

[RP: Demons' Day Out Part II](#)

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It was a beautiful spring day, and the citizens of St Canard were making the most of it. Bike-riding, walking, ice-creams; the central park was full of happy people enjoying the sunshine.

Which made a black-caped villain look even more out of place.

"You'd better behave this time," Negaduck hissed under his breath. "One more screw-up and I'll make a nice bourguignon out of the lot of you."

Even stranger than his mere presence there, however, was the fact he was talking... to a giant helium balloon?

The balloon seemed to buzz angrily in return. He appeared to take that as agreement.

Oblivious to the buzzing or to the danger of the mallard holding the string, at that moment a handful of children came running up.

"Wow, mister," marvelled a shy young boy, eyes fixed in wonderment at the floating red orb. "That's some balloon you have there! Would you mind if I held it for a little while? Pleeeease?"

With a 'warm', 'heart-felt' smile, all generosity and kindness, Negaduck bent down and gladly passed the string over. "Enjoy."

The children gathered around the small lad and his prize, amazed. Then collectively screamed when the balloon popped to reveal a swarm of tiny demons that had been hiding inside.

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" shrieked the children, before they took off running, pursued by the horrible flying beasts.

"Heh," said Negaduck, relaxing on a park bench to watch the unfolding chaos. "Kids."

by [DW](#) 6 months ago

And a beautiful day such as this one was the perfect practice day for St. Canard's best kiddie soccer team. Drake Mallard, being the proud parent that he was, watched his daughter practice. She was probably the most spirited player on the team, which was a good thing, but she was also the one most prone to "rough-play" occasionally knocking over a couple of her teammates. The coach seemed to be keeping things pretty well under control, though. Drake, feeling thirsty, got up and headed down to where he knew a park water fountain would be, so that he could get a drink. He was surprised when he was nearly barreled over by a youngster who looked as though he were trying to escape hell itself.

"Hey, hey! Watch where you're going, kid!" Drake said, in an admonishing tone of voice.

The kid looked behind him, then looked back at Drake, his eyes wild. "I...made it. I escaped...monsters! Monsters everywhere." He grabbed Drake's sweater-vest and shook him. "You gotta run, mister. You gotta call the police, the Army, Superpig! ANYBODY!"

Drake stared down at the boy with a raised eyebrow. "Ah-huh. What now?"

"MONSTERS! You gotta believe me, you gotta believe me! Mikey, Bobby, Penny... oh no... what if they got eaten? We're doomed! DOOMED!" The boy wailed with what Drake viewed as unnecessary theatrics. Still... maybe it was something he should check out. If it was nothing, well... at least, the park could enjoy a surprise visit from St. Canard's favorite hero, and he could sign multitudes of 8x10s for his fans.

"Right... I'll go call them right now. Why don't you run al-...." The kid was already running before

Drake could say anything further. "Hmm."

He looked around trying to figure out where the best place to change costume would be. Unfortunately, his options were severely limited to either behind a tree, in the bushes... or...

Well, the best place to change would be the place where he wouldn't have to worry about getting caught by anyone because... He looked at the park's bathrooms and cringed. He sighed in a somewhat defeated manner, checked the area to make sure no one was looking and walked into the bathroom.

If anyone were to walk past just then, they might have heard a voice from the bathroom go: "Ewwwwwwww..."

In a mere couple of minutes, Darkwing Duck was out of the bathroom. His beak was still scrunched up in disgust, but he regained composure and began to search for any sort of disturbance. It wasn't long before he picked up on screaming, but maybe only seconds after that, he spotted one of his most notorious foes.

Negaduck... Casually sitting on a park bench as if he were a regular park-goer just enjoying the scenery. Obviously, whatever was going on had to be his doing and probably the fastest way to get answers. Darkwing snuck over to Negaduck before yanking him violently off the park bench by his jacket. "I guess you didn't think I'd be up this early in the day, did you? Well, you thought wrong, bucko! I'm going to stop whatever fiendish plot you have unleashed on this park, so you might as well turn yourself in right now."

Threatening Negaduck and telling him to turn himself in NEVER worked, but Darkwing persisted in doing it, anyway, mainly because he had more faith in his "terror that flaps in the night" status than he should have.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

As if he had expected such an irritating interference as the caped crimefighter, Negaduck did not even resist. Instead he matched Darkwing's interrogation with an even glare.

"Oh really?" Funny how those two little words could convey so much superiority and so much 'you are a total IDIOT' simultaneously.

What wasn't so funny was the sharp little claws that latched onto Darkwing's shoulders and, with uncanny strength, lifted him straight into the air.

The crook below, for his part, simply folded his arms and watched, as if a vigilante being accosted by half a dozen demonlings was also part of the scenery. Yup, just an ordinary day.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing didn't hesitate. "YES really!"

He looked as though he was about to go on some kind of "heroic tirade" which probably would've only irritated and/or bored Negaduck to tears, but he was quickly forced to deal with much more pressing matters. Namely, what felt like knives digging into his shoulders.

"Yeouch! What the..." He started reaching behind him in an attempt to get at whatever was causing the pain. Unfortunately, he couldn't quite reach it and as he was lifted from the relative safety of the ground, he switched tactics and tried to find something to grab onto. Negaduck and the park bench, however, were just out of reach.

"Hey, HEY! Put me down, put me..." He noticed a bunch of demonlings swarming around him. And the first thought to occur to him was...

'Right. Monsters.'

He couldn't help but feel there was something very familiar about these monsters. Something disturbingly familiar... If he didn't know any better, he'd say they looked just like miniature versions of...

There were no words for the sheer horror that dawned on Darkwing's face. No, no, no, no... That couldn't be it. IT COULDN'T BE...

"Eh heh heh...so...ah... Negaduck...experimental...um... mutant... ah... brats, I mean, bats?" He looked to Negaduck with a desperate kind of hope. This was not an expression that Darkwing had ever directed towards his arch-nemesis before. "Harpies of some sort... gathered from some distant corner of the world?" He continued to struggle and squirm and wiggle, hoping to get out of the clutches of these... these.... "ALIENS!" He exclaimed suddenly, the desperation growing on his features. "They're aliens, right? From outer space? Some kind of evil race that's come to take over the planet, and you've negotiated some kind of deal with them..." Oh, please, oh, please, oh, please be aliens...



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"They get the harpy from their mother's side," explained Negaduck, absently examining his fingertips while dashing that hope with one swift blow. "Turns out she was already knocked up when you made a complete fool of yourself trying to 'confine' her."

A brief glare up at the hanging doppelganger made it obvious that he still blamed Darkwing for that one. As if he didn't already hold enough of a grudge.

Moving on, he continued, "As I was miraculously absent for the transformation of Malicia into an even bigger bitch, literally and otherwise, I get to enjoy this little introduction. Kids... say hello to Darkwing Duck."

A menacing gleam sparked in his eyes as he added, "Nicely."

If that was a code, the demonlings seemed to pick up on his malicious intent, and took to higher in the air, giggling. A sound that would have been adorable in any other context was awfully disturbing in this one. One, two, three other beasties joined them from other corners of the park, to a total of thirteen tiny troubles.

Zooming with their catch down the hill, they soon stopped to hover... above a candy floss machine. The operator and the children around suffered one hell of a shock – a rather appropriate phrase – as the city's hero was stuffed into the whirling contraption by a mob of flying ducklings.

Cackling, they left him to suffer, as they had spied a selection of delicious food laid out for them in another section of the grounds, in a restaurant signed as "St Canard Petting Zoo".

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing stopped struggling and just sort of gaped in despair, and he knew that Negaduck couldn't be lying. It all added up... and the resemblance was undeniable, despite his best efforts trying to deny it. He looked defeated as the demonlings flew him away from the "proud father." It wasn't until they stopped to hover over the candy floss machine that he managed to snap himself out of it.

'Pull yourself together, Darkwing! This isn't the end of the world...!' He paused a moment. 'Yet. They're only infants! How hard can it be to...!'

He didn't finish that thought before he was stuffed into a candy floss machine and whirled around and twisted and became coated in fluffy pink sugar. Darkwing had a hard time trying to untangle himself and scramble out of the machine. His cape was proving to be more of a hinderance than

anything of some help to him because it kept pulling him back into the machine. Finally, though... FINALLY, he made it out.

He managed to uncover his bill and his eyes, but he could not get the rest of the cotton candy off of him. He tried for a couple of minutes to try and regain his dignity back, but the cotton candy stuck to him like glue. He was just about ready to throw a temper tantrum to release some of his frustration over the matter, but the screams and general sounds of chaos coming from the petting zoo told him that now was the time for action.

And thus, the residents of St. Canard were subjected to the sight of a giant, walking ball of cotton candy with eyes and a bill rushing to the petting zoo. It wasn't hard finding the demonlings, even for someone as oblivious to the obvious as Darkwing. He didn't bother with his usual entrance. It was daylight, these were infants, and he looked like the kind of mascot you'd see in a commercial. It just wouldn't be worth it... especially considering that last one.

Straight to the heroics it was, then. A dose of sleeping gas would be perfect for knocking them out, and... well, one step at a time. He stopped just short of reaching into the mess of cotton candy around his body because a sudden concern struck him.

'Wait... Should I use sleeping gas on babies? What if it's... too much?' He struggled with a decision. The babies had to be stopped, for sure... and the sleeping gas PROBABLY wouldn't hurt them, especially given the whole "demon" thing... but what if it did? He didn't really want that on his conscience... and besides that, it'd be terrible for his image. So, he'd have to try something else. First, he needed to get their attention focused on him, so that they wouldn't hurt/destroy anyone or anything else. And then... Improvise. He didn't really go for planning things much.

"Hey! Babies! Look at me. Look at me!" He waved his puffy, pink arms around. Hey, they were babies. Getting their attention shouldn't require that much effort.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Their little glowing eyes snapped to Cotton Candy Duck, freezing in their various positions mid-mischief. Tying two little girls together with their pig-tails. Gluing the baby chickens together to make one giant chicken nugget. Lowering a lamb that was about to be turned into a lamb chop.

For a moment, the only sound was the sobbing and shrieking of the tormented citizens.

And then...

Hiiiiisssssssssssssssss....

More feline than avian, the noise was not too far off a family cat that had been prodded by a vision-impaired grandma one too many times. A beat, and the swarm picked up, and took off after their new target.

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by [Agent Galore](#) 6 months ago

And Darkwing ran because that's just the thing you do when you have the attention of a swarm of what is basically hell-spawn.

'Oh, this is so humiliating. How the mighty have fallen... Running... from babies. Demon babies... But babies, none the less!' Darkwing thought, then followed that line of thought further. 'Hmm... Babies. Maybe I could use that...'

He sweated; he couldn't keep up the running forever. If the demon babies had the same amount of stamina their mother had, then they weren't likely to run out of energy before he did. He had to think of something. Oh, if only he hadn't skipped the section about infants and toddlers in his child psychology book. Darkwing knew precious little about babies AND demons, so the both of them

combined was nothing short of an enigma of the highest order.

He started reaching into the cotton candy, into his suit, and pulling out things in the hopes that he could find something that would help him. He pulled out squeaky rubber bones, handcuffs, Krazy Kevin's Cocktail Weenies, rope, a rubber chicken, a bottle of water, a sponge, loose change, a wrench, some sort of pipe thing, a spring... Wasn't there anything he had in his suit that could help him?

Wait... Babies were easily distracted, weren't they? Maybe he could use this stuff to keep them occupied all in one spot with less danger to him and to the citizens of St. Canard. He stopped and began pulling out all of his stuff all that was listed and more... a hand mirror, a brush, a spare tire, a baseball bat, a baseball, a baseball glove, a cook book, a towel... A pile of stuff that just kept piling up and up. Darkwing was, at least, mindful enough not to put any sharp or potentially poisonous objects in there. He started squeaking the rubber bones, hoping the pile would interest the babies.

"Oooh! Oooooooh! Look what I have here." He dropped the rubber bones back in and then picked up something else a pair of handcuffs which he wiggled like they were keys. "Wow. Look at that. Niiiiice, right? Go play in the pile. Look at the neat stuff. Ooooh!" Darkwing was not well-suited to baby-talking.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

The swarm halted mid air with a screech that sounded like a car coming to a sudden stop – how that worked within the laws of physics nobody knew – and stared at the pile with big, shiny, greedy eyes. Toys.

"Oooooo...." There may have even been some drooling. Hey, they were babies.

With a beat of wings they were on the pile like locusts, inspecting, shaking, tasting. Most of them were gnawing on the bones, little tails wiggling in the air as they attempted to get a decent bite down. A few mini-Mals were fighting over the shiny things. One was cooing at itself through the mirror. No surprises there.

Up on the nearby hill, the coach of this team of troublemakers took in the scene with displeasure. A vengeful glare burned down at the crime fighter responsible; Darkwing better not have expected the moment of relative calm to last for long. Daddy was not happy.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Taking a few steps away from the pile, the babies seemed pretty distracted. Darkwing made a dash, and in a few seconds he came back with a parenting book. He flipped through the pages in an effort to figure out how to combat the tiny terrors. He paused a moment, reading something in bold:

Never leave children unsupervised.

A flash of guilt crossed Darkwing's face for a moment. Right, right... it only took a few seconds for Gosalyn to get into some kind of trouble... it probably went double for the demon babies. He looked up from the book to check on the demon babies, then went back to reading:

Babies respond well to positive physical touch.

There was a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Wait... would he actually have to try and handle them? What if they had rabies or bit off his arm or something? He paused.

'Darkwing, you're being ridiculous. Demon or not, they're still babies, right? I'm not going to be terrified of a swarm of infants. It's time to get dangerous!' he thought.

With new-found determination, he crept towards one of the babies and picked it up. For a moment,

he held it at arm's length. "Ah...err... helloooo, kiddo." He grinned nervously and tried to speak in a soothing tone. Gradually, he tried to bring the baby closer to him... slowly, gently... not in quite the way someone would an infant but more like someone holding a ticking time bomb. "Good kiddo, nice kiddo..." Soft voice... Everything's fine. Nothing's wrong. He rocked the baby a little.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

The set of handcuffs he was gnawing on dropped out of his beak as the baby blinked up at Darkwing with innocent surprise. A moment of nervousness, before suddenly the theory of positive physical touch paid off. A heart-warming smile grew across his fluffy cheeks and he reached up with downy arms at his daddy's doppelgänger.

Then burst into flame.

With a carefree burble.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing's heart warmed a bit at seeing the baby smile and reach for him. Awwww... maybe they weren't so bad, after all. This one was actually kind of... cute? Maybe all they really needed was someone caring enough to look after them, and...

Then, the baby spontaneously combusted.

Oh. Right. Demon baby... of Malicia... the demon... who throws fireballs. Right. Yeah.

Damn it.

Darkwing, despite having caught on fire due to his closeness to Baby Fireball, had the presence of mind to very calmly set the baby back on the ground BEFORE panicking for a few minutes. Naturally, he knew he should stop, drop, and roll. But rule of funny just about ruled over his universe with an iron fist, and so he had to panic first. He was starting to smell like burnt sugar.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 6 months ago

Some hilarious panicking later somebody else took hold of Darkwing with an iron fist, only to drag him off his webbed feet and catapult him straight into a nearby fountain, about fifteen feet away. However, when the slightly singed and very wet mallard found his footing again he would have to find out that the owner of said fist was the very antithesis of humor – SHUSH's very own Chief Agent, Vladimir Grizzlikov, who was just now warily approaching the fluffy little demonspawn.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Near the fountain, Negaduck had emerged from hiding to position himself in the path of Darkwing Fireball, but Grizzlikov had pulled the toasted hero out of harm's way before he had a chance to complete the intercept. With a sledgehammer. To the face.

Not disappointed, however, because a new source of entertainment had wandered into the game.

"This ought to be interesting..." he murmured thoughtfully, then rested the hammer on the ground. Fingers in his bill, he gave a low, quiet whistle. The babies paused in their various gnawing and clawing and paid attention.

And thus began what resembled a baseball catcher's secret hand signals. The mime involved the number three, a circling, and swoop and.. what was that? Mimicking buying a hotdog and eating it? It didn't matter what it looked to anybody else, however; the children appeared to understand, and re-

focused on Grizzlikov.

The baby Darkwing held was no longer burning, but the show had attracted two of his siblings, who crawled on over. Just in time to meet their new huge, furry friend.

"Ba-bul?" babbled one of the smallest up to the bear in polite greeting. Hello Officer, what can we do for you?

Meantime, two others had taken flight and curled up in a tree's branches above. At least they would be out of harm's way there. Right?

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

This was NOT Darkwing's day. He'd been cotton-candied, burnt, and now soaked. It was extremely depressing to him that no amount of dry-cleaning would be able to save his absolutely ruined costume. Negaduck, demon babies, Grizzlikov... Did the universe REALLY hate him that much. Darkwing took a moment to ring out his hat, then did a double-take. Oh, right... Negaduck. He should probably take care of him before he did anymore damage...

Darkwing pulled out his gas gun quickly and fired. "Hey, Negaduck... SUCK GAS." He may have had qualms about using sleeping gas on demon babies, but he had no such qualms when it came to Negaduck.

That taken care of, Darkwing marched up to Grizzlikov, the huge pile of stuff, and the demon babies... Wait, where were the rest of them? Ah well, he'd deal with that later... But first...

"What do you think you're doing? I'm trying to contain some destructive, demonic forces at work here, and YOU are interfering! Now, shoo... go away before you end up getting yourself hurt."



by [Grizzlikov](#) 6 months ago

"I am here because saving civilian from potentially mortal danger is automatically superceding any current, non-urgent assignment," the bear retorted gruffly.

More specifically, it also superceded getting laundry from the dry-cleaners because your wife was still elbow-deep in a cadaver and couldn't get it herself like she had planned, but there was no need to mention that.

"Now, who do these babies belong to?"



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

While all that was going on, one of the boys had taken that moment to fly up and perch on Darkwing's shoulder. Eerily, it was also one of the white-feathered boys who took a lot after the mallard side of his DNA... and consequently was a splitting image of the dramatic doer of justice himself. To make matters worse, he had also taken to mimicking the exact expression Darkwing was wearing, all indignity and frustration.

You know your day can't get much worse when a baby is mocking you.

Meanwhile, their actual father was groaning, slumped over in the grass back by the fountain. His attempt to escape from the gas had been futile; the sledgehammer tripped him up, literally, when its handle had gotten underfoot. The pained gasp he had given upon hitting the ground meant he had inhaled a nice deep lungful of the incapacitating agent, one of Darkwing's first strokes of luck for the day.

"Cheap.. shot..." he wheezed, before his strength gave out and unconsciousness took him.

The swarm of ducklings took this in without any visible reaction, before turning their gazes to the purple-clad crimefighter.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

"Wait, wait, HOLD IT. You think you, a half-decent SHUSH agent who wouldn't know how to think outside the box if he was physically placed outside the box... are saving ME... the mighty masked mallard? Really?" Darkwing was too busy being indignant and frustrated to notice the baby on his shoulder that was mocking him. "I think I've got everything PERFECTLY under control here." Darkwing crossed his arms and whipped out the parenting book, then he looked up and raised an eyebrow at Grizzlikov.

"And what are you blind? Who do you THINK the babies belong to?" He buried his beak back into the book. It really wasn't occurring to him that he looked exactly like his Negaverse double, and that the particular baby sitting on his shoulder probably looked the most like him of all.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 6 months ago

"I see," the bear growled darkly, crossing his arms in distaste over what he deemed to purple-clad mallard's idea of responsible parenting. Not even the parenting-book could assuage him. If Darkwing followed that like he followed the SHUSH-manual, clearly whatever tree had been cut down for it died in vain.

"With MaCawber-lady, right? Does she know you are having these children out here in public park?"

Because if not that might even constitute a kidnapping case, provided the mother had custody.



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

"Ba da da da!" chimed in a mini-MaCawber – not the sort of MaCawber the agent had in mind – from her spot on top of one of the piles as the Queen of Shiny Things.

Cute that might have been, but not so cute was the sneakily silent descent of the two boys from the tree just behind Grizzlikov. Then, with the light claws of specially trained thieves, they set about pickpocketing the bear of anything interesting he may have been carrying at the time. Keys, guns, SHUSH code books? It didn't really matter. What did matter that there was nobody over the age of one around to blame except Darkwing...

Meanwhile, the baby girl gave another adorable giggle, beaming at their two interrogators with such innocent happiness it was hard to believe she had demon DNA. It was almost as if she was deliberately playing the part of a distraction. An itty-bitty, teeny-weeny distraction.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing paused a moment because the first Macawber he thought of was, in fact, Morgana, but his mind quickly amended that when Grizzlikov referred to the children. He glanced up from the book to give the bear an exasperated expression.

"I'd be surprised if she did. She's not exactly the motherly type. She's probably too busy pilfering Prada purses or something like that to be even remotely concerned." His expression darkened a little bit, mainly because such neglectful parenting REALLY ticked him off.

And it still wasn't occurring to him that Grizzlikov might have gotten the wrong impression. He heard one of the babies babbling, and he turned his attention to her.

Cute. Real cute. Hardly hatched and already, the babies were exhibiting all the negative qualities of

their parents (although, really, it didn't surprise him that baby that looked so much like Malicia was so happy atop a pile of the shiniest objects he had pulled out of his costume). This was going to require some SERIOUS parenting... and large doses of educational programming. Darkwing buried his face back into the book for a moment. Playpens are perfect for keeping very small children safe, secure, entertained, and prevent them from wrecking the house...

'Or the city as the case is,' Darkwing added mentally.

He looked back up at Grizzlikov. "... You wouldn't happen to know of a place that sells playpens, would you?" The caped crimefighter raised an eyebrow. "Made with the strongest metal known to man?"



by [Grizzlikov](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing's apparent reasoning for taking the children out without the knowledge (let alone permission) of the mother seemed to mollify the bear somewhat – on the understanding that 'somewhat' can be measured in moles in this case. After all, Morgana MaCawber was a criminal, even if she seemed to play at reforming every now and then.

"That is still no excuse for taking children away from MaCawber without her consent," he admonished the purple parenter. "And locking them up in play-penitentiary is no solution either."

So intent was he on talking some sense into Darkwing that he didn't notice the contents of his pocket ceasing to be contained by his pockets and the demonlings were free to happily help themselves to the SHUSH manual, a pair of handcuffs, his badge, an engraved pen, a laundry slip, another SHUSH manual (annotated edition), a grocery list, his car-keys (on a key-chain adorned with the SHUSH-logo), a handkerchief, his wallet, his back-up wallet that contained his I.D. and driver's license, candy and a tiny set of pants and shirt (for certain emergencies) and a neatly packed miniature toothbrush (for after those certain emergencies).



by [Negaduck](#) 6 months ago

Most of that went into the babies' pile of loot.

Except for one thing.

That sounded suspiciously like a set of handcuffs snapping shut.

Below, a duckling looked between the newly bonded thick furry arm and the purple-clad feathery one, and grinned merrily.

"Heh,... chu idoots," he burbled up at them.

Before the adults had a chance to react, however, the pair of demons that had been lying in wait dropped down from the tree above Grizzlikov and seized the back of his shirt. One massive coordinated tug and they managed to pull the fabric back over the bear's head, in an attempt to make him not only trapped but also very silly looking. Three other hatchlings followed this up by colliding with the agent's gut, aiming to push him down the hill.

Like a big snowball, except more bureaucracy than snow.

Which could be fun for any vigilantes that happened to be handcuffed to him at the time...

Keen to find some more entertainment, and with all the pets of the petting zoo having long fled, the swarm gathered again and set off for another part of the park. This time drawn to the looped music of a merry-go-round in the distance.

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by [DW](#) 6 months ago

Darkwing snapped at Grizzlikov; his expression seeming to get more irritated.

"I don't think YOU know what we're dealing with here. These children are..." He heard the handcuffs snap shut, and he immediately stopped his rant to hold up his hand and stare, dumbfounded, at his newly cuffed wrist. His eyes glanced at the other end of the cuffs, which contained Grizzlikov's wrist. Horror.

"These are SHUSH standard-issue cuffs, aren't they?" There was no mistaking the dread in his voice. He didn't HAVE keys for SHUSH standard-issue handcuffs. All right, all right... No problem. He still had his lockpicks.... He discretely reached up to his turtleneck collar, looking like he was tugging on it when in reality he was searching through it for his lockpicks...

They weren't there. More horror.

Wait... what happened to them? He didn't take them out to put in the pile, so where...

He flashbacked to yesterday when he had been preparing his costumes to get dry-cleaned. Oh. Ooooooooooooooh.

... His lockpicks were in his OTHER costumes.

Well, that was more than a little inconvenient.

Well, there WAS still his Carpathian bone dislocation technique. He grimaced. But that technique was VERY painful... and there was a reason he only used it in life-or-death situations as a LAST resort. Still, it was tempting...

He didn't have much time to consider it further, however. Grizzlikov looked like he was about to topple over him. "Hey, wait, watch it!" the masked mallard shouted in desperation.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

It has to be said for Chief Agent Grizzlikov, he was never one to back away from a fight. Not even a fight with the heartless mistress that was gravity. And he put up quite a fight indeed, with much swaying and flailing – the latter being particularly uncomfortable for the mallard handcuffed to his wrist.

The first demonling bouncing against his chest he could stomach. The second too – barely. Still, he might have managed, bravely a-flailing, to keep steady.

The third one was too much.

The merry trip down the hill was accompanied by much grunting, groaning and, for whatever reason, some bouncing and the odd squeaky sound. Whatever the bear had to say on the matter got lost, not in translation as much as in his shirt, (probably for the best; there might still be children within earshot) until a very final sounding splat ended the trip down the hill.

"Ow."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

The flock of demonlings, meanwhile, had locked onto their next target. It was a small children's fair, where the noise of rides and excited laughter must have covered over the sound of chaos coming from the other side of the park.

process) he added, "I think this qualifies as detaining."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Oblivious to the case of mistaken parenthood going on over the rise, the demons crept up on their prey. Creeping, creeping.. three little rows of demonlings edged across the grass like ants. This time, they were taking the sneaky approach.

There was something awfully fulfilling about unexpected disaster, after all.

Unseen, at least at that point, they popped up, eyes on the prize. So shiny, so powerful.

The control box.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing got to his feet in a little wobbly fashion and re-inflated himself since he was currently flat as a pancake. Naturally, Darkwing's initial response to the bear's words was to get offended that Grizzlikov would DARE question his parenting skills.

"What?! What do you mean I'm unable to discipline MY..." And then, it registered that Grizzlikov, of course, wasn't talking about Gosalyn, that he currently WASN'T Drake Mallard, and that the children he was talking about were the demonlings. Oh. Darkwing looked appropriately horrified at the thought of being father to all those kids, and then he glared at Grizzlikov.

"Where on EARTH did you get the idea that those little monsters are MY children?!" And he might have cared to enlighten Grizzlikov further, but then a group of children flying through the air without the aid of little demonling wings immediately caught his attention. He reacted quicker than a blink, pulling out his net gun and shooting in the general direction of the children in such a manner that the result was that they were all safely captured in nets hanging from the trees... instead of ending up as smears on the pavement.

All except one child... but that child safely landed on Darkwing himself... Darkwing did not quite have the same ability as Grizzlikov when it came to fighting gravity, and so he was immediately knocked down. The child scrambled off of him, shouted a quick "thank you, mister" and ran off. The masked mallard gave a single groan of pain and got up but didn't stop to try and pop his spine back into place (his body could take a LOT of punishment). This was because he was immediately taking off into the direction the children had been "flying in" from. Darkwing may not have been as strong as Grizzlikov, but that didn't mean he possessed no strength at all, especially when he had the element of surprise on his side and being fueled by stubbornness, sheer will power, and the desire to protect. He would, at least, be able to drag Grizzlikov a few feet.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

In the midst of all the chaos and toddler-induced mayhem, Grizzlikov was a rock. Although he was by no means the kind of rock that is fixed to the ground – more the kind that is slowly dragged behind a masked mallard who has a fun fair to save while having a few stern words about parental responsibility.

...okay, maybe a rock wasn't the best metaphor.

"Taking care of children is always shared responsibility. Even if unplanned. You cannot go around claiming the children are solely the mother's. You were part of conception–process after all."

And if there had been a mishap with contraceptive methods, that was as much due to the mallard's negligence as the witch's. That was not SHUSH regulations, that was just basic common decency, even for a reckless, irresponsible bird like this one.

Somewhat belatedly Grizzlikov realized he was moving towards the children without his own doing – and finally he deigned to walk along rather than stubbornly being dragged through the countryside.

"And I don't think shooting nets at children is proper parenting, either."

Although... remembering recent incidents at SHUSH he couldn't deny it was... tempting...



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Proper, responsible parents – the sort Grizzlikov may have approved of – gasped in shock as the children that they had been buckling into the rollercoaster were whisked right out of under them, before the safety harnesses were fully in place. The fact that the coaster train that did the whisking was hurtling backwards at a million miles an hour did not help the situation either.

Being the durable sort of kiddies, they bravely hung on as they were flung this way and that as the ride appeared to be possessed by demons. Which wasn't that far from the truth...

"Oh no, my babies!" shrieked a mother, hands flying to her portly cheeks. Unlike the other parents that stood around helplessly gawking at the blur that was their loved little ones, she had the sense to barge into the station master's hut, where the controls where housed.

As she threw open the door, a body fell out with it. The station master, a skinny carnival worker, with a bump on his head large enough to make immediately apparent the cause of his current unconsciousness. As if the horrible sight of what WAS controlling the ride wasn't explanation enough.

"Oh no, babies!" she shrieked again at the sight, backing away from the little monsters cackling and jumping over the machine.

It only took one to spot her, however, and then a demon child with a baseball bat and a menacing grin would be the last thing that she remembered.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing stared at Grizzlikov, as though the bear was an idiot, which given that the masked mallard tended to have a low opinion of him, was probably exactly what he thought about him.

"WHAT?! No, no, no... You don't GET it. I've NEVER even..." His face started to turn red, and not from anger. His beak suddenly snapped shut, and he looked a bit flustered. There was NO way he was going to admit THAT particular bit of information to Grizzlikov of all people. He quickly regained his composure by snapping at the bear angrily. "I know this is hard for you, fluff-for-brains, but USE your head. Who do you think is the most likely candidate for the father of a bunch of demon children that have been set loose on the innocent citizens of St. Canard? Me, St. Canard's solemn and sworn guardian, its most virtuous protector, its ever-vigilant and ever awake at least a full 20 hours mysterious masked mallard... Or the only OTHER duck that happens to have my face. A duck, who happens to be only the most EVIL duck in St. Canard, a duck who frequently causes maniacal mayhem, a duck who aims to be Public Enemy #1, a duck who is often referred to as the Casanova of Crime."

He paused for a breath, then decided that one breath was too long a time to wait for Grizzlikov to respond. So, he clarified. "I'm talking about Negaduck. They are NEGADUCK's children."

Finally, they had arrived at the fair grounds. Darkwing heard the scream about babies and immediately stopped in that direction.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

The world would be spared another embarrassing tug-of-war since Grizzlikov too had changed direction to briskly walk towards the source of those screaming noises.

"Why did you not say earlier?" he asked Darkwing in annoyance and threw up his arms in exasperation. "Instead of gobbling gooks. Don't you have some sense of priority?"

When throwing up his arms reminded him that he still had a caped crusader handcuffed to his wrist he added generously, "But if you are not father, you cannot be charged with criminal negligence. So you are no longer being detained."

Alright, so maybe technically he was still detained, but not in any way that really mattered.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Had the Casanova of Crime been nearby to overhear Darkwing's rant, he most likely would have been flattered. A shame, then, that there was no sign of him.

The sudden sounding of a gravelly, vulturine growl from behind them soon corrected that.

"Oh, but that's where you're wrong." Typical sardonic Negaduck malice.

Followed by typical brutal Negaduck malice, as the dysfunctional duo would receive successive sucker blows to the backs of their heads, thanks to some heavy object that had helpfully been lying around. Real heavy, because both bears and Darkwings had infamously thick skulls. Let's say it was a part of a metal horse broken off the carousel, because there was nothing quite as satisfying as clobbering something with something else you've just clobbered.

~~

When they would awake, it would be to the feeling of sunshine on their faces, rope – along with that still to be removed handcuff – chaffing their wrists and ankles, and a pleasant breeze blowing over them.

The sort of pleasant breeze that happened fifty feet in the air on top of an open platform.

Negaduck finished making their bindings unnecessarily tight before taking a step back to admire his work.

"I know, I know: tied to the tracks, how clichéd, right?" he drawled, sounding awfully pleased all the same. "But you two have given me the best opportunity to introduce the brats to classic villaining I could have hoped for."

Granted, they were roller-coaster tracks rather than standard train tracks, not that anybody was about to get technical.

The crook took in this moment of delicious cruelty, unable to wipe the wicked grin off his beak, before returning to lecturing his captive audience with what would have been a disarming frankness, except for the words themselves.

"Of course, I take a rather 'hands on' approach to lesson giving, so for an extra kick, the kids will be running you over and mooshing your mangled bodies into the ground themselves."

A gesture to the waiting station of the ride confirmed this; the innocent children lay bound and hostage on the grass nearby, while the coaster seats had been taken over by devilish children instead. The train, thankfully, was not yet in motion; they were apparently holding off for some kind of signal. Not that they would stand for holding off for long; they bounced around impatiently, with no regard for any of the safety features, cackling and clawing at the upholstery. Their first real life murder, of heroic types no less? They couldn't wait.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

"I DID say so earlier!" In Darkwing's mind, what he had said to Grizzlikov was clearer than crystal. And he might have opened his beak to start insulting the bear, but then he heard the rumbling voice behind him.

'Wait a minute; that sounds a lot like...' His thoughts didn't go much further than that before a flash of pain and darkness overwhelmed him.

When he became alert again, the first thoughts in his head were centered around how pleasant the breeze was... but then, those thoughts changed when he felt the ropes, and his eyes snapped open. Negaduck was there, of course, engaging in some typical villainous monologuing.

"Suuuuure, use all the excuses you want, Negaduck..." Darkwing said, unable to resist bantering. "But I think it's pretty clear the reason you're resorting to these cliches is because you're running out of ideas."

Meanwhile, he was also trying to figure out how he would get him... He glanced to his side at Grizzlikov... and Grizz out of this mess. It would seem that Carpathian bone dislocation was becoming more and more like the best idea. Especially since a quick check of his cufflinks revealed that his buzzsaw cufflinks were missing. He was pretty sure this had not been a dry-cleaning error so much as it had been Negaduck having the foresight to remove them beforehand.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Conversely, Negaduck did not have the foresight to realise his counterpart would engage in smarmy banter while in such a desperately hopeless situation. And so he blew his top.

"WHY DOES EVERYBODY KEEP SAYING THA--"

Calm, calm. Couldn't go busting a fuse in the middle of a dramatic monologue. Not when everything was so clearly in his favour.

Clearing his throat, straightening his collar, the maniacal mallard got back on track. No pun intended.

"Laugh all you like," he intoned, in a more ominous than laughable manner. "But I'm not the one about to get turned into roadkill by an amusement park playtoy."

Eyes narrowed, and the venom seeping into his drawl increased tenfold. Somebody may have been feeling a little spiteful.

"I hope it gives you solace, when your organs are being melded together from the feet up--" The touch of a smile crept onto his beak but stayed well away from his glare. "-- That they're only children."

With not another word, he stepped off the edge of the track. Not a suicide, just an unnecessarily theatric exit. He clearly landed without incident, for only a moment passed before the sounds of the roller-coaster cars, and the squealing hatchlings within them, pulled out of the station.

Clickety clack, clickety clack, clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack...

Not long now.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Perhaps not even a second after Negaduck made his exit, Darkwing set to work concentrating on the position of his bones and remembering what he learned about Carpathian bone dislocation. While he

was doing this, he looked to Grizzlikov.

"I can get us out of the ropes..." There was suddenly a sickening snapping sound, and Darkwing groaned and grimaced in obvious pain. "But..." But he REALLY didn't want to tell Grizzlikov that all the bone dislocating he was going to do was pretty much going to incapacitate him for a few minutes (a few minutes they did not have) until he could put his bones back into place.... and that he would need his help.

Asking help from Grizzlikov... He looked in the direction where the coaster-cars would be coming from. The alternative obviously wasn't a good option, either. There was another sickening popping noise as he began freeing one of his legs from the ropes. He glared at Grizzlikov. "But this is incredibly painful, you have no idea, and I'm not sure I'll be able to recover in time before that coaster splats us both, so you're going to have to actually make yourself useful for once and rub two brain cells together and help us avoid becoming roadkill."

Finally, he had freed himself (ropes, handcuffs, and all) and managed to pop the bones in one of his hands and wrist in place so that he could begin untying Grizzlikov. It didn't take him very long, even just one-handed. Apparently, he was very good at untying knots.... it probably came from all the other times he did feats of escape artistry... or maybe it also had something to do with his experience in untangling Christmas lights.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

The process of untying was aided by Grizzlikov, as soon as the bear had a hand free – maybe surprisingly, since he'd stayed mum while the mallards had their traditional hero-villain-exchange. He'd never been good with the dramatics.

He'd never been good at trading clever insults either, at least not when there were more pressing things to consider, like their imminent death by rollercoaster. So the only response Darkwing got was a tense "да" when the bear jumped to his feet and wildly looked around for a way out of this dilemma.

Far too high to jump and get away without serious injuries. There were some tents around that could have softened a fall, as befit a fun fair, but those were too far away to reach... at least for him...

Making his choice he grabbed the still slightly disassembled Darkwing by the back of his suit, narrowed his eyes as he took aim – and hurled the drake away from the danger towards the relative safety of a merrily striped jumping sheet. The whole thing had taken less than a minute after the first sickening crunch from Darkwing's joints.

Unfortunately few roller-coaster rides last longer than a minute, so when Grizzlikov looked up from the safely and probably unhappily landed mallard he found himself eye to eye with a train of roller-coaster-cars full of a squealing pack of excited demonlings... approaching at worrying speed.

Only one thing to do to try and soften the inevitable impact. If complete accordance with SHUSH regulations he turned tail and ran.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

So missing out on splattering the good guys was disappointing. But, in another good lesson for villaining, the demonlings would see that where one door of terror and mayhem is closed, another one opens. Or you could just axe your way through it, although they had already had enough clichés for one day.

In any case, instead of the delight of making duck (and bear) pancakes, they had the fun sight of a panicked SHUSH agent fleeing before them, somehow, against all the odds, managing to say in front of the front bumper of the lead car by mere centimetres.

Somewhere, yakety sax was played.

Below, Negaduck leaned against the controls – somebody had to man them while the kids enjoyed their ride, after all – and watched. He had seen Darkwing's spilt second escape, although it did not look like he fared well by it, which was pleasing, but the crook wasn't sure what to make of this new development.

"Well," he intoned after the blur of bear and babies made a few laps. "Who would've thought that sack of fur and fiats could move."

The roller coaster was already set to max speed, so there was nothing much he could do. So perplexed, and mildly aggravated, by the show was he, however, that he did not notice the warning lights beginning to flash up across the panel. Annoying little lights such as "OVERHEAT" and "BRAKE FAILURE". Whoever designed the ride clearly had no appreciation of villainous priorities.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing was definitely not prepared to be thrown off the tracks by the incredibly strong arm of Agent Grizzlikov. He screamed as he went sailing through the air until he fell on top of a striped jumping sheet. He laid on top of the jumping sheet a moment. His expression was pained and very, very annoyed.

'Ooooooh, smart thinking, Grizz... let's throw the HERO with the DISLOCATED BONES off a ROLLER COASTER TRACK HUNDREDS OF FEET UP! Stupid, stupid, STUPID...' He focused on trying to pop his bones back into place as he decided that this was what he got for expecting someone else to pull their own weight. He just KNEW Grizz would be more of a hindrance than a help. He grumbled something incoherent, finally finished popping his bones back in place. He felt a bit weak and still in quite a bit of pain, but at least he'd be able to move now.

He shot a split-second worried glance at the roller coaster, noticing that Grizz was running away from the approaching car. Then, his eyes caught sight of the tied-up children. Grizz was in immediate danger, of course, but there wasn't much he would be able to do in the time that it would take for him to think up a plan and rescue the bear... he'd probably be hit by the car by then.

But the children... As long as Negaduck was in the area, and they were tied up, they could be considered in immediate danger as well. Plus, he was closer to them than Grizzlikov... and children ALWAYS had priority. It wasn't a hard decision; it was made in two seconds tops. He crept over to the kids, shooting a wary look over at the ride's control station. He set to work trying to untie them and reassuring them that as the hero of St. Canard, they were in good hands.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

Because there was nothing quite so reassuring for kids as having the exact double (color-scheme notwithstanding) of the Scary Guy who'd tied them up in the first place creep up to them. Well, it probably wasn't the first time Darkwing's efforts to save the citizens of St. Canard was met with frightful tears and unaccountably damp bibs. At least the children would be properly motivated to run like rabbits the moment their bonds were untied.

While the masked mallard (the nice one) was busy being a hero the beleaguered bea (the only one) was still busy running for his life. The faint hope that the train would slow down at some point had been shot to bits about two-hundred feet ago and his lungs felt like they would follow suit soon enough.

Salvation appeared before him suddenly – never had a bouncy-castle fashioned after a clown with very strange proportions been a more welcome sight.

...come to think of it that's not saying much, so let's just say it was a very welcome sight and leave it at that.

It was a chancy leap to take, to be sure. But he had more than enough inrun and anyway... what else could he do? Mobilizing all his remaining strength for a desperate sprint Grizzlikov gained more speed, ran towards the U-turn and jumped...

And it was a remarkable athletic feat, to be sure. It might have looked a little more remarkable if he'd actually made it as far as the bouncy-castle rather than land flat on his face two inches before it.

"Ой," he managed, while the rubber clown stared down on him out of dead, unsettling eyes.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Out of dead, unsettling eyes, Negaduck scowled at the death-defying jump. Sure, the obvious pain was gratifying, but was it so much to ask that they just die, for once?

Unfortunately the control panel he slammed his fist against didn't appreciate the sentiment and exploded in one last spark of surrender. He had only a moment to spend scowling at it, too, before he realised the cart full of demons was about to pull the same manoeuvre as Grizzlikov had. Except the bouncy castle was... him.

"... oh... no."

With a terrible screech, the roller coaster tore through the last U-turn in the opposite direction and, unable to slow down, derailed. Right on the felon's head.

The resulting mess had bits of roller coaster splattered everywhere, but thankfully no bits of baby. They were remarkably resilient, as Negaduck had once pointed out, but they were still children. Consequently, they did not like their toys being taken from them. Scattered around the crash site, they wailed like.. well, hatchlings. Normal hatchlings.

Unlike a normal mallard, on the other hand, Negaduck was still alive, but was not in a good way. Dazed, he lay among the wreckage, and burbled, "RiNg a rInG o rOsiEs..."

Really, this sort of thing made the plaque look like a cakewalk.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Now that the children were freed and running away screaming from him (that's gratitude for you; kids today...), Darkwing was ready to turn to the next order of business. Negaduck. Or at least, that's what he was going to do BEFORE he heard what sounded like a grizzly bear going splat against the pavement. Darkwing cringed and whirled around. Yeeeeeeeah... that couldn't be good. He made a run for the bear.

"Grizz!" he shouted before arriving at the bear's side and taking a look at him. Well, at the very least, he was still breathing. That was good. Now, as long as he KEPT breathing... "Are you hurt very badly?" Darkwing asked in a tone that sounded both concerned and... oddly hopeful?

Sure, the caped crimefighter didn't want Grizzlikov to be permanently damaged or worse because as much as he didn't like Grizzlikov, the bear was STILL a citizen of St. Canard (thus under his protection) and was a decent member of society (and thus, worthy of protection, regardless). Buuuuuuuut..... He REALLY didn't like Grizzlikov, and the thought of him being non-permanently damaged would probably brighten his day considerably. For all the trouble Grizzlikov caused him, a little (or a lot) of pain would be good for him. It would also give him license to boast about how much more competent he was than Grizz without feeling guilty about it.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

Whatever Grizzlikov's opinion on his physical state, with his muzzle still buried in the ground his

reply was far too muffled to understand. However the fact that he didn't try to get to his feet or attempted to commit humorously grievous assault on Darkwing did indicate that maybe that fall had done a little bit of damage after all.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Speaking of a bit of damage... sitting up, Negaduck spat out a wheel lug. Having being crushed by a speeding roller coaster hadn't killed him, as it rightly should have, but what kind of supervillain would he have been had he let a multi-tonne pile up get him down?

Shakily, he made it to his feet. Then he was hit with the worst ramification of all – the screeching of thirteen wailing babies.

Covering his ears with his hands didn't block it. Covering them with his hat wasn't much help either. Really, if it worse than that bloody dog, er, mallard whistle Malicia had designed especially with his torment in mind.

"AARRRGH!" he reeled, trying to back away from his offspring but finding himself encircled. "What IS this?!"

It was the noise most parents learnt to deal with. Perhaps not in surround sound though.

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by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"I could ask you the same question." A voice purred dangerously. The enormous shadow looming over Negaduck was not, in fact, an unexpected solar eclipse, but the very large and currently very unamused mama demon.

Her hand shot out like a viper and grabbed Negaduck by the neck, hands closing tightly around his wind-pipe. "So tell me, is there a very good reason for why my sweet, fragile little babies are so utterly distraught? And why are THEY here?" She motioned to Darkwing and Grizz.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Yep, it must have been bad if the sturdy and stubborn old bear couldn't get up to his feet and even so much as growl at him. Darkwing's voice switched over to sounding quite a bit more worried and nervous. "Eh heh heh... Right. I'm going to call you an ambulance."

It wasn't long before he was on the phone with 911. He rattled off his name (Darkwing Duck), of course and the name of the amusement park and it's general location, first things first.

"And why are you calling, sir?"

"I'm calling," Darkwing said, a bit impatiently, "Because a man just fell OFF a roller coaster and onto the very hard ground below."

"Is he breathing?"

"He's breathing fine, but you know, it'd be nice if you could get here really quickly to make sure that he KEEPS breathing. I kind of have stuff I need to..."

That was about time the coaster went off the rails and landed on Negaduck. Darkwing cringed again and cringed even more upon hearing the babies wail.

"What was that?"

"With any luck, the sound of Public Enemy #2 being rendered harmless... Would you mind sending

some police out here, too?"

"All right. I've already dispatched the ambulance, and I'm dispatching police, too."

"Good." Darkwing hung up the phone and looked down at Grizzlikov's face-down form. Still breathing. "You'll be fine," Darkwing said, though, he sounded a bit uncertain. "I'm sure all the fluff and fat tissue probably broke your fall. All those suitcases are probably packed FULL of calories." Hey, the familiar jabbing was probably reassuring, right? If he actually said something NICE to Grizzlikov, the bear would probably panic.

And then, Malicia showed up... Oh, great. Mother of the year was here. Darkwing slapped a hand over his bill and reached into his jacket for his gas gun. Remarkably, it was still there; although, it looked like cotton candy had gunked it up a bit. He wasn't sure he wanted to leave Grizzlikov unprotected when a very much intact villainess and several crying demon babies with a penchant for destruction were still in the area. He noticed her motioning over to him and asking about why they were here.

"Oh, gee. I wonder WHY, too, Malicia..." Darkwing shouted back at her, a sarcastic edge in his voice. "Could it be because your parenting skills are horrifyingly bad?! What kind of mother lets their babies hang out with a homicidal maniac... and doesn't even so much as SUPERVISE them?! For Pete's sake, did you even care enough to give the babies NAMES?!"



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

The lack of oxygen didn't stop him from shooting a hateful glare in the hero's direction. He thought he was funny, did he? Well two could play nasty, and nobody was as nasty as Negaduck.

Flicking his attention back to the more pressing matter, namely the one trying to press his airway out of existence, he wormed his fingers under the claw and pulled with all his non-superpowered might to pull them off, or at least give him enough space to wheeze out an answer.

"Strangulation again, *choke* really?" Despite his predicament there was a taunting malice glimmering in his eyes. "Now *hurk* who is.. running out of ideas, gor-gorgeous?"

Alright, enough mocking the mama bear. It wasn't healthy. Particularly now.

Back on topic, he gestured at the troublesome twosome with his beak, bitter loathing clouding over his expression once more.

"It's.. -ack-... It's THEIR fault," he spat, glower burning almost as much as his lungs. "The filthy bratss- er, I mean DARLINGS, were having a great time until these idiots had to come and ruin it."

Well it was true, wasn't it? Granted the dogooders hadn't sabotaged the roller coaster, but had the car hit a couple of bodies like it was MEANT to, it probably never would have come off the rails!

Not that Negaduck ever let the truth get in the way of a good lie.

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by [Grizzlikov](#) 5 months ago

It was hard to be certain, but it seemed that Grizzlikov's incoherent grumbling gained a rather exasperated edge when Darkwing informed him of his decision to call an ambulance.

"Kall back-un... stupid duck..." he managed, two fingers on his right hand twitching in what was probably phantom-strangling, although Darkwing asking for police-cars seemed to calm him again.

It just goes to show, you can't keep a good bear down. Well... You can't keep him completely down. At least not for long.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia's grip on Negaduck lightened only slightly. "Oh please. I've slept with you long enough to know when you're lying." Whatever the implications of THAT meant.

But the angels must have been singing Negaduck's praises today because the demoness dropped him in favor of rounding on Darkwing, whose big mouth won out between the two of them.

"What did you just say?!"

Ooooooh no he din't. NOBODY insulted her parenting skills! As she stomped toward Darkwing she began to rant.

"First off, I didn't let them 'hang out' with the homicidal maniac. He snuck them out while I was still unconscious from yesterday evening's cocktail event! **THERE IS CLEARLY A DIFFERENCE!**" Yes, it was that the irony was clearly lost on her.

"And I'm letting them pick their OWN names! It's clearly a proactive more modern parenting thing to do! EVERYONE IS DOING IT THESE DAYS I READ ABOUT IT ON THE INTERNET!"

She was standing over Darkwing now, heaving furiously like a big, hulking beast. Although it really wasn't a metaphor and more like the reality.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing was beginning to think that it might have been a dumb idea to lecture Malicia about her parenting skills and attract her attention to him when he was trying to protect the bear lying face-first on the fair grounds. He stood his ground and didn't waver, though. In for a penny, in for a pound. He drew himself to his full height (which still made him waaaaaaaay shorter than the demoness) and practically shoved his gas gun against her beak.

"First of all, I'm surprised you even know how to USE the internet." This was more of a jab at Malicia's intelligence, in general, rather than a jab at her lack of knowledge about technology. He really didn't know that Malicia was computer illiterate. "Second..." His eyes narrowed. "What kind of parent gets drunk and passes out when they have CHILDREN to take care of? Children aren't just some toys for you to amuse yourself when you feel like it, and then reject them when you don't. They're a responsibility!"

His expression was now full-on glaring. "I KNOW responsibility is such a complicated subject for you stupid criminal-types to understand, but do TRY to stay with me on this one here. Children, even children as obviously demonic as yours, NEED... not want, mind you, but NEED... love and nurturing! You SHOULD be taking an active interest in their lives, guiding them through life... Clearly, asking you to teach them right from wrong is TOO difficult for the likes of you, but you have even HUGGED your own children?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"What do you know about parenting?!" She swatted at the gas gun. "I know exactly what I'm doing and my babies are perfectly fine! They're growing into fine, young terrors upon society, just like their parents. Perhaps someday one of them will even make it up to the Public Enemy rank!" She sighed dreamily. "What a proud day that will be for me."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"I know PL-..." Oh, right. Best the villains DIDN'T know about that. "...enty. I've been reading parenting books." To demonstrate, Darkwing pulled one out of his jacket. "See?" Then, he glared at

Malicia, not lowering the gas gun, even when she swatted it away. "And terrors or not, babies need physical affection, especially if you don't want them to grow up with the IQ of a potato... much like the IQ of you and Negaduck combined."

He paused after a moment, looking exasperated. "Oh, why am I even trying to TALK to you about this? Obviously, both of YOU belong in prison... and... uh..." He looked at the demon babies. "Maybe they have some kind of non-normal orphanage for the babies..."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Holding back gagging noises at the very mention of 'physical affection', Negaduck picked himself up and made to sneak off. No point sticking around, since Darkwing seemed capable of getting himself crushed to death without his cunning lies. Maybe he could find a safe place out of sight somewhere and film the inevitable beat-down from afar; the media loved footage of the supposed 'hero' failing to reign in the criminal element, the more painful the better.

Weaving silently through bits of wreckage and still bawling babies, the villain glowered at the two arguing out of the corner of his eye.

"As long as they don't come near my spot," grumbled to himself. "Or it won't be their IQs that she'll have to worry about."

Because grooming them for evil did not involve grooming them to be eviler than him.

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by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

"Orphanage...?"

There was an ominous crackle of lightning overhead and thick black clouds were starting to form. Apparently Morgana wasn't the only one who whipped up the weather when angered.

"Perhaps my ears have deceived me Darkwing." She was closing in on him now, teeth bared. "For I could swear you just made the unsettling implication of taking my babies from me."

The next words to spout forth from her mouth were accompanied by flames, and her eyes were glowing a pupil-less yellow. "**Surely I misunderstood?**"

There was only one other occasion where the duckubus maternal instinct had kicked in before, and it involved a certain someone trying to moosh her babies to death with a club.

This was not going to be pretty.



by [Grizzlikov](#) 4 months ago

Whether it was the danger of being turned into charred collateral damage by Malicia's rage that gave him the strength or the outrageous idea of Darkwing Duck acting like he was actually a real part of law enforcement, Grizzlikov managed to lift his face out of the vaguely bear-snout-shaped hole he had left in the ground to rest it chin-down on the ground.

"Stupid duck will do nothing like that," he half groaned, half growled. "He has no authority."

Let alone any experience with children, custody laws or common sense, he would have liked to add, but talking hurt too much to elaborate.

"There is no evidence for... children being in imminent danger from mother. Only from mother's stupdi-looking no-good possibly-boyfriend."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing gulped, suddenly feeling very intimidated by the supervillainess. He tried to steady himself; although, he was still kind of trembling like a leaf. He started to say something, possibly something that would've just dug him an even bigger hole, but Grizzlikov chimed in before he could. His eyes didn't leave Malicia, but he snapped at Grizzlikov, nonetheless.

"You must've hit your head harder than I thought, Grizz... Are you LOOKING at this woman?! And besides that, she's the one who let her babies go with that homicidal maniac because she was too busy getting drunk to stop him! Not to mention that she seems to think raising her babies to be menaces to society is a GOOD thing..."

He tried to steady his hand that held the gas gun and hardened his frightened look into a slightly less frightened glare.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia nodded at the bear. "This one has some sense in his fuzzy head." It was a dark day when St. Canard's Biggest Bitch agreed with you.

"You on the other hand." She swung at Darkwing. "Really don't know when to stop talking."



by [Grizzlikov](#) 4 months ago

The bear would have nodded emphatically at Malicia's last statement if it weren't for the whole neck-injury-thing.

"And he is talking nonsense, too!" he added. "If young mother is overwhelmed with sudden responsibility, taking children away must be last resort. First there must be offering of assistance and support!"

His eyes rolled back in his head as he ineffectually attempted to glare at Darkwing.

"And if separating mother and children is necessary to prevent harm, that decision will be made by educated, objective professional! Not self-important civilian in stupid dress!"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing made a quick ducking motion to avoid Malicia's swing. He stuck out his tongue at her. "Nyah." Another thing someone could say Darkwing didn't know how to do... when to quit taunting obviously very powerful and fearsome-looking opponents.

He was a bit busy wondering why he had ever bothered to worry about Grizzlikov. The bear was being as obnoxious as ever. His eyes didn't dare leave Malicia, but he growled impatiently at Grizzlikov. "Fiiiiiiiine, fuzz-head with absolutely no taste in fashion... I'll let the decision be made by an educated, objective professional... She can see one while she's locked up in prison for the next twenty years to life!" He attempted to fire his gas gun at her.

Unfortunately, it jammed. Darkwing gave a nervous grin and tried firing a few more times. The gas gun clicked a few times, and then finally, it fired.

A huge glob of sticky pink gunk shot out splattering the whole front-side of Malicia's outfit. It did not do anything else. The nervous grin got bigger. "Eh heh heh... umm... Pink is a... good look on you?"



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia's eye twitched.

Meanwhile, high above the Earth's atmosphere, a crew of astronauts watched curiously as a small portion of North America went 'foom!', like a flicker of a candle.

"Zat from St. Canard, Calisota again?" Garbled one of the space-ducks.

"Yeeeeeep." Replied the other.

Back at Ground Zero, a large crater had been left in the wake of where Malicia, Darkwing, and Grizzlikoff presided. The babies, oddly enough, had crash-landed a few miles North completely unharmed.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Meanwhile, well clear of the blast zone, Negaduck was enjoying his clean getaway by smooth talking a glamorous woman on a street corner. No, not a prostitute, if the dubious look she was giving the large wad of cash he was flashing shamelessly.

"Wanna see what I can give you, sweetheart?" It was going to take more than dubious looks to put him off.

Which was when the ground shook and thirteen baby demons fell on him from above.

Thirteen? Nevermind his criminal status or endless other bad traits. That was enough to put off any female.

So it was unlikely that anybody was still around to witness when, from somewhere beneath the pile of nappies and feathers came a muffled, " ... ow."

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by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing had all the appearance of someone who had taken the full-force of whatever force had made the larger crater in the first place. He looked as if he had been burnt to a crisp, which was probably very accurate, given that the edges of his hat were still occupied by very small flames.

"Singed but still standing..." He coughed up some smoke, then fell forward. He laid in the dirt of the crater, barely moving. "Ooooooh... the... paaain," he groaned.



by [Malicia](#) 4 months ago

Malicia was still standing in the same spot, chest heaving with rage. But now that her babies were no longer in immediate danger of being removed from her care, she had calmed somewhat.

"As usual Darkwing, you waste my time." With a single finger she flicked him backwards like an oversized insect. Then, wordlessly, she stormed off to gather up the kids and their baby daddy. Someone was going to be getting a spanking in the near future, but probably not of the parenting variety...