

Prelude – Darkwing and Morgana

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Hello Dark." A voice said smoothly from behind him. "It's been awhile."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing Duck had his beak near touching the ground, using a magnifying glass to scan for clues near the scene of a robbery of a jewellery store... this was a common occurrence... one that happened at least once a week or every other week. He was analyzing pretty much each and every shard of glass from the broken window. And then... he heard a voice. Not just any voice.

The masked mallard froze and righted himself slowly. He turned and saw her. Still as beautiful as ever, she made his heart pound hard in his chest and his mouth became very dry.

"M–morgana?" He stared for a moment, looking very unsure of himself. He took off his hat and started fiddling around with it. "Ah, it's... um... you look lovely this evening." The words really couldn't capture his feelings well, thus making them sound hollow in his ears.

"... I thought you never wanted to... ah... see me again."

It had been a while... and any anger or bitterness Darkwing had felt from that night had since dissipated. Mostly, he just missed her and wished he could say something, anything... to try and explain and make things better. She was still a criminal, of course... he had to keep some distance. He had to be wary... she just made things kind of... difficult.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

Morgana flushed with embarrassment and straightened up slightly.

"Perhaps... we both said things we didn't mean?" Her tone was hopeful, as though she were both apologizing and pleading, in the faint hope that indeed, Darkwing hadn't meant the hurtful things he had said to her.

A few moments of uncomfortable silence passed, along with a well-timed tumbleweed.

Finally she said, "You were right about Negaduck. He is a dangerous and despicable duck. Malicia can keep him. All of the diamonds in the world could not convince me to collaborate with him again."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

The uncomfortable silence was made by Darkwing trying to remember what all he said and trying to figure out how much of it he meant and how much of it had just been an anger-fueled rant. His thoughtful deliberation was interrupted when Morgana told him that he was right about Negaduck. He did not think so much about what he was going to say in response to that.

"Well... I DID tell you that much. You could've saved yourself a lot of trouble if you had just listened to me in the first place. I AM the hero, after all. I know these things."

As though sensing this might not have been the best thing to say, Darkwing hurriedly continued. "Not that you aren't, ah... I mean, you're very intelligent, of course, I'm just saying, um..." He sweated a little and decided to try and skip over it.

"Morgana... about what I said?" He looked uncertain again and vulnerable. "I..." There was a road-block in his head, it seemed like. He wasn't at fault... but it wouldn't improve things with Morgana if he told her that she had made him angry. "Negaduck made me so angry... and maybe, I kind of, sort of..." He hesitated again. "Well, you know..." No, she probably didn't... he needed to explain himself. He took a breath and suddenly looked defeated and maybe a little ashamed. "I should've never yelled at you like that." He couldn't quite bring himself to elaborate on why; he had no trouble yelling at other criminals, even female ones. And technically he should be treating all criminals the same, but...

"But... I DID mean a little of it. I can't... trust you. You're a criminal; I'm a crime-fighter. By necessity, I have to be careful. However many of your feelings for me are genuine, and..." He met her eyes briefly. "–I'd like

to think some are..." He looked away again and fiddled with his hat some more. "You'll still think like a criminal... you'll still try to distract me, you'll still try to take advantage of me because the goal of a criminal is to get away with their ill-gotten gain... easy money, no consequences. Maybe you wouldn't mean to hurt me doing that, but it would. Crime-fighting isn't just some hobby to me."

Darkwing paused a few seconds and added: "I don't think it would be foolish of me to date you, though... if you weren't a criminal, I mean. I think... I think..." He trailed off, trying to find the words, and he locked eyes with her again. His heart pumped in his chest like the banging of a drum. He could practically hear it in his ears. He appeared to be searching her eyes, as though looking for some clue. His posture grew tense, and his hands tightened around his hat.

"I want to..." he said quietly. And suddenly, a fountain of energy, passion, and emotion poured out of him before he could stop himself. "I want to date you, Morgana. I believe you're too kind-hearted for a life of crime, that you deserve a better life than that. And I want to be a part of that life. I don't know when it happened; I just... I didn't think it'd get like this... I was attracted to your beauty and mystery and charm, I flirted... but it was just, you know, it wasn't anything serious. It couldn't be anything serious. It was only a crush, I mean... how could anyone really blame me? What duck WOULDN'T want to get your attention and make you feel good? You were supposed to be another common criminal to me... nothing more.

Something changed at some point... and I didn't fully realize it until a few days after that night. Your parting words, the slap, your sobs haunted me and made my heart ache. I had trouble trying to tell myself that I was blameless, that you brought it upon yourself, that one less criminal in St. Canard was a GOOD thing... because I could only think of the hurt in your voice and how I would have given just about anything to take it all back, to take away your hurt, to make you smile.

I fell into despair at the thought of never seeing you again. I kept making excuses to patrol near where your house usually is... and each time I saw that gap, it was like being punched in the gut. If it wasn't for Launchpad, I might have driven myself crazy because I never got a chance to tell you that I... I care about you, Morgana."

It had happened so fast; he hadn't even stopped for a breath. But now, it was over. He was no less relaxed. In fact, if anything, he looked even more tense. His eyes were wide with panic. What had he done? What had he been THINKING? Was he a complete IDIOT? He just handed his heart over to someone who could very well just stomp on it or smile awkwardly and hand it back or hold it over his head... And even if she acknowledged his feelings and felt the same way, she was STILL a criminal. They COULDN'T be together. It would never work.

But oh god... He wasn't sure how he would handle it if she DID reject him. His ego wasn't saving him here. Rejection seemed like a very real possibility. It was enough to make him want to tell her that it had all been a mistake, that he was tired or suffering from a temporary lapse in sanity (which he might well believe himself at this point). But he didn't say anything. He couldn't. He didn't move or even so much as blink. Fear had a pretty tight grip on him at the moment.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

Throughout the lengthy speech, Morgana's expression seemed to morph. A tight-lipped frown when he bragged about knowing best, which quickly switched to mild amusement upon seeing how flustered he was becoming. She could tell he was trying his best to not offend her, and she did appreciate that. Based on what she had heard and researched about Darkwing, he was usually not so... considerate of others.

And as he continued about her being a criminal, she realized that they both had their backs to the wall: She had been unsure of his intentions, and he was only doing the same. She shouldn't have been so harsh with him when he passed his judgment back at the warehouse. After all, she was caught red-handed at the scene of the crime and in Negaduck's arms.

Then suddenly Darkwing dove into his confession, and she felt a tension grip at her heart and a wave of emotions spread through her body like wildfire. She hadn't expected such passion and honesty from him. It was overwhelming.

When he was finished, Morgana was utterly speechless and her head felt heavy and confused. He wanted to be with her. He truly desired her. This was not a carefully conceived ruse to catch her unaware -- every bone in her body told her this wasn't a trap.

Suddenly the temperature outside was unbearably hot, and her face was burning feverishly. She fanned herself lightly with her hand. Her mouth felt parched and dry, and when she opened her bill to speak her voice was raspy. "Darkwing... I... don't know what to say I... oh my..."

And then she fainted.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

The tension in his body seemed to increase when Morgana seemed so unsure of what to say. What WAS she going to say? Did she feel the same way about him? Did she just not like him the same way? Did she... And then, he saw her hit the ground, and all he could do for the first few seconds was stay rooted to the spot, staring stupidly. He had definitely not been expecting that kind of reaction.

Finally, sense kicked in, and he rushed to the fallen woman's side. The masked mallard did not know too much about how to handle situations like this. While he knew a little bit of first aid (which he applied to himself whenever he only had minor injuries), he really didn't know too much else. He checked to make sure she was still breathing because he at least knew to do that much. She was breathing steadily, it seemed. So, maybe she was okay?

His brow creased in worry, and he gathered her into his arms to sit her upright and shook her very gently. "Hey, Morg? You all right? I... uh... hello? Anybody home?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

A light moan escaped her lips and she began to stir. "Ungh... Dark?" Her eyes fluttered open, and as her vision began to focus she saw the worried mallard standing over her.

"Oh hello." She smiled sheepishly. "I just had the most... intriguing dream about you."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing let out a relieved sigh and smiled at her. "I really wasn't expecting you to..." He paused. "Dream?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"I dreamt that you said... that you..." Beads of heavy sweat were pouring from her forehead now, and she pressed the back of her slim manicured hand against it momentarily.

"Oh dear, I think that was more than just an emotional reaction..." She murmured weakly. "I feel a heavy hex coming on."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing, who knew next to nothing about magic, could only stare at her with an expression that was a mix of concern and confusion. "A what now?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"It's like a... curse, essentially. Specifically directed at me from an aggressive source." She stood shakily, leaning against Darkwing for support.

"The fever is a side effect."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing supported her the best he could and narrowed his eyes. "An aggressive source? Who?" The anger in his voice was unmistakable, but rational thought quickly took hold of him. Morgana WAS a criminal... he had to consider that.

He hesitated a moment. "Why?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Who? The only other person in the city who knows magic and hates every fiber of my being... Malicia of course." Another wave hit her and she let out an uncomfortable grunt, clapping a hand over her stomach.

"As for why... well, I suspect it has something to do with the fact I started a business partnership with her man that inevitably led to him getting cozy with me in her bedroom. No doubt that mouthy diary of hers exaggerated the story."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

"Err... wait but aren't you two..." He wracked his brain for a moment. "Cousins? Partners-in-crime? I mean, I figured you probably didn't get along well with each other, but... hate?" He kept Morgana steady, then shook his head. "Nevermind. Probably a long story. You can tell me later..."

He started guiding her to the Ratcatcher. "Can't you do something to... I don't know... throw her magic back at her or curse her or stop her or something?" He really didn't know a single thing about magic, which kind of bugged him. He liked dealing with things that were rational...

... Or well...as rational as things in St. Canard got, anyway. Super powers made a sort of sense to him, at least, and appealed to his inner comic book nerd. But magical powers? He couldn't quite get a handle on that.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Yes, but I... need to get to my home. Oh dear." She stumbled forward, gripping the side of the Ratcatcher.

"I'm so sorry about this, Dark. I must be wasting a lot of your time right now."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing's expression only grew more concerned as Morgana seemed to be struggling to stay upright. He pulled out a helmet from the sidecar, then helped her into it before handing her the helmet. Then, he hopped onto the motorcycle and shoved on his own helmet.

"Don't be ridiculous, Morg," Darkwing said in a stern tone. "I AM a hero; you are in danger. This is what I'm here for. You're NOT wasting MY time."

He revved the motorcycle. "Besides, I..." He stopped. Oh no, he wasn't going to start that again. Best Morgana thought that had been just a dream... He still wasn't sure of her feelings, and he had wanted the opportunity to take it all back because it had just been... SO stupid of him to confess that to her.... even though, it was the truth.

"Nevermind. In any case, your house? Is it still in the usual spot?" The Ratcatcher took off down the street, already headed in the direction where Morgana's house usually was. He could easily change direction if he needed to, though.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"It should be waiting there, yes..." An odd thing to say, but then again her living arrangements were rather odd, what with a house that changed locations whenever it suited both itself and its owner.

"Oh..." She covered her mouth. "Darkwing I think I'm going to be sick... you might want to pull over I don't want to make a mess in your motorcycle."

Morgana would never admit it aloud, but having Darkwing see her like this, so utterly distraught and uncomposed... it was humiliating. And now he was going to see what she ate for dinner as well? She wanted to stick her head in an empty grave!

She could hear Malicia's cackling echoing inside her head.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Morgana would suddenly find a bucket hastily shoved into her hands. Darkwing didn't look at her; he kept his attention focused on the road. Where the bucket had come from was a mystery. It was likely it came from his costume but how it was able to fit in there without looking awkward was yet another mystery.

"No time to pull over, Morgana. We need to put a stop to these sinister she-demon shenanigans before she makes you feel even worse." He hoped she would be able to aim in the bucket well enough; he really didn't relish the idea of cleaning puke out of his precious motorcycle... but even so, he really didn't think pulling over at that moment was an option.

Morgana was suffering that much was clear, and the sooner he could help put a stop to her suffering, the better. It hurt seeing her in such a miserable condition.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

When they arrived at her house, she stumbled her way inside, hastily flicking the light switch on. Archie grumbled from a corner on the wall where he had been sleeping, not terribly pleased about the light in his eyes.

"This way..." She beckoned Darkwing inside and collapsed on the couch for a moment, taking a few deep breaths.

"Just give me a moment... then I'll go find my hex charm."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing watched her, concerned. He might have sat next to her and try to take her hand as some small means of comfort, but he was far too anxious to sit. "What can I do to help?" Because he was not going to be helpless. He was going to do something.

"Where's your kitchen? I can go get you a glass of water... then, maybe I can hunt down Malicia and put a stop to her myself..." He paused, glancing back at Morgana. "Unless you need me here. I'm not sure I really want to leave you alone like this..."

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Some coffee would be nice." She had hoisted herself up and was now digging through drawers and cabinets, searching for something.

"Now where did I... leave..." She paused momentarily to sway back and forth as she felt another rush of sickness hit her. Steadying herself, she realized that Eek and Squeak were tugging at her hair.

"Oh...? The jewelry box? Of course. Thank you my lovelies."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing was ready to rush to her side again, but she had stopped swaying, and he gave a relieved sigh.

"Yeah. Coffee would be good." It'd been a while since he had coffee. A while being slightly more than an hour or so ago. He could definitely go for a cup himself.

"Where's the kitchen?" Morgana's house seemed impossibly bigger on the inside than it was on the outside, and he didn't want to waste anytime searching behind doors that had who knows what behind them in an attempt to find the kitchen.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Just down the hallway, pass three doors, then take a left." She was making her way upstairs now. "I'll be down in a moment."

Or a few moments, as she had to run to the bathroom and almost didn't make it to the toilet, where she emptied out the remaining contents of her stomach. Then she stood in front of the mirror and stared at herself in horror. Oh, she looked dreadful. And in front of Darkwing of all people!

Hurriedly, she brushed her teeth and gargled, then touched up her make-up. It wasn't the best, but she looked a bit better.

She continued on the journey to her bedroom where a bone-carved jewelry box was sitting on her dresser. Quickly she dug through it, pulling out bizarre trinkets like an eyeball attached to a ring and a necklace made of suspicious-looking teeth. Finally, she found what she was looking for: Her hex charm. It wouldn't solve the problem completely but it would hold off Malicia's magic long enough to get to her.

Then she stopped in front of the mirror once more to fix her hair. She decided a bit of lipstick might not hurt, and lightly applied a black tube to her bill. A bit of powder... there!

"Sorry I took so long, did you find the everything alright?" She asked as she entered the kitchen.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

While Morgana had been emptying her stomach and trying to make herself look better, Darkwing had been attempting to find, then make the coffee. He had found the kitchen all right, thanks to Morgana's

instructions. Finding the coffee had been a whole other matter.

And it showed. Upon entering the kitchen, Morgana would find a very banged-up looking duck. There were little bite marks taken out of his costume, little holes and bite marks taken out of his hat, his feathers were singed black, he generally looked very disheveled, and he appeared way more paranoid than usual. He practically jumped out of his feathers when he heard Morgana behind him.

The kitchen did not show any evidence of the battle that had taken place there because after Darkwing had conquered (at least temporarily) everything in it that was trying to kill him (including some kind of eldritch abomination that had tried to pull him into an interdimensional doorway through the fridge), he had taken care to clean up after himself.

Darkwing gave her a nervous grin. "Eh heh heh... yes, the, ah... broom was surprisingly helpful." He shot a wary yet somehow grateful look towards the broom that was sitting motionless in the corner. It had been the only object in the kitchen that HADN'T attacked him and had actually worked to keep all manner of crazy stuff off of him. And then, of course, it helped him find the coffee and clean up the kitchen.

"Coffee should be done in a minute." He noticed that she looked not quite as sickly as before... and that she had lipstick on, which made him blush quite a bit as he thought about the possibility of getting kissed. It had happened a couple of times before, of course, but... he really wish it would happen a lot more often.

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Oh dear, I'm sorry Dark." She placed a hand on her forehead. "I forgot to warn you about how... excitable, my kitchen can be with strangers."

She took a seat at the table across from him and smiled weakly.

"I found the hex charm I needed. After a nice hot drink, I'll grab a few more things and we can drop in on my cousin. She must be in an awful mood. I suspect she's taking out some sort of misaligned anger on me."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

"A little excitement in the kitchen is nothing I can't handle, Morg," Darkwing told her, puffing out his chest a little bit. "You should see me make breakfast, sometime."

His expression grew a bit more serious when Morgana started discussing her cousin. "Regardless of why she's doing what she's doing, she will be stopped!" He noticed the coffee was finished and hurried over to it. "We could take it on the go..." Then, he glanced at Morgana and hesitated. "Unless you think you need a moment more to rest? Do you think you might like to stay here? I mean, obviously, I can put a stop to Malicia all by myself..."

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"No!" She said determinedly. "Er... I mean, no, I don't want to stay behind. I want to help you for once, instead of being a source of trouble."

The coffee now ready, she set out two mugs on the table and poured it for both of them. Then she spooned out some sugar cubes... except there also appeared to be insects trapped inside the sweeteners.

"One lump or two?" She asked.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

If Morgana had been anyone else, Darkwing might have protested to her wanting to help him because as far as he saw it, he didn't NEED anyone's help. But it was hard to say "no" to her when she held such determination in her voice. Besides that, she was the one being attacked, so it would be understandable that she would want to come along and ensure the attack was put a stop to. Also, this was kind of a family matter, and it wouldn't have been right for him to stop Morgana from wanting to help settle things.

He did not say anything encouraging or discouraging; he simply nodded his head in acknowledgement. His next response was almost automatic. "Ooooone..." And then, he noticed the insects in the sugar cubes and made a frantic grab for the coffee, pulling it towards him protectively. "I mean, uh... that's fine. I'll drink it black. I'm trying to cut down on the sugar. A crimefighter has to stay fit, you know. Eh heh heh..."

A thought occurred to him, and he suddenly gave the coffee in the mug a wary look. In the aftermath of the chaos in the kitchen, he hadn't thought to check the coffee for abnormalities. He hesitated, then looked up and flashed a nervous smile at Morgana. "Is this...ah... normal coffee?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

Morgana couldn't help but giggle. "Yes, it is. I picked it up special yesterday, you know... in case I had visitors." Her face flushed slightly. She didn't want to imply that she had been desperately purchasing coffee in the faint hope that Darkwing might find himself the guest of honor. Even that WAS the real reason.

"I've yet to try it myself, actually. This will be my first time tasting Normal coffee."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing's heart fluttered at hearing Morgana's giggle and seeing the slight flush in her face. Naturally, his ego couldn't help but suggest that she had bought the coffee hoping to have HIM as a visitor. He smiled more genuinely this time and relaxed, blowing a little on his black coffee and taking a sip of it. He didn't actually like drinking coffee black, but he was so addicted to the stuff that he could, at least, tolerate it.

"That's very thoughtful of you, Morgana. I mean, I don't know about any other visitors, but I certainly appreciate the thought, especially since this IS my favorite type of drink." He gave her an encouraging grin. "First time, huh? I hope you like it, then. Some people say it's an acquired taste, but I don't know... I think I liked it from the get-go."

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

Morgana inhaled the coffee fumes first, then sipped hers as well. She seemed to be slowly taking it in, almost trying to savor the taste.

"That is rather interesting. A tad more bitter than what I'm used to, but also far more flavorful... I can really feel the caffeine too! I just can't put my finger on that extra little tangy kick it has..."

An extra tangy kick brought to us by our good friend Negaduck.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing had noticed the tangy kick to the coffee as well but hadn't thought much of it, especially since Morgana commented on it (which meant she hadn't been attempting to sneak something weird in his drink).

"Well, sometimes, coffee can vary from brand to brand," he told her. It was very lucky for the masked mallard that he often stocked up on coffee as much as he could, so it would probably be a few days before he would go shopping for coffee again. So, despite having drunk at least seven cups of coffee earlier that day (possibly more), he had remained unaffected because he didn't have the coffee Negaduck had tainted. That was about to change, however.

"I think the caffeine is probably what I enjoy most about coffee, especially since I work such long hours." It didn't take him long before he had finished his coffee. He pulled out a rather large thermos, then looked at Morgana. "Mind if I take the rest of this for the road?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Be my guest." After finishing her own cup she stood and cracked her knuckles.

"I'm feeling confident that together, we can take Malicia down." Eek and Squeak fluttered into the room and dropped a satchel at her feet. "Thank you dears, this will come in handy." To Darkwing she added, "I'm bringing along a few things to help us. Holy water, sleep sand, hex spells, and cinnamon raisin bread."

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing finished putting the coffee into the giant thermos, then looked at Morgana with a look of realization. "Holy water?" His hand went over his beak. "Of COURSE. Fire demon... holy water. Why didn't I..." He paused and coughed into his hand. "I mean, uh, right. I've known that all along, of course."

And suddenly, the tainted coffee kicked in, and he no longer felt the need to cover up his ignorance.

"What's the cinnamon raisin bread for?"

by [Morgana](#) 1 year ago

"Ah, the cinnamon bread." Morgana was tying up the satchel. "Malicia has an extreme aversion toward raisins... something about them having no business in baked goods." She shrugged. "I've found it works as a good distraction."

Bidding her familiars goodbye, she smiled sweetly at Darkwing. "Lead the way, Dark."

[RP: This Blog is rated B for Beans](#)

Published by: [Morgana](#) on 8th Jul 2012 | View all blogs by [Morgana](#)
((Reserved for: Morgana, DW, Mal, Negs))

Note: This takes place after the events in '[Mad Libbing For Villains](#)'.

Morgana and DW have unwittingly partaken in the tainted coffee that Negs has spread across the city. They now find themselves fearlessly making their way to Malicia's humble abode to confront the demonness and put a stop to the hex she has placed on Morgana.

by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing was driving faster and more recklessly than usual. He wasn't even wearing a helmet like he usually would, and he'd even occasionally drive one-handed while taking swigs of coffee from the thermos. He didn't even stop for stop-lights like he usually would have.

Surprisingly, they made it to Malicia's warehouse in one piece. Not surprisingly, given how fast he was going on the Ratcatcher, he made it to the warehouse from Morgana's in record time. He hopped off the motorcycle and considered how he would make his grand entrance. He didn't think about it long. He was just going to march right in through the entrance, throw down some smoke bombs, flap his cape dramatically, and do his little speech out in the open.

And without so much as a word to Morgana, he did just that bursting through the doors in the most dramatic fashion possible. He threw smoke bombs around himself, but not in a near-enough vicinity for them to actually conceal him.

"I am the terror that FLAPS in the night!" It seemed like Darkwing was doing the impossible... being more of a large ham than usual. "I am the REASON even a hardened criminal will wet his bed at the very mention of MY NAME! I am... DARKWING DUCK!"



by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

Morgana didn't even flinch as they drove. In fact she was pleased by his speediness and was enjoying the way the wind whipped through her hair. She felt so carefree and powerful. It was amazing.

She was enjoying the rush so much she barely noticed the enormous pile of junk sitting out front of Malicia's warehouse. Not just any ordinary junk mind you, but every deadly weapon under the sun and then some. She didn't give it much thought however, and trailed after Darkwing. She didn't mind standing back and letting him do his thing. In fact, at this point in time she didn't seem to mind anything which for a fleeting moment she thought was quite strange and unlike her. But she shrugged it off.

"Your days of hexing me are over, Malicia!" She added after DW had finished his dramatic speech.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

What the fearless couple would find was a nearly emptied-out living room, and Malicia hunched over on the couch, an enormous pint of ice cream in front of her. The coffee table was littered with a dozen other empty cartons and it didn't look like she was planning to stop anytime soon.

Pausing mid-bite, she snarled irritably at the intruders. "Oh, I see how it is!" She snapped. "YOU are

going to ruin my plans too, aren't you!**WHY CAN'T ANYONE LET ME WIN? WHY WHY WHY?**"

The spoon was flung across the room at Darkwing, and considering her brute strength, the silver was heading for him at head-decapitating speed. But just as Darkwing's head was about to be served up on a plate, the spoon paused in mid air and transformed into a feather that fluttered gently to the ground. From behind him, Morgana blew on her fingers.

It was pretty clear that Malicia wasn't in a very good place right now -- physically or mentally. Her hair was messy and disheveled, she had visible bags under her eyes, and the warehouse looked like it had been turned upside down and emptied... because that's exactly what had happened.

She jumped up from her indent in the couch and the last of the ice cream went flying with a sad splat. "Can't a girl just let some steam off by sending fatal curses at her family members?!"



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing hadn't even flinched or gasped when the spoon came rushing towards him. He really should have been afraid because there was absolutely no way he could have dodged that in time, but he was on such a rush and felt so fearless, so brave, so HEROIC that he practically thought he was invincible.

"You should know by now that I---..." Then, Darkwing paused as Malicia's last statement rang in his ears. "Fatal?!" And now, there was a rush of anger along with a rush of fearlessness. Probably NOT a good combination.

"You were trying to KILL Morgana?!" He growled and lunged at Malicia. "You FAT BITCH, I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!" Of course, considering the masked mallard was still a good distance away from Malicia, his lunge fell short, and he ended up slamming his body against the side of the couch instead, which knocked the wind out of him.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?!" His reaction had completely caught her off guard. It wasn't like Darkwing to be so... unfiltered. Usually he took his time coming up with a colourful quip that involved a ridiculous abuse of metaphor peppered with heroic monologue.

"What's the matter Malicia? Did you finally realize you're going to die alone and unloved?" Morgana should have been surprised by how cruel she was being, but for once she didn't want to be the bigger person. For once she wasn't afraid of sinking to Malicia's level, and this was emphasized by the fact that the bottle of holy water had 'poofed' itself above Malicia and tilted itself upside-down, pouring the liquid all over her head.

This resulted in a high-piercing cry of pain as clouds of steam rose off the demoness. She threw her body to the ground and rolled back and forth like she was on fire. Then she began to heave.

Oh, she really REALLY should not have eaten all that ice cream. The disgusting creamy mixture erupted from her mouth and projectiled across the room, hitting the ornate wall-sized portrait of herself. Somehow she managed to shriek at the two as she continued emptying her stomach and gasping for breath.

"WHAT THE BLARRRRRGH IS WRONG WITH YOU BLARRRRRRRGHing psychos?!"



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Clearly, the ability to feel disgust was not hindered by the effects of the coffee. Darkwing made a face. "Ewwwww..." It was almost enough to distract him from his anger... but only almost. He peeled himself off the side of the couch and narrowed his eyes.

"Oh, right... Call us psychos... we're not the ones putting FATAL curses on our family members or eating enough ice cream to put us into a coma. You should be asking yourself what is WRONG with YOU." He got out his gas gun and twirled it in his hands in a manner that was very much showing off. "I don't think you've gotten all that you deserve. Right now, I'm trying to decide whether death would be too good for the likes of you or not. Buuuut... in the meantime, eat itching powder." He stopped twirling and aimed the gun at Malicia, then he fired it.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

This really was not Malicia's finest hour. She was down on her knees, soaked in her bile. When she looked up to retort at Darkwing, the canister hit her point-blank in the face, leaving a huge black eye. It also exploded, and the powder clung to her ice-cream-vomit-laden feathers.

Then Morgana was standing behind him, whipping out the cinnamon bread. And she saw those raisins. Oh, god no. **Raisins**. This was all too much.

And so, Malicia did something seldom witnessed by anybody, let alone her worst enemies: She burst into tears. Not just any tears mind you, but the kind that were accompanied with gobs of mucus dripping unattractively from her nose and a bellowing wail that sounded like a walrus having sex with a foghorn.

"Aaaahuuh... huuughh.....Stoop!" She was scratching at herself so feverishly now that she had dug out clumps of feathers, leaving behind raw bloody marks where her claws had cut through flesh. "**I GIVE UP! I'LL LIFT THE HEX! JUST STOOOOOOP**uuuh huh huhhhh...!" She wiped her nose with her sleeve.

"Hmm... what do you say Dark? Should we take pity on this pathetic creature?" Morgana waved the bread in her hand. "This is pretty much the most disgusting sight I've ever seen... and I've seen Aunt Nasty pick the jam out from between her toes and use it to glue together a broken wand."



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

The expression on Darkwing's face darkened a bit. "I don't think we should. I think..." Then, he paused as Morgana's words sank in like an anchor suddenly being dropped on a speeding boat. "... Wha?" He stared at her outright as he tried to make sense out of this comparison.

Aunt Nasty... toe jam... glue... broken wand? What? For a few seconds, Darkwing's brain broke. But it soon pieced itself back together again and directly wiped those words (and any associating mental images) from his memory. This was probably further aided by the fact that the fearlessness he had been experiencing was giving away to something else.

It was hard to ignore that Morgana was beautiful. This was pretty much a constant, and a very distracting constant at that. Morgana was beautiful. It didn't help matters that he was also eye-level with her breasts. Ordinarily, he tried very hard to keep his eyes raised up or fixed on some pointed location AWAY from Morgana's bust; it was very difficult, and he would still find his eyes wandering there, but he did try. He wasn't really trying now... mainly because the level of difficulty had risen to near impossible.

"I think we've done enough..." He tugged at his collar slightly. It was feeling REALLY warm in the warehouse all of a sudden. "I think... right now... I'd just like to... enjoy your company, Morgana..." He was a little surprised that his voice had changed a bit; it sounded slightly lower and husky.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Morgana was feeling a tingly warm spread from her lower body. She flushed slightly and suddenly she felt VERY afraid. Not because of her feelings for Darkwing... no, she was more worried about the fact that she was presently standing in a puddle of her cousin's vomit, listening to said

aforementioned cousin whimper and scratch at herself, occasionally snorting back strings of mucous... and despite this Morgana wanted to do some very naughty things to the masked mallard in front of her.

Was she... suddenly becoming a psychopath? What kind of person becomes turned on in this sort of situation?! Aside from Negaduck, maybe. Oh no... was she becoming like Negaduck?

"Dark..." She moaned. "I... can we maybe go upstairs for a moment? I don't want to be here right now."



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing was less worried about the implications than Morgana was, and THAT was probably aided by the fact that he had drunk far more tainted coffee than she had. Besides that, the feelings themselves were overwhelming, and he was a little more worried about that. The things he was thinking about... well, they weren't exactly new thoughts, but this was different in that he was seriously considering on acting on them. And well... he couldn't DO that. Morgana and him... they weren't even really boyfriend and girlfriend... and regardless of Morgana's help, she hadn't reformed yet, she was a criminal.

This was becoming an increasingly minor protest in his head, especially when Morgana moaned like that. It sent shivers through his spine. And then, she suggested they go upstairs, and his face became very red.

"Y-yeah... of course..." He took her by the hand and led her upstairs... slowly because he was kind of in a daze and still trying to figure out what was going on in his head. He did have some measure of control over himself, but it was very difficult to think things through when all he could think about was Morgana and... very naughty things. He tried to focus on something else, but the least naughtiest thought he could get to run through his head was the thought of kissing Morgana on the beak.

She was wearing lipstick, after all. So, surely, she must have been expecting a kiss, at some point? No... it wasn't RIGHT to assume that, and besides, they weren't boyfriend and girlfriend, he couldn't go kissing her just all he wanted. It wasn't right...

But it certainly felt like it would be right. She had kissed him a couple of times before. So, it wouldn't hurt to kiss her... just once? Just one kiss... one soft, gentle kiss, and then they could just find somewhere to sit and... chat... Yeah.

By the time Darkwing got to the top of the stairs, he was now convinced it would be fine to kiss Morgana. Just one kiss. No harm in that. "I hope you don't mind, Morg, but I just... I..." His breathing had gotten a bit heavier, and he wasn't sure how to put his feelings. Well, hopefully, she wouldn't be too shocked or upset with him. He literally swept Morgana off her feet and started carrying her bride-style. She wasn't heavy, and he did have some strength in him. Although, he probably wouldn't be able to carry her like that for too long. But it was good enough.

He pulled Morgana close to him and leaned in placing a soft, gentle kiss right on her beak. He attempted to pull away for a second, but... it had just felt good to kiss her like that. The simple touching of their beaks, the little feeling of electricity going through him, the surge in emotions and passion and everything else...

One more couldn't hurt. And so, as soon as he had pulled away, he kissed her again, softly and gently. But he lingered, and then, he deepened the kiss. This only served to heighten the surge he was feeling and make him excited. Of course, he wasn't aware that he was kind of a clumsy kisser, but there was no denying the level of passion behind it. He continued walking and kissing while he was carrying her.

He didn't really know where he was going, but he had been up the stairs of Malicia's warehouse previously. And even if he wasn't conscious of it, he was heading directly for Malicia's bedroom.



by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

Morgana didn't argue. In fact, she didn't say anything except return the kisses with a fierce passion that caught even herself by surprise.

Wordlessly, they made it into Malicia's bedroom and she dropped down onto the bed. "Dark..." Was all she could manage weakly. "I... I want you. Right now." And to emphasize that fact, she was already unzipping her dress to reveal a very classy Victorian Style bustier underneath, black and lacy and very fitting for such a gothic woman.

Malicia, meanwhile, was staring blankly at the spot where moments before Darkwing and Morgana had been standing. She knew well enough what those looks on their faces had meant, she didn't even need her duckbus abilities to see how much lust was emanating off their bodies. Something was wrong with those two -- and not just the regular-type wrong that came with being a couple of irritating do-gooders.

Then she spotted the thermos of coffee, left abandoned on the floor.

Oh..... OH.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing climbed on top of the bed in an automatic sort of fashion. He removed his hat and his cape, trying to rationalize that he was just very warm and maybe not having his hat and cape would cool him off a little. But then, Morgana spoke to him. His eyes widened very slightly when she revealed that she wanted him.

She wanted him. There was probably no way his face was going to return to its normal color anytime soon, especially not with all the warm feelings coursing through him. A lot of it was lust, to be sure. But as Darkwing had revealed earlier to Morgana after getting caught up in his emotions, he did care a lot about her. And hearing those words from her bill... that she wanted him... It really struck a chord with him inside.

And then, Morgana started unzipping her dress. Darkwing inhaled sharply, then swallowed hard. How was it possible that she just kept getting more and more beautiful? Rational thought tried to appeal to him again. He warned himself that this was probably going too far. That he needed to put a stop to it... right now.

But he didn't want to. It seemed at that moment the only thing that mattered was that Morgana wanted him, and that he wanted her. If she was so willing, why shouldn't he? He wanted her, too... very much, and he really wanted to show her that. "I can't think of anything... or anyone... I would want more right now." His voice sounded a little shaky, nervous, uncertain, but also very excited. There seemed to be a lot of warmth in his tone, too. He pulled her in for another kiss; his hands resting on her waist.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"I don't care about what side of the law you're on or what happened with Negaduck or anything else." She spoke through gentle kisses trailing down his neck.

"Right now... it's just us." She continued kissing, going lower and lower, until she reached below his waist.

Morgana was wrong, so very wrong about it being just them. The demoness downstairs who suddenly heard the familiar squeaking of the mattress springs and the headboard thumping against the wall was made aware of that.

"NOOOOOOOO" Malicia's horrified howl probably woke the entire city.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Luckily for Malicia, the very obvious sounds of sweet, hot love-making (in HER bed, no less) did not last very long at all. In fact, it probably lasted, give or take a minute or two... five minutes. Unfortunately, for Morgana, Darkwing did not have any experience in such bedroom activities... at all. It was probably another part of the whole direct opposites thing between him and Negaduck. While Negaduck could be called the Casanova of Crime, Darkwing could probably be called something along the lines of the "Virgin of Virtue." He'd just really never had the time (and previously, the interest) in pursuing relationships, intimate or otherwise.

Now, the activity was over with. Darkwing had rolled over, flat on his back. He felt tired but satisfied and exhilarated. His breathing had gotten much heavier but was starting to calm down some. After that, he could really only utter one word...

"Wow."

Wow was really the only way to describe the experience. He had no idea that it would feel THAT good. He wondered why he hadn't done it sooner...

The satisfied look slowly melted into realization and perhaps some slight panic. Oh. He remembered why, now. He became very still and silent. He had no idea what to do, but he was sure jumping out of the bed and running for the hills would not be the best course of action.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Morgana bit her lip. That was... an interesting 4 minutes and 15 seconds. One that, unfortunately, did not end with her own personal satisfaction. It didn't matter though because the wave of warmth had left her body and was replaced with sudden embarrassment. What have I done?

And as the brain fog cleared she reflected on all of her actions since arriving at the warehouse. How cruel she had been to Malicia, leaving her a sobbing mess on the floor. Even after everything the demoness had done to her, she felt a pang of guilt. Why did she do that? Why had she been so merciless?

Clearing her throat, she slipped out of the bed and, back turned to Darkwing, silently re-fastened the bustier and pulled up her dress. She couldn't even look him in the eye. What must he think of her, being so quick to bed him? What if he thought she did this to EVERY male she met?

"I'm just... going to use the washroom for a moment." She excused herself and slipped into the adjoining bathroom. She fixed herself up in the mirror (yet again) and ran a hot bath -- not for herself, but for the putrid mess that was her cousin downstairs. She even made sure to add Malicia's favourite bubble bath to the water and set out a fuzzy bathrobe and slippers.

Re-emerging, she smiled nervously at Darkwing. "I think perhaps it's time we leave. I can feel the hex has lifted."



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing couldn't look at Morgana, either. He knew if he did, he would probably be bombarded by the very recent memory of what exactly they had done. And as wonderful as the experience had felt, it brought up a lot of issues and uncertainties that he had really been hoping to avoid. It was taking every fiber of his will to not panic. As soon as Morgana went into the bathroom, he hopped out of bed and began gathering his clothing and putting it on as quickly as possible. His hat was the last thing he put on, and he was adjusting it when Morgana came out of the bathroom. He did not even glance in her direction and seemed to be very absorbed in pressing out imaginary wrinkles in his

cape or jacket.

He hesitated a moment when Morgana suggested that they leave. Malicia was still downstairs and free to do whatever she pleased. But... He remembered how he had treated her, too, and while he didn't feel nearly as guilty as Morgana, he didn't feel proud of what he had done, either. He did fight dirty, he did say and do things to villains that could be considered cruel, but his intentions were always good and noble. He wasn't entirely sure what his intentions had been when he not only seemed to kick Malicia when she was down, but also rubbed salt in her wounds... And he remembered enough how his thoughts were going that he had been seriously considering killing her despite the fact that she was in no state to be any kind of threat to him or Morgana at that time.

Heroes didn't act like that, even a hero that was a wild card like him. HE didn't act like that... at least, he was pretty sure he didn't. The whole thing was very... unsettling. He thought a few seconds more. Malicia really wasn't in a shape to go terrorizing anybody right now, even if she wanted to. And he really wanted to get as far away from the warehouse, and especially this bedroom, as soon as possible.

"Y-yeah..." Darkwing headed for the door and pulled it open. "Let's just go."



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

Malicia was still downstairs where they had left her, curled up in a fetal position and sucking her thumb.

"Malicia?" Morgana said softly. She coughed into her hand nervously. "I... changed your bed sheets for you. And there's a bubble bath waiting for you upstairs." She shuffled awkwardly. The whole situation left her feeling dirty, and it wasn't because of the vomit puddles drying on the floor.

Malicia didn't respond, and continued sucking her thumb. Oh, the bed spring noises still haunted her so.

"Also, sorry about your painting." She motioned to the portrait in question. The gloppy ice cream bile had dripped down to form a perfect unibrow, moustache, and goatee over the demonness' features. "And the um..." She decided to leave out raisins. She didn't want to trigger another wailing fit from the demonness.

With that out of the way, Morgana turned to leave.

"It was the coffee."

Morgana paused in the doorway. "Sorry?" She turned back to her cousin curiously.

"The coffee." Malicia grunted again from the floor. "Negaduck poisoned all the coffee in the city with some sort of drug... makes you lose your fear. He's using it to take over the city.... hiding out at the coffee factory."

As terrible as that sounded, Morgana sighed a huge breath of relief. So she wasn't becoming a psychopathic floozy. She didn't even question why Malicia had told her -- the assortment of red, yellow, and black items on the front lawn told the story for her.

"Well Dark, it looks like you have another villain to thwart." It was the first time she had looked him in the face. "Oh dear... I hope the city hasn't fallen to chaos yet. St. Canardians do love their coffee."



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Coffee. Darkwing twitched. Negaduck had poisoned all the coffee... HE was responsible for... for everything! That pain in the tail feathers, when he got his hands on him, he was going to strangle him until Negaduck was blue in the face... and then, he'd let go and strangle him again, and then

he'd...

He tried to calm himself down because he was very quickly becoming overwhelmed. Still, how dare that dastardly duck drug HIS drink!

"I'll do more than thwart him, Morgana," he growled, clenching his fists. "I'm going to hit him SO hard, he's not even going to remember what COFFEE is... or what HE is, for that matter..."

He was still not looking at her when he began stomping his way out of the warehouse. Damn it all... The city was in danger, Negaduck needed thwarting... AGAIN... and just to top that all off, there was... Morgana. What was he going to do about Morgana? He grabbed his helmet and forcefully shoved it on his head. What was he going to TELL Morgana, anyway? He couldn't just... not talk to her about what had happened. He couldn't just not do anything and leave her after what he had done.

He wasn't Negaduck. He really didn't believe in one-night stands... and besides that, he had given his virginity to the woman. That was kind of a BIG deal. He climbed onto his motorcycle and revved it up, waiting for Morgana to get seated in.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

The tension between them was so thick it could be sliced with a butter knife. But Morgana decided deflection was the best strategy, and Negaduck had provided the perfect derailment. Granted, he WAS the reason they were in this situation in the first place.

"Will you be going after him now?" She asked as she climbed in behind him. "Where will you even start looking?"



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

"I'll be going after him; you can count on that." The motorcycle sped off but in the direction of Morgana's house. Unlike earlier, however, Darkwing was not driving as recklessly as he was before, and he was trying very hard, despite being distracted, to pay attention to traffic signals and stop signs. "But right now? I don't know. Maybe... I..."

He paused and tried to concentrate on the crime-fighting aspect of things. "I'll need to call somebody... SHUSH, maybe. Have them get in touch with the FDA and recall all that tainted coffee... put a word out to the citizens that they shouldn't drink it until the all-clear is given. Negaduck... he'll either make his presence known, or I'll find him at one of the usual types of places he hangs out at."

Finally, they arrived in front of her house. Darkwing parked his motorcycle. "I'm not sure what I'll be able to get done tonight, but it's been kind of a long night... so, you know, you should probably just... turn in." And he couldn't help but look at her, and as always, he was dazzled by how beautiful she was; although, this time he was not under the affect of any drug, so there wasn't any chance of things getting out of control again. Looking at her did call up the memory of what had happened, and he shifted a little and began turning red...

And then, all of the anxiety and uncertainty and panic he was suppressing rose against him like a tidal wave when one VERY terrifying realization occurred to him. He didn't have condoms. He'd NEVER had condoms. He didn't need them... he didn't believe in one night stands, he was a virgin, he had control over himself, Morgana wasn't his girlfriend... It was one thing of very few things that he wasn't prepared for. The look on Darkwing's face was probably the most terrified expression that had EVER been on his face... and this was a duck that routinely faced super-powered bad guys and the occasional vampire potato. He reached out and grabbed Morgana by the shoulders. "Morgana! Oh god... please, tell me you're on birth control!" He gave her a shake, as though trying to hurry the answer out of her.



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"Oh..." Morgana's face fell at his dismissal of her, that she was no longer needed to crack the case. She was interpreting his bedraggled expression as disappointment in her actions. He had lost whatever respect he had for her, that must be it.

But before she could really begin to lament the situation she was caught off-guard by his sudden panic. "I... well yes, I do have something I can take." She replied calmly. "I am responsible, I assure you. Take a deep breath..."

Then she sighed and rubbed the back of her head. "I... suppose I will go then."



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing did take a deep breath, and the outright panic in his face faded to one of just general anxiety. Okay. All right. That was good. One less thing to worry about. He realized his hands were still on her shoulders, and he removed them suddenly with a nervous laugh. "Right... ah, of course. I just, you know, ah..."

Yep. This was going to be VERY difficult. He took another breath and looked her in the eyes briefly, then averted his glance. He was at such a loss. "Morg," he started, his voice sounding soft. "We should...." He paused. "We NEED to talk... about... what happened and all." His face started turning red again at the memory, and he cleared his throat. "This is very different and very... well... new." There was some hesitance there before he said the word "new." He tried to look her in the eyes again. "You know?"



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"Could we talk about this another time? I'm tired and there appears to a naked person standing on the roof of my house singing the National Anthem at the top of his lungs."

Indeed, there was in fact a random naked person gyrating his hips atop Macawber Mansion. "I think you need to deal with this coffee problem and fast." She added as she averted her eyes to the ground.

Thank you random naked man for the distraction. She thought.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing's eyes snapped to the roof where the man was singing, then they narrowed in irritation. Right. Duty to the city always comes first. "Are you sure you're going to be able to sleep?" He turned and raised an eyebrow at Morgana. "I could probably get him down, if you want me to..."

His shoulders slumped a little, and he sighed. "You're right. St. Canard needs me." It was time, for now, to push aside all those uncertainties and anxieties. The safety of St. Canard and its citizens were more important than his love life. "We are going to talk about this... later," he said firmly, starting to feel better now that his mind was shifting towards crimefighter mode and away from "This is REALLY awkward" mode. "Because I know I'm not going to be able to get ANY sleep if we don't figure out what to do about our.... this... relationship."



by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

"I'm not a fragile creature, Darkwing Duck." She said rather firmly at his offer to help her with one, naked chemical-induced Normal. "But thank you for the offer."

She didn't respond when he brought up their relationship. Nodding, she bid him adieu and slipped into her house.

From inside, she watched him leave and let out a great sigh. She didn't want to stay cooped up in her house while Negaduck was running a muck. She wanted to do something! Pacing back and forth, she wondered... perhaps it wouldn't hurt to follow Darkwing. If only to back him up if the situation became more complicated than expected. Surely he couldn't fault her for that, yes?

That, and she wanted to trans-mutate Negaduck's scrawny neck for putting her through a world of embarrassment.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Crimefighter mode switched off a moment upon hearing Morgana call him "Darkwing Duck" instead of the more affectionate "Dark..." And then, she didn't even say anything in response to wanting to talk about their... the... relationship. He revved his motorcycle once and took off down the streets.

What did that mean? Maybe she had decided after the... ah... event... that he wasn't boyfriend material? Did he perform... badly?

Well, no, maybe that wasn't it exactly... he recalled her referring to him as "Dark" sometime after that. No, it seemed like when he brought up having a serious talk about their relationship that she seemed... unhappy with him. Maybe she really wasn't interested in any kind of serious relationship with him at all... which would probably make things easier in a way because he could go back to treating her like the criminal that she was, but... The thought of it felt like an icy stake being driven through his heart. Was just a little fling all she had ever wanted from him?

He suddenly became aware that he was driving on the sidewalk and rapidly approaching a nearby street lamp. He quickly maneuvered the motorcycle off the sidewalk before he slammed into it. He gave a sigh of relief that he managed to avoid hitting the street lamp and reminded himself that he needed to focus again.

He needed to decide what he should do first. Contact SHUSH or go after Negaduck... Really, there was no telling what trouble Negaduck could be getting up to, and getting him out of commission would probably be top priority...

And then, it occurred to him that SHUSH was full of coffee-drinkers just like him... they probably wouldn't be any help at all right now... Well, that was just PERFECT. Darkwing grumbled under his breath. Negaduck was going to need a FEEDING TUBE when he was done with him.

Well, it couldn't be all that bad. He was Darkwing Duck. He could save the city all by himself. He had absolutely no idea HOW he was going to stop nearly the entire city from descending into fearless and lusty chaos without the use of government resources and/or media to tell people NOT to drink coffee, but he'd think of something.