where *you* wanna go first?" he whined, sounding more like a child than even his friend.

But whine, he would... because Megavolt was on a mission. (Well, aside from the one given to him, anyway.) He was going to free his fellow illuminaries from that factory before they had a chance to suffer at the hands of the people who supposedly would give them loving homes... only to overwork them until the poor things literally burnt out! And all Quackerjack could think of was *toys* at a time like this??

Really, how insane could someone get??



[Quackerjack 528 days ago](#)

"But SPARKY~" Quackerjack protested, jumping up and down. "Me and Mr. Banana Brain talked about it!!!" Even though they had no way of knowing up to earlier, when Negaduck told them to take down the McDuck companies. "We were going to get those horribly boring toys out of their hands and let a real professional improve 'em!"

That would be him, of course.

He pulled out that endearing banana puppet from his poofy sleeves and spoke to it. "Ain't that right, Mr. Banana Brain? *Yes, we are! We are!*" Mr Banana Brain replied in a high-pitched voice.

"Well then!" Like the discussion had ended. Because it probably had. "LET'S GOOOOOOOO~"

Moments later, they were standing at the back of the toy factory, by the power generators.

"Now! All you have to do is cut off the power from the factory, then we bust in and grab all the toys!" he directed. "Don't you want to liberate the poor, slave-driven generators? Because I know you do~" Since when did you care so much about electricity, Quackerjack?

He grinned promisingly. "And if we're quick about it, we could make a stop at the light bulb company much quicker!"

That's what you want, right, Sparky?



[Nigel Mallard](#) 526 days ago

How silly it was for Megavolt to think he had any say in the matter. That was a lesson he'd learned dozens -- if not hundreds -- of times in the past. If only he could ever remember it.

When Quackerjack instructed him to cut off the power, commenting on how overworked those generators must be, the rat rolled his eyes. His brain might have been frazzled and fried, but he knew his friend well enough to know that the jester didn't give a flying flux about those poor things.

Megavolt grouched and grumbled, but complied. "Let's get this over with," he said, once the power was cut.

He'd let Quacky deal with swiping all the toys, while he focused on 'liberating' what machinery and factory lighting he could. Because priorities.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 526 days ago

While they were focusing on their separate priorities, in the darkness a cloud of blue smoke appeared between them.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the switch that derails your train! I am...Darkwiiiiing Duck! And you two lawbreaking lunatics' larcenous delict is now defunct!"

He struck a heroic pose.



[Quackerjack](#) 526 days ago

"Oh, nooooo~" Dramatic hand to the forehead. "It's Derpwing Duck! We're dooooooomed!" Then he laughed. This was going to be fun...

With a flick and a somersault, he sent a few flying missiles of clacking teeth right towards Darkwing.

"C'mon, Sparky, hurry up!!!" he shouted to his friend as he backed up, having collected a considerable amount of toys he could modify, while terrorising the factory workers at the same time.



[Nigel Mallard](#) *526 days ago*

At the all-too-familiar sound of yet another melodramatic entrance by the city's resident crimefighter, Megavolt couldn't stop himself from facepalming. Or groaning at yet another round of alliteration being thrown mercilessly upon them.

"What, do you carry a thesaurus around or something? Just so you'll have the right words to say?" Because it wouldn't surprise him.

The rat's fingers were now flickering with a buildup of electrical charge. Whether or not the hero had managed to escape Quackerjack's attack, he would quickly be greeted with a few bolts of electricity that were heading straight towards him as well.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *525 days ago*

"Ye-ouch!" Darkwing cried as what felt like a million bites clamped all over his body. He hopped around trying to fling off the offensive dentures. "I hate these things!"

He didn't have a chance to comment snidely on Megavolt's thesaurus comment before he was jolted. Luckily, the electricity seemed to overload the toy teeth and they fell away. Unluckily, Darkwing found himself charred.

"Singed, but triumphant!" he wheezed before returning to normal and grabbing a jump rope to use as a lasso. "This oughta stop you, you erroneous electron!" He threw the loop at Megavolt and yanked it tightly.



[Nigel Mallard](#) *517 days ago*

Megavolt had tried to run, but was caught in the hero's makeshift lasso. After just a moment of struggling, his arms pinned to his sides, the rat grinned at his captor.

"Oh, Darkwing," he said, bringing his hands up to grasp the rope the hero was still holding. "Have I ever told you how these fights always give me such a wonderful *charge*?"
With that, he sent an electric charge down the rope straight towards the hero. Twice-roasted duck, anyone?



[Quackerjack 517 days ago](#)

Assuming Darkwing wasn't fast enough to react - or was, since the crazy clown would have done that anyway, thanks to the hilarious pun, Quackerjack let out a chuckle. "Hee-HEEEEEE!"

The distraction, however, bought him enough time to modify one of the toys.

"Hey, Dorkwing! Catch!"

Cue colourful flying projectile heading straight for the hero... which can only be identified as-

A ball.

Not just any ball tooooooooooooo!



[Darkwing Duck 517 days ago](#)

Darkwing was, indeed, *shocked* by Megavolt's reaction, although he shouldn't have been. Really. He coughed and sputtered, but revived himself just in time to flip out of the trajectory of the ball -- which was now headed straight for the bound Megavolt.

"Playtime's over, you contemptible clown! Now suck gas!" He pulled out his gas gun and fired at Quackerjack.