

RP: The Malpocalypse Part II

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 23rd Oct 2013 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)
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Continuing from [The Malpocalypse Part I](#). New players welcome; just drop me a message before joining in.

In the centre of Central Park sat a heavily armed Negatank. Despite a recent bikini wash n wax (meaning polish, not hair removal, get your minds out of the gutter), it was not in the best condition. One side was battered in, and the tracks had been essentially knocked off.

But from the sky, that would not be noticable. At least, not at first. Relying on that same principle, easily seen inside the open hatch was two figures. One, a curveous fiery-haired and fiery-tempered demoness, the other clad in a black cape and oversized red fedora. Again, only up close would one realise that even the latter sported.. one hell of a sweet rack.

A sweet rack that happened to being watched through a set of binoculars nearby.

"I anticipate that, any moment now, the heroic cavalry is going to swing into action." His own red fedora covered in foliage for camouflage, Negaduck was setting out his grand plan to the original Malicia by his side. Well, one assumed it was the original Mal – who was even keeping tabs by this stage? "Thinking that's us in the tank, they'll swoop in to attack the decoy."

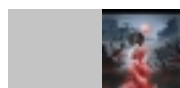
A gesture to the other Malicia clones spread under cover in a big wide circle around the tank, similarly sheltering on their bellies in anticipation of the next order. Their camouflage was far less substantial, really only a ill-placed twig here or two; thank Badness they all wore green anyway.

"Then we'll hit them with a blazing ambush from all sizes, leaving nothing but Do-gooder Brand charcoal."

The 'flaming ring' approach worked well enough at the stadium, why not here?

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

It wasn't long until the Thunderquack flew by, with Morgana occupying Darkwing's usual spot in the passenger seat. She squinted her eyes at the tank below and frowned.

"I don't like this." She said to Launchpad. "They're just... sitting there, out in the open. Nary a flattened fuzzy animal or burning tree in sight. It seems a little too convenient."

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Eesh... Forest fires and Negaduck-style road kill weren't exactly something Launchpad wanted to imagine.

"I'm getting the heebie jeebies, too. I never thought I'd see Negaduck idling in a tank. Normally he'd be out causing major mayhem on..." He caught himself and forced a chuckle even though he wasn't feeling amused at the moment. "Well, I don't have to tell you as you know as well as I do what he'd do."

Launchpad wondered if he had phrased that correctly but he pushed past his momentary lapse of concentration to focus on the case at hand. (And steering.)

"DW's infrapink goggles are right next to you in the door if you want a closer look but I don't think it'd be a good idea to stay within firing range of that baby. It shouldn't be able to hit us this high up but I wouldn't put it past Negaduck to make modifications."

He didn't even want to guess what Malicia might be capable of. Boy, it was wonder this much of the city was still standing with those two and all of those clones around.

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by **Mint Hinderbaum** 1 year ago

Down below, Mint crouched down behind one the buildings that had become a burnt cinder. Thankfully it's bleakness helped him hide. Unthankfully it was near one of the bright and blooming lingerie shops that was still being raided by a small batch of clones.

'How many are there?!' Mint shouted in his mind. He crept alongside the burnt out building, away from the shop, and got quite a fine glimpse of the Negatank. Massive as ever, and no too

far away.

He raised his camera for a quick shot of the metal monster, but lowered it as he saw something move in the sky. Tiny and nearly invisible, but it seemed somewhat recognizable.

He pulled out several jugs of water and concealed them behind various bits of rubble and trash he hid behind.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

(OOC: Going to press on with this, and will just assume Giz has been taken hostage by one of the freerange Mals and hogtied into a date or something. There's no posting order here so feel free to jump in whenever makes sense. Thanks guys!)

Watching the Thunderquack circle high overhead, Negaduck knew something was amiss.

If Darkwing had been leading the charge, they would have fumbled straight into his trap by now! How dare they actually consider the risks before leaping into battle!

But Negaduck was not about to let them get on the front foot that easily.

"Oh, so you think you're playing safe, do you?"

Lowering the binoculars, up came the megaphone.

"Girls, take her down!"

Oh it was on.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

One after the other, like a not-so-gentle wave, each Malicia raised a microphone to her bill. Somewhere, a boombox was cranked up.

"YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT WHAT I

REALLY REALLY WANT!" Screeched the first in the line.

"SO TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT WHAT YOU REALLY REALLY WANT?"

And then they all chimed in --one horrific cat-screeching mess of a noise.

"I WANNA AH! I WANNA AH! I WANNA AH! I WANNA AH! I WANNA REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY WANA ZIGAZIG AH!"

*** Up in the Thunderquack, Morgana dropped the infrared goggles in her dire need to cover her ears.

"No... he couldn't have..." She moaned miserably.

"Of all the dirty, rotten tricks... why did he have to use Malicia's singing?!"

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by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

((OOC: Oh my gracious, Mal! ROTFL! I listened to the song on YouTube out of curiosity and my dog glared at me over his shoulder. Apparently he's not a Spice Girls fan))

"YOW!" Launchpad went cross-eyed and steered too far to the off side. The Thunderquack itself seemed to be grimacing more than usual as well. The wing clipped a skyscraper. The jolt got Launchpad's attention. He shook his head and tried to focus.

"Whoops! Eh, sorry about that. Good thing I'm used to not being able to think straight."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

As much as a plane taking out a chunk of local architecture was welcome, it wasn't the catastrophic failure he was hoping for.

Since when did Launchpad fail to deliver on crashes?

"LOUDER!" screeched Negaduck over the cacophony of caterwauling. "I want more ruptured eardrums than in an

audience of Canardian Idol!"

Whether the original Malicia would take well to her vocal chords being weaponised was unknown. The devious drake was far more preoccupied with watching their target (while adding yet another layer of hearing protection). By his calculations, the Thunderquack should have been near torn apart by the sheer vibrations alone by now!

What was taking so long?

Most likely, keeping at distance was playing in their favour. But as soon as they drifted lower, into range...

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by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

The increased volume took its toll. The plane started vibrating from the sound waves and the dent in the wing. Launchpad automatically covered his ears, not even considering putting the Thunderquack on autopilot. The plane quickly lost altitude.

"Hold onto your bats! We're in for Launchpad McQuack Tuck and ROLLL!!!"

Bouncing off of several buildings, the Thunderquack ended up landing...right on top of the Negatank. Upside down.

"I'm okay..." Launchpad muttered dizzily. Opening his eyes, he stared down at Malicia and the Nega-double. "Whoa. Either Negaduck is a phony or I crashed harder than I thought!"

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

"Oooough..." Morgana, not as used to Launchpad's crashes as Darkwing might be, was still regaining her senses. But even through her spinning vision it was hard to miss the large fiery-coloured figures beneath them. "That's because it isn't Negaduck, it's a decoy. Just as I suspected!"

Fortunately, both decoys had been sandwiched between the Thunderquack and the tank, and looked to be somewhere

between unconscious or dead.

"Er... these are the clones, yes?" Morgana asked.

Her question immediately answered by the far-off sound of the REAL Malicia beating Negaduck over the head with a megaphone.

"I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I ALMOST CAME IN FIRST PLACE AT CANARDIAN IDOL, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THAT TALENTLESS TART, KELLY BARKSON."

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Oooh yeah. He had sort of forgotten about that Malicia. Not that he would have backed off the implied insults at all.

And now his skull was paying the penalty.

"Take it out on the judges!" Arms shielding his head to prevent any permanent dints. "We have a far more important competition to win!"

Who needed a megaphone when you could roar? ... and risk a pummelling by sparing a hand to dramatically point?

"GET THEM!"

As the – actually obedient – clones closed in on the crash, claws aflame, things did not look good for Morgana and Launchpad.

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Unbuckling his seat belt, Launchpad landed/plopped onto what would serve as a floor for now and reached up to help Morgana down. Thankfully the "melodic" caterwauling was over but, from the sound of things, he and Morgana were going to have to cook up a new plan, and fast!

"Guess we're stuck between a plane and a panzer. Whoa, try saying that three times fast! Hehe. Anyway, as DW always says, when the 'going gets tough, the tough get going'! Er', something

like that anyway."

Muttering a semi-polite "excuse me," he nudged/shoved Negafake out of the driver's seat to see if he could use their current vehicle to their advantage. There's got to be some way out of this mess without getting barbecued. Uh... Right...?

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

"Erhm... Launchpad? Any chance you can solve the mystery of this vehicle very, very quickly?" Her voice rising with panic.

One of the Malicias lobbed a fireball in their direction and instinctively Morgana thrust her hands forward, creating a shield of energy that surrounded them like a snow globe.

"I think they're all here, even the original!"

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

"If it's got an engine, we've got a prayer. I've crashed things much more complicated than this baby. Now, where'd they hide the ignition...?"

Launchpad pushed almost every button, switch, and throttle in sight, succeeding in turning the mid section of the tank around in circles and figuring out how to drive. One big problem, though. As Negaduck already knew, the tank's tracks were darn near useless. Oh well. If Launchpad could get the wheel-thingies to spin enough, maybe it would churn up some dirt to make a few Malicias pause their fire-fighting.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The sight of Launchpad at the controls sent its owner into a panic.

"My TANK!!!"

This was worse than, could it be said, Malicia driving.

Pushing through the enclosing circle of clones, Negaduck rushed at the immobilised vehicle... only to have the kick-back from uselessly churning tracks blow him back in a wave of mud.

Sitting up painfully, two angry eyes glared out from the gloop. Getting tired of these do-gooders now, and he had no patience for them before.

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

"I've got an idea, but it's going to involve my dropping this force field..."

The bubble around them vanished with a pop! and Morgana wriggled her fingers again. The tank slowly lifted itself from the ground and levitated a few feet in the air. The ThunderQuack gently rolled off the top and came to a rest on the ground.

Of course, with their only protection gone, the hoard of Malicias had made for the tank, a few managing to latch on and get carried along for the ride.

Judging by the strained expression on Morgana's face and the beads of sweat forming on her face, the added weight of their stowaways was far more than she could bear.

"If I can get it... just a little bit further... maybe you can drive it..."

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by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Surprised to see the Thunderquack move off of the hatch, Launchpad stopped pressing buttons to see what was going on. He didn't see the clinging clones but one managed to make the colossal effort of reaching the hatch. Unfortunately for her, Launchpad bumped into what was left of the machine gun turret, spinning it around so the barrel swung right at her.

Launchpad recovered his balance and saw Morgana struggling. "Whoa. Uh, you might want to take it easy there. Don't want to

overdo it. You can set 'er down anywhere."

Climbing up to peek out of the driver's hatch, he was startled to see some faces looking back at him.

"AHH! Demon women!"

In his haste to scramble back, he bumped a button that opened concealed hinged doors on the turret. Some contained small buckets of electric eels. Others seemed to be empty until menacing hissing echoed from the chambers. Drawn to the heat of the fiery females, poisonous snakes popped their heads out to say hello to who ever was still hanging onto the tank. And if that wasn't enough, a mechanical hand emerged holding a skunk by its tail. That ought to lighten the load for Morgana.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The sight of his fiery horde dropping off the hover-tank should have been a source for rage, but having pulled himself out of the mud, Negaduck was watching the disaster with.. was that adoration?

"The Slimemeister." Wistful sigh. "I love that feature."

Back on focus, it was time to set things moving in their favour again. Which meant stopping the good guys moving.. at all.

Quick glance around. The Malicia clones were falling back. But there was one left, and within grabbing range too!

Said Malicia would find herself yanked backwards.. and shoved into a cannon. There may have been some plungering required to get her booticious backside fully into the barrel, but the malicious mallard was used to manoeuvring that.

"Time to bring them.." Fuze lit, fingers in ears, BLAAM! "..back down to Earth."

Malicia would understand the necessity of tactics adaption in combat, surely? Besides, she could take out any desire to claw someone's face off out on her dear cousin.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"HEY! What're yo--mmmffrrflllll!!!" Malicia's complaints were literally canned with the rest of her. Suddenly she was airborne, and sailing straight for the tank and its unwelcome occupants.

Morgana, unfortunately, was in the process of slowly lowering the tank at Launchpad's suggestion and had left herself completely open to attack. And she certainly didn't expect her cousin to land on her from above, which is why she was unprepared when the demoness smacked straight into her.

Immediately the tank lost its magical leverage and dropped toward the Earth at high speed velocity. Morgana was entangled with her cousin in what could only be described as an 'aerial catfight' filled with shrieking, scratching, and scathing insults.

Needless to say, neither Macawber was bracing for impact.

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

When falling in an air-borne tank occupied by wrestling, shrieking women who are capable of roasting your feathers off, there's only one thing to do. PANIC!!!

"AHHH!"

Launchpad pulled himself back up to the controls and hit a few more buttons in the hopes of finding something. An inflatable cushion, a helicopter rotor, or plane wings. A giant parachute? Well, that wouldn't do any good since they were too close to the ground.

WHUMP!

That could have been the sound of the tank hitting the ground at bone jarring velocity or that could have been the sound of a flattened Launchpad becoming a cushy landing pad for the ladies. Either way, this sidekick is going to need some aspirin when the day is done.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

As Launchpad became Landingpad, the situation became even more uncomfortable. Not least because the courageous sidekick was pinned under two brawling women, one of which was so heavy her bed required reinforced steel foundations.

Cratered into the ground, they were totally and hopelessly surrounded by the now regrouped clones.

Whether due to the concentration of dark energy or sheer dramatic effect, the very sky seemed to reflect their doom. Clouds swirled and thickened overhead, spiralling into a storm that appeared moments away from unleashing its destructive power, exactly like the demons that circled. Flames danced on their claws. Fire closed off any possible escape routes.

Trapped.

And just when it looked like it couldn't get any worse, Negaduck stepped through the circle.

"Isn't this convenient."

Because he always picked a convenient time to gloat.

"Here we were, about to unleash a catastrophic wave of chaos over civilisation, but with nobody to tend to the needs of our ever-growing army."

Up came the hypnoray, the monstrous device ready at the hands of the monstrous mallard to seal their fate.

"So kind of you to volunteer."

Poor Morgana and Launchpad – and Malicia too, simply because she was tangled up with his targets. Again, another hit for the 'team' she would just have to take.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I am the terror that flaps in the night!"

The wrassling cousins paused momentarily as the familiar voice caught their attention; Morgana's foot current placed firmly in Malicia's mouth, who in turn was pulling on the sorceress' enormous beehive.

"It... couldn't be." Morgana gasped. "Could it?"

"I am the Jedi Master who crumples your clone army!"

"Ugh." A groan from the demonness.

From the skyscrapers above, a grappling hook fired and sailed downwards, latching itself securely around the hypnoray in an attempt to tug it from the hands of its diabolical owner.

All eyes following the hookline would eventually meet with the familair sight of a gas-gun wielding crimefighter.

"I am Darkwing Duck! And I'm putting an end to your hypnotic harem, Negaduck!"

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by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Amazing how quickly a familiar voice can rejuvenate a side-lined sidekick. Launchpad McPancake returned to his usual state of being in order to sit up and see where his crime-fighting friend was. He pumped his fist when he saw the hypno ray snagged by a familiar grappling hook.

"Alright DW!"

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A 'groan' didn't quite cover it. As soon as the sound of that alliterating arrogant arseclown hit his ears, Negaduck suffered some sort of frustration-and-ire haemorrhage.

"Uurrrrggh!"

Just when he was beginning to feel secure in the knowledge that

the purple-clad twit had vanished for good!

Still, an experienced supervillain never allowed themselves to be thrown by a little dramatic posturing, and while Darkwing was concluding his opening speech, the felon had taken the time to carefully realign the sights of the ray at this new target.

Too bad the firing scope was so limited in vision he may have missed important developments in his periphery.

"Oh good, you've returned in time for a game of Negaduck Says-- HEY!!"

The resulting shock that would come from having the weapon ripped from his thieving hands was something Darkwing would have a whole 0.5 seconds to take advantage of. After all, even without the hypnogun, he still had a militia of Malicias, encircling two conveniently trapped hostages. How did the vigilante really think he could pull this one off?

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Dark! It really is you!" Morgana dropped the demonness like a bag of bricks. Too enthralled by the return of her true love, she hadn't taken notice of just how dire her current situation was.

But Darkwing himself merely grinned smugly at Negaduck, seemingly calm about the immediate threat.

"Tsk, tsk, Negaduck. What have I told you about playing with such dangerous toys?" He wagged his finger at the criminal as though he were a spoiled child. "Now I'm going to have to put you in the corner until you learn to play nicely."

Beckoning at the throng of Malicia clones he added. "And I'll be sending your playmates home."

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Launchpad was just as glad to have Darkwing back as Morgana was, but he was a little more aware of present circumstances...

Namely scrambling backwards to avoid getting smooshed by the toppled demoness. He adjusted his back. Oof. Good thing he was used to crashes...

Since Darkwing had Negaduck's attention, maybe now was a good time to try to take care of the clones?

Or maybe Launchpad could sneak over to the Thunderquack and get out that stuff in the cargo hatch that Morgana had put together? Without being noticed by all the clones? That wouldn't be too much to hope for, would it? Hm. Probably not a good idea. Maybe the better idea would be to stay in the tank and see if it had any more surprises packed in it. Surely there was a button Launchpad hadn't pressed yet?

The sidekick looked from what he could see of Darkwing to Morgana. (Pretty much all he could see of the crime fighter from where he was sitting was the big gray hat.) He would wait for some instruction or a signal from either one of them before trying anything at the moment.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

How dare he! Talking to the world's greatest criminal mastermind like a misbehaving four year old!

Why, to prove him wrong, said criminal mastermind would.. throw a tantrum.

Rather than risk losing a battle for the sake of losing his head, however, Negaduck channeled his rage at his minions, in typical overlord fashion.

"What're you waiting for, you demolition ditzes?!"

Redirecting, with a single roar, the clones' collective attention to the caped crusader.

"ATTACK!"

Let's see how smug Darkwing was after he was crushed under a flaming stampede.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

With the stampeding succubi directing their attention at Darkwing, this was the perfect time for Launchpad to make his move. Morgana had clued in to Launchpad's idea when she saw him glancing nervously at the Thunderquack.

"Now is the perfect time for you to grab the rest of the ingredients. I'll distract Negaduck." She whispered.

Darkwing, meanwhile, backed away slightly as the mountainous Malicia militia began scaling the side of the building like a pack of fire ants.

"Making your harem do the dirty work for you, Negaduck?" He scoffed. "Not that she needs a reason... Malicia is always eager about placing her corrupt claws all over me. Why, before she ended up settling for you, she-- **GAH..**" His taunting cut off as the first Malicia to reach the top grabbed ahold of his foot. The ray gun clattered down the rooftop, coming to a rest atop the awning of a nearby flower shoppe.

"Oh, please! You really think he's going to fall for that?" Shouted the real Malicia from somewhere in the clone pile. "Even his pea-brain knows better!"

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Nodding, Launchpad crept out of the tank and made his way toward the Thunderquack. Thankfully the tank had landed relatively close to it without crashing on top of it. He was cautious while he was still close to the tank, but as soon as he got out in the open, Launchpad ran like mad toward the plane. He'd be back with the supplies in two shakes of a duck's tail, provided that he got there and back with his feathers and brain cells at least relatively intact.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Of course he knew better.

But this was Darkwing. And if there was one thing Darkwing was

good at, aside from agonisingly arrogant alliterations, it was pushing a villain's buttons.

The progression from oh no he di'nt to glowing red eyed insta-fury was immediate.

SETTLED?!

"RAAARRRGH!!" This would not end well.

Lucky Launchpad was nowhere near the tank when this occurred, for it was followed by one mighty huge b*tch slap.. of the turret. The sheer force spun it around on the spot, until the barrel aligned nicely with the very building the hero was lecturing atop.

"**You wait until I place my hands on you!**" Probably hadn't thought through how that could sound.

Even the tank seemed to know not to mess with Negaduck in this state, and lurched into rapid fire. Shells pelted the upper stories, into the crossbeams and even into the Malicia mob. The resulting blasts saw huge chunks of rubble topple onto the street below, risking crushing Darkwing's helpers, as the entire structure began to sway.

The felon paid it no mind, only waiting, watching with a delirious determination for an opportunity to seize the hero and settle him into a bloody, heroic pulp.

All going to plan as usual, DW?

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

At the mention of the slightest possibility of some sweet twin-on-twin action, the eyes of every Mal in the vicinity lit up, followed by simultaneous lip-licking. This didn't last long as missiles fired into the mob and they toppled over like a line of doughy dominoes.

Morgana decided now was a good time to take cover as she distanced herself from the tank and dodged falling debris. Fortunately, Negaduck was distracted enough that she could

move freely and managed to reach Launchpad at the Thunderquack.

"I mixed all the ingredients in advance, but we need to create a ring around the entire group..." She bit her lip in concentration. "Ah, I know! Launchpad, do you think you could circle above them with the Thunderquack? I'll attach everything to the bottom of the plane, and it'll spread while I recite the incantation!"

"Yipe!" Darkwing was also running for cover but the building crumbled beneath his feet and suddenly he was falling with the chunks of cement. A pile of Malicias prevented a splattery demise and, like a literal **trampoline** he bounced back up in the air. Grasping blindly, his hands caught the edge of the awning where he dangled precariously.

Well. This did not bode well.

"Eh-heh..." Wriggling uncomfortably he tilted his head in Negaduck's direction. "I, ah, see you're looking well-caffeinated these days."

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

Good thing Launchpad was used to running for his life. He reached the Thunderquack about the time that the rubble started flying. It was also a good thing that he'd used super strong lab-manufactured titanium for the jet's skin and bullet proof glass.

"It doesn't look too bad on the outside. The engine and landing gear seem to be intact."

Probably because the Thunderquack had initially crash landed on its hood instead of its wheels. The fan on the hood was flopped sideways like Free Willy's dorsal fin, but that wouldn't affect low altitude flying much.

"Wings look useable."

Lots of dents, dings...and was the tip bent at a different angle or was that just his imagination? Oh well. He's flown things in much worse shape. The beak could use a nose job, but the good old TQ looked air worthy. Launchpad jumped into the pilot seat and

turned the ignition.

"Come on, baby, come on..."

The engines made some rattling noises before purring to life.

"Yahoo! Thatta girl." The proud pilot fondly patted the steering column and took the controls. "We have ignition! I'll have her up and over that flaming throng in no time!"

It wouldn't take long to get airborne. When Launchpad saw the pile of Malicias, he muttered "That's helpful," but Darkwing's predicament caught his attention as well.

"Uh oh. Looks like DW's going to be in real trouble soon. I'd better lower the ladder!"

Trusting that Morgana had everything ready, Launchpad flew toward the leveled building and clones, intending on flying around them so that the mixture of stuff could pour around them while he set his sights on rescuing the hero. The Thunderquack came in a little lower so that Darkwing could hopefully reach up and grab the ladder as it swept by. If all went as intended, they'd have all of their ducks together in no time, but that was an awfully big IF when Negaduck was raving mad and armed with a workable (and immobile) tank.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

((OOC: Ah hah.. yes, totally forgot I owed on this one! Whoops.))

The fantastic thing about collapsing building rubble – aside from the toasty warm feeling of satisfaction it gave – was that it provided a metaphorical goldmine of improvised weaponry.

And boy did Negaduck enjoy improvising.

"You know what's really, really funny, Darkwing?"

Closing in, scattered flowers crushed under his heels like so many kicked puppies, the devious doppelgänger had collected a nice length of lead piping. With a frightful chunk of thick, twisted

metal lodged firmly in one end. How appropriately scythe-like. Except even the Grim Reaper would never be sadistic enough to take a life with that tool of torture.

"While you were gone, your little girlfriend opened up her foolish heart to give up her criminal ways for you... and you weren't even around to hear it."

Conspiratorial whisper dropped as the batter wound up for the pitch. Or the pummel, more precisely.

"Now, I'll make sure you won't be around to see it either."

With murderous glee, he lunged... and that's when everything else happened.

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by **Malicia** 1 year ago

It was at this very moment that the crowd of Mals gathering around suddenly vanished with a blip!, leaving behind only one who had been momentarily stunned by the residual spell.

"It worked!" Morgana clapped her hands gleefully. But her smile quickly faded when she saw Negaduck moving in for the final blow. "Oh no... **Dark!**"

Darkwing, meanwhile, had managed to find his grip on the awning where the ray gun still rested. During Negaduck's small speech, he made a grab for it with one hand, but missed and nearly lost his holding. Resisting the urge to curse, he tried again. Except this time his hand caught itself in the passing rope ladder.

He was lifted upwards, and in a show of fast reflexes, snagged the gun along with him.

And not a moment too soon, as the pipe swung down, missing the vigilante by a bill's width.

"The only thing I'll stick around to see is your humiliating downfall, Negaduck!" Aiming the ray gun at his doppelganger once more, he pulled the trigger.

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by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Why. Why could karma not leave him alone just this once.

When he had been so. close.

The instant the beam hit him right in the face, a thought-crushing stupor overtook him... and the makeshift weapon dropped out of his hands.

"Duuuuuuh..."

Leaving Negaduck fixed to the spot, eyes all a-swirly, awaiting his commands.

There, no more dangerous than your average cartoon viewer.

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by **Launchpad** 1 year ago

"Way to go, DW! That's showing him!" Launchpad cheered although it was doubtful the crime fighter could hear him through the jet. Figuring that Darkwing would want to land relatively close to Negaduck to handcuff him and take him to the police, Launchpad veered the Thunderquack toward the confused criminal and put the jet in hover.

((Sorry for the long delay. My mind blanked on me for a while. :p))