

[RP: Bean Me Up Part II](#)

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It had begun. Around the city, similar scenes were playing out exactly the same. An unmarked semi-trailer pulling out of the front of a heavily guarded facility.

Except it was only at one particular location where the dust cleared to reveal a masked mallard in a yellow suit and cape.

Stoically taking stock of the surrounds, Negaduck stepped forward to the front guard house of St Canard's key maritime port.

"I hear SHUSH has challenged you lot to a game of Slip N' Slide," he drawled.
"Don't you want to join them?"

It was a gamble, of course. But he only gambled when the odds were in his favour.

Thank Satan for late night shifts and caffeine addiction.

by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago
SLIP N' SLIDE?

DID YOU SAY SLIP N' SLIDE?

YOU DID NOT. SAY SLIP N' SLIDE.

All these very loud expressions and more raced across each guard's face as they exchanged excited looks. Just one game. One quick game. It certainly couldn't hurt, could it? What they were guarding would be alright on its own for a little while.

Er... we were guarding something?

Never mind.

SLIP AND SLIDE. They'd show those stuck-up SHUSH agents what was what, oh yes they would. And with an earth-rattling combined cry of WHOOOOOOO, they threw thier hands up in the air and raced down the road in a cloud of dust.

Well. That was easy.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

A simple slight of hand as the guards ran past, and hey presto, he had one of their access cards.

"You'll be joining them soon alright," Negaduck smirked to himself, because there could never be enough talking to oneself.

Waltzing deep into the base, it didn't take him long to hone in on what he came for. Armoury doors were thrown wide open.

"Because this is about to get real messy."

The rows and rows of shells and associated munitions gleamed in agreement.

Thankfully a conveyor was already set up for loading, so it was an easy matter to get the stocks unloaded and up to the truck. But that wasn't all he came for.

Down the corridors, and through another vault, lay the sort of prize he wouldn't be able to find on

the black market. The sort of prize that justified a visit by him personally.

With everything going so well though, it was only a matter of time before he ran into a few complications.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

And it was about that time.

"HEY," came a gruff voice. No, that wasn't a voice. That was a roar that happened to sound like speech, which would have rattled any lesser walls. As it was even these firmly re-inforced ones looked like they very having alittle trouble.

"YOU!" There was no real need for eloquence when you had sheer volume and terrifying tone on your side. The massive Kodiak bear made her way to the vault and positioned herself between it and the intruder.

"No passing," she growled, the rifle ridiculously tiny in her hand, like a plastic toy. Unfortunately, it seemed it was only there for show, and she was far more likely to use what she was resting her other hand on. It looked, for all the world, like a massive tree-trunk.

Clearly, whatever was in there was very important. But this was no obstacle Negaduck couldn't handle, right?



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

There had to be one, didn't there? One who didn't touch the bean. Probably on some kind of health kick. Looking her up and down, Negaduck clearly felt that she needed to be.

"So I'm assuming you're not into coffee."

From off to the side he pulled what appeared to be a fire hose reel – except it was hooked up to a percolator.

"Let's see if we can get it into you instead."

With a sadistic smile, he flicked the switch to ON. "Open wideee~"

And within seconds, the she-bear would find herself copping a full force jet of coffee straight in the face. Lucky it wasn't scaldingly hot. Nobody said it had to be good coffee.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

The force was acually enough to shove her right into the door, greative a huge bear-shaped dent in it. Choking and sputtering, coffee dripping everywhere, she wiped her eyes and glared balefully at the duck.

"You ruined my HAIR," she bellowed.

Uh oh...

"DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA," she continued to roar, taking out her massive tree-trunk of a stick as she her way over to him with as much purpose and force as an iceberg heading for the Titanic. "HOW LONG IT TOOK ME?"

And the PRODUCTS I had to buy to tame it were not cheap! UGH!

She raised the weapon, that could easily turn him into pressed duck with one blow, over her head.

Then she blinked.

"... sorry, what I was I doing? Oh, you wanted the door open, didn't you! Silly me, I can't think what I was worried about," she tittered, setting the log down. It landed on his foot, but that wasn't intentional at all. "Here, let me open it for you."

So helpful she was. It only took a few moments. See what being a people person gets you?



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF...."

Who knows why he bit down the swear word. It wouldn't have mattered to anybody. The only logical explanation would be the searing pain in his webbed foot was so intense, all he could do was bite down on his bill instead.

Thankfully the log toppled off of its own accord, and Negaduck hobbled through the vault door, choking out a sarcastic thanks and a glare to match. Not that there was much strength behind it; he was too focused on nursing the red, throbbing pancake that used to be his instep.

Consequently, it was a few moments before he fully took in the beautiful sight that awaited him.

He'd never seen so much of the stuff in the one location before. Rows and rows, shelves and shelves of it. It was a veritable treasure trove of badness.

Did angelic choirs ever sing in hell? Because he could definitely hear one then, but the heavens would certainly not have approved.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

Nobody would have approved, surely. At least, once they were out from under the influence of the tainted coffee, there would certainly be a lot of retroactive disapproval...

There were a few people who hadn't drunk all that much coffee, luckily. Or maybe SHUSH agents just imbibed it like it was their lifeblood, who could say? In either case, the ones it had worn off from had gotten scattered in the crush of excited agents rapidly exiting from every... er, exit.

And thus it was, by the time Lilly, separated from the other two, realised that the world has apparently gone mad, there was nobody to tell. And looking for someone to be of any help didn't seem to be much of a success, no matter how far she kept going.

Oh! Police! Surely, that was the answer.

"Excuse me," she said rather hurriedly, pulled at the shoulder of one. "Does anyone else notice that people have gone MAD?!"



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Luckily, there appeared to be a small crowd of police, standing around a few squad cars in discussion. Unluckily, none of them appeared to take her worries seriously.

"Listen, missy," said the tall canine she was nudging, half turning to face her with a takeaway mug in one hand. "Just because the Mayor is using the rail lines for dodgem cars and people are having paintball fights with toxic waste doesn't mean there's anything to fret about."

seat.

Not long after, there was the sound of a terrific crash.

"See?" drawled an officer, as if that was meant to happen.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

"... mad. You're all entirely mad," she groaned, letting go. What she really wanted to do, right now, was to shake all of them by the shoulders. Actually, she wanted to slap that coffee right out of his hand, but it didn't look like it would make much of a difference at this point.

"It's this COFFEE, isn't it?" It had to be. It was entirely pointless and insane, but it made perfect sense.

Stay out of this. It's not your business. Things like this happen all the time. It'll blow over.

But people will get HURT. There are real, very dangerous sounding explosives involved! And everyone in the city was mad!

... in the city...

Lightbulb!

"Outside the side. I'll cross the bridge. There has to be SOMEONE." Did Gizmoduck drink coffee?

"Someone I can tell about this coffee mess..."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

But something would block her path. Or more accurately, someone. Someone who probably smoked antiparticles for a laugh.

"I don't think so."

Behind Lilly, one of the police officers leaned over to wave merrily. "Hi Negaduck!"

"Thanks for the antimatter!" chimed another.

"Pleasure," rumbled the crook, although his gaze was locked on Lilly.

A tilt of the head, and his gaze travelled over her coldly. Scattered, timid movements? Typical bookish clothing? Not what he wanted to see.

"If it isn't Miss GoodyTwoShoes, off to ruin everybody else's good time." The scowl came with the mock scold. "You been sticking to decaf or something, fraidypants?"

Such a shame, to see a nerd lose the chance to go mental. They had it in them, alright. You always had to watch the quiet ones.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

"I don't drink coffee," she said tersely, apparently the last of her kind in the caffeine-based ecosystem that was St. Canard at all hours. Looking nervous, she shifted from one foot to the other, clearly looking for any excuse to start running. At the moment, all plans had been overshadowed by the overwhelming desire to get as far away as possible. Once she was out of range, she could think about tattling.

"I'll just be on my way. Don't let me interrupt..."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"Naaaw, what's the rush?" the felon cooed with patronisingly feigned disappointment, like for all the world he was trying to convince his bestest but slightly shy buddy to stay at a kegger.

At least he didn't attempt to grab her. He didn't even move forward. But he was fast, and well within springing distance. If she had learnt anything from their last game of chase around her bookshop, hopefully it was not to run from wolves.

"There's nothing to be afraid of – is there, fellas?"

To which the group of police milling in the background raised their cups and responded with a varied cacophony of "Nothin', that's right", "Spot on" and "I've always wanted a pet rattlesnake!"

St Canard's Finest at their finest.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

"Clearly. I just have a... thing. In the oven," she said lamely. "That I need to take out right now, I just realised, oh goodness, look at the time."

Not having a watch, she was rather hoping HE would oblige with looking at the time, so she could get away.

"Such a timely time... well, best be off," she tried, taking a small step backwards. Maybe she could hide behind someone...



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Which was when a hand shot out and snatched her by the base of her hair.

"Oh no no," he purred into her ear, the pulling over backwards keeping her at an awkward level with him. "Didn't you hear them? It's time to have some fun."

Much to her luck, the officers weren't entirely sure they concurred with this definition of the term. Blowing up bricks and mortar in a good cause was one thing, but harming an innocent person?

"Hey," spoke up the tallest, putting aside the mug to reach for his sidearm, addressing Lilly with sincerity. But not worry... "That doesn't look comfortable. Are you alright?"

Negaduck paused, glaring up at them. Curse the drug for its unpredictability. But hopefully the predictability of a timid young woman who ought to have known not to cause him trouble would smooth the situation over.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

She glanced between them, trying very hard to keep her balance. What would they even be able to do if she asked for help? Get hurt themselves, probably. But they had weapons, and there were more of them...

And Negaduck responded to force with very fast and frightening force in return. In this state they were hardly fit to fight.

"Just let me go, please..." She was attempting reason with the short drake. How cute.

It... it was worth a try, wasn't it? Just a small chance was all she needed to get away. Hopefully he wouldn't persist.

"I- I... no. Not alright." How ashamed she looked. She didn't want them to get hurt. But... well, the only other alternative was being quietly dragged away, and nobody wanted that.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Hardly fit to fight? Try telling them that. As far as they were concerned, they were **invincible!**

"This guy is the top of the wanted list, remember, Sarge?" spoke one as an aside to the tallest, who was staring Negaduck down intently. "If we bring him in, they might reinstate our donut allowance anyway..."

Which was promptly followed by the entire squad lining their weapons up on the crook's head.

"**Arrgh**, you **idiot!**" snarled the mallard as he took a step back, shaking his hostage in anger as he drew her back with him. "They might not be afraid of me, but they're probably not afraid of putting a few bullets into you either!"

On the bright side, if they did, it would save him having to do the dirty work himself. And when they came to their senses, the memories, oh how traumatic would they be for a bunch of good cops!

On the other hand, he rather favoured living, too.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

-As long as they make life hard for you, a bullet or two is a small price to pay- snarked the back of her mind. The front of her mind was far too busy with with searing pain that was making bright lights flash in front of her eyes.

"Get OFF!" was the only coherent thing she could manage, smacking her elbow into his stomach when pulling at his hands had failed her. Provided it winded him enough to let her go, she'd run right behind the line of fire and latch onto one of the policemen urgently. "Please, one of you, call for backup from outside if you want to fight him."

Those soulful eyes. Nobody with a heart could refuse them, worry-free or no. -For me? Please?-

Provided all of that worked, she'd nod, give them all a grateful smile, and GET THE HELL RUNNING.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"OOF!" The jab to the guts doubled him over - which was the perfect moment for bullets to go sailing over his head.

Biting back a curse, Negaduck took in the scene of Lilly and her new-found savours for only a moment, before diving out of the line of fire as the police adjusted their aim, commando rolled behind a squad car.

"Where'd he go?" queried one, loading a new clip.

"Dunno," said the fellow Lilly had sheltered behind, radio from the squad car in hand. "But I'm doing as the little lady said and calling the Duckberg stati-- HEY!"

The radio being ripped from his grasp as the squad car it was attached to suddenly roared to life and tore off in the direction the girl had run.

"... that can't be good," remarked the sergeant. And then he shrugged, smiling at the others. "Oh well."

Hakuna matata.

"Car 14, this is Duckburg Central, please go ahead, over," crackled a voice through the speakers.

With a growl, Negaduck pulled the transmitter in through the window by its cord as he took the car through a screeching handbrake turn. How nice of the cops to leave him not only the radio but the keys in the ignition.

"Duckburg Central, this is Car 14," he replied through a fake Southern drawl. "St Canard law enforcement have enacted a shutdown of the city as part of a live training exercise. Please disregard all communications for the next 24 hours, over."

"Car 14, this is Duckburg Central, acknowledged, wilco. Over."

"Duckburg Central, this is Car 14." Another screech as he swung the vehicle down an alleyway. "You have a good day now. Out."

Good, now he could concentrate on finding the pest who had dared to put a spanner in his plans just as they were getting started. He had seen her run, and knowing the streets as well as he did, he had a fair idea of where she would pop out.

Poor Lilly. She was in for a lot more 'fun' than she had anticipated.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 5 months ago

Look, she hadn't KNOWN they were his plans! This wasn't even fair! She hadn't intended to get mixed up in a very deadly version of Whack-a-Mole.

Sooner or later, she would run out of breath. Then she would have to slow down, to try and hide... What she was worried about was how long she'd last if she did. No, not if, WHEN. It was only a matter of time.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

But that time never seemed to come. There was no sound of a pursing car. No ranting of a deranged madman out to get her. Everything seemed calm. Back to normal.

Which was exactly when Lilly was t-boned out of nowhere by a speeding police car.

At least stuck up on the bonnet like that, with only a windshield separating them, it wouldn't be hard at all to identify the driver.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

And just like that, all the breath she had managed to build up was knocked violently out of her as the sheer force of speed plastered her firmly to the bonnet of the car, blinding pain taking over everything for a few moments.

"Why can't you just let me go home?!" was the first thing she'd managed when brain had stopped screaming about her ribs. After all, this was rather disproportionate retribution, using a flamethrower to kill a fly, wasn't it? It wasn't as though his plans had suffered any real damage.

Oh wait. That's assuming he had any real sense of proportion.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

A flamethrower? Not a bad idea.

Except he already had the car going, and boy did it seem to be going. The engine screamed into high revs as the interval between power poles grew ever shorter and shorter. If she came off now, that would be the chapter closed on Lilly.

It was hard to say then, whether it was a good or bad thing that he was so proficient at keeping her there.

"You know those guys who convince themselves they can live among wild beasts?" Yelling, but oddly conversational, like her terror was only a slightly amusing sideshow. "That they can hang out with a pack of wolves, or have high tea with a pack of alligators?"

Screeching around corners and colliding with little old ladies with just enough control to prevent her from sailing off.

"Eventually their mangled bodies end up on the news, and people say, "Well, that was bound to happen."

Eyes narrowed in concentration as they tore out of the final corner, accelerator jammed to the floor.

"Well **you** are about to become one of those guys."

Behind her, Audubon Bay Bridge had come into view.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

She had about ten seconds, give or take a frozen moment of terror here and there. This was what it come down to, to break down and plead for mercy, or speak fast and convince him to stop.

Only it was rather obvious that there was no point in either option, unless it meant she'd go pathetically begging either way. Looking disbelieving, she stared at him, and in the scant breath before she was flung into the air, before gravity realised what she was doing and yanked her back down, before the impact turned everything in a smear of too much to process, she managed to say:

"That's not even answering my question so you can be smug."



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

If the cops could do one thing right, it was crash. So when the front of the car crumpled into the side barrier of the bridge, it was five star air bag safety activation all around.

How kind of them to look after the city's most wanted felon like that.

While the mortar holding the wall together had crumbled with the impact, it had succeeded in stopping the vehicle, allowing its sole occupant to stagger out, holding his head. Not much harm done though, given the sheer velocity they had been travelling at. Exactly as he had intended, of course.

And also exactly as he had intended, the one thing the bridge barrier hadn't been successful in stopping was the girl on the front.

Racing around to search over the edge, Negaduck checked that the aftermath was also exactly has he had hoped for.

Oh that was satisfying.

No last minute escape. No freak stroke of luck. Nobody to swoop to the rescue.

"That's what you get for getting me kicked out of the Spearmint Feather!" he shouted at the figure below, as it plummeted towards the dark, cold abyss of the bay.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 4 months ago

All he'd get in response, not that he was really expecting a coherent reply, was a loud scream, loudly than even her own body had thought possible. In fact, perhaps it wasn't quite possible, as it tore at her throat on the way out and left all the inside of her burning with intense pain.

This was the end, wasn't it? And it wasn't so much the fact that she was so close to dying. It wasn't so much wanting to stay in the world for the sake of life as much as it was wanting to stay with the people in it.

All in all, it was... disappointing. Sad, like a heavy lead weight that wrapped around her chest and dragged her downwards, past the surface of the water that she'd collided with so hard it had been like concrete, and now the outside of her hurt as much as the inside, one massive blur of pain, the only thought trickling through her mind was how cold, how very cold the bay was.



by [Negaduck](#) 4 months ago

Ah, the stress-relieving effects of murder.

"Now that feels so much better." Said with such casual exhale of relief one would think he had taken in a nice refreshing beverage or a relaxing Swedish massage rather than the spine-chilling screams of a doomed innocent.

The carefree whistling as he strolled back into the chaos wrecked city was an extra unnecessary touch.

And the fact that he was whistling "Down, Down, Down" by Tom Waits was just the final nail in the coffin.