

## RP: The Malpocalypse

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 28th Jul 2013 | [View all blogs by Negaduck](#)  
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With the Chief of Police out of action, and Darkwing Duck nowhere to be found, St Canard was abandoned to one of the worst scourges to ever ravage that beautiful city – a horde of Malicia Macawbers. And not just any horde, a horde controlled by the fiendish Negaduck, with his stolen hypno-ray.

This blog will capture the looting and plundering of that villainous lot (and the inevitable confrontation that will happen when the heroes finally show up). It is open to ALL. So if you're caught up in the chaos engulfing the town, feel free to join in any time, or drop me a message if you have questions.

The city of St Canard was, unfortunately, well used to coping with widespread disasters. Mysteriously shrinking buildings, giant rampaging broccoli; the only thing they hadn't really seen was a month of peace. So when apartment buildings started to be flattened and malls cleaned out, even with the city's Chief gone, the disaster management mechanisms swung into action.

For those who had no other place to go, and were not able to evacuate quickly enough, there were a few options for refuge. One of those was the stadium downtown.

It was basic. It was crowded. But at least there was shelter, food and safety.

Or at least, there was. Until the power suddenly snapped off.

The startled confusion among the thousands turned to screaming as the northern stage area lit up, filled with red smoke. Understanding instantly that their sanctuary was compromised, they mobbed for the exits.

Only to find the entire venue encircled by a ring of fire.

"So. You thought you could hide." Negaduck, having emerged in typical theatrical style on stage, was quite enjoying the sound of his own voice amplified through the sound system. "You thought 'I bet Negaduck will be too busy spreading his reign of terror over the rest of the city to notice little me, cowering out here in the open'. Well I'm here to tell you..."

The fire barrier exploded in a burst upwards, licking the edges of the building and threatening to spill forward.

**"You thought wrong."**

Rounding on the nearest, most timid looking citizen closest to the stage, the sneering supervillain continued in a mockingly pleasant tone.

"But.. I can see you're decent people. So how about I cut you a deal. Hand over all your money and valuables you have hidden away to my lovely assistants--" Gesturing to a number of Malicias spread around the outside who were not part of the circle of flame, but were holding sacks for the goodies. "And that'll be it."

A quirk of a brow. "But should you wish to claim that which is rightfully yours... we'll get things cooking here in no time."

## Comments

81 Comments



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"And that includes you ladies hiding the diamond earrings beneath your hair." Commanded the Queen Malicia, standing next to Negaduck and looking down upon her kingdom of peasants.

"Don't think you can hide your jewelry from me. My dazzling doppelgangers have an eye for shinies and they'll be more than happy to rip your ears straight off your empty heads just to get to them."

This imminent threat, combined with the lurking clones, was more than effective. A number of wide-eyed trembling women were first in line to deposit their earrings, necklaces, and bracelets into the sacks.

"You can keep those!" Malicia bellowed over the crowd as she spotted a few women bending over to remove jewelry from... other places on their body.

What? Even she had SOME standards.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Come now, it'd be a good look, don't you think?" said Negaduck through a sideways smirk, although not through the microphone.

And if she needed any help with piercing...

While they entertained themselves with banter, the collection went on. Helped in no small part by the enthusiasm of the Mal-

clones. Hypnotised into doing his bidding they may have been, that didn't make them any more gentle. Or patient.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

One Malicia had gleefully taken to turning a little old lady upside-down and shaking her vigorously. This resulted in a growing pile of hair pins, yarn, and loose change piling up beneath the frail whimpering figure. Finally, after some time, her dentures popped loose and the demonness dropped her. Bending down, the Mal clone retrieved what she had been looking for -- a single gold tooth.

Truly, one had to wonder if they could smell the precious metal. Like some sort of gold-digging bloodhound.

As the rest of the citizens were ransacked, Malicia turned to Negaduck, and with what could be only described as the most crazed fanatic expression ever she gripped him by the arms excitedly.

"I know what we should do next." Her mouth parted into a fanged grin that would make even a vampire uncomfortable.

"Let's hit the McDuck Money bin."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Wow, that was one unhinged look. It even gave him pause, and that was saying something.

"Woooh, slow down, Barbie Bandit." Irritably peeling his way out from her claws. "We've got enough terrorising to do here first. I'm not wasting time organising haulage for the world's largest piggy bank."

Why crush one very rich old drake's spirit, after all, when you could crush thousands.

Turning to the crowd, the masked menace looked down on their suffering and despair. And smiled. "No, I'm enjoying this far too

much."

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

At least someone was enjoying it. But then, someone had to. Why should everyone be miserable? Just almost everyone.

Lilly, for her part, had been miserable, but she had been lucky enough that being angry had come very quickly and kicked misery out on its tail. Which was pretty much what had happened to her and her children. And with the crowds blocking the streets, who knew where her husband was? Probably trapped in his taxi on the other side of town. There was no time to feel lost and afraid when her children were worrying enough for all of them, so she had picked Rosita up in one arm, strapped Antonio to her front, and marched off down the street, shaking a little with barely suppressed indignation.

The only even remotely valuable thing she still had, aside from the kids, was her safely-tucked-away necklace, but it wasn't as if the shop was rolling in money and riches. It just pained her to wonder what might have happened to it...

Looking at the massive crowd, she paused, looking over their heads.

Oh of COURSE it had to be them. She wasn't sure why she expected any different.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A pair of Mal-clones were making their way through the rows of people in front. They were ruthless, they were efficient, they were tearing friendship bracelets off children if they had the slightest speck of gold in them. Lovely.

Finally, they came to Lilly. No recognition, no endearment. Just glazed over eyes; like how the original would get after going for more than two hours without alcohol. Only these were on the hunt, not for cocktails, but for treasures.

And unfortunately, their quick search of the bookkeeper had them honing right in on her neck.

"Preciousssss..." said one.

"Shinieeessss..." said the other.

"Givvvve to us..." said the first, the both of them now clawing at her collar.

Their impatience was tangible; it wouldn't be long before they started ripping more than just fabric.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

"Wha- NO," she objected angrily, trying to pull away and nearly choking as they kept yanking at her collar, claws snagging on the golden chain hard enough to leave red marks around her neck. Some instinct made her put an arm over her son's head to keep the claws away from him, and grip her daughter's hand tighter, but it was precisely trying to protect them and keep them close that was making it impossible for her to get away. She was fast, she might have run otherwise. And she was very stubborn about this particular necklace, so she might have run even faster.

Either way, stuck between two Malicias, it looked like the choice was losing her mother's necklace, or her neck. To her credit, she managed to kick one of them very hard as they tore at her, feeling furious beyond all belief.

"I will BITE you, you BEASTLY women," she yelled worthy of any sergeant-major, trying to back away as Antonio started to whimper in confusion. The sound struck right to her heart as she tried to shield him more. "Get your claws AWAY from my son!"

If she had been shouting and kicking before, it was nothing on the shouting and kicking done by an angry woman with a crying child.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

The maniacal glee was quickly replaced with disappointment and a rather childish pout. "Hmph. Don't you know a golden opportunity when you see one? Very well, your loss."

It was then she heard the sound of a woman shouting at the clones.

**"WHO SAID THAT?!"** She roared over the crowd. "Who DARES call me beastly?! SHOW YOURSELF."

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by **Lilly Teal** 1 year ago

If this had been a movie, the crowd would have parted for the inevitable dramatic response of 'I DARE', followed by appropriately dramatic music.

Sadly, this was real life. The crowd stayed where it was, rather unfortunately, which meant people were getting knocked flat by the flailing demonesses. On the upside, it meant the impertinent woman was visible, in full line of retribution.

Yeeeeeees!meanwhat?

"Let GO of it you VICIOUS--"

In the little clear circle of flattened people for everyone to see, like some sort of ghastly tableau, Lilly shrieked as the necklace finally snapped off of her neck, leaving a raw red line. Shaking with anger and fear (and possibly cold, with her damaged shirt), fairly scratched and with two sobbing but thankfully unharmed children, she looked around her little clear circle with the dim idea that someone else was shouting as well, but couldn't quite comprehend it.

Someone to the right of her looked around awkwardly, then helpfully pointed her out. "Her, miss."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The clones, meanwhile, had moved onto their next victims.

"Oooh, jade... so pretty..."

Which appeared to catch the ear of the supervillain greedily masterminding the whole thing. "**Hey! I told** you first rank gems only!" thundered Negaduck. "Diamonds, rubies! No hobo jade junk!"

Sighing, there may have been some temple massaging involved. "It's genetic, I tell you."

Even hypnotised, the Malicias could not resist the ALL POWERFUL pull of COMPLEMENTARY COLOURS.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Lilly?"

The crowd may not have parted for the protective mother, but the frightened citizens were quick to back as far away as possible when Malicia strode down from the stage and descended into the fray. Every step the demonness took caused the onlookers to flinch; all was deadly silent as they waited, frozen, and feared for what the self-proclaimed 'Demon Queen of St. Canard' might do to this brave (if not foolish) woman who dared fight back.

Malicia sidled up next to her twin who had Lilly's necklace wrapped around her claws.

She looked to her furious friend and then back to the clone.

"Is that yours?" She motioned to the shiny trinket.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Lilly didn't respond at once. She looked like she was going into some sort of shock.

"Yes miss, that's hers miss. She wouldn't give it to them miss, even though we're supposed to, miss," said the citizen helpfully, with that keen instinct that says it's always good to be useful to the people who can rip your throat out. Lilly shot him a look and

he made a strangled noise, not entirely sure he'd made the right choice.

"I want it back," she said flatly, fixing her full look of cold fury on poor Malicia. The fact that her voice was entirely flat despite looking like she would haul off and rip out someone's hair any minute was... very worrying. Usually her emotions burst out despite herself. If she was angry, she raged and shouted, as she had demonstrated so well a few minutes ago. This was a little eerie.

"I want it back. I want my home back too, but I'll settle for what's still INTACT."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Isn't this adorable. A young mother, armed with nothing but two wretched infants, thinks she can make demands."

Up on stage, Negaduck met her cold fury with nothing but pure apathy.

It was not clear whether he even recognised her as that meek little thing he had run into – sometimes literally – on more than one occasion. It was even less clear whether she would have been better or worse off if he had.

What was clear, however, was that there was no way he was going to allow what was bubbling up to be a Lillyapocalypse to derail his show.

"Perhaps it's time to show our friend here," growled through the PA. "How we meet demands..."

Come on, Malicia. Flame her already so we can get out of here. All this talk of cooking has given me mad cravings for barbecue.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Under the watchful gaze of Negaduck and what amounted to nearly the entire St. Canard populace, Malicia met Lilly's defiant

expression with one of her own.

"I think I'll be holding on to this." The necklace in question was tucked safely into her cleavage.

Surely this unfortunate mother who had, on more than one occasion, managed to worm her way into the dark recesses of the demonness' black heart, could understand why it would be utterly deplorable to give in to her demands. She had a reputation as a high-ranking villain to maintain, and she couldn't simply obey Lilly, especially when she defied her with such rage. It would send a message to everyone that Malicia Macawber could be pushed into compliancy.

"I suggest you watch your tongue, Normal." Now in full 'bad guy' mode, seemingly detached from any warm association to Lilly whatsoever. "We wouldn't want any harm to befall those darling children of yours, now would we?"

Not willing to wait for a response, Malicia turned and stalked back to the stage. Negaduck wouldn't be getting his roast-duck lunch from the original Malicia, but those glassy-eyed clones looked aimed and ready to please their Lord.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

No, no she didn't understand. Mostly because she was still seized with the desire to hit someone very hard. What she had understood, however, was the threat, which managed to worm its way past her anger to make her understand that even if she didn't care about getting hurt herself, her children would be in danger if she didn't shut up.

"No miss, absolutely miss," piped up the citizen after her. A minute later, he collapsed as a bookkeeper's delicate shoe kicked him savagely on the shin. But she stayed quiet, still glaring at which Mal clone was nearest. Nobody could say she didn't listen to instructions.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

For a spilt second, he studied Malicia carefully as she returned.  
So that's the way it was? Interesting...

But not nearly as interesting as getting on with the job.

"Well thanks to your cooperation, it looks like we're done here."

As the captive audience let out a collective sigh of relief, he added, "Girls--" With no small amount of evil glee. "**Roast them.**"

As the screams rose, so too did the ring of flame, well above the stadium walls. The heat was immense. And inversely proportional to the chance of escape.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Just what are you staring at?" Malicia replied irritably. She could practically hear the cogs turning in that devious noggin of his.

Judgement or no, she couldn't help but release a small shudder of pleasure at the resounding cries of terror as the smoke and flames rose around her. God, he was so terrible.

"Looks like the St. Canard 'Say No to Drugs' barbecue will be continuing today as planned."

A retort that would be witty were it not for the fact that the citizens of St. Canard host event-themed bbqs at least once a week. Possibly because they were almost always interrupted by a related Negaduck and/or Malicia incident and never reached the point where people actually got to eat the food.

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by [Lilly Teal](#) 1 year ago

Oh.

They were going to die.

Well.

-Stay angry stay angry don't freeze don't look at the burning for

the love of god don't look at the burning– her mind started screaming, terrified of being too terrified.

She had gotten better, she really had. Fire was no problem whatsoever. But being trapped in a burning building was still something of a paralyzing fear. Huh. Just like the church. What WAS it with knowing Malicia and getting trapped in burning places?

Staring straight ahead at nothing, refusing to look –don't look don't ever look–, she picked Rosa up again and cuddled her, stroking Toni's hair soothingly.

"Shhh. Everyting's fine."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The blaze was tearing through the stands like a herd of soccer hooligans, big black clouds of smoke billowing upwards. People had no choice but to gather in the centre of the ground, squeezed in an ever increasingly tight bunch as the walls of fire closed in.

Surrounded. And not just by the crackling of embers. By the maniacal laughter of the madman who had so cruelly sentenced them to their doom.

In the distance there was, however, was another sound, and it was getting louder.

Whumpa-whumpa-whumpa-whumpa-whumpa.

A low flying orange helicopter appeared above the stadium. Within moments, it had opened its undercarriage, and released a torrent of water onto the inferno.

~~SPPPPPPLOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!~~

It only extinguished about a quarter of the ring of fire, but it was enough. In the heat, and with bits of building crumpling around them, firefighters working on the ground broke through.

"This way!" directed one of them through a megaphone, beckoning the crowd to hurry through what was still a dangerous area. The rest of the unit rushed through to help who they could, and there was a stampede towards the chance at freedom.

Negaduck, for his part, let out a screech of frustration, and set about charging the hypno-ray on his shoulder. His target was not the crowd, but the helicopter above – no way was he letting it ruin his fun again.

Meanwhile, a handful of clones caught up in the aerial bombardment were picking themselves groggily up from the pavement. They were wet, they were miserable... but mostly they were very confused.

"Where.. where are we?" murmured one.

"Did I have too many of those magma martinis again?" groaned another.

It appeared that with a little cold water, they had snapped out of it. Fortunately, dowsing themselves under cold, hair-ruining water was something Malicias were unlikely to do willingly.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I can't believe that idiot tried to control us!" Snapped one of the Mals furiously.

Another motioned to the masked mallard in question who was busily distracted with taking down the helicopter. "He zapped us with that thing!"

"Get him now, before he points it at us again. Nobody uses Malicia Macawber as a mindless slave!"

And that's how about half a dozen or so Malicias made a running tackle for Negaduck. At the same time. Which was likely about to result in the world's Sexiest and Most Painful Dogpile.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

That was the problem with aiming. You generally had one eye shut, the other on the target.

Until the noise of what seems to be a crash of charging rhinoceros coming your way alerts you that there is something you should probably be fending off.

Too late.

**"BLARRGH!"**

Not one of his cleverest retorts.

Struggling with the weight on top of him and likely immense internal injuries, Negaduck fought to pull himself out from under the Malicia Mountain.

"Malicia, you demonic ditz!" barked once his top half was free. "Control yourself!"

Wait, should that have been in plural? Control.. yourselves?

In any case, and whether Queen Malicia herself did anything to assist or not, the remained mind-controlled Malicias turned and stomped forward to pull their duplicates off their 'Lord', just as he had commanded. This.. could get messy.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

It was truly a battle of the six-inch heeled Titans. Hypnotized Malicia versus non-hypnotized; an unstoppable force meeting an identical immovable object. Claws clashed, fangs snapped, and hair was pulled.

Two Malicias were tussling on the ground, slapping each other silly. By this point, it was nigh impossible to identify who was still under Negaduck's mind-control and who had free will. And even harder to identify the original copy.

That was, until an audible 'click' was heard behind Negaduck.

"You really must take better care of your toys, my dear sourball."

Said the Queen, now with the hypnoray fully mounted over one shoulder like it was a gatling gun. She aimed it in his direction.

"After all, someone could get zapped into massaging my feet for the next week if they're not careful."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Oh shissssh kebab.

Whipping around, into placating mode.

"Now, most-gorgeous-creature-that-I've-ever-seen," Carefully lowering the video camera he may have been filming the colossal cat fight with, and raising his hands instead. "I'm... we're doing so well here. Surely you'd prefer to continue our reign of terror over some crummy old foot rub?"

Taking a wary step forward.

"I know how relaxing you find those screams of unmitigated despair..."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I am the most gorgeous creature you've laid eyes on, and don't you forget it!" The gun was lifted from his sights and pointed at a crowd of citizens who were in the process of escaping the stadium.

Ker-zap!

The crowd stopped dead in their tracks, eyes swirling hypnotically.

"And where do you think you're going?" She crooned dangerously.

"Nowhere, Mistress Malicia." The crowd groaned in unison.

"Yes, that's what I thought. Now do be good little mindless slaves

and hand over your credit card numbers and bank account pins, s'il vous plaît."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"What the hell are you doing?!" he near screeched, making a lunge for the ray. "That thing has limited charges!"

Frantically trying to inspect its read-outs, glare then flashing up to the 'Mistress'.

"Why go and blow power on idiots we can control through fear alone?" Or by good old fashioned brutality. "For cripe's sake it's like you've never handled a super-weapon before!"

The 'thanks for not zapping me and turning this entire plan on its head' part went unspoken.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Instinctively she raised the machine over her head -- a tactic she always used when she wanted to keep the object of desire out of Negaduck's reach. Just one of the many advantages to partnering with a vertically-challenged drake.

"Well you didn't bother to tell me that." She snapped. "And for your information I've never... quite... handled a super-weapon. Per se." A rather stunning confession, given she had spent the last half-decade SELLING super-weapons.

"It's not really necessary when you're already a stunning, powerful sorcerer of the Dark Arts like moi."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Completely blank-faced stare.

Then, inevitably, unrestrained laughter.

"You... but you're the queen bitch of the black market! The wench of weaponry! And you mean you..." More laughter, eventually dying away to mere derisive sniggering. "Oh man, this has got to go in Villainous Exploits Monthly!"

Composing himself, focusing back on their new batch of minions. "Anyway look, rather than simply rob these morons, let's put them to good use. Command them to start pillaging on our behalf or something."

And a sly sideways smirk, just for good measure. "Then I'll give you hands-on tutorial on a real superweapon later."

The stunning, powerful sorcerer of the Shameless Euphemisms that he was.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"The only thing that will end up in Villainous Exploits Monthly is a news article outlining in great detail how the terrible and powerful Negaduck got up on stage in front of the entire city and proclaimed his love for Darkwing's duck sauce."

The gun was pointed in his direction again to emphasize how, exactly, such an impossible scenario would become the possible.

"And I don't NEED your lesson. I hit the target every single time. After all, unloading your shotgun only requires a quick pull of the trigger."

Real mouthy when the gun is in the right hands, isn't she?

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Lucky it's a repeat fire." Sauntering off coolly, a typical refusal to acknowledge that he no longer held all the cards.

That would be rectified soon enough.

In the meantime, as sirens began to sound and the whirr of the aerial fire fighting helicopter could be heard on approach for its

second pass, Negaduck jumped down from the stage to address those who still responded to his control better than his cohort did.

"Move out, girls. We've got other targets to hit." Half turning back to the original Malicia, as if he half cared. "You coming, Queen Bee?"

Presumably the division of clone labour would be sorted out one way or another, be it by monkey knife fights or something else.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Fine, whatever." Folding the gun over her shoulder again she trailed behind the hypnotized clones.

The remaining lucid clones mumbled, grumbled, and scattered off in separate directions. Evidently, they had better things to do than chase after Negaduck all day. Wasn't there a BOGO sale happening in Duckburg's largest department store today? Time to cross the bridge and do some shopping!

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

And the citizen clones trailed after her, because how else were they meant to hand out all their personal information?

Out in the streets and well clear of the fall out from the disintegrating stadium, there was at least plenty of room for them to all gather around as Negaduck took them to... a Bookmobile for Homeless Children?

"I don't care if you don't care about lessons. This is where you learn how to really terrorise a town."

Before confusion set in, he thumped the truck, and what turned out to be only fake chipboard sides tipped over to reveal.. a huge DEATH TANK. Modelled vaguely on his likeness, of course. But with SPIKES. And LASERS. And MORE LASERS.

Letting out a brief cackle, the maniacal mallard whooped, "They'll

never see THIS coming!"

Which was exactly when a giant scrolling sign atop a skyscraper read something to the effect of: 'NEGADUCK TO FLATTEN CITY WITH FACE-SHAPED SUPER TANK' in the background.

It took him a moment, but then...

"Oh FOR THE LOVE OF--"

How did THAT happen?!

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by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

"TA-DA!" shouted a voice from inside the tank.

Suddenly the top flew open and out jumped that still-hypnotized reporter, Mint.

His spiral eyes hadn't gone away by this point, and to anyone around it was quite obvious he wasn't himself. The occasional jolts his head made before each sentence were not subtle by any means.

"Oh jeeppers is this a good plan boss! I... I just had to let everyone know!"

He pranced and twirled around Negaduck, barely looking him in the eye. But managing to make his twirling look less Jello-like than before. His hands became widely-moving puppets for everything he described.

"You told me, yes you did! To spread the word about your insidious plans, about your evidential looming over the city, about your saucy... um, no... SINISTER, yeah that was it, doings and plans. And my word! This perfectly crafted machine of death with more lasers than a James Blunt movie is just what'll strike the well deserved fear of you into every Canardian's mind!"

He stopped, took a few deep breaths, and turned around to look at the tank.

"...not to mention the likeness is astounding."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Malicia recoiled in disgust at Mint's erratic movements and behaviour.

"Who is this horrible little creature? Did you hypnotize him or shove a handful of narcotics down his throat?"

The Malicia clones, meanwhile, were circling the tank and... stroking it.

"Lord Negaduck, would you like us to wash the tank in our bikinis now, or after the city is torn asunder?" One inquired.

Too late. One clone was already lathering soap all over her chest while another pulled out a boombox and cranked it up.

o/ AT THE CAR WASH! WORKING AT THE CAR WASH, GIRL. /o

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"The initial blast must have brain-damaged him," theorised Negaduck from the side of his beak, although his attention remained warily on Mint. Megavolt on acid wasn't half as creepy as this guy. "Ever since I zapped him, he's been nothing but a useless, dribbling..."

Which was about when the Malicias busted out their mammaries en masse.

All he could do was stare. Hungrily. Tongue rolling out of his beak and a few meters down the pavement.

And she thought it was long before.

WAIT NOT LIKE THAT.

.. even if it was true.

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by **Mint Hinderbaum** 1 year ago

"Useless?!" shouted Hypno-Mint. "I've done exactly as you ordered, depict you as terrifying, cover your badness, and of course sabotage any story that doesn't mention your blood curdling crimes."

He clasped his hands together in a manner most associated with the phrase, 'They're so dreamy.'

As Negaduck turned and stared endlessly at the Mal clones, Mint continued before turning himself.

"Y'know, it's not my fault you didn't say which plans to publi--"

Then he turned. He looked at Negaduck, he looked back. And suddenly it looked like every synapse in Mint's head snapped at once. But instead of yelling, he quietly uttered into Negs' most probably un-listening ear,

"Now there's something you'd like to see more every day."

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Now it was Malicia's turn to facepalm. "You have got to be kidding me..."

Grabbing Negaduck's tongue she yanked on it like it was a zip-cord in an attempt to reel it back into his mouth. "Snap out of it! It won't be long before they start sending in tanks of their own. Especially now that they know what you're planning." A glare sent in Mint's direction.

"Perhaps you ought to return this one's brain, assuming he ever had one to begin with."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Irritated, mostly at being caught – he didn't ogle, he was ogled at

– Negaduck used his freshly re-wound tongue to acquiesce as he strolled around to the other side of the armoured vehicle.

"Yeah, I suppose I could do that."

Adding, just as blasé,

"Or I could kill him."

Before this death sentence could be acted out, by him or any Malicias or even Mint himself, the caped criminal spun around on the spot.

"No! Wait. Maybe he could serve some purpose after all. As a distraction."

Approaching the deranged journalist, it was time for a new tip-off. Hopefully, for Mint's long term quality of life, he would do a better job with it than his other angles.

"There's a big crime story of mine you've missed, you know." Cooing condescendingly, much like one would a particularly stupid dog, "Would you like to know what it is, boy? Would you?"

Arm back around Mint's shoulder to 'confide' in this mighty discovery and push him in the appropriate direction.

"Go find Gizmoduck. Try the docks at the end of Pennyfeather's Lane."

Releasing him to do his bidding, and releasing a crooked smile as he passed smugly by Malicia.

"Let's see how confident they are sending their tanks in here when they hear about what happened to him."

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by **Mint Hinderbaum** 1 year ago

"If I have missed something made by your wicked brilliance, I must go and seek it."

With a smile that beamed and a twitch that looked as if his head

had come loose, Hypno-Mint tipped his striped hat as the demoness, the delusional villain, and gave one special bow to the lathered up mistresses.

In a moment of gentlemanly respect he nodded and turned around in the direction of the Lane.

But this nice, and somewhat quiet moment was soon destroyed by him merrily hopping off into the distance, humming something that went along the lyrical lines of, "Gizmo is dead! May it be on his head. As he'll be a lovely trophy for the Master, oh yes the Master, once moore!"

[Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Right. I'm sure this will not backfire in any capacity whatsoever." She responded dryly, arms crossed.

The clones, meanwhile, had done a rather impressive job of actually cleaning the tank. It gleamed so brightly in the sun that there was an audible twinkle noise.

"Your tank is ready, my Lord!" One of the clones bowed.

"It's almost as perfect as you are." Purred another.

Which elicited a very loud gagging noise from Malicia.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Hey, you said it."

And I'm not going to argue with you. Or at least, one duplicated version of you that has been hypnotised into answering to my self-delusions.

Back on track, "Alright, so let's assume they're assuming what's coming. We can work that to our advantage." To the Malicias as a collective, "Girls, huddle 'round."

There was the standard squishing everyone together. But there

was no standard indecipherable muttering that would usually go with a secret plan. Only, after a few moments, the shameless confession that came from the middle of it all,

"You know I'm just doing this because it's easier to grope the lot of you at once. I'm not telling you squat."

So much for back on track.

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh Negsy, you're such a scamp!" Giggled one of the clones, pulling him in closer.

"Hey, no fair! It's my turn to touch him!"

"Nuh uh! I haven't had a chance to stroke that fine rear end of his for almost an hour! Move aside!"

The fanged grin of the Negatank turned to face the group and suddenly a missile fired on the cuddle puddle, sending the clones flying in every direction.

Leaning casually against the control panel, Malicia waved at the dispersed group. "Oh dear, it appears my finger slipped. And now it looks like it's about to slip again."

The tank revved to life and began to lurch away.

"You coming along, or what?"

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oh God NO."

That horrified cry courtesy of one Negaduck who had promptly picked himself up at the sight of the damage and RAN.

"My tank!"

Dashing after the grotesque vehicle, dodging chunks of falling

concrete as it inadvertently plowed into buildings, although far more concerned with wailing,

"You don't know how to drive!"

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

And that's the tale of how the Negatank of destruction got stuck in a giant Elm tree in St. Canard Central Park.

"Hmm... perhaps I really should consider learning how to drive before getting inside a hundred-tonne vehicle." Said she from her high perch.

Poking her head out the top hatch, she surveyed the area. By this point the citizens had once again evacuated the area. A tumbleweed of trash bounced across the playground nearby while pigeons gathered by a demolished fountain.

[Delete](#)



by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Down on the ground, the masked owner of said tank was stewing in his own Mal-induced fury.

"Where the hell is Bushbrain when you need him..."

Not that it would do much good. He could see from there that one side of its track was derailed and its chassis was as bent as a politician on election day. It wasn't going anywhere.

In a far nicer tone than fitted his teeth grinding and fist clenching, Negaduck called up, "Oh evilcakes, get yourself down from there before something happens to you!"

Adding, under his murderous breath, "Like a hundred-tonne fist to your face."

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I have an idea! Maybe if I just rock it back and forth..."

The hatch closed again and slowly, horrifically, the tank began to sway to and fro. Gradually, at first, but with a hefty dame like Malicia the momentum kicked in with great force and soon the entire tree was shaking. Squirrels, owls, and other woodland creatures scattered in all directions as they abandoned their home.

Finally there was a sickening crack! as the massive branches snapped and the entire tank plunged to the ground once more.

Suddenly Negaduck would find his threat quickly turned on himself.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Eyes wide, like a soon-to-be-squished puppy, up at the mammoth machine...

~~faOOOOOOOOM!!~~

... which he sidestepped at the very last second.

"Hah."

~~FAACRRRRRAAAAKKKK~~~

... and there came one of those heavy branches out of nowhere, down atop his head.

On the plus side, at least it wasn't a plane.

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Meanwhile...

A familiar purple jet circled the city skyline. Predictably, the clone crisis had brought chaos to the city's casual citizenry and only one hapless hero was about who could bring hope and relief to the harried populace, and that was DARKWING DUCK!!!

Oddly though, Darkwing was piloting the Thunderquack. And he was also taller and more statuesque than usual, with a bigger chin. Still, these minor details didn't detract from the fact that someone was actually trying to help the beleaguered citizens. He dashing dove in to return candy to babies. He reunited lost pets and crying children with their desperate and grateful parents. He swooped in with his titanium steed, raising the hatch to catch a teenager who had fallen from a fire escape and depositing him back on the sidewalk (scaring the daylights out of taxi driver whose car nearly became a parking spot for the jet). Darkwing even was kind enough to help an old lady across the street (or rather, he scooped her up into his arms while running to escape a herd of clones. He received a purse to the face for his efforts but he set the ornery old lady safely down on a sidewalk before dashing off to help firefighters rescue some citizens who had gotten trapped in a Paylittle shoe store. It was possible that the store had been scorched for not having a particular size in stock.

Yes, Darkwing had been very helpful for a dozen or so citizens. But he was only one man in a mask and cape and oversized hat, and he was not in the right places at the right time. He was on the opposite side of town when the stadium filled with citizens seeking sanctuary was set ablaze. He was too late to catch up to Negaduck and the original Malicia when they left the stadium, and he was too late to help the firefighters.

Discouraged and weary, he briefly returned to the tower to refuel the jet.

"Phew. I don't see how DW does it..." Launchpad took off the mask and wipe some sweat off of his face, brushing back his bangs. He checked his phone to see if he had any messages and was surprised to see he had missed a call from a former boss. He played the message and braced himself for what was likely to be a very loud message.

Scrooge McDuck's familiar voice bellowed over the speaker. "Launchpad! Tell me Gizmaduck is in your town! Call me back." – click–

"Figured it wouldn't be a social call." Launchpad muttered. "Sure wish I knew where Gizmoduck was, though. Hmm... I wonder if

Morgana could find DW and Gizmoduck?" He brightened. "Hey! Why didn't I think of it before? I'll ask Morgana! She'll know what to do. Boy, I sure hope her house hasn't moved again..."

Moments later, the jet was back on the wing.

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

Fortunately for Launchpad, Macawber Mansion was right where it had been last time. Inside the eerie, decrepit house, its sole occupant was currently bustling back and forth gathering up supplies while she flipped through a few loose-leaf pages of roughly scribbled notes.

"Okay, let's see here... wolfsbane, elfknees, tongue of kangaroo... or was it pixie dust??" The sorceress furrowed her brow. "Blasted! Malicia is going to pay for stealing my books! I'm so glad I didn't toss my lecture notes... but this isn't enough."

Sighing in defeat she slumped back into her chair and massaged her temples.

"If only Dark were here..."

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Morgana didn't have to wait for long. Soon the silence was broken by a THUMP! CRACK! as some of the yard decor fell victim to a Launchpad McQuack landing. Ignoring the creepy crawlies that came out to greet him, the pilot strode purposefully up to the door and raised his fist to knock... And hesitated... That toothy gargyle door knocker was a bit too quick on the draw for him to want to risk getting bitten.

"Easy, Buddy, I don't want any trouble. Just let Morgana know I'm here, okay?"

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

A cold wind swung the door open and Launchpad was ushered in by the mysterious chill.

Morgana, still going over her notes, barely noticed his presence until the two bats fluttering around her head caught her attention.

"What's that...? Oh, Launchpad? Such excellent timing."

Setting down her work she made her way into the main entrance to greet the pilot.

"Please tell me Dark is tagging along with you?" She asked hopefully.

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Launchpad knew to expect the unexpected but that chilly wind was a bit creepy.

"Hey! Whoa! Who ordered the spin and freeze cycle?" He rubbed his arms and shot an ungrateful look at the door. At least Archie wasn't hanging in the entryway... At this point, even a familiar creepy crawly was likely to get swatted into the next room.

Noticing Morgana, he cleared his throat and toed the floor.

"Uh, actually, Morgana, that's the reason why I'm here. I, uh...don't know where he is. DW's been missing for, gosh, I guess three days, more or less...?"

The dark circles under his eyes attested to the fact that the frazzled sidekick had not spent that time idly waiting for the crime fighter to return.

"I'm, uh, sorry I didn't come sooner. I ran into Negaduck—"  
Literally.

"—And things have been pretty crazy since."

Understatement of the year...

Amazingly, Launchpad had walked away from that encounter without any broken bones or honey badger bites. Thankfully he'd escaped the bear trap by dropping his aviator cap on it. Getting

someone to untie him after he hopped around the streets like a trussed-up kangaroo had been a little more difficult... And that was all long before the clone chaos began.

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago  
"So he is back from Transylvania..."

Shaking her head in realization, she settled on to the couch. "So Dark is truly missing, then...? And if Negaduck has been taking advantage of the situation, perhaps he is the one behind it!"

The various ingredients and accompanying spellbook hovered into the room and settled next to the sorceress.

"I'm afraid we have more pressing matters at the moment, Launchpad. The entire city is under attack by numerous clones of my cousin. I don't think we have time to wait for Dark to show up, we need to handle this ourselves. Gizmoduck is already willing to assist me, and your help would be invaluable as well."

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago  
Launchpad scowled a little at the mention of the clones. Oh yeah, he knew about them. His favorite scarf had gotten scorched thanks to one.

Brightening at both the information that Morgana had spoken to Gizmoduck and that they wanted Launchpad's help, the pilot straightened and saluted.

"You can count on me! Let's do it to it!"

He was all set to take off; he just needed to get a headstone out of the Thunderquack's beak first. That wouldn't take long.

[Delete](#)



by [Gizmoduck \(v.2.0\)](#) 1 year ago  
After Gizmoduck and Morgana spoke, he went in search of

Launchpad. The mass of demonic duck divas had caught his attention but he couldn't handle them all alone. Heading via helmet copter to Morgana's, assuming she had informed him of where she lived currently, Gizmoduck decided to contact Launchpad using his elbow phone.

"I just hope you're able to answer and that nefarious Negaduck hasn't done away with you, buddy..." he says to himself as the phone rings.

However as he was in sight of Morgana's manor, he caught sight of the Thunderquack. "Could it be?" He hung up the elbow phone and zoomed over, knocking on the front door.

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"Gizmoduck! Excellent timing!" Morgana ushered him inside urgently. "Now that you're both here, I can tell you my plan for stopping the clones."

But where were her manners? "May I interest either of you in some spideregg tea and banshee biscuits?" A coffee table toddled up next to the cyborg and pilot, offering up two steaming mugs. If Morgana was anything, she was nothing but a gracious host first. Hopefully neither would mind that the baked goods let out a blood-curdling scream when bitten into --that was the best part, after all.

"I've come up with a counter-spell to get rid of the Malicia clones." Morgana said, presenting her ingredients and accompanying spellbook

"There's only one problem however... in order for it to work, I need **all** of the clones in one spot, close together. That's where you two come in. We need to round up every Malicia and, most importantly, ensure that the original Malicia is also present. On top of that, we need to keep Negaduck distracted. We can't have him disrupting the spell."

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Launchpad had been about to answer Gizmoduck's call when the hero himself arrived.

"Gizmoduck! Oh boy am I glad to see you!"

Accustomed to Morgana's tastes in cuisine, the pilot said "thanks" and tossed a biscuit in his mouth. The feather-raising screech that erupted inside of him startled him enough to make him cough and thump his chest, but he politely excused himself and swallowed some tea to get it down. After commenting on the odd filmy texture of the tea, he finally registered what Morgana had said. -Cough-

"Spider egg...? Uh, I think I'll just stick with water..."

After hearing the plan, he grinned, forgetting all about the odd culinary experience.

"Sure thing. I'll round 'em up with the Thunderquack. Got a place in mind to herd them to?"

What? No questioning how exactly he was supposed to round up some Malicias or how he was supposed to avoid getting toasted before the end of the day? Nah. That would require some deep thinking. Besides, the Thunderquack was fire proof. Should be a piece of cake. Right?

Right...?

...

Anyone...?

\*crickets chirping\*

Right...

[Delete](#)



by [Gizmoduck \(v.2.0\)](#) 1 year ago

"Ditto, Launchpad!" Gizmoduck says merrily seeing he's okay, though noting the costume and could guess what his old friend was doing. "I see someone else has taken up the mantle of the Terror that flaps in the night, but you're a better choice than that scourge Negaduck." He smiles at Morgana as she greets him as well. "I do what I can, Morgana."

Then he eyes the offering warily under his visor. "Er, no thanks."

Gizmoduck said to Morgana. "I cannot possibly partake of your unique tasting goodies until we get rid of all those tasteless baddies that have run amok in St. Canard!" He points a finger dramatically in the air.

He listened to Morgana's plan and pats Launchpad on the back when he coughs on the loud mouthed pastries. "I'm not sure the Thunderquack will be enough to round them up... you'd be a sheep dog trying to herd a pack of ravenous wolves instead of a flock of sheep from what I've seen... Morgana, is there something that can lure the multitude of Malicias which Launchpad can use? Perhaps a sign for something she'd like flown from the back of the Thunderquack? As for Negaduck, leave him to me. He got the better of me before but that won't happen again."

[Delete](#)



by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

"Kai-eeee-li!"

With a ragged headband wrapped around his hat and even swirlier eyes than before. The disgruntled Hypno-Mint ran for the door.

He sped his way towards the big eerie mansion door like lightning, but in a flash, abruptly stopped in front of the knocker.

He took his headband off, one which never suited him in the first place, and proceeded to carefully edge it into the snarling knocker's mouth.

**\*CHOMP\***

'Ah ha!' Mint's mind shouted in delight. He proceeded to use the door knocker without fear of any irrational biting, despite the real Mint inside him didn't know why he's was preparing for such a painful event.

He knocked briefly and stood there moving back and forth slightly. "Helloo-oo!" he sung at the door.

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"I agree with Gizmoduck. A single Malicia can bench-press a bus. Imagine what two dozen of them are capable of. We'll need to lure them in... unfortunately, half of them are under Negaduck's hypnosis which makes things trickier. Fortunately I've devised a spell that I think will break his influence over them. With that out of the way, they should function more like a herd. I also suggest we lure them outside of the city where there's less chance of them hurting anyone."

Knock-Knock!

"Hmm...? We're not expecting anyone else." Morgana glided toward the door and opened it.

"Oh. It's you." She frowned at Mint. The reporter hadn't exactly been secretive in his allegiance to Negaduck, but it was also quite clear to Morgana that he had been hypnotized.

Then an idea occurred to her.

"Come inside, please." Before Mint could really react the welcoming mat beneath his feet slid out from under him, sending him through the door which slammed shut behind him.

Leading the reporter into the living room with Gizmoduck and Launchpad, she nodded at them. "Speaking of breaking bad influences... I think we have found our first test subject."

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

What Gizmoduck and Morgana said made sense so Launchpad leaned back against a wall (after making sure there wasn't anything behind him) and waited for further instruction or a task. While Morgana focused on greeting their "guest," he tried to think of a safe meeting place outside of St. Canard. Hmm... That could be anywhere. The waterfall, the forest, the surrounding hillsides, the...

He glanced up when Mint was ushered into room and took note of the odd look in his eyes. He muttered under his breath to Gizmoduck.

"Hoo boy. That guy looks like he's stayed up all night playing

video games."

He did stand up straight and offer a friendly smile but aside from that, he wasn't sure what to do other than watch and wait.

[Delete](#)



by **Gizmoduck (v.2.0)** 1 year ago

Gizmoduck stared curiously as the guest was ushered in. "I'll say..." he quietly replied back to Launchpad.

"Test subject?" he asked Morgana curiously. "Just who is this guy and should we be making a guinea pig out of er regular citizens?" He used to term lightly given the appearance of Mint.

[Delete](#)



by **Mint Hinderbaum** 1 year ago

Suddenly a fit of seriousness gripped Mint's face, and a normal-ish sounding voice escaped his beak.

"Mint Hinderbaum of the St. Canard Chronicle here, doing my job one story at a time."

His head began to twitch, as did the rest of his body somewhat as he continued. The endless swirls in his eyes only magnified as he spoke. Far less kempt than before for that matter.

"But I'm ONLY interested in stories showcasing the bad, bad brilliance and the terrifyingly tenacious troublemaker... known simply as... Ne-ga-duck."

He clasped his hand together in a very uncomfortable fashion, to which he grabbed his notepad out of one of his many pockets and proceeded to stare in the direction of Gizmoduck as best as his Hypnotized eyes would allow.

"Speaking of which, could I get a comment on your untimely, but necessary, death down by the St. Canard Docks Mister Gizmoduck?"

[Delete](#)



by **Morgana** [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"Bad brilliance indeed." Morgana sighed. She positioned Mint in the center of the room, allowing him to continue his furious scribbling.

She stepped behind a bat-winged podium on the other side of the room and flipped through the thick leather book. "This would be so much easier if I had Quacky with me..." She sighed. "But these last-minute spells will have to do."

Without looking up from her reading she added absentmindedly. "Launchpad, could you do me a favor and fetch a pitcher of iced water for me? There are ice cubes in the freezer, and the pitcher is in the cupboard."

A seemingly simple task, until one realizes they're in Morgana Macawber's house.

[Delete](#)



by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Launchpad was still puzzling over what Mint had said when Morgana interrupted his thoughts with her request.

"Huh? Oh, sure. No problem. Ice and water, coming right up."

Exit stage left.

Ten seconds later, a sheepish and slightly nervous face peeked back into the room...

"Uh...which way is the refrigerator?"

[Delete](#)



by **Gizmoduck (v.2.0)** 1 year ago

Gizmoduck stared at the guy, listening to him and watching the way the fellow moved. "This reporter's a few keys shy of a typewriter..." he thought to himself. Hearing what Mr. Hinderbaum was most interested made Gizmoduck scowl.

"My untimely death, as you can plainly see with your swirling

whirlpool peepers, was highly exaggerated." He puts his hands on his hips. "Just who exactly told you otherwise anyway? Negaduck himself? Ha! The likes of him cannot stop me, Gizmoduck!" He moved one hand pointing up dramatically a moment then wheels over directly in front of the reporter.

"Why exactly are you so interested in him anyway?" He figured that he would keep Hinderbaum busy while Morgana prepared her spell to test.

[Delete](#)



by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

"Oh right, I thought you were supposed to be dead, never-mind!"

Mint tore off the page, crumpled it, and oddly enough stuffed it inside his coat.

The question seemed to fizz Mint's mind for a second, almost as if a long lost moment suddenly came back to him, but was cruelly ripped away from his brain just as he realized what it was.

"I... He's the mastermind of the maniacal, he's the epicentre of an entropy-gripped epoch, he's a...."

Snap! His head twitched again as something in Mint's mind was silencing his thoughts, with increasing visible certainty, as they twisted about the narrow brain road they had been stuck on for some time.

"...he just is!"

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"Down the hallway and to the left."

\*\*\*

When Launchpad had returned with the aforementioned pitcher, Morgana was busy grinding up some funny looking herbs until they were a fine dust. Setting the pitcher in front of her, she poured in the ingredients and gave it a quick stir.

Then, like the conductor of an orchestra, she wiggled her fingers and waved her hands. The pitcher levitated from the table and floated across the room, coming to a standstill above Mint.

"Let's see if this works." She held her breath in anticipation and made a twirling motion with her finger, drawing a looped-loop in the air.

The pitcher upturned itself, emptying the ice cold contents on to Mint's head.

[Delete](#)



by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

**\*SPLOOSH\***

'Wet' was all that seemed to fill Mint's mind as his vision cleared. Had it worked? Had he been un-hypnotised? There was one easy test to find out.

Mint reached into one of his pockets and pulled out a small glossy. What the photo contained was a rather nice shot of Negs. Most likely one of the one's he was forced to take so many weeks ago.

He stared at it. His mind surprisingly blank. But his body made no movements.

He lifted a hand. Slowly but carefully, positioned it on the photo as if, very obviously, he was preparing to rip the villainous, smug face in half.

... grrrr, sweat trembled down his face, his hand's shaking somewhat. Back and forth he stared at the picture until finally...

Nothing. Well, nothing apart from Mint seeming to keel over after the surprising mental anguish.

"Give mean warp factor shlicks!" he said as he fell over.

He lay on floor of the mansion, perfectly still, but in no flattering position. The only thing he could think of was the villain's face,

over and over again.

[Delete](#)



by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Indeed, the faithful sidekick did return in a surprisingly short amount of time. Part of the reason for his promptness was evident in the state of his attire. A carnivorous plant was still attached to a corner of the cape, and the slouch hat had a fine veil of cobwebs on it. There was no telling what Launchpad had seen in the freezer when he went to get the ice cubes, but he hoped that the movement he had seen had been just his imagination...

The tiny carnivorous plant had sprung out of the cupboard when he retrieved the pitcher, but fortunately, other than a nip on his bill, he had walked away from that relatively unscathed.

Fortunately the water faucet worked like it was supposed to and Launchpad was able to find his way back by following the sound of voices.

He handed the pitcher over as soon as he could. "I hope nobody else has a drink order."

He stepped back and watched Morgana, expecting her to mix a potion or drink the water herself. He was a bit surprised when all that ice and water ended up on top of Mint. Mint's reaction was just as puzzling as everything else the drake had done since he'd arrived.

"Warp factor shlicks? Can't say I've heard of those before. Maybe he meant hyperdrive and oil slicks? Maybe it's a clue and Negaduck is going to make a mega oil spill in the Audubon Bay! Or maybe it's one of those deterrents that make pursuing vehicles lose traction like in the 'Gold Feather' movies. Or—"

Or maybe it was just meaningless mumbo jumbo. Who knows?

[Delete](#)



by **Gizmoduck (v.2.0)** 1 year ago

Gizmoduck felt sorry for the fellow. He couldn't imagine anyone willingly having the mindset of that malicious miscreant Negaduck being someone to worship. "Er well... " he tried to

think of something to say while Morgana prepped her test spell. "Be that as it may, he isn't invincible, and he will be brought to justice."

Gizmoduck watched intensely as Morgana finished her potion and had splashed Mint with it. "Come on... that's it... tear that photo and be rid of his insidious influence..." he thought to himself watching. As Mint falls over he gasps hoping the citizen is alright. He wheels over and uses various devices from his Gizmoduck suit to check Mint's vitals.

"Did it work... do you think?" he asks Morgana then looks to Launchpad. "I'm not sure if he meant it to be anything... though one never knows."

((I apologize profusely for holding up this RP thread. X\_x Hope everyone is still up for this. It will not happen again.))

[Delete](#)



by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

((There you are! I've been waiting, x3 Glad to have you back, :3))

Suddenly. And I mean suddenly. The intrepid reporter leaped to his feet, with his back turned to the others.

He stares at his feathery human-like toon hands and quickly checked everything else there was to check. With a relieved sigh he grasped the photo again, deep intent burning in his eyes.

He slowly turned to face the others, arms outstretched and fiercely clamped to the photo.

**\*SCRIIIIISSSSH\***

Negaduck now had an identical cousin, to which Mint proudly tore into quadruplets and then a small group of eight.

Mint's face was beaming. He took the pieces, and with great care assembled them in a small gothic wastepaper basket. To his delight, he got to see a shop demonstration of what Negsy himself would look like being, er, eaten.

With nothing but unending glee, the reporter turned around in a way that could be accentuated by a nice zoom-in.

"Let's go get that bastard!"

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

Morgana was taken aback by Mint's response. But at least it was... promising?

"I... I assume this is your 'regular' self?" She furrowed her brow. It was hard to tell when she couldn't make a comparison. But his eyes seemed bright and clear now, and he had stopped twitching like a zombie with its finger stuck in an electrical outlet.

"In any case, before you go rushing in there to deal with Negaduck, we still have the issue of my multiple cousins. Especially the ones that are under his command. You won't be able to get near him when he's surrounded by such a dense, squishy wall of cellulite and rage."

[Delete](#)



by [Gizmoduck \(v.2.0\)](#) 1 year ago

Gizmoduck quickly had his suit's medical devices retract with Mint's sudden awakening and outburst. He was glad to see the guy finally able to rip up that photo, and could understand his anger. His physical appearance seemed to change completely as well, so Giz assumes Mint is indeed back. Like Morg, he didn't know the fellow so couldn't judge fully.

"We still need to attract them all, gather them in one place for you to rid them of Negaduck's influence.... that is if you can make up enough of this to work on them like it has Mr. Hinderbaum here."

[Delete](#)



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Launchpad was trying not to visualize said "squishy wall of cellulite and rage" or how those demonesses were going to act

once they snapped out of Negaduck's mind control. He looked questioningly at each person in the room. Three of them were experienced in crime fighting but this guy was a reporter. What could Mint do? What would he do? Serve as a distraction? Blabber their plans to the wrong person? Give them insight on where to find Negaduck and the Malicias? Clearing his mind, Launchpad spoke up.

"Say, if you just need cold water, I can try to lure them to the bay or the beach. I could tip over a water silo, but I kinda doubt that would have enough water to go around... Have you gotten any ideas yet on what I can use to lure your cousin- cousins- er, the clones?"

[Delete](#)



by [Mint Hinderbaum](#) 1 year ago

"Well, maybe not 'regular' but I'm pretty sure this is me." Mint clutched his head as if he was just waking up, "Ugh... do not find yourself in an alleyway with Negaduck, that's for sure."

"He may have stolen the best of my mind for a time, but I still have my mem-or-y!" he stated in a quaint sing-song manner, partially to himself .

After the three summarized the situation he felt the need to respond, "Heh, good thinking. Though I'm sure there might've something else in the stuff she poured on me. Wasn't there Miss...?"

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by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"Morgana Macawber." She smiled politely. "And I think I know exactly how you can help us."

Turning to regard the rest of the group, she nodded. "If Negaduck still thinks Mint is under his control, we can use that to our advantage. Mint can pretend he has new information for his 'master' that will lead both him and his mind-controlled Militia of Malicias to our target spot. At the same time, we lure the rest of the clones and the original Malicia there as well. With everyone in one spot, I should be able to cast the reversal spell

to get rid of all the duplicates."

To Launchpad, she smiled knowingly. "Yes, I know exactly how we can lure the bunch of them. I will need both you and Gizmoduck to assist, of course."

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by **Gizmoduck (v.2.0)** 1 year ago

Gizmoduck nods at that. "If you're up for that sir, your city will be ever grateful." He pats Mint on the back encouragingly. "As will we, and possibly even the world as you know Negaduck won't be satisfied with Saint Canard forever." Giz then looks at Morgana. "I'm ready as ever, just point the way and Launchpad and I will handle things."

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

((OOOC: Launchpad must be rubbing off on me; my mind is a complete blank. Lol. Feel free to continue on without me for now. I don't have any ideas on what he could say at the moment. I've already tossed all of my ideas into my earlier responses, including possibly bringing in Scrooge, but I can't think of anything for him either, other than to call Gizmoduck and yell at him for not answering his call earlier. Ack.))

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by **Gizmoduck (v.2.0)** 1 year ago

((OOOC: Perhaps we should fwee a bit of time on this? I'm not quite sure what to do either. ^^; This past week was a bit busy for me with some home remodeling, but seems we're all a bit stuck as there's not been replies. Maybe even start another thread as this has gotten a bit long? Not sure how that goes here for any limits if there are any.

LOL Giz can later get Launchpad some Hippoburgers to make up for it? XD))

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by **Mint Hinderbaum** 1 year ago

((OOC: Yeah, I agree. I'm not sure where to take this one now, xD I guess it might just end here. Though if we all have an ending in mind, a new thread might work, x3))

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

((OOC: Already on it! We can continue on [here](#). Great work guys, can't wait to see the rest!))