

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the auto correct that messes up your sentences! I am Darkwing Duck!"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Like nails on a chalkboard. Except Negaduck rather appreciated that sound.

Entirely unlike the sound of his archenemy popping up unexpectedly behind him.

Once the spine-tensing, teeth-clenching inducing introduction was over, the villain spun around.

"You. Where the hell did you appear from?!"

At least nobody was around to witness the almighty Negaduck being the one caught off-guard for a change.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Hold it right there, Negaduck! I don't know what kind of trouble you're going to cause but I better stop you before you cause said trouble!"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Yellow-jacketed arms crossed.

"Please! You have no idea. I bet you haven't even found the toothpick stockpile yet."

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Toothpick stockpile? What do you plan on doing with that?" He was completely confused but it must be some important part of a villainous scheme if Negaduck mentioned it. "I don't know what you're planning but I better get rid of that toothpick stockpile!" Then realizes he has no idea where it is. "Well..As soon as I find it that is!"

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Sometime later after an insane amount of hours and who knows where he found them, DW returns with a crate of toothpicks. "Hey, Neggy! Guess what I found!" He has a rather smug look on his face. "I bet that throws a monkey wrench into your evil plan. These will make a lovely fire."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Eye roll, and the felon stopped, discreetly hiding a sack of something behind his back.

"Not literal toothpicks, you dolt."

The level of stupidity, really. He began to choke on scornful laughter.

"You.. you think.. I'd really use actual toothpicks in my ingenious plan to hypnotise chickens into..."

Sly grin, 'catching' himself mid sentence.

"Ah, but I've said too much. Ta ta!"

Lazy wave, lazily wandering off. Too easy.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Oh no you don't! You're not getting away that easy!" DW frowned. He didn't like the idea of being sent on that wild goose chase for those toothpicks. "You have something behind your back and I'm sure it's something awful no doubt. And something about hypnotizing chickens into who knows what does not settle well with me."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Continuing to walk away, mystery sack over shoulder, he only half-turned to taunt from a distance.

"What're you going to do about it?"

Sneer.

"Toothpick me to death?"

That did sound like a fun way to take out some goons. He would have to pick up a few crates later.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"No! With this!" He pulls out his trusty gas gun and points it at Negaduck. "Suck gas evildoer!" But when he pulled the trigger water came squirting out. "What...What?" He didn't understand it. He swore he had just loaded it this morning with sleeping gas. Then he noticed the note that fell out of his pocket. "Dad, Borrowed the gas gun for a water gun fight. ~Gosalyn". DW groaned in frustration and face palmed. It was not his day today. "Remind me to punish her later when I get home. But first things first. You're still not going anywhere Negaduck!"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

His only answer would be the sound of a raspberry echoing down the street.

Villains. No respect.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"You jerk!" DW was now fuming. He quickly dashed after the villain. No way was he getting away. Especially after his ego just had taken a blow.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

But Negaduck had already disappeared over the other side of the rise. By the time Darkwing got there, there would be no sign of him along the street.

Until a very heavy sack swung at his head from out of an alley. Clearly with the intent of plastering Darkwing's skull into the nearest building.

No qualms when it came to dirty fighting either.

y Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Not expecting the swing at his head, DW fell beak first into the near by wall of a building, before flopping to the ground on his back. "Ow....Ohhh..Did someone get the number of that bus that just ran me over?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

A gravelly rumble echoed above him...

... from three upsidedown red-hatted mallards?

No, that was just the concussion... and the fact Negaduck was looming over him.

"How's that for falling for the oldest trick in the book?"

Scorn delivered, the crook stepped over Darkwing as if he were nothing but trash not worth bothering with - which was saying something, when dealing with Negaduck - and continued on his not-so-merry way.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Darkwing mutters through the pain he's going through after that nasty hit to his head. "Touché, Negaduck." Groans as he tries to sit up. "Just remember..I don't go down that easily and you'll never win!" Then flops to his side suddenly. "Ok..Maybe he did hit me harder than I thought.."

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Darkwing shows up to where ever Negaduck is hiding at. "Ok, Negajerk! If you're going to insult me like that, you better say it to my face!"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

To add insult to, well, insult, Negaduck didn't even bother standing up from his rather comfortable booth at the bar, and kicked his feet up on the table instead.

"Fine."

Waving a bottle of beer around in one hand as if trying to recall the electronically delivered taunt.

"You're a blushing schoolgirl."

A round of laughter from the nearby thugs.

"... and Morg is an excellent teacher."

With a knowing smirk that promised he had deduced as much from personal experience.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Rolls up his sleeves. "What I do with Morgana is my own business!" Then DW leaps from the doorway to land on Neg's table so he can punch the foul drake in the face.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Expecting such a reaction, the caped crook did not move a muscle until the very last second. Shifting his head slightly to one side would allow for Darkwing's fist to go flying into the cushion behind...

... while he held up his bottle in the other drake's line of momentum. With any luck, the vigilante would headbutt it hard enough to shatter both the beer and his consciousness.

"That's good, because nobody wants to hear it!"

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

While the bottle did smash into DW's head it only stunned him for a moment before he shook it off. "At least I don't have to worry about losing my drakehood with my girlfriend! Unlike you!"

By Negaduck 1 year ago

Shock. How had Darkwing known about that?! He had worked so hard to keep it on the down-low! It had taken weeks of very publicly whoring it up to dispel the last round of unflattering rumours concerning his virility, and his infuriating double had taken him back to square one again.

As uproarious guffawing echoed around the dive at his expense, Negaduck's glare snapped onto his counterpart.

Oh he was a dead duck.

"RAAAARRRGHHH!!"

With the pure fury behind that roar, he flipped the table. Hopefully taking Darkwing with it, so he could beat the hero senseless with whatever came to hand.

Ah, a rusty bar stool. That'd do.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Darkwing fell off the table onto his back when the table was flipped. He barely had enough time to roll out of the way before Negaduck smashed him with the bar stool. He was trapped against the bar. "So it is true then?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Teeth clenched so hard it was a wonder he could speak at all.

"No. You utter moron."

Not anymore, anyway.

"But, as a thank you for bringing it up, allow me to give you a little taste of what it would be like."

Followed by holding a lighter up to the stool cushion to set it on fire, followed of course by bringing the entire thing down with all his might.. somewhere where Darkwing very much would not appreciate a rusty flaming seat.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

Darkwing squawks as he tries to dodge the stool. Luckily for him that area of his body didn't catch alight. However, unluckily his cape was caught as he hadn't gotten fully away. He had to scramble to unfasten the flaming cape before the rest of him went up in flames. Feathers flew when he hopped behind the bar to catch his breath.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

It got very quiet. Eerily so.

Then, perhaps, Darkwing would notice what appeared like rain dripping down over the edge of the bar.

Negaduck had upended a number of bottles in an attempt to drench Darkwing in liquor. And, given how high-proof the spirits were at the Old Haunt, that stuff was guaranteed to go up like butune.

"About time things started heating up around here."

Particularly after being hit with an already burning ignition source.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Hmm..What's cooking?" Then he suddenly realized his tail was on fire. Darkwing literally shot up 20 feet in the air before landing to run in a circle for a few minutes before finding something to douse the flames. "Oh...ow..My poor tail." All was left was a few blacken feathers.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Cue burning bar stool swung straight at his head. Ah yes, there was that to worry about too.

"Dis is comin' out of your tab," informed a surly looking bartender, jabbing a finger at Darkwing. So much easier to blame the unwelcome crimefighter than the head villain on a rampage.

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Ha! You missed!" Since he managed to dodge the bar stool swung at him. But in the middle of his gloating, a beam from the ceiling that was now on fire fell on his head. Darkwing fell onto his stomach and coughed. "That really clears up the sinuses. Ow.." He coughs up more smoke than he had inhaled.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Even through the smoke, the figure looming over him was easy enough to see. Due no doubt to the helpfully high contrast colours of his costume.

"Just like you. Picking fights you can't handle."

A homicidal gleam flickered through his eyes like the sparks that surrounded them, as Negaduck prepared for the killing blow.

"Except this time, your luck has finally run out--"

THUNK.

The lovely sound of a huge safe collapsing through the fire-wrecked first storey floor and smooshing one unexpected villain flat into the ground.

What was he saying about luck?

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"Unlike you.." Darkwing spoke inbetween breaths, "I have morals and it would be a bad image to have someone just die like that. " He coughs which was painful. "I wouldn't wish that on anyone. Even on you."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Battered but stirring, a sliver of sight in the black mask opened enough to take in what had happened.

When he spoke, it was hoarse, even for Negaduck.

"Why..."

by Drake Mallard 1 year ago

"I could have let you burn you know." He tried to get to his feet which took some effort to do. "Plus there wasn't time. That roof was about to collapse."

Darkwing shook his head and sighed. Of course Negaduck wouldn't thank him for saving his life. Now he had to slip off before the bar tender and the others noticed him.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Quite a feat to make a noise expressing further pain when one had already crushed a few ribs.

"No..." You complete dolt. "Why didn't you just trigger the fire sprinklers."

The barkeep and company were already at work doing so but, thanks to part of the wall collapsing, it was then possible to see a big red handle with 'PULL IN CASE OF FIRE' near the bar. Clearly not the first time such a mess had occurred.

"Ugh..." With not a word of appreciation, Negaduck pushed himself up and began to stagger off. Darkwing could deal with the clean-up if he wanted.

—

by Negaduck 4 months ago

A pair of hands would appear out of nowhere, seize Darkwing by the collar and slam him head first into the nearest brick wall.

"You colossal **IDIOT**."

That thundering rage, the type that shook windows and terrified small children, could only mean one attacker. The sole question that would remain was, 'What now?'

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"What do you want?" Darkwing hisses when he sees who his attacker was after recovering from being slammed into the wall.

He wasn't in a good mood and dealing with Negaduck wasn't something he wanted to do right now. Plus, he was still reeling from the warehouse hot tub incident.

Not to mention still angry about the church attack.

"I suggest you let go of me and walk away right now." He says coldly and glares at him.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Not a good mood = Negaduck. Permanently. Except Darkwing may have noticed that his devious doppelgänger was in an even worse mood than usual.

If he noticed the post box that had been ripped out of the ground in a Hulk fit and hurled at his skull, that was.

"You know what you need to walk away from?! CAMERAS." So mad at this point making sense was a secondary concern. "But noo, you are such an attention WHORE that you manage to insert your bumbling behind in front of lenses you don't even know are there!"

Just.. railing. And throwing stuff. And wailing into the crime fighter, if he dared come within wailing range.

"Do you have any IDEA how long I've waited.. You can't even PAY for that kind of... YOU NO-BRAINED BOOB BLOCKER!!"

Gee, whatever could've caused that level of explosive frustration?

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"I'm going to do more than block boobs if you do not get out of my way!" If Negaduck had bothered to notice that Darkwing's tone was sounding a bit more darker than usual maybe he would be spared from getting his butt turned inside out. Because if he kept pushing him, he was going to be in a world of hurt.

"Oh. Poor Negsy. Didn't get to watch. Cry me a river, build a bridge, and get over it."

He mocks the Hulk-drake as he dodges things being thrown at him.

"Public Enemy #1 is a spoiled brat! Cries and throws a missy fit like a little kid."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Yes. That's exactly what he was. Calling him out on it wasn't going to result in an apology, a sudden realisation of, "Oh I'm sorry, I'm being irrational, here's some money to fix the post box."

But that's what Darkwing did best. Get under his skin like a meth mite. And he would destroy himself and everything around him if he could just finally get rid

of it.

"I'll fit your corpse into a cheese grater and hurl it off Nigeria Falls!"

And, as Negaduck wasn't one for empty threats, he lunged. Straggling his twin was nearly as good as straggling.. well, something else.

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

He would find that Darkwing would be no push over. Since he was completely ignored and that his warning had not been heeded, he snapped. Rage filled him and when the demented drake had launched himself at him, he had him by the neck.

"I'm returning the favor." He growled darkly.

He introduced Negaduck to the very wall that he slammed the crime fighter into just moments ago. Except he got to say hello several times from repeated head bangings.

"I'll say it again. Leave me alone or it will be you that will be in the cheese grater going over the falls." Darkwing growls again at the twin now at his feet after he had dropped him like a newborn giraffe.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Miniature round bombs with disturbingly adorable miniature wings fluttered around the villain's head as he crumpled to the floor.

That. That was not a typical Darkwing move.

Negaduck expressed as much as he came to again, peddling backwards, as though the hero had been replaced with a vicious black bear in a purple mask.

"What's gotten into you?!"

You can't be MEAN. That's my job!

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"What's gotten into me? What's gotten into me?" A bear in a mask was about right in describing him. He growled as he uttered the question. Plus, the way he was glaring at Negs suggested that he was going to maul him.

"Let's just say I'm thinking clearer now. That I've upped my crime fighting game. That I'll take care of evildoers..**permanently**.."

Emphasis on the permanently which was said with a deadly dark tone. Not to mention the unsettling look on his face as he stepped towards the villain.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Back to standing, but definitely on the back foot.

"What're you going to do, send us your copies of Readers Digest to bore us to death?"

Couldn't resist the snark. Because as odd as he was acting, this was Darkwing. How much of a threat could he really be?

y Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"No. I'm going to break your neck." He says. "Make it look like an accident. Oh, poor Negsy. Got into trouble and got himself killed. He won't be missed."

Darkwing grinned although it wasn't the kind one should be happy to see.

"And they'll believe it. After all, my word is golden. I'm the hero."

by Negaduck 4 months ago

"Like you could lay a hand on me!" Deliberately, anyway. All those other times were strokes of luck, you hear? LUCK. "You're in over your head combing your hair in the morning!"

Enough of this. Time to go back on the offence.

"Fortunately once you're without a head, that won't be a problem!"

Stick of short fuzed dynamite stuck into a crack in the brick wall. When it exploded, the wall would come with it, hopefully jamming a few big chunks of plaster into his rival's pancreas. If not, it would at least make for a handy diversion while he took off.

Tactical withdrawal! That's what it was.

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

Speaking of luck. He had managed to avoid getting smashed by the bits of the wall after the explosion. Unfortunately for Negaduck, that meant his luck was bad, and he was soon going to find out that doing that only made the hero more angry and vicious.

Darkwing emerged from the cloud of dust to chase after Negaduck when the villain fled.

"You can run! But you can't hide!"

His growling voice echoed through the night. He took another path so that he would end up ahead of the fleeing evildoer.

"Boo!" When he appeared seemingly out of nowhere in front of Negaduck.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Any guesses what happens when you get in the way of a retreating snake? Even one that was doing you the favour of slithering as fast as it could in the opposite direction?

Anybody?

No fangs were involved - yet - but Negaduck's momentum quickly carried through into a flying lunge. Arms outstretched for his double's throat. Even if it couldn't kill Darkwing, perhaps it could shut him up.

"BOO to you!"

This was destined to end up in a full-on punch-on one way or another. And if the momentum continued to carry, probably right into traffic. Because these two drakes were not capable in the slightest of doing things with the least amount of drama.

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

Darkwing was knocked back when several pounds of drake hits him and he's flat on his back trying to avoid being choked. He pushes up with his legs to kick at the villain's gut before flipping him over himself.

"You've got to do better than that, Negs!"

He growls deeply before the two end up locking into a fist fight. Because when these two met for the mentioned drama, they exchanged blows.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

Picking himself and his winded midsection up, Negaduck was about to throw a vicious one-liner Darkwing's way, followed by a vicious something else - his usual combination - but ended up only needing to point behind the crimefighter.

ARRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOO--KRASH!!

That was the disadvantage of brawling in peak hour traffic. Trucks sneaking up on you.

While Darkwing enjoyed a bugs-life tour of St Canard, presumably lodged into the front grill as he was, his archenemy had swung onto the passing vehicle. And made himself at home in the cabin.

"Need a BREAK-?" So kindly offered to the ambushed truckie who was shoved by surprise out the opposite door.

Safety first after all, wouldn't want any accidents to happen...

... like an 18 wheeler being driven straight through a HOT WAX beauty salon, a glass exhibition, and a cactus factory.

WHY WAS THERE EVEN A CACTUS FACTORY WHY.

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"Wh--" Darkwing was plowed into the truck and was stuck on the grill like a splattered bug. Which only served to make him even more pissed than he already was.

It took him several minutes before coming out of his daze to peel himself off before climbing onto the hood. He inflated himself since he had been flattened a bit. While hanging on he had to deal with the hot wax (luckily he avoided that), the glass (some shards cut his cheek), and the cacti (the spines in his bum was the last straw).

Why does a cactus factory exist?

"I've had enough fun for one day!"

Darkwing reached into his coat to fetch the gas gun and fired it at the windshield when he spotted that it was Negaduck now driving the truck.

by Negaduck 4 months ago

The cacophony of glass shattering was soon followed by the cacophony of outraged spluttering as the pellet filled the cabin with its gassy gift.

"ARRGH!" Somehow managing to be even louder than the truck careening out of control. "PETAL FRESH?!!"

Had to hand it to Darkwing. He sure knew his enemy.

That was the last exclamation before the vehicle hit a barrier and rolled, skidding along on its side like a huge metal whale beaching itself in a spray of sparks.

Added bonus was this huge metal whale happened to be a oil truck. The sticky tar slicked the road and, without Mr Pyromaniac on board needing to do anything, 'whoosh!' Up it went.

A pretty sight indeed to greet said pyromaniac as he hauled himself out of the overturned driver side window.

"Rgghhh..."

Like a little fiery motor accident would slow him down. More willing to fight than ever, the maniacal mallard couldn't wait to introduce his counterpart's face to the inferno.

As soon as he could find it...

by Drake Mallard 4 months ago

"Give it up, Negaduck! Your reign of terror is over!" Darkwing's voice echoed from somewhere outside of the blaze. He had managed to jump off just before the truck had crashed and burst into flames.

"I'm going to end it."

The voice seemed to be coming from another direction.

"You won't be able to hurt anyone any longer."

Then another.

"Your punishment is permanent." His silhouette began to appear through the flames as he growled out that last statement. It was followed by him leaping towards the villain for another attack. The orange glow from the fire and that deadly look on his face, made the hero more like a thing out of Hell than the city's savior.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

It was Negaduck's turn to feel like he was hit with a Mac truck.

The lunge caught him mid-cabin escape and they both went flying backwards. More tumbling. The hero came out on top, pinning him to the slick asphalt, not metres away from the fiery circle of doom. Where had all that pent up aggression come from?

There was a line there, but the villain was going another direction.

"Watch it, Darkwing."

Fingers had curled around a broken length of chain, just within reach.

"Or you really will lose your head."

The metal whipped around so fast for the vigilante's throat it would normally have been impossible to detect. Except, thanks to the oil spill and everything, the end half of it was on fire.

Back on the attack. Where he liked to be.

by Drake Mallard 3 months ago

That pent up aggression seemed to have come from years of built up anger that had been bottled up. Caused by all of the hell Negaduck has given the hero. It was like a pressure cooker exploding from too much steam being trapped inside with no release.

"ACK!"

Darkwing sputtered as he felt the chain being wrapped around his arm when he raised it up to keep it from hitting his neck. The flaming end was now burning through his sleeve as he tugged on it hoping to pull the rest of the chain out of Negaduck's hands. He was still trying to fight back with his other fist as he had the villain still pinned under him. The rage and the adrenaline rush fueling his attack.

"I..can't..let you win!"

He spat in Negaduck's face. His words came out in pained growls.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

Pure confusion. When could Darkwing focus like that? When could he fight like that? That a flaming burn around one arm was something that could be worked through. It was dizzying.

The punches to the head, as much as he tried to dodge them, didn't help either.

But there was one thing above all else he held in common with his rival.

Stubbornness.

"Too. Bad."

If Darkwing wasn't to let go of the chain, he could keep it. Around his neck.

One last burst of strength, and the maniacal mallard flipped the metal up and around the dogooder's hat, turning it into a makeshift garrotte. Something that could become as twisted as himself, with the right kind of pressure, and bring Darkwing to heel. And then, preferably, to his grave.

Hopefully that would work. Because that was all he had.

by Drake Mallard 3 months ago

Darkwing jerked back when he felt the chain go around his neck. His

expression was a mix of panic and anger. But mostly anger. Since tugging had failed to get the chain out of Negaduck's hands, he decided on another way. One that no one would think he would do.

Leaning down and at lightning speed, he bit Negaduck right on the bill. He closed his jaws tightly like a vice as he raised one arm to deliver another punch.

He'll be what he tastes soon. Dead.

Even though the taste of Negaduck would have him brushing his bill for ages, at least now the villain couldn't gloat or spew out more pointless threats.

Although, anyone coming by would wonder just what was going on because the sight was rather awkward now.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

The sadistic triumph at having secured his choke hold went the other way very, very fast.

"MNFF RREE OOUU DFFNGG OUU UTTTBGGG?!!!"

To flail was to put it mildly. Panic. Scratch. Writhe. If he could only get a decent hit on the guy...

But Darkwing beat him to the punch. Excusing the pun (ch).

"OOF!"

Not enough to knock him out cold. But enough to send stars whirling around his skull like the hazy lights of some of his favourite sleazy establishments.

Five, ten seconds tops. That all the supposed 'hero' had. Because once Negaduck came to, both in consciousness and the revelation of how dirty Darkwing was prepared to play, it would get much, much worse.

by Drake Mallard 3 months ago

"Argh." Darkwing spat after letting go from the bite. He wiped his mouth and noted Negaduck coming to.

Taking the opportunity before Negaduck could recover, quickly he threw the villain against the tank of the leaking truck. He shed himself free of the burning chain before digging out the gas gun to point it at the demented drake.

"Negaduck!" He growls deeply as he stood there panting and shaking from both pain and his madness. There was nothing in his eyes but insanity.

"It's time to say good bye!"

He fired a bolt out of the gas gun that struck the tank to allow more fuel to leak out. Within seconds it made the fire rage more. In mere moments it would soon explode.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

It did not take him long to work out he was well and truly boned.

Like look at the damage that fuel was doing to his suit! It was criminal, really. His drycleaning bill would cost an arm and a leg next time round, fortunately it didn't have to be his arm and leg...

Wait. Hold on. Bigger priorities. At the rate of the leak, the proximity to other fuel sources - including himself - and high concentration of flammable vapour in the air, the only chance for escape would be to run now. NOW. Before some idiot ignited the whole thing. Not that Darkwing would deliberately do that, the weak, moralistic sap--

What? WHAT.

"You-" Fury and fear wrestled for prime position in his throat. "-are no hero, Darkwing Duc--"

~~~faa-BOOOOOOOOOOMMM~~

It was a blast of mushroom cloud proportions. Thanks to the masked avenger's actions - and a rather inconveniently placed gas main beneath the overturned truck - the explosion rivalled even those of one Malicia Macawber's when she found someone had shredded her prized Christian Louboowtins for doggy chew treats.

Not that he would be seeing those temper tantrums again any time soon.

by Drake Mallard 3 months ago

Darkwing only had gotten a few feet before the explosion had sent him flying. He skidded for a few moments before rolling to a stop. He shook his head trying to shake the ringing out of his ears and the blurriness from his eyes.

He got to his feet and held his arm which still screamed in pain from the burns.

There's no way he could have survived that.

Just to be sure, he stumbled back to the raging fire just to make sure. He stared at the flames trying to see anything. Although the heat was making him hot from its intensity, it didn't melt that coldness he was feeling inside now.

by Negaduck 3 months ago

Leaving one stunned boy in a purple cape and fedora holding a camera.

"Oh... golly.... "

Not the sort of footage he had been expecting to get for Darkwing's very own fan journal, The Newsletter That Flaps in the Night! But it would sure make that news - and many other news publications aside.

Just like Darkwing always wanted... right?

By Drake Mallard 3 months ago

Darkwing stared at the fire a little longer noting there was no signs of Negaduck except for his hat that came floating down that had been blown off from the explosion.

"He's gone." He mutters quietly as he picked it up. Turning he sees the boy with the camera. "Tell them.." He pauses as he brushes past the kid. "That Negaduck is dead."

As he stalked off into the night with his trophy he says in a dark voice.

"And there is a new law in town. Evildoers beware. The reaper is coming for you."

If one didn't know better they could have sworn he was his evil doppelganger. Since crazed maniacal laughter followed as it echoed in the dark.