

[RP: SURPRISE!](#)

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Reserved for: The Fearsome Five

PREVIOUSLY ON DUCKVERSE...

Bushroot has heard through the grapevine (literally) that Malicia is pregnant. To show his gratitude for Negaduck's "advice" on picking up women, he's organized a surprise party at Negaduck's current hideout -- a little celebration for their boss' foray into parenthood (yet again... and again... and again times infinity).

Because surely Negaduck just LOVES surprises. And babies.

What could possibly go wrong?!

Comments

22 Comments



by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

'A little to the left, please! Just a bit more... there! Good, perfect!'

A vine was shifting the large banner back and forth, finally setting it in place. Bushroot took a moment to stand back and survey his work.

A huge banner with the words, "**CONGRATULATIONS NEGA-DAD**" scrawled across them -- complete with poorly drawn doodles of fanged winged babies -- was placed every-so-thoughtfully at a spot where Negaduck was sure to see it the second he walked through the door of his hide-out.

He couldn't help but feel a tinge of envy. Negaduck was so lucky -- having kids; a lady(ies), and a rich career. The mild-mannered mutant dreamt of the day they'd be celebrating *his* entrance into fatherhood...

So maybe this whole party was partly so he could live vicariously through his boss' success. So what?! Was that REALLY a crime?

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by [QuackerJack](#) 6 months ago

QuackerJack brought balloons--- more than a few, in fact, each with drawings of Negaduck giving a silly grin to match the toymaker's own. Red, yellow, gray, and the happiest caricatures of their boss that didn't quite match his actual appearance too well. "Here we go," he said rubbing his hands together, leaning on one foot to move the cluttered disarray from one side of the wall to the other side. "This is gonna be GRRRRRRRRRRREAT! All packed with confetti when they pop and RRRREARIN' ta go! HehehehHEEEEEEEE~!"

The toymaker quickly unleashed a good fifty of them into the room and then leapt into action, setting up toy boxes one by one in the corner of the room. Each of them had jack-in-the-boxes, for now most of them already opened and giving QJ and Bushroot a rather beguiling smile of wacky enthusiasm. QJ was setting them up so that by the time Negs would arrive, they'd pop open on cue and play a short little jingle - blasting confetti from within.

"Ooooh, the look on his face is gonna be priceless!" giggled QuackerJack. "And look! They've even got his distinguishing features!" Each of the Negs-themed jack-in-the-box toys resembled their boss more closely than the faces in the balloons, though much like the balloon drawings, they looked really cheerful and content.

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by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

The Liquidator had, naturally, volunteered to cover the refreshments. Off to the side were a few punch bowls, and the aquatic canine himself was looking a tinge pink from stirring himself through the mixture.

"Survey says this is one well-prepared surprise party!" He burbled. "Brought to you by Sparkling Crystal Pure Flood Water -- for all your party-going needs!"

Bushroot winced at Quackerjack's grand display. "Careful! You'll knock down the banner! I worked hard on that you know." He pouted. "I hope Megavolt at least remembers to bring the snacks..."

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by [Megavolt](#) 6 months ago

Megavolt wandered in a scant moment later with a couple of plastic bags. He walked right up to the refreshments table and poured out their contents. Pork rinds and hot pockets. He stood proud, beaming at his haul. "Best snacks money can buy!" He declared. At least that was what his diet consisted of.

With a skeptical eye he looked at the banner. "So the boss did it again... if we celebrated every time he knocked some floozy up, we'd never steal again." He sat down, slouching heavily in the chair.

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Speaking of floozies...

At that moment, the Guest of (Dis)Honour was making his way inside, stinking of smoke, spirits and.. Peeps?

"That's the last time I challenge the twins to a cannon contest."

Grumbled in the calm before the storm as he hauled himself through the door.

"If I hear one more loud noise, I think *I'll* explode."

Someone cue Quackerjack.

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by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

"SURPRISE! CONGRATULATION, BOSS!"

Aaaand there goes the confetti. It exploded into the air, raining down upon the Five... and right in Negaduck's face like a delightful confetti-laden bukakki. A confettikaki, if you will.

OH BOY, ISN'T THIS WONDERFUL.

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Because he was in the bestest frame of mind ever-est to process this good news.

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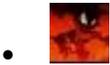
by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

"Uh." Wow. Okay. Surely he was asking that as a 'general' question because he had so many, right? Narrowly dodging life as a chopped vegetable, he dared inching closer to the bewildered guest of honor.

"M...Malicia?" He said weakly. "Because she's... you know, pregnant?"

He fumbled uncomfortably. "You knew that already... didn't you?"

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

The wide-eyed stare of absolute horror answered that succinctly.

Groan.

At least there was one easy way to deal with that.

Loaded revolver to the temple and pull...

((OOC: DON'T ALL RUSH IN TO HELP ME NOW.))

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by [Megavolt](#) 6 months ago

"No! Boss! **DON'T DO IT!!**" Aw, Megavolt, never knew you cared!

Well, he didn't.

He just knew what would happen if Mal was left with no Negaduck. She'd blame them,

of course.

Cue dramatic tackle and wrestle for gun.

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by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

Not the reaction he expected.

But his thoughts were in line with Megavolt: They were all going to be roasted alive if Mal caught wind that her baby-daddy blasted his brains out because they spilled the beans!

Time to do some damage control.

"H...hey, it's not so bad, Negaduck! Maybe she didn't tell you for a reason. Like maybe you're not the father!"

Yep. Totally helping. SUPER HELPFUL.

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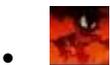
by [QuackerJack](#) 6 months ago

QuackerJack took a moment to respond, but jumped in-- hoping to grab the gun as quickly as he could.

"Nnnnnooooooo!" he shouted, as if everything suddenly went into slow motion after that. Unless he was actually running slow, the demented toymaker couldn't really say for certain. But what happened in those couple seconds had to have been the funniest, and most amusing, dogpile ever QuackerJack had ever been apart of.

"DOGPIIILLLEEE!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

BLAAM! The bullet whizzed by perilously close to Bushroot's head.

Deliberate or not? Hard to say.

What was easy to say was that the Four had successfully given Negaduck a more attractive proposition than offering himself, and that was to beat them all up. Megavolt's battery cord was disconnected and strung around Quackerjack's neck, the pink punch bowl cracked over somebody's head, and Bushroot dragged in by the tail feathers (leaves?) to be mummified in the banner.

Liquidator had the best chance of escape, being the least grabbable, unless he was somehow caught up in the whirlwind of pain that thrashed about the main room.

That would not be a fun dogpile for long, Quackerjack. Funny, perhaps, but not fun.

"YOU COLOSSAL CLOWNS," howled the maniacal mallard at the centre of it all.

"IF I'M NOT GETTING OUT OF THIS EASILY THEN NEITHER ARE *YOU*."

Weren't they glad they saved him now?

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by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 6 months ago

"N...now boss-- GACK!" Bushroot was pulled into the fray. He had learned by this point not to fight it. Best to let Negaduck work through his rage until he simmered a bit... though never quite reaching a moment of 'zen' (unless he was bathing in the blood of his enemies and surrounded by a couple skulls to gnaw on).

The Liquidator wasn't faring so well either, as Megavolt's disconnected cord created sparks that, upon contact with the aquatic canine, resulted in him bubbling and steaming. Why, WHY did Negs always find a way for him to come into contact with Megavolt?!

"Look at this as an *opportunity!*" Bushroot was urging through his paper prison. "You're leaving behind a legacy for generations to come!"

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by [Megavolt](#) 6 months ago

Megavolt whined. Openly.

"My BATTERY!"

But that was the least of his concerns. There was an electric arch from the cord to Liquidator-- which shot up the cord back to it's source. Megavolt.

He went stiff and disappeared in a cloud of smoke. When it cleared, he was left charred, his hair-- what little of it was left-- and whiskers were standing straight up. "Oof..." a cloud of smoke escaped his mouth as he fell forward on his face.

Well done.

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by [QuackerJack](#) 6 months ago

"QUACKEE--"

Even as the chord strangled the toymaker half to death, even QJ's gagging sounded like he was spouting his own name. He struggled against it tightly but it wouldn't quite come off as he hoped for-- his face turned blue and pink momentarily. Squeezing his thumb in only allowed just a moments of release, though not free enough for the toymaker goon to say his own name or even laugh.

"O-Old habbits--- *wheeze* ---die h-haarrrddd!! Y'still--- *GAG* ---got it, boss! Eh, HEH... HEH... errm-- owwww--- *choke*"

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by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Something cut through the inherently soothing din that was a mass pummelling. Something not right. Something Bushroot had said.

The well intending plant duck would find himself rounded upon with the full fury their leader had previously been directing across the lot of them.

"You think I *need* generations to follow?"

Menacing step after menacing step forward.

"That someone - anyone - will be outliving *me*?"

Not laying a hand on him. Yet. He didn't need to.

"Not getting any ideas, are you, Bushroot?"

Little things like attempted assassinations were not forgotten. Even if they weren't generally accompanied by confetti.

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by [Bushroot & The Liquidator](#) 5 months ago

It was a good thing he no longer possessed a normal G.I system, because Bushroot probably would've pooped his non-existent pants at this moment.

"N...no no no! It's not like that at all!" He shrank backwards with each step Negaduck took.

"I was just trying to look on the bright side! I... I mean, you're lucky boss. You've got all these really unique, unusual kids. Who else can say their children are fire-breathing demon babies? That must be like, super rare!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"RARE?!"

The ranted retort froze on his tongue at that very second. Bushroot may not have been getting any ideas, but he was certainly giving them.

Are you thinking what I am, N2?

"Unique... You actually have a good point there, Bushface. Why, knowing how well we fared with the last batch, this lot will be worth their weight in gold."

Saying nothing else save for a long, disconcertingly gleeful cackle, the soon-to-be-father-for-the-zillionth-time strolled out. At least, it seemed, in a much better mood.

((OOOC: I'ma gonna leave it there guys, as we go onto Revenge of the Return of the Hatching. You lot feel free to stick around and post your reactions, enjoy the hot pockets, don't touch my stuff or I'll kill you, etc. Thanks for the party! ;))

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by [QuackerJack](#) 4 months ago

(OOOC: Sounds like a winner to me~! ^^ Great to be apart of it!)

--

With Negduck gone, QuackerJack scratched his noggin for a moment or two, and then looked around the room.

"Hooooooo-kay boys," he said, giving a petite cough and looking humorously straightened. He was still a little riled up and still in a bit of pain, but that didn't stop him from asking the ultimate question of questions that he'd been meaning to ask since the ruckus began. "Now you know as well as I do, I enjoy these partiiiiies! But, uhm, there's just been a teeeny, weeeeeeeeny, little thing on my mind, y'knooow? Heheheh."

A pause, for whimsical effect.

"...we've got a lotta catchin' up to do. Someone fill me iiiiin, hmmm?"