

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

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 10th Jul 2012 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)

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Note: This takes place after the events in 'Bean Me Up Part II ' and 'This Blog is rated B for Beans'.

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A bright, sunny day in St Canard. There was nothing like it. Not when it was all about to fall apart.

"How ironic." The rotten wood of the window splintered under his palms, a tiny taste of the destruction that was to follow. "Thousands upon thousands of people, relying on their morning coffee to wake them up.

Except now the very same substance is sending them into a collective bad dream."

Turning away from the view, Negaduck paid little attention to one of the goons that had been left at the factory hideout, despite the fact he was apparently lecturing him. A stupid canine half his height and shaped like a beach ball, he was only good for kicking and listening to speeches.

Even in the dull light of the factory, however, there was no hiding the spiteful glee of a villain anticipating the unfolding of their brilliant plan.

"It won't be until it wears off," continued the dastardly drake. "That they'll discover we have taken their disregard for security and made it permanent. No locks to keep them safe at night. No vaults to protect their life's savings."

Pressing a code into a portable device, his attention was back out the window, on something well into the distance.

"And no prison..."

The following explosion sent debris and a minor tsunami all the way from the remote island colony of the jail to the edge of the bay, the roar of the air hanging around like thunder.

Half spooked, half elated, the sniffing minion finally voiced his opinion on the subject.

"How clever of you, Sir!" Snort snort. "All of them inside will have all escaped by now, with the guards drugged up and what 'ave you!"

Still taking in the beautiful sight that was a perfectly executed demolition, the deep satisfaction fell right off Negaduck's masked face to be replaced by disgruntlement.

"I hadn't thought of that," he grumbled, too deep to be heard by the other.

Because that would have been too convenient, wouldn't it? Offing a bunch of rival badguys under the guise of the grander scheme of things? He certainly wouldn't have avoided their murders had it been at the cost of any effort. What business did he have going around saving other people?

by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Now that Darkwing had decided he was going to go after Negaduck, he needed to FIND Negaduck. He recalled that Malicia had mentioned something about him hiding out in a coffee factory, and there were a couple of different ones in St. Canard. Luckily, he had the locations of both memorized (as well as every Starducks and cafe and coffee and doughnut place in the city), though whether this was because he knew the city very well or the result of his extreme caffeine addiction was anyone's guess.

The first factory he went to yielded no sign of Negaduck which caused him some frustration. Also, the aroma of coffee was very tempting, but considering that it was probably tainted, he did not give into the temptation. On his way to the next coffee factory, he heard an explosion off in the distance

and cringed. He made a note of the direction the kaboom had come from and continued to the factory.

Not long after he arrived, a blue smoke cloud appeared behind Negaduck and the minion. "I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the decaf that you accidentally grabbed off the grocery store shelf! I am Darkwing Duck!" The smoke cleared, revealing a seriously ticked off caped crimefighter. "You've gone TOO far this time, Negaduck, you slime! Poisoning coffee... COFFEE of ALL things. Have you LOST your mind?!" Darkwing paused a moment, considering these words. "More than usual, I mean?"



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

While the blubbery minion scampered off to take cover, Negaduck faced the smoke with an aura of indifference. Briefly, he contemplated hocking something into the cloud, or slipping out the window during the lengthy introduction – boy, wouldn't the crimefighter look stupid then – but couldn't be bothered.

"Well, this is a surprise." Although the smooth purr indicated he was more amused than surprised. "Why aren't you affected?"

A smirk snaked across his bill – yes, definitely amused. "I would have thought with all those late nights watching chick flicks and crying yourself to sleep would have meant you lived on the java, haha."

As much as he leaned against one of the manufacturing machines and lazily insulted his doppelgänger, the caped crook retained the same unsettling menace as he always did. The sort that said without words, Yeah, yeah, this is all fun and games now, but as soon as you come close enough I am going to squish you. Squishing was, of course, more fun when the victim had not lost their sense of fear. Ah, the sacrifices we make for evil.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

"Obviously, with MY expert deductive abilities, I figured out from the very BEGINNING that the coffee was tainted and did not drink it," Darkwing lied. The advantage was HIS, as far as he saw it. Negaduck was so overly confident in his plans that he was just leaning on some manufacturing machines and not on his guard. That meant one well-placed tackle (by yours truly) would put him out of commission.

Then again, Negaduck was known for being notoriously sneaky. There was no telling what he could have up his sleeve. So, Darkwing paced around Negaduck, neither taking a step forward or back. He was probably doing what was akin to a predator looking for a weakness in a much bigger and fiercer predator. "You can't FOOL the world's greatest detective, Negs. You should know by now that I'll ALWAYS sniff out your evil plots!"



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Long silence.

And a flat glare from Negaduck.

" ... you drank it, didn't you?"

Darkwing may have been the world's greatest detective. But he was a horrible liar.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing glared back, looking slightly red in the face. "Did NOT!" As well as being a horrible liar, Darkwing could be quite horrible at acting like a mature adult. But maturity probably didn't matter

when faced with a crook as crude and despicable as Negaduck, anyway.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

As crude and despicable as Negaduck was, he bypassed the childish back-and-forth, and cut straight to the mocking.

"Oh come on – you, without fear? You still have the boy-scout gene, which would prevent you from being anywhere near as awesome as me," he scoffed. "So how bad could it have been?"

A wicked spark gleamed in his eyes at the very thought. He knew what HE would do – he did it every day. But a crime fighter without concern? What did Darkwing hold himself back from normally?

"Did you smack down a few lowlives? Bang a few broads? Help yourself to a few of SHUSH's toys?" He quirked a brow at his counterpart, then laughed. "It's only your reputation at stake, don't worry..."

And to think, even all of that together would have been a slow day for Negaduck.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing continued glaring at Negaduck and just looked thoroughly annoyed with him, in general. Unfortunately, his expression changed quite rapidly (and involuntarily) at the casual mention of sexual activity. His eyes had widened slightly, and his face became flushed. Of course, it had been more than just "banging" to him. It had been special...

Damn it... he was getting distracted again. Stop thinking about Morgana! He needed to focus... especially when he was dealing with one of his most dangerous foes.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

The laughter died away as the caped criminal noticed Darkwing's.. peculiar reaction. Well that was unexpected. But what had he suggested that would cause him to get so flustered?

Negaduck stared. In genuine shock.

"No way... you didn't..."

And yet all the signs pointed to one answer.

"Did you...?"

The disbelieving pause went on for another moment.

Then the villain fell over himself in laughter.

"BAHAHAHA!"

Oh it was a good laugh. A floor thumping, eye tearing, stomach hurting laugh.

"Oh that is GOLD... had to be DRUGGED to finally man up... I don't know what sort of tramp would have done it with a sucker like you though... bahahaha...."

If there were ever a time Darkwing was cursing the crook's ability to read him so well, it must have been then.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing's flustered reaction changed into one that was mildly mortified by Negaduck's reaction. Was it really THAT hard to believe that he would have...

Suddenly, his expression darkened with rising fury at Negaduck's last line. It was a stab too deep when he was already trying to suppress his insecurities and uncertainties. Morgana was NOT a tramp. At least, he really hoped she wasn't. It was really hard for him to think of her as one... but she was a criminal... and there was that time he had caught her and Negaduck in the middle of kissing one another... No, she COULDN'T be that. Morgana was better than that...

But she had been affected by the coffee, too, hadn't she? What if she hadn't really wanted him like that? At all? Maybe she had never entertained any notions of... doing that with him before. Maybe that WAS the reason she had seemed so unhappy... And...

THIS was ALL Negaduck's fault. That bastard... having the gall to mock HIM when he had caused him so much strife. Darkwing let out a fearsome growl and dove at the caped criminal rolling on the floor and unleashed a furious smack-down upon Negaduck's head. The term "no-holds barred beat-down" comes to mind.

"You won't think this is so funny once I grind YOU into coffee..." Darkwing said through gritted teeth.



by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

On the catwalk above, Morgana silently watched the exchange, her face equally as flushed with both rage and embarrassment. She had hoped Dark would turn things around on Negaduck -- perhaps lie about his choice of 'tramp' in order to rile up the villain. Then again, he was such an awful liar, charming as he might be... Negaduck wouldn't fall for it.

She was still debating whether or not to step in and assist the vigilante when he tackled Negaduck. With an intense curiosity she decided to remain in the shadows, unnoticed. Perhaps she would learn something new about her handsome masked hero. What was he like when she wasn't in the room, she wondered?

Still, she kept her fingers aimed steadily just in case Darkwing found himself in deadly peril. Now would be a fitting time to test out that new jello hex she'd been working on... Negs would serve the world better as a wobbly gelatine mold.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

And what a beating did he cop. Getting over the surprise of the tumble was one thing, but getting a blow in in return? Not happening. Such was the intensity of his opponent's pent up anger that he struggled to protect his own head, much less take off Darkwing's.

It was there, sprawled on the factory floor, that he saw it. In a high steel wall panel, behind the vigilante wailing on him, was the flicker of a reflection. Red. Tall. Delicate.

Convenient.

As best he could under the rain of punches, Negaduck twisted around to grab hold of a discarded metal pipe. Rather than clobber the hero with it, however, he threw it. It hit its target, a machine across the room, activating a switch.

That was when Morgana was washed off her perch by a rolling wave of coffee grounds dumped from the ceiling vats. And they didn't just bowl her over, oh no.

She was knocked into what, for all intents and purposes, was a giant French press.

SPLOSH!

The more concerning sound, however, was the grating 'click' of the plunger filter as it slid into place, sealing Morgana below the surface.

Strangely, while the liquid was uncomfortably hot, it was breathable. Like those tubes in Gosalyn's freaky alien movies, except.. brown. She was not going to drown, but she was going to meet an unpleasant end in another manner, as the filter was pushing ever slowly, slowly down.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing caught sight of Negaduck reaching for the metal pipe and prepared to counterattack, fully expecting the masked menace to clobber him with the pipe. He did NOT expect Negaduck to throw it in such a way that it was clear he hadn't been aiming for him. Darkwing grabbed Negaduck around his head and slammed it into the ground to stun him for a few seconds; enough time to glance and see what he had been throwing the pipe at. He saw the pipe hit the switch and frowned, puzzled.

Puzzled, at least, until he saw the wave of coffee grounds and the woman he cared very deeply about dumped into a giant French press. His eyes widened, and his heart just about leapt out of his throat.

"MORGANA!" He gave another glare at Negaduck; this one downright murderous, before delivering a very hard punch and jumping off of him. He ran towards the French press, picking up the metal pipe along the way. Darkwing swung the metal pipe back, and then rammed it forward with all of his strength against what he presumed to be the glass of the French press.

Claaaaaaaang!

The force of the metal pipe rebounded off the French press and caused Darkwing to wobble, shake, and vibrate as a result. The French press remained unbroken, and Morgana was still trapped inside.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"Nothing like the smooooth favour of crushed hopes and vertebrae, don't you agree?"

Back at the machines, Negaduck glared at the two, armed folded across his chest. While the joke was in his words, it was not in his expression. Oh no, that was as sour as a bag of rotten lemons. Apparently he did not take kindly to being beaten, even if he deserved much worse.

Villains and their double standards.

Nevertheless, he had recovered remarkably well. Aside from his extreme grouchiness there was no evidence left off their scuffle, except for a massive black eye thanks to Darkwing's closing blow.

Er, right, no evidence at all.

Not that it stopped him from indifferently whacking another button – which caused deadly spikes to spring out from the filter as it increased its speed down the container – just to emphasise how cranky he was.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

"W-w-w-w-wait..." Darkwing said, in a wobbly, shook-up voice which had more to do with the fact that he was still trying to steady himself after the force he accidentally unleashed upon himself than with fear or nervousness (although, that was present, too). As soon as he finished saying wait, he managed to stop vibrating.

"Leave Morgana out of this, Negaduck! I'M the one you want to kill the most, remember?" His voice clearly held the edge of desperation as he watched, horrified, as the death trap became speedier and even deadlier. "I could... I could take her place. Please, just stop the trap, and think about it. I'm

willing to surrender to you... if she dies, you won't get another chance like this. Wouldn't it be more satisfying to see ME in there?" It was an impulsive act; he hadn't thought about it for even a second before making the offer to Negaduck. But if he HAD thought about it, he would've chosen the same course of action.

He was a hero, after all. This was the kind of thing heroes did. They saved people in danger, even if it meant risking themselves. This probably went doubly so for Morgana because he cared so much about her. There was, of course, a good chance that Negaduck would rig things so that BOTH of them ended up stuck in the trap, but that was still better than Morgana being in the trap by herself. Darkwing had experience with death traps and how to escape them... him being in the trap with or without Morgana was a much preferable situation to Morgana being in the trap alone.



by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

From inside her caffeine-induced prison, Morgana pounded on the glass and shouted.

"Dark, don't!" She pleaded. "I'm sure I can conjure up a spell to get myself out of here! Just concentrate on stopping Negaduck!" That was when she heard the sliding sound of the spikes emerging and boy they were moving awfully fast, "Oh dear, it's like Freshmen year in college all over again..."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

"Stopping me?" piped up Negaduck incredulously; oh yeah, he was right there. "Since when did you switch sides, sweetheart?"

Oh yeah, he hadn't been there when the two had confessed their mutual affection. Not that the felon was particularly hung up on Morgana MaCawber, but the potential loss of any source of car sized diamonds was not good news. Which explained why that last sentence was finished in a growl...

It may have also explained why the plunger suddenly stopped spiralling down.

"Actually," he said to Darkwing. "It would be more satisfying. You're on."

Before the witch could protest further, one pull of a lever reversed the spikes and the filter, sending the plunger component back up into the roof. Another lever saw a metal claw more fitting of a scrapyard or infuriating arcade game descend and grab her from the caffeinated goop, crushing her arms by her sides. Outside the trap, Darkwing received similar treatment.

He had them both then. It would have been easy – and well within his villainous mandate – to go back on the deal and kill them both. But no, the soaked but surviving Morgana was being lifted out of the press, while Darkwing was lowered inside.

For what was perhaps the final time, their paths crossed.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing hadn't been very reassured by Morgana's protests. He did recognize that she was a very powerful magic user (the whole thing still kind of boggled him), but she was not impervious to harm, and he wasn't sure how quickly she would've been able to whip something up. The death trap had been increasing in speed.

So, he did not fight against being restrained by the metal claw. He did shoot a glare at Negaduck that most likely would've struck him dead if looks could kill, but he didn't say a word to the other masked duck.

If Darkwing wasn't being lowered to his doom, he probably would've found the sight of Morgana

drenched in his favorite beverage very arousing. As it was, it did slightly distract him while he was already going through his head possible ways to escape the giant French press. As Morgana started getting close, he spoke to her in a low whisper meant for her ears only.

"Don't worry, I've escaped plenty of death traps waaaaay worse than this one..." There was always a little time for boasting, life-threatening peril or not. "But on the very off-chance that I don't..." His expression did seem to display a little uncertainty, but it also conveyed seriousness and sincerity. "I want you to know that I really do believe there is good... even possibly, a lot of good in you. I... you hold a special place in my heart, Morgana. Take care, and find Launchpad and tell him what happened, all right?"

It was important that somebody let his sidekick know if something happened to him, after all. Launchpad would be the only one left for Gosalyn, if his crimefighting days were to suddenly come to a dramatic close. Somebody needed to take care of her, guide her, and remind her that she's loved. He had, essentially, a will, direct instructions to Launchpad, and a life insurance policy... just, in case, such a thing were to happen. He hoped that it wouldn't. The kid had already been through so much, and Darkwing wasn't about to leave her father-less without a fight.

He looked down at the coffee below him and gave an irritated sigh and a mutter underneath his breath.

"I JUST had this suit dry-cleaned..." All the coffee stains would probably render his costume unwearable for future adventures. This was his FAVORITE costume, too... Fortunately, he had one-fourth of his closet full of outfits just like it.



by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

"Don't talk like that!" She snapped back, although her eyes betrayed her sorrow. Darkwing couldn't die, not after all they had been through! She barely knew him and yet the idea of losing him now felt sharper than any large spike Negaduck could impale her with.

She wriggled uncomfortably for a moment, hoping that perhaps she could edge in enough space to cast off a quick spell. But no such luck; Negaduck had her well restrained in the giant metal claw.

"Ooooh... I should've been more careful!" She scolded herself. "If Negaduck hadn't noticed me, you wouldn't have handed yourself over to him! I was just trying to look out for you, give you a helping hand, but I've screwed it all up." She watched helplessly as he passed her by on the way to his caffeinated fate. "How can you possibly see anything good in me? I'm the reason you're about to meet the Reaper!"



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

"This is why you should leave these kind of things to the professionals. I've been doing this sort of thing since high school, you know. I don't need looking out for," Darkwing agreed, but he did pause a moment seeing the sorrow in her eyes. "But, ah, I DO appreciate you caring enough about me to keep a look-out..." His expression softened. "It means a lot to me, and I think the fact that you care and feel guilty about stuff proves that you ARE good. Anyway, like I said... It's a very off-chance that I won't make it."

His voice deepened just a little bit, taking on a very heroic tone. "Darkwing Duck defies death everyday. It's going to take more than some half-baked death trap to kill the mighty masked mallard. For I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the greatest heroOOH!!!" Darkwing was suddenly released from the claw and fell into the coffee below.

SPLASH!

Darkwing glared up at Negaduck a moment. Would it have been so much to ask for a few more

minutes to finish his heroic monologue?



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

At the controls, Negaduck returned the glare with a level quirk of his brow. Would it have been so much to ask that the hero shut up and die already?

That said, it didn't appear he was in any hurry to squish the life out of Darkwing; as the plunger locked back into place and trapped the mallard in liquid doom, the spiked filter did not descend with the same speed it had for Morgana. Why on Earth would that be?

Because the crook wanted to make sure Darkwing was alive just long enough to see what would happen next, as the witch was dropped into his arms in a rather.. intimate fashion.

"Mmmm, a coffee flavoured wench," chuckled Negaduck lowly, running his tongue along the point of her dripping elbow. "Two of my favourite things combined..."

Apparently Darkwing wasn't the only one thinking naughty things at the sight of the soaked sorceress. It was certainly a new take on the wet t-shirt competition. What was more revealing though was the fact that a) the caffeinated goo in the death machine was not drugged, and b) the masked mallards shared, among many other aspects they would never admit to, a craving for coffee that bounded well into the realms of addiction.

How exactly that information could be useful with Darkwing about to be filtered out of existence and Morgana trapped over the knee of one debauched drake was a mystery.

By contrast, Negaduck knew exactly what he was doing, a devilish smirk playing across his beak as his supporting hand slid ever lower around her hips, getting as familiar with her as possible without allowing for room to wiggle out or wiggle up some magic. Getting handsy with Morgana was one thing; doing it in front of her condemned crimefighter was absolutely divine.

"Is there a reason you were following this loser around like a lost puppy, hmm?" he purred deeply, dark eyes taunting hers. "If you wanted a throw down that badly, you could have just asked."

Whether she responded in the positive or negative didn't matter. Either way Darkwing's supposedly heroic sacrifice had worked in his favour. Or should that be.. flavour?

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by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

Watching Darkwing fall into the container, her expression softened. "Oh Dark... if for some reason you don't make it out I just want you to know that I--eeeyah!"

Morgana let out a slight yelp that was quickly cut short when she landed safely in Negaduck's arms. Gazing up at her 'saviour' her guilty expression melted into a demure smile. There was no struggling or resisted shouts. In fact, she seemed to cuddle up even closer against his body, as though she were more than pleased to be there.

"Oh but where's the fun in asking?" She responded to his advances with a purr, half-lidded eyes gazing back at him. Suddenly she blushed and her eyes widened with surprise. "Oh... Negaduck!" She gasped, her head lolling back limply. "I... I never realized this about you but... I feel... I feel..."

Her head suddenly snapped back up and like the flick of a light-switch her expression had hardened. Eyes narrowed hatefully, she hissed. "I feel that even an overgrown child like Malicia could do better than the likes of you. And that's saying something."

And without a second thought she cracked her head against his skull. Just one of the few advantages to being significantly taller than the person restraining you. Or disadvantage, if you were the shorter one in this case.



by [DW](#) 5 months ago

Darkwing looked towards Morgana when she spoke to him, expressing the most hopeful of looks. What did she want him to know? But alas, he didn't get to find out before Morgana let out a yelp and fell directly into Negaduck's arms... and Negaduck was holding her in such a manner that instantly set his blood boiling. That fiend! Darkwing's shoulders tensed up, and he started to huff and puff like he was about ready to throw an all-out temper tantrum as he watched Negaduck speak to Morgana seductively, and then licking her elbow like that... The scoundrel, the pervert...

Unfortunately, Darkwing couldn't throw a temper tantrum because being immersed in the comfortably hot liquid didn't leave him a lot of room to jump up and down and stomp and kick like he wanted. All he could do was glare daggers at Negaduck. In fact, his glare was so hardened and so murderous that it was actually kind of surprising that literal daggers or heat rays weren't shooting from his eyes. He was about to shout something at Negaduck, something along the lines of "Get your dirty, rotten paws off her" and then probably a long line of words that were definitely not child-friendly.

But then, Morgana responded to Negaduck's lustful actions... positively. Darkwing's look of anger switched rapidly into one of horror, then heartbreak. He didn't just look like a kicked puppy... he looked like a whole box of kicked puppies floating down an icy, cold river in a box. That hurt... that really, really hurt. There was the sound of something shattering in his ears; it was probably his heart. How COULD she DO this? He had been... wrong? She wasn't good... at all. There seemed to be something wet stinging at his eyes, and it wasn't the coffee. Suddenly, his expression hardened. Well, if that's the way she was going to be... when he got out of there, he was going to give her a piece of his mind. He was going to...

He watched her mood suddenly change and listened to the venom in her words towards Negaduck... and then, she slammed her head against his. Darkwing just stared, dumbfounded. For a few seconds, he was unable to comprehend this turn of events. Then, it seemed like all of the feelings from earlier rewinded, and he was flooded with relief. So much relief... It was probably very similar to someone in extreme physical pain being shot full of morphine. That brilliant, beautiful, WONDERFUL woman... How could he have doubted her? Oh, when he got out of there, he was going to KISS her... He paused a few seconds, remembering how awkward things had been between them. Well, maybe he wouldn't do THAT, but... perhaps a hug...? No, no, no... A... uh... handshake? Yeah. That could work.

In the meantime, a huge grin broke out on his beak. He couldn't help himself; he CHEERED. "YES!" He was feeling REALLY pumped up, now. "GET HIM, MORGANA!"

There was another pause as Darkwing suddenly remembered that there was something he was supposed to be doing. The spiked filter was still slowly heading downward, ready to squish the life out of him AND impale him with very sharp, pointy and painful spikes. Yeeeeeah... That was happening. He should do something about that. He reached into his jacket and rummaged around, then pulled out a car jack.

Perfect! Then, he frowned. One of them wouldn't be good enough, it'd snap like a toothpick under the constant pressure of the plunger pushing downward. Luckily, Darkwing was so paranoid that he made sure to prepare properly for in case he lost the car jack... By having an EXTRA car jack. He pulled out the other one. AHA! Obviously, they wouldn't get him OUT of the trap, but they would buy him more time to think on how to get out.

He looked up warily. Negaduck would probably be plenty distracted, but he should probably wait a few seconds before he did anything else, less Negaduck decided to interfere. He hid the car jacks behind his back.



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Suddenly the word 'dainty' was knocked out of his mind, along with everything else.

Dazed, he had stumbled backwards. Automatically his grip on Morgana had unlocked, and she fell from his arms, not that he was in any condition to notice.

Unfortunately the effects did not last long, and within moments Negaduck had snapped back to full alert, glare settling on her with a snarl. A large portion of his anger, however, was directed at himself – what a foolish mistake, a rookie error, to be drawn in by her like that.

That would not happen again.

When the felon returned to the husky rumbled tones he had employed earlier, it would not be to seduce her. It would be to play nasty. Which he did marvellously, helped along by the heavy chain whip he produced from nowhere.

"Well, I can't help it if you want to make bad choices." Like lightning, the whip cracked around her, intended to encircle and bind her once more. "You know, they say your choices are what define you."

The flippant expression he wore fell away to reveal his true nature, hateful and homicidal, as he bore down on the chain. He cared for nothing else in that moment but to make her suffer.

"In this case, I say they define you as dead."

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by [Morgana](#) 5 months ago

Fortunately for Negaduck, and very unfortunately for Morgana, using her own head against his had a variety of repercussions -- mainly concussions. When she hit the ground she was left too dazed to think up a fast, easy spell. By the time the sharp pain in her forehead was beginning to fade away she had already been bound by the whip.

"You know the only reason I ever even considered you was because I wanted Dark." Not dazed enough to get a final word in apparently. "Since I couldn't have my first choice I thought perhaps I'd settle for a second, more inferior version that suited my criminal lifestyle. But I'm sure you're used to that aren't you? Being Number 2 in every aspect of your life."



by [Negaduck](#) 5 months ago

Had Negaduck been magically inclined, a bolt of lightning would have struck her down where she sat. Instead, his eyes flashed, and somehow a natural disaster looked timid in comparison.

"You think your pathetic slurs are going to bring **me** down, **ME**, the most magnificent mastermind since cave-ducks discovered they would lie rather than 'oog'?" A flick of his end of the whip wrapped the top section of chain around her neck, leaning in so they were bill to bill as he mercilessly choked the life out of her. "I think you're forgetting who is on the right side of the control panel, toots."

As if to remind her, the steel claw lowered from the ceiling and snatched her up again. The strangling might have stopped but, from the looks of where it was lifting her, that would not be an improvement. Out of the frying pan and into.. the oversized coffee grinder?

From down below, Negaduck watched as she was dropped onto the top of the pile of beans, waiting to be processed through the wheel grinder. As the gears began to turn, the beans below her were filtered through, and she came ever closer to the blades.

Hey, if you were going to go with a theme, why not go all out.

"You weren't my 'Number One' either, Morgie Baby," he reflected darkly. "Not even close. But I hope you can settle for being the Number One blood-and-bones blend after I grind you into dirt."

It was then, when he could finally indulge in a little stress-relieving maniacal laughter, that two goons came bursting through the doors. And they looked.. awfully charred.

"Boss..." gasped one, a rodent, out of breath.

Vexed, Negaduck whipped around to face them, about to indulge in a little stress-relieving pummelling instead.

"WHAT?" he roared.

"I know, but when we went to get the non-drugged stuff like you said..." pleaded the other, a shorter avian.

"You morons." The boss was not appeased. "I am in the MIDDLE of something here--"

The thugs looked at each other forlornly – neither wanted to test whether the cliché of killing the messenger was true – but it was better than what would happen if he didn't find out.

A mangled yellow and chrome hunk of metal and gears was handed over to him. A hunk of metal and gears that had used to be a chainsaw.

"Daisy?" he croaked, all disbelief, before looking to his minions for a quick explanation.

"You'd better come see this..." was all the explanation he got, but this time, he accepted it.

Not without turning to his two captives, shuddering with anger. WHY was it so impossible to have a quiet, satisfying moment with a death trap or two, nobody knew.

"Now don't go anywhere~" The best patronising taunt he could manage after what had happened to poor Daisy. "When I get back we're going to see how well you two mix... in pulverised form."

And since all the lackeys wanted to see what was about to happen, and Negaduck was not in the mindset to think of entrusting guard duty to any of them, they were left alone.

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by [DW](#) 5 months ago

While all that was going on, Darkwing was forming his plan of action. First, the car jacks, which due to cartoon physics could extend very, very high, would be used to stop the plunger from pushing the spiked filter down and turning him into one order of squished shishkabob duck. But that still left the matter of needing to get out of the French press. He needed to get past the spiked filter and climb up to the little opening of the French press where the coffee would pour out. The opening was small, but it was big enough that he was pretty sure he could squeeze through.

Unfortunately, the spiked filter had no opening or appeared to have anyway for him to get through it. It blocked the way to the opening of the French press completely. The solution would be to break the spiked filter off of the plunger, so that it fell... but fell in such a manner that the filter was vertical, not horizontal, so that it wouldn't turn him into the aforementioned duck shishkabob. If he used suction cups to climb the side of the French press, maybe he could use some of his ropes (always prepared) to tie around the spikes on the side not being held up by the jacks. With one side pushing up, and the other side pulling down, eventually, enough force would be utilized to break the filter. And if he didn't accidentally end up squished and impaled in the process, he could just climb his way out, and he'd be home-free.

His plan of action was momentarily interrupted when he heard what Morgana said to Negaduck. She wanted him. He was HER first choice. He was SUPERIOR to Negaduck (of course, he already KNEW that, but still!). He was feeling very elated now. He pulled out some ropes and his suction cups. He hoped they'd be able to stick to the non-glass of the French press despite being soaked with coffee. He looked up after a moment and noticed that Negaduck was choking Morgana with a chain whip. The elated look fell into one of despair and worry. He needed to get out of there, so he could help Morgana.

He started preparing the ropes while Negaduck was distracted, so that he could get them on the

spiked filter. His heart seemed to sink further when he saw Morgana get caught by the claw and dropped into a coffee grinder. This was not good at all. The second Negaduck started to leave, Darkwing sped through his actions as quickly as possible.

He pumped the car jacks up on one side of the filter through the spikes. The plunger seemed to struggle to push the filter down against the jacks, but the jacks held strong. Eventually, with a dying screech, the plunger stopped trying to push the filter down.

"Keep calm, Morgana! I'm going to get out of here!" He yelled, hoping she could hear him. He attached the suction cups to his hands and feet and stuck himself to the side of the press. The suction cups weren't attaching very well, but it was good enough. He'd just have to hurry. "Try not to wriggle too much, so you don't sink or move the beans through the grinder faster." He climbed up quickly and started tying ropes to the side of the spiked filter that wasn't being held up by the car jacks. He tugged on the ropes to make sure they were secure, then he detached himself from the side of the press, grabbed the ropes, and dropped down. There was a slight, mechanical groan and a tremble, but the filter did not break off from the plunger.

Perhaps if Morgana wasn't in more mortal peril than he was, he would have found this something of a relief. It was nice to know that he didn't weigh enough to force the spiked filter to break off. Since Morgana was in peril, however, this fact did not comfort him at the moment. He climbed down the ropes until his webbed feet touched the bottom of the press. Then, he began to pull with all of his might.

"Come on, you stupid thing..." he said through gritted teeth. The mechanical groan from earlier grew louder, and the press was starting to shake. He gave a couple of very forceful tugs, and there was a snapping sound, and then a nails-on-the-chalkboard-like scratching sound. The filter crashed to the bottom, and in fact, nearly crushed and/or impaled Darkwing in the process. It landed diagonal rather than vertical or horizontal.

Luckily, it missed him by mere centimeters. A spike had managed to rip through his costume but had stopped short of ripping through his body. If his costume wasn't ruined before, it was definitely ruined now. To avoid getting slowed down or caught on one of the spikes while he was slipping up past the filter, he removed his cape and put the suction cups back on.

He climbed all the way up to the small opening of the French press and started to squeeze himself through. He made it halfway through before he got a little... stuck. It seemed the universe was trying to spite him as much as possible today. He hadn't been heavy enough to break the filter off the plunger, but apparently, his waistline was just large enough to give him some difficulty squeezing through the opening. Silently, he cursed Hamburger Hippo and Launchpad's fondness for fast food.



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Since Morgana essentially couldn't do anything aside from watch, that's exactly what she did. Fortunately Darkwing was good at putting on a show, and she found herself mesmerized by how resourceful he managed to be.

Then she winced when he got stuck. "You can do it, Dark!" She cheered him on. "You've gotten this far, you can't quit yet! Perhaps you have some slime spores stored in your back pocket?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"Slime spores?" Darkwing said through gritted teeth as he tried to squeeze through the opening. He was making progress little by little. There were some things Darkwing wasn't prepared for... what on Earth could he possibly use slime spores for? Besides, that sounded... messy. He sucked in a breath suddenly and managed to make it out of the opening. Finally!

"I'm coming, Morgana!" He pulled out his grappling hook and shot it at some rafter or another off in the distance. He tugged it a couple of times to make sure it was secure. Then, he ran and jumped off

the French press, swinging from the grappling hook... the perfect picture of daring heroism (despite his messed up outfit) or at the very least, Tarzan. The swing took him over the coffee grinder, and he grabbed Morgana by the chains she was wrapped up in. He pulled her up and carefully adjusted his hold over her so that his free arm was wrapped around her waist. They swung just a little past the coffee grinder.

"You're safe now..." Darkwing said, sounding and looking not only over-the-top heroic but also very relieved. So, naturally, the rope of the grappling hook chose at that moment to snap. Darkwing looked up at hearing the snapping sound. He was really more annoyed than frightened by this turn of events. "This just isn't my day..." he muttered. Luckily, they didn't have very far to fall, and by that point, they were far from the coffee grinder. Ever the gentleduck and not wanting Morgana to get hurt, he shifted their positions while they were falling so that he would take the brunt of the impact. Morgana, on the other hand, would land on something softer.... namely, him.

Darkwing hit the ground, grimacing and groaned a bit in pain. Oh yeah, he was going to be REALLY sore. He started to get up, but then he remembered Morgana was on top of him. He stared directly into her green eyes for a few seconds, his breath catching in his throat. Being so close to her again was bringing up those very recent memories... and it really didn't help matters that she smelled (and probably tasted, though he tried to move away from that line of thought) like coffee. Not being under the effect of any tainted coffee, though, he quickly wriggled out from under her, his face bright red.

"Ah, er... eh heh heh.... sorry about that." He started to work on removing the chains from her, trying not to get distracted by the curves of her body and trying to avoid from actually touching her too much. "Are you all right?"



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"Oh Dark!" She gasped when he had pulled her to safety in his arms. "You truly are my her--OOH!" And then they fell.

She didn't really notice he was beneath her, due to the fact she was far too embarrassed by the fact her dress had blown up from the fall. Hurriedly, she smoothed it back down and all the while maintaining a calm, charming smile. Hopefully it wouldn't be blindingly obvious just how embarrassed she was by the entire debacle.

"I'm fine." She said softly and stood slowly. "I think Negaduck went to deal with Malicia... if that's the case, it'll probably be awhile before he gets back. That will give you some time to put a stop to all this." She glanced around the factory, biting her lower lip as she tried to think of how she might be of use. "We need to get rid of all this spoiled coffee. Do you know how you'll stop the negative affects from it?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing did not notice her embarrassment; although, whether this was due to some of his usual cluelessness or because he was trying to put his mind back into crimefighter mode and out of "distracted by the sexy" mode was difficult to determine. He took off his hat, noticing it was dripping with coffee. He was about to wring it out onto the floor but changed his mind and wrung it out over his open bill instead. Then, he placed the hat back onto his head and seemed ready to focus.

"I have absolutely no idea how we're going to do any of that, actually..." He didn't notice that he had said "we." "While I am a very famous and professional crimefighter, I don't think I have enough influence to get the FDA involved to get a massive, emergency recall of all the tainted coffee in St. Canard. That's why we need to find an antidote, so we can get SHUSH and the St. Canard police department up and running. SHUSH could probably pull some strings and get the coffee recalled and get a warning out... and the police can start trying to restore some semblance of order. Then, we can distribute the rest of the antidote to St. Canard and take down Negaduck." He pounded his fist into his other hand for emphasis.

He led her out of the factory and back to his motorcycle. He hopped on and put his helmet on his head, trying to figure out where they should go, first. "I don't suppose you have some kind of magic...." He started, but then noticed he had a message on his high-tech Ratcatcher phone. It didn't look like his home number, so he pressed a button and listened to the message.

"Mr. Darkwing, please call me back right away when you get this message," began a worried-sounding female voice. Darkwing's expression became puzzled. There weren't a whole lot of people who had his number. SHUSH, Launchpad, Gosalyn, Honker... There might have been a few other people.... Derek Blunt, of course... but who else? The voice certainly sounded familiar.

"It's me, Dr. Dendron, and I just don't know who else to call. I tried to get a hold of the police, but I think... well, I've found out that a lot of coffee in St. Canard has been tainted, and I think the police have been affected by it, just like many of the faculty and the students, especially the graduate students, here at St. Canard University have been. I hope you haven't drank any coffee because if you haven't, I think I might be of some help to you. Oh dear... I've got to go. Please call." The message ended on that desperate note.

Dr. Dendron... He remembered now. He had rescued her from being turned into a mutant plant-duck by Bushroot. And because he wasn't sure if Bushroot would come after her again once he found out the plant-duck could regenerate, he had given her his number to call him, just in case. His eyes widened a bit. Wait... She was a scientist. A biological scientist of some kind or another... Maybe she could make a cure! He called the number back.

"Y-yes? This is Dr. Dendron." There were a few crashing noises in the background.

"Errr... are you okay over there?" Darkwing asked, suddenly a bit nervous about the prospect of heading to St. Canard University where a bunch of fearless college students and the like were hanging out.

"I'm fine... I think Dean Tightbill might have broken a few bones doing that little stunt, though." Her voice suddenly sounded distant a moment, "Don't drink that; it's highly toxic!" There was some silence for a moment and lots of shuffling noises before Dr. Dendron's voice came back at normal volume. "Who is this? The governor? The mayor? The head of the FDA? Darkwing Duck?"

Darkwing was a bit put-out by the fact that he was apparently the last choice, but he continued. "This is the terror that flaps in the night!"

"Oh, good," Dr. Dendron heaved a sigh of relief. "Mr. Darkwing, if you're not too busy... well, I'm sure you probably are if the rest of the city is anything like SCU, but this is very important... I..."

Darkwing interrupted her, "Do you have a cure, Dr. Dendron?"

There was another faint crash heard in the background. "What?" Dr. Dendron said, then after a few seconds, "Oh, a cure... well... I have isolated the compounds in the tainted coffee; it's a rather fascinating mixture of alkyl nitrites, pramipexole..."

"Time is of the essence, doctor," Darkwing said, impatiently.

"Oh, right, I, well... I'm working on something, and I think it could help, but I haven't even begun to test it yet, and I have an uneasy feeling about bypassing all the paperwo...." Dr. Dendron said but was interrupted once again.

"No time! We're on our way!" He hung up on her. "We're headed to St. Canard University," he told Morgana. He revved his motorcycle once and took off down the streets. "If Dr. Dendron has discovered a cure, then, we'll be that much closer to saving the city from this coffee catastrophe." It occurred to him that if Dr. Dendron had a cure, she probably didn't have anyway to mass produce it quickly enough for the affected citizens. An idea came to him just then. He shot a brief, curious look to Morgana. "Morg... if you can make diamonds bigger... then, it should be a piece of cake for you to make a sample of an antidote large enough for most of the city of St. Canard, right?"



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

For a fraction of a second Morgana felt a twinge of jealousy when she heard the unknown female's voice. But she decided that now, during a major city emergency, was not the time to let her feelings get in the way of their mission. It didn't matter anyhow, because once she heard the whole message she realized it was a scientist Darkwing had assisted on one of his previous cases.

And then she couldn't help but feel flattered when Darkwing began asking after her magical expertise to help with the antidote.

"I... I don't see why not." Was her response. "It depends on how the antidote is created, I suppose, but I'm sure I can work out any inconsistencies rather quickly."

Suddenly she gripped his waist tighter. "Dark, watch out! There's... I think that's a large octopus blocking the next intersection?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing didn't respond to Morgana right away nor did he pay much mind to her gripping his waist tighter. He was too busy making a very sharp U-turn. The Ratcatcher nearly tipped over due to the sharpness of the turn, but it balanced out. Darkwing drove some ways away from the octopus, stopped, and gripped the handlebars.

"A large octopus..." he said, one eyebrow quirked. Then, his eyes narrowed, and he started fuming. "A large octopus?!" He replaced his helmet with his hat. Then, he gripped the sides of his hat and pulled it downwards. "That's it. That is IT. I've HAD it!" He hopped off the motorcycle. "Stay here, Morgana." He marched over to the large octopus and pointed an accusing finger at it.

"Look, you stupid super-sized cephalopod, I don't have TIME to mess with you. I've been having a very, VERY bad day. First, I drank drugged coffee, then I started acting not quite like myself, then everything became confusing, then nearly the whole city is under the influence of this drugged coffee, then I go to confront the villain responsible and he's acting like more than a pain in the tail feathers than usual, then I end up in a death trap where not only do I get soaked in coffee but I ripped my costume..." He gestured to the rip dramatically. "And I had to get rid of my cape." He gestured at where his cape should be. "Then, of course, he gets away and I STILL have to save the city and pummel him until he's black and blue all over!" He narrowed his eyes at the octopus and spoke calmly for a moment. "Now, I'm not sure WHAT you're doing in the middle of this intersection, but if you don't get out of my way and maybe come back tomorrow or the next day when I can deal with you properly..."

Darkwing threw up his fists and waved them in an angry, temperamental fashion before throwing them back down again and jumping a few times. His voice was suddenly the exact opposite of calm. "I'll put you on a stick and feed you to starving kids in Japan!!!"



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

The octopus didn't respond well to threats, as seen by the heavy gurgling noise it made. This was followed shortly thereafter with a disgusting splort as it squirted ink at the harried hero.

Morgana, meanwhile, had remained seated on the Ratcatcher noting that a few other animals were rustling about in the streets. An ice cream stand was being raided by a winged monkey who had taken a keen interest in the banana-nut frozen dessert. There was a giant bat with a death-ray strapped to its head flapping frantically to and fro, bumping into buildings and occasionally setting off the laser. An entire pack of dobermans were fishing out of dumpsters and gnawing on the pant-leg of a mailman who didn't seem to care in the slightest as he continued sipping his coffee and reading the newspaper.

"Oh, those poor dears!" Morgana clasped her hands to her face. "They must all be so lost and afraid!"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing only had time to close his eyes before a full blast of ink splattered all over the front side of his body. He had already come to terms with the fact that his costume had reached the realm beyond any amount of dry-cleaning or repair. Calmly, he reached into his jacket and pulled out a coffee-stained handkerchief and wiped at his face and his beak. He didn't bother trying to clean up the rest of him. He shot a glare at the octopus and rolled up his inky sleeves.

"All right, tentacles, you've asked for it!" He dove after the octopus, intent on wrestling with it. Of course, the big problem with that was that the octopus had not only a size advantage on Darkwing but also more arms than he did. Darkwing was clearly fighting a losing battle. Then again, the masked mallard showed no sign of slowing down, apparently being fueled by his temper. He only paused a moment while trying to squirm out of the grasp of one of the octopus's tentacles when Morgana spoke. He looked around, noting the winged monkey, the giant bat, and the dobermans. He resumed squirming again but shot an aggravated glance at Morgana.

"The poor dears?!" He got his arms free and started beating against the tentacle. "They're wreaking havoc on the city!" He tried to push against the tentacle wrapped around him with his webbed feet, grunting with effort. "Obviously, this is just another part of... Negaduck's... plan..." He popped out of the tentacle and resumed his fruitless attempt to fight the octopus. Clearly, Darkwing wasn't much of an animal lover, especially animals of the wreaking-havoc-on-the-city kind.



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Slowly, Morgana approached the octopus and gently placed a hand on its side. "You're just a widdle hungry boy, aren't you?" She cooed lovingly to the creature and patted a tentacle. "I bet your big, mean, loud-mouthed owner wasn't feeding you and your other friends properly was he?"

And, surprisingly, the aquatic terror responded positively to Morgana's affection. It let out a loud, gurgling purr and loosened its death grip on Darkwing in the process.

To Darkwing she added, "No surprise they're starving, seeing as they belong to Negaduck. I'm sure that fiend doesn't give them a properly balanced diet at all!"

Then she cocked her non-existent ear, straining to listen. The intersection they stood in wasn't far from the warehouse district -- hence the animals. "Do you hear that, Dark?"

((And over >> to Undomestic Dispute!))