

Oh boy! Look at all these sparkleys!" Torque kicked back on the piled bags of diamonds she and Negaduck had just scored. "Man, was that fun or what?" She sighed and grabbed one of the large gems, holding it in front of her eye so it caught the light. "So, now what are we supposed to do with all this?"

"Hey gimme that!" Negaduck said to Torque while grabbing that large green diamond that she was holding in her hands fully admiring the precious gem. "Do you know what this diamond is? This is the Mystic Eye!! It has the power to steal the abilities of any living creature. Think of the havoc we can wreak with this doooohickey!"

Torque frowned and sat up as the gem was snatched from her. "Wow, that sounds kinda cool...I guess." She suddenly perked up again. "Oh! Who should we try it on first?"

Negaduck put a feathered finger against his beak and thought of a good candidate, "Hmmm, let's try this magical doohicky on Morgana!!!" The mallard started to give that evil laugh, "Just think with her magic, we will be unstoppable!!"

Yeah!" Torque agreed, throwing her fist in the air. "Let's snatch that magic!" She grabbed her guns and began to refill them with bullets, whistling a toon as she did so. "Morgana's smart, though. We'll need a plan."

Dewey was walking down one of the many street's in St. Canard. He and his brother's had come to the city with their uncle Donald and Daisy, in search of some juicy news. In a city with so much crime, and heros like Darkwing Duck, there couldn't have been a better place for a scoop.

He had just left his favorite bookstore, with a bag full of comics for him and his brothers. It was late. He hadn't realized how much time he had spent at the store. His uncle would be worried if he didn't get back soon.

He hadn't gone too far down the road when he came across a large storage lot. There were huge warehouses lined side by side. Lights were one in one in one of them.

Dewey stopped in front if it, curious. Who would want to be hanging out in a giant old shed this time of night? As he started walking forward again, he stepped on something sharp. "Ouch!" Lifting his webbed foot, Dewey looked down to see a sparkling diamond lying on the concrete. "What the-?" He leaned down and picked it up. "That's odd."

He herd some yell inside the wearhouse, making him drop the gem. He turned his attention back to the building. "What's going on here", he wondered. After a moment, his puzzled frown turned into a wide smile. "Oh boy, maybe I can uncover aa story for uncle D!" Setting his bag of

books down, he quietly snuck towards the warehouse .

Negaduck looked at his criminal companion and said, "Leave it to me!! I know how to handle Morgana!! OH man! I can't wait to possess that witch's magical power! We can turn our enemies into anything WE WANT....like slugs that we can squish under our feet!!!" The black masked mallard pulled Torque by the arm, "Come on!! We got stalking to do!!"

Dewey tip-toed to the large entrance of the warehouse. The door was open just a bit, and he peeked inside. His hand shot to his beak as he help back a gasp. Inside, he spotted the yellow clad duck of doom, Negaduck. With him was a rabbit girl. And with both of them, were bags and bags of gems.

He knew he should leave, but he wanted to know more.

She giggled as Negaduck began to drag her off. "Oh what fun what-" She stopped short, ears pointing high up. "Wait. We're not alone. I can hear someone breathing." Her eyes scanned the room and her grip on the gun tightened.

"Shhhhhh, I think I heard something too," the menacing mallard said and placed a finger to his beak. "Here, stand back! It's probably just a few rats! I'll take care of them!!" Negaduck said as he lit the fuse of a small bomb and threw it towards the opposite wall.

Dewey swallowed hard. Shoot. They were on to him. He didn't know if he should run or stay put. Where would he go if he ran? How could he escape one of the most acclaimed villains of all time? What would they do to him?

Dewey was so caught up in his escape plan he was unprepared for the loud blast and shaking ground that emanated from the bomb. He squeaked and jumped back. Now he had no choice.

The young drake spun on his heels, running as fast as his webbed feet would take him. As he turned the corner he saw the bag of books. "The bookstore!" That's where he would go. It was close, he could get help!

HEY YOU KNOB!!! Get your tail feathers back here!!" Negaduck exclaimed at the fleeing juvenile. "Come on! Morgana will just have to wait! He may have stolen some of our precious merchandise!!"

Make me!" Dewey shouted over his shoulder, pulling out his cell phone. He quickly dialed a number that could very well save his life, and it wasn't 911. "Please pick up please pick up please pick up please-"

"Helloooooo?"

"...Puck? Is that you?" He questioned, not realized the popular

singer/crime fighter was in town. Much less, at Darkwing's house.

"You betcha? Who's this?"

"Dewey! Listen, is DW there?"

"Oh Dew-myster! Long time no see! How are you?"

"Not so good actually!" He glanced over his shoulder, spotting the enraged duck and rabbit on his tail. "PUCK I NEED HELP! Negaduck's try'n ta kill me!"

"WHAT??? Where are you, what did you do?!?"

"I'm heading to the bookstore! Please hurry!"

"I'll be there in a flash, hold on little buddy! Fight with all your might!"

She hung up. Dewey wasn't expecting the whip-wielding, crazy haired Irish duck girl to be his rescuer, but at this point, he didn't care who saved him, as long as he got saved!

"Hey twerp, you better do as the boss duck says!" Torque hopped after Dewey alongside Negaduck. He was running fast, but not as fast as the rabbit could. She saw him pull out his phone. "Great, he's gonna call the cops! Wait a minute..." She narrowed her eyes. "Isn't that-isn't that Scrooge McDuck's nephew?"

One more turn. He would be there. Oh, how he hoped Lilly was still inside. It hadn't yet crossed his mind the danger he would be putting her in too. Glancing one more time over his shoulder, Dewey saw the rabbit girl gaining on him, fast. He drew back a gasp as he saw the gun pointed at him. It seemed as if she had realized now who he was.

When he looked forward again, his heart skipped a beat as he was at the front step of the store. Grabbing the door handle, he sighed in relief as he was able to open it. Dewey quickly locked the door behind him and ran into the back. "Miss Lilly! Miss Lilly!"

The motherly duck had been somewhat intent on her whole-scale spring-cleaning, and had she known what was happening just outside her shop, she'd have been doubly glad she had left Rosa in Darryl's care for the day. Raising her head at the commotion, she tilted the same as and young drake practically flew into the back room towards her.

"Dewey? Goodness, what's the matter dear?" she asked in concern as she rose, dusting off her hands. "Is everything alright? You look absolutely terrified."

He was absolutely terrified. Gasping for breath, he leaned over, resting his hands on his knees. "Ne-Negaduck. It all-I mean, it happened so fast..." His eyes met hers. "He's after me!"

"I'm so sorry, there wasn't any other place I could think of coming! But Midnight Star is on her way to help, she'll be here at any moment!" At

least, he hoped she would be.

Negaduck immediately got his tail feathers moving in fast gear, trying to keep up with both his female companion and the escaping young mallard. Passing by his Harley Davidson Motorcycle Chopper with the duck skull crossbones in the back, he immediately hopped on the bike and started it and sped towards the red brick building that the duck took refuge in. Negaduck slammed on the brakes when he approached the building and yelled, "Torque! That little knob is in here!!" Negaduck got off the bike, and putting his feathered hands together under his beak, he said sweetly, "Aww, taking refuge in a book store, eh kid?" The black masked mallard, immediately lit another fuse to a bomb and threw it at the front door.

Puck slipped into her costume as quick as she could, and to her it wasn't quick enough. Tying back her colorful hair, she darted into the kitchen, the one room in the house she knew Launchpad would be. "Launchpad! Emergency! We've gotta go NOW! What's the fastest transportation you have?"

"Huh?" Launchpad stammered around a mouthful of sandwich. He swallowed quickly and stuffed the leftovers in the refrigerator, hurrying to Puck's side. "No problemo! DW took the Ratcatcher earlier but we've still got the station wagon and the Thunderquack. Heh heh. I can venture a guess which of those you'd prefer... Where we goin'?"

After hearing Puck's answer, he frowned in confusion.

"The library? Who'd a thunk that...?"

Right before he punched the Basil of Baker Street statuette, he paused and looked his friend in the eye. "Wait, did you say Dewey was in trouble? As in Mr. McDee's nephew, 'Dewey Duck'?"

Puck confirmed this. Launchpad got a fierce glint in his eye.

"NOBODY messes with friends of Launchpad McQuack and gets away with it!" he said firmly.

With that, he punched the statue and the two were on their way to the tower, and a quick flight.

"Most definitely the Thunderquack. To the bookstore on 82nd." They took their seats on the chairs in the living room, and Puck gave Launchpad the nod. "Poor Dewey's got himself in a bad situation."

He reached for the statue, but stopped short and looked back at her after her last statement. His voice seemed a bit shaken up.

"Yes, Launchpad. I'm so sorry."

With a new burst of energy, he slammed his fist down on the statue and they spun in their seats, winding up inside Darkwing's Tower. They

hulled themselves inside the Thunderquack as quick as they could, and in moments they were off.

"There Launchpad! I see the store!"

Lilly stifled a shriek as the door splintered uselessly under the onslaught of the explosive and tugged Dewey close, as far from the door as her current state of frozen-in-place could manage.

"Dewey, go hide further back," she said nervously. "M-maybe they'll think you slipped out a window if they can't find you."

Damn that stammer. She was supposed to be comforting, not quailing under her own fear. Getting a hold of herself, she gently urged the boy towards the still unsorted piles at the back. "Oh dear oh dear... stay there and stay quiet..."

Hopefully they wouldn't burn too much... just the thought was enough to destroy any self-control over her worry that she had. Well, at least the boy wouldn't see it now.

Dewey felt a sense of comfort as Lilly held him close. The explosion made his tail feathers stand up. This was really bad.

"Your store!" He yelped, taking a step back. Oh dear, Negaduck wasn't going to play nice. He would burn this whole place down if he had too. 'This is all my fault...' Dewey murmured, lowering his head. Lilly seemed to be more focused on the boy's safety at the moment, however. She told him to go hide somewhere in the back, and he did just that. She showed him a place behind some stacks of books and papers. He stayed down, and stayed quite, preying Midnight Star would show up soon.

Torque skidded to a halt beside Negaduck and his bike. "A bookstore eh?" She raised an eyebrow and jiggled the handle. "Whadda ya know? Locked!"

Negaduck seemed to have a solution for that. He lit a bomb and tossed it at the door. Torque jumped aside and covered her ears. The explosion shook the ground, and the door splintered into thousands of pieces.

The rabbit went in, waving her hand in front of her face to clear the dust. "Hello? Anyone here?" She peeked behind the counter and spotted the store owner. "Well, hello there!" She spoke rather cheerfully, waving her gun in the air. "Say, you wouldn't have happened to see a tiny little ducky come in here, would you?" Torque's eyes pierced into Lilly's. "Oh, and, I wouldn't lie if I were you. Liars' heart beats speed up, and I can hear every faint, bloody pulse."

"I see it, I see it..." Launchpad mumbled, his tongue sticking out

slightly in concentration. He didn't like what he saw. A familiar black cape disappearing inside what remained of the door and...was that a rabbit? A loaded rabbit...

"Hang in there, Little Buddy..." he whispered in a strained tone.

He maneuvered the jet over the library's roof and hovered a couple feet above it.

"Hero away!" he smirked slyly at Midnight Star, opening the bottom hatch for her to make her dramatic exit.

Great..." Puck muttered as she saw the rabbit vanish into the building. Whenever she had an encounter with Torque, things tended to get messy.

Launchpad opened the bottom hatch of the flying machine, keeping it still at only feet above the roof. She smiled at him and saluted, jumping out. She rolled softly across the hard concrete and jumped back to her feet.

Finding the small box door that lead inside the building, she lifted it up gently and peered inside, hearing several voices, as well as some threats.

Puck jumped inside, looking around and grabbing her whip. She was in the back room, and saw two figures several yards in front of her. Dashing to Lilly's side, she separated her from the crazed rabbit.

"Sorry to spoil your night, Torque, but you and Negaduck aren't going to have the happy, crime-filled ending you hoped for."

"Oh really?" Torque took one step back, smirking. "You know better than to jump out in front of an armed rabbit, Midnight Star. We spook easily."

Negaduck immediately entered into the building with Torque, and the duo split up. As Torque was interrogating the owner of the book store, Negaduck had other plans, to fetch what was his. "Come out kid!! You know what happens to little kiddies who don't obey my commands?" With an evil laugh, the Masked Mallard of Menace whipped out his mighty chainsaw and pulled the chord. It only took a second for the machinery to roar to life, and Negaduck revved up the motor for good measure. "Better come out kiddie!!" With an evil maniacal laugh, Negaduck shouted, "Or I will find you with my chainsaw! I will tear this place apart until I find you!!" With that look of pure evil in his ice blue eyes, the black masked mallard began to apply the running gasoline powered blade against the book shelves, with paper and wood flying everywhere. "Better come out kid!" With one row completely demolished, he applied the chainsaw to another row.....

Dewey kept as still as he could. He heard Torque and Negaduck plow their way into the store. He couldn't hear what the rabbit was saying to Lilly due to the revving chainsaw, but he knew it wasn't anything

friendly.

Yikes! Dewey heard the taunting demands from the evil duck, and was shaken by the sounds of falling books.

Negaduck was really close now. He was going to find him. And Dewey preferred not to be found by the chainsaw. Realizing now he had no choice if Lilly and her store were to stay in tact, the young duck inhaled sharply, got to his feet, and tossed a hardcover book at the back of Negaduck's head. "Hey, ugly! If you still want me so bad come get me!"

"Dewey? DEWEY!"

He turned his head at the familiar voice, mouth dropping in relief. "Midnight Star! You're here!"

But his happiness was short lived. He now had a very deadly, very angry villain coming at him.

As the three girls turned to see Dewey bravely facing Negaduck, Torque took the moment to deliver a powerful, bone-crushing kick to Midnight Star's side. She was knocked off her feet and came crashing down on some knocked over books. "Sorry we couldn't chat longer, but we've got what we came for. You lucked out tonight, miss bookworm." Torque snorted and helped Negaduck trap Dewey. There was no escape now.

Seeing that Torque took care of the opposition and the kid would rather give up than be sliced and diced into creamy coleslaw, Negaduck grabbed the kid and used one of the bookshelves to break out the window to make a clean escape. With the screaming kid under his muscular arm and grabbing Torque he ran out the window and made a get away for his bike, which was parked near the entrance. "Oh great job Torque!" Negaduck looked back towards the destroyed book store and admired his work, "God I love my job."

"Hey! Lemme go!" Dewey was easily scooped up by Negaduck. He kicked and punched, to no avail. The two villains made their escape, with the hero inside still struggling to her feet. "Put me down this instant! I said PUT ME DOWN YOU BIG SMELLY-mph!"

Torque taped his bill shut, shuttering and muttering about how loud Dewey was. The kidnapers climbed onto the menacing bike, about to make their getaway.

Launchpad had just accomplished one of his rare, perfect landings in a vacant spot on the street (the city really needed some more landing pads on the roof tops. At least having folding wings helped with the parking situation). However, Launchpad was not thinking about launchpads or landings. He knew Midnight Star needed backup. With a ratio of two bad guys versus one hero, plus two or more potential hostages...even HE could do that math...

He heard a horrendous crash coming from the store. He ran as fast

as he could, but he wasn't fast enough. Dewey's shouts echoed down the street and Launchpad whipped around the corner just in time to see Negaduck throwing his little buddy on the motorcycle.

He shouted in protest, but coughed on the exhaust and dust kicked up by the tailpipe. He watched helplessly as the villains took off. He'd give up Hamburger Hippo for a month for DW's help right now...

His loyal heart was torn. Follow his former boss's nephew, or see to Midnight Star. If he'd remained in the air instead of landing, he could have followed the bike and located Negaduck's hideout. Now it would take several precious minutes to run back to the Thunder Quack and take off. By then, Dewey would be gone.

He needed a plan. First, call the police. Check. He did that on his radio while he was still in the air. Second, help anyone who was hurt. That most likely meant Midnight Star herself. Third...well, that's what he needed a hero for. To make a plan.

He tore the broken door off its hinges and peered around the desecrated store. Books and shelves lay in total ruin. The store owner was standing in a corner, looking shaken but unharmed.

"Don't worry, Miss. The cops are on their way. I'm a friend of Dewey's... And so is Midnight Star..." he said as a means of introduction.

He saw movement out of the corner of his eye and hurried over to help Midnight Star to her feet.

"Star! They got Dewey! I saw them heading west on 82nd! If we hurry, we might can track them from above..." His concern for Dewey shifted to the present as he noticed the look of pain on the heroine's face. "Uh...You don't look so good, Star..." he frowned.

Trembling all over, Lilly looked close to tears at she looked over what was left of her store. There was no way she could ever afford to make up everything that had been ruined in less than ten minutes. It had already been hard enough making ends meet for herself and her baby... oh God... maybe she could live at Darryl's house for the rest of her life...

Get a grip on yourself, another part of her said. We'll worry about your poverty later. Right now, everything else is more important. People are hurt!

Wiping her eyes, she stepped forward and directed the heroine to sit with a firm hand on her arm. By great good luck, there was still an intact chair.

"L-let me see. Something might be broken..."

"Please, stop that whining", Torque growled as she bit off a strip of duc'k' tape (I'm sorry I couldn't help myself XD). After solving that problem, she asked Negaduck "so, where are we going to go? We're gonna have a lot more goodies on our trail when the word get's out we have Scrooge McDuck's nephew."

Puck cursed as Torque and Negaduck made their get away. Launchpad entered the building just as the motorcycle took off, running over to help his friend to her feet. 'No, I'm fine LP. We need to help Dewey first...' Her face scrunched up in pain as she got back on her feet. "Ow."

Lilly helped the pilot find a seat for Puck. "A rib might be broken, I think." She said, holding her left side firmly.

Negaduck laughed, "It's really amazing how many uses DUCK TAPE has, isn't it. I should keep a few rolls handy just to tape Darkwing Duck's beak shut!" The criminal mallard took off for the abandoned warehouses that lie near the old docks on the Audobon Bay. The motorcycle came to a stop in front of an old rubber factory that used to make tires years ago. The windows in the century old concrete structure were mostly broken and graffiti covered the what used to be white coloured walls. The trio entered the decrepate building through an open rear door, and immediately in front they saw a cast-iron staircase that led to the second floor. "Come on! We'll hide the rat up in one of the offices. The question is, who wants to babysit the little darling while the other goes back and gets the rest of the loot?"

Launchpad grimaced in sympathy for Midnight Star as Lilly patted her side. Thinking out loud, he said,

"Well, if I know anything about First Aid, it's that ribs can't be fixed. They can only be taped to keep 'em from gettin' hurt some more."

Launchpad looked back at Lilly.

"Do ya have any duc'k' tape layin' around? Or anything we can use as gauze? I can fix Star up for the moment..." He'd certainly had enough experience helping Darkwing. He glanced at the broken window, straining to hear Negaduck's motorcycle.

"Poor Mr. McDee...It'll kill him to hear somethin's happened to Dewey..."

He only half listened as Puck explained that Negaduck wouldn't hurt Dewey. His mind was still wandering over possible scenarios.

Then, that sharp look returned to his eyes. He drew himself up to his full height. "No. I can't let Negaduck get away with this..." He strode toward the door. "I'm goin' after 'em...!"

"Oh wow, great pic Negsy! I don't think anyone will find us here." Torque traced he hand along the graffiti. They climed up the stairs, the sound of their steps echoing through the lonely building. "Oh, pick me! I love babysitting!" Torque smiled, her eyes locking onto Dewey's. "You and me, kiddo, we'll have a blast..."

"OH ya love baby sitting do ya? That's good." Negaduck left the room for a while to fully scope out the long, vacant building. The floor was littered with old beer cans and bottles and there were graffiti that fully

peppered the masonry walls. Inside one room, it appeared to be an office that was complete with an overturned green metal desk, and chair that looked like it came out of the 1960's. The mallard carried the chair to the room where their guest was and walked in. "Here ya go kid!! A nice chair for ya!! Go ahead!! Have a seat!!! Courtesy of Hotel Duck!" Negaduck started to go out the door, and looked back to Torque, "Oh, I'll bring ya both back some grub when I return. Now that's Room Service for ya kid!" The mallard again looked towards the rabbit and said "Here think fast!" A roll of DUCK TAPE was suddenly headed her way. The criminal laughed and said, "You could use this to tie the little brat up! I guess Duck Tape DOES have an infinite amount of uses!!"

Dewey could only mumble as he was carelessly thrown about. Torque and Negaduck found an old abandoned building to hideout in for the time being. It seemed the rabbit girl was looking forward to some quality time with Dewey, and that did not lighten his spirits at all.

Negaduck brought him back a seat and Torque puched him down onto it. Dewey glared at her, not liking being bossed around. Worst hotel I've ever stayed at then...he grumbled in his head. Before the yellow and red clad duck left, he gave another roll of duck tape to the dread head.

Great, now what's this psycho going to do to me?

Hear that kiddo? Ol Negsy here is so nice he's gonna get us food!" She ruffled the feathers on his head playfully. "I can guarantee you won't be staying at a more courteous hotel as long as you live! Which, I dunno, might not be long...." She put her gun back in it's holster to catch the role of duc'k' tape flying at her. "Aye aye sir!" She saluted and wrapped several long strips around Dewey and the chair, sealing them together. Torque sat down and crossed her legs, smiling widely at the duck. "So, wadda ya wanna do? We can play cards! Oh, no, I don't have any cards....stratego? Pictionary? Monopoly? Nope, don't have those either. That's alright we'll just talk!"

"Yeah ok, whatever can get me back on my feet. We need to not let those creeps get too far ahead of us." Puck placed a hand on Launchpad's shoulder as he thought about poor Dewey and how his family would take the news. "We know they want him alive right now, or Negaduck would have just killed him instead of escaping with him. This probably means they're trying to get information out of him, or hold him hostage until they get whatever they want out of this situation." Puck sighed. She would never let Negaduck and Torque get away with this. Neither would Launchpad. He stood up and progressed towards the door. "No Launchpad! You can't go after them alone!" Puck jumped to her feet. "We need more help!"

Launchpad froze at the door and looked back, biting his lip in concern. Puck was right. He couldn't go alone. That's just the sort of thing

that had gotten her hurt.

"Whatta we do then?" He asked.

Negaduck returned back to the original warehouse where the stolen gems were being stored. The miser took inventory of everything he and Torque stole from the jewelers that lined Feather Street, and the grand prize, "The Mystic Eye" that he stole from the Saint Canard Museum. After a quick count, he determined that around twenty five diamond and some rubies are missing. The kid must have them to keep as evidence to give to the cops. Negaduck thought to himself, "Well he's got another thing coming! He just better give back what he grabbed if he knows what's good for him!" The criminal then scooped up the remaining loot, placed them into a secret compartment under the seat of his Harley, and checked to see if the Mystic Eye was still safely tucked in his coat pocket, which it was. The mallard then vacated the premises and headed for McDonalds.

Darkwing Duck had caught wind of a police report that a bookstore had been badly damaged by Negaduck and one of his minions.

'But why did Negaduck seek to destroy a bookstore? I mean, yeah, he usually destroys a lot of stuff, but usually it's big stuff. This doesn't make any sense. Something is up,' Darkwing thought, narrowing his eyes. He had just finished handcuffing an entire street gang, hopped onto the Ratcatcher, and took off towards the book store that the police report had mentioned. He arrived moments later. He entered the bookstore; his magnifying glass already out and searching for clues. He almost didn't notice Launchpad and everyone else in the store. Almost. Suddenly feeling a little foolish about having the magnifying glass out when he could be asking them what had happened, he put it away.

"All right, so, not everybody all at once. What happened here?" Darkwing locked eyes with his sidekick for a moment. He noticed how distressed he looked. "Launchpad?"

As if their prayers had been answered, the familiar sound of the Ratcatcher echoed outside. Darkwing Duck, the one and only, came in with a magnifying glass pressed to his face. Puck stared at him blankly, as if not believing it was him for a short moment, but then she took a step forward and smiled just the slightest. "Darkwing! Um.." she glanced between him, Launchpad, and Lilly, not quite sure what to say. "It's...we..." Inhaling sharply, she gave it to him straight. "Scrooge McDuck's great-nephew, Dewey Duck, was kidnapped. We aren't sure what they wanted from him, but this is where he came. Unfortunately, I wasn't...we weren't..." She got a little choked up. "They got away..."

Launchpad couldn't contain himself anymore. He fell to his knees and started sobbing.

"Oh DW..." (sniiiff) "I'm so glad..."(blows his beak on a tissue someone so kindly offered him) "You found us...!"

Seeing Darkwing, Puck, and Lilly staring at him, he forced himself to grin and get back on his feet. Mopping his face with his scarf, he got himself sorted and cleared his throat, ready to be a sidekick again.

"I was just telling Star here that I saw Negaduck and Dewey..." he looked at Puck and Lilly in askance. "And some lady rabbit? They headed west on Negaduck's bike. I can bring the Thunderquack around to pick you both up and we can start tracking them...Whaddya say?" He asked Darkwing hopefully.

As an afterthought, he added. "Oh, and Midnight Star was hurt. We, uh," he cleared his throat again. "We were going to patch her up before I got...sorta distracted..."

Did you say Scrooge McDuck's great nephew?" Darkwing looked intrigued. This would definitely make him headlines. "Well, it's a good thing I showed up when I did, isn't it? You shouldn't have tried going after Negaduck. He's too dangerous for anyone that isn't me." Darkwing paced the room when his sidekick suddenly spoke up after crying.

"Excellent work, LP. You and I shall take the Thunderquack and track down my devious doppelganger!" He looked at Midnight Star with some concern. "You're lucky you weren't hurt worse. An ambulance will probably come along with the police. Then, you can get the medical treatment you need. Don't worry about, Dewey. With Darkwing Duck on the case, not a feather on his head shall be harmed!" Darkwing looked determined.

Launchpad looked at Midnight Star. He didn't think she would allow herself to be left behind so easily... And if he knew anything, Lilly had something on her mind too.

Lilly had only just stopped shaking. An idea had popped up in her head, which was probably the most irresponsible idea in the history of existence, given she was meek, weak... well, a kitten would be more intimidating, to be frank.

"C-can I help? Somehow?" she asked timidly, twiddling the duct tape she has aquired between her fingers. "I can't help but feel awfully responsible. He came here, after all, and if it wasn't for the fact that he was trying to minimize damage, he would have stayed hidden long enough for all of you to show up..."

Darkwing having taken his damn time notwithstanding.

"I mean... I don't know how I'd help... but, please?"

Negaduck went through the Drive-Thru of the closest McDonalds and ordered a bunch of Quarterpounders, Fries, and some Coca Cola, and he gladly accepted the large order from the friendly clerk, dressed in

her McDonalds' uniform. When she held out her hand and asked for \$27.50, Negaduck just laughed and sped away. "Let some other suburban sap pay for it!!" When the hungry mallard reached the second floor of the warehouse, he threw the bag of hamburgers on Dewey's lap and said "Here ya go kid!! Room Service!"

Dewey could only glare at Torque as she went on and on about all these pointless things the young drake had no interest for. After what felt like ages, Negaduck had returned with his promised meal, of which Dewey also had no interest for. His arms were beginning to ache where he had been taped to the chair too tightly, and he still didn't have any plans of escape.

That's when he saw Torque grab a video camera and begin messing with some laptops and wires. He had a feeling by the way everything was going he was now part of a hostage situation. What were they going to ask for though? How much was Dewey's life actually worth?

Oh, he thought. Uncle Scrooge. He was sure they were now after his money. Now he needed a plan, and quick...

Before Darkwing could say anything in response to Lilly's question, the ducks heard sirens approaching. Launchpad glanced at his boss and determined that he would be of most use in the air.

"Uh, if anyone needs me, I'll be circling the area."

With that, he hurried to where he'd parked the Thunderquack a couple blocks away. He flew back to the bookstore and circled the block, keeping an eye peeled on the store's roof, the streets, and the sidewalks for anyone familiar.

Torque smiled at Negaduck as he returned. "Hey lookie here! I can hack into every local computer and television network to deliver a live broadcast! I think it's about time we demanded some money from Mr. McDuck now we've got his precious little feather-butt in our grasp." She hooked some wires to her video camera and continued typing, preparing to terrify the world. "I just need a few more minutes."

Puck frowned, but nodded. "Alright Darkwing. You and Launchpad go do what you need. We'll talk to the police and I'll get this bum rib temporarily fixed. Hopefully you can find Dewey soon, and if not, we'll come join back up with you." She turned to Lilly. "Hey, you wanna tell the cops what happened? You witnessed more than any of us. Come meet me at the ambulance when you're done."

"Here we go! I'm all ready!" Torque jumped to her feet and glanced over her shoulder at Dewey. "Don't try anything kiddo, I'm warning you." She turned on the red light and held the camera to her face. Now

every TV, phone, and computer in St. Canard and Duckberg was showing her smiling face.

"Howdy citizens! In case you don't know me, I'm Torque! This here is Negaduck." She flashed the camera towards the mallard. "And tonight on our show, we have a very special guest!" She hopped to Dewey's side and grabbed his chin, forcing him to look into the camera. "This here is the world famous Scrooge McDuck's great nephew! Well, at least one of them. Say hello, Dewey! Oh wait, you can't. You're all tied up and stuff!" Laughing, Torque dug her fingers into his messy hair and pulled his head up. "Man, this is a sticky situation you've gotten yourself into! But don't worry everyone, the little guys not hurt! Yet..." She took a few steps forward again, focusing the camera on herself, but Dewey could still be seen behind from his knees up. The rabbit didn't even notice as he began making signs with his loose hand. "You want a guarantee this child will make it through alive? Well Negaduck and I want Scrooge McDuck's money. ALL of it. So Mr. McDuck, you willing to sacrifice your fortune to save one of those boys you love so much? You've got 24 hours. The address to drop the money off will appear in your email shortly."

"Well, that's all the time we have for today, sorry!" She proceeded to turn the camera off and end the live hostage broadcast.

"I think that went well, hmm?"

Dewey winced under Torque's touch. Ohhhh, great. They were using him to get to his great-uncle's money. No way he was gonna let that happen. He had to escape before the next 24 hours. OR, be rescued.

When Torque turned her back to him, Dewey began using his loose hand to spell out where he was in sign language. Hopefully someone out there watching would notice. He was so glad now he had taken that sign language class, though he didn't know much more than the alphabet. But right now that's all he needed.

After Torque turned the camera off, Dewey felt a sense of melancholy washed over him. What if his brothers had seen? Uncle Donald and Daisy? And of course, Uncle Scrooge? Oh, he couldn't bare putting them in that kind of stress....

The last thing Negaduck wanted to be doing tonight was babysitting one of Scroogie's bratty nephews, for he wanted to have a little fun trying the Mystic Eye on Morgana. But as long as we have him, Torque had a good idea of turning this even more profitable. If he could trade the nephew for some of Scroogie's gold, then this brat just might be of some use after all. The maniacal laugh from the black masked mallard was heard in the background as Torque spoke, then he took the microphone and said, "So listen up you old Fossil, if ya want to see Dewey tonight to tuck him in, then ya better be coughing up more than a few gold coins....we want it all!! Just hand over the keys to your money bin, and we'll leave YOU alone."

Darkwing shot his grappling hook onto the Thunderquack and had the rope pull him up. He hopped inside the Thunderquack.

"See anything, LP?"

"Not yet, Bossman... I'm looking..." Launchpad replied levelly as he closed the hatch. He guessed nobody else was coming since he didn't see Puck out on the sidewalk waving to him. He wondered what had been said to make her stay behind. Oh well, a story for another time.

He adjusted his headphones and was setting the radio dial when he felt something vibrating. He checked the gauges and wind speed. Nothing wrong with the plane... Oh... It was his cell phone.

"Y'ello! Launchpad here!"

He grimaced, nearly swerving the plane. He gave Darkwing an apologetic glance and tried to focus on flying and listening at the same time.

"Sorry, Mr. McDee... Uh...Could you repeat that? A little quieter this time?"

He listened for a moment and started sweating.

"Hang on just a sec, Mr. McDee...I'm here with Darkwing Duck."

Looking at Darkwing again, Launchpad held the phone away from his head.

"DW, Mr. McDuck just said there was a live video report from Negaduck's hideout. They ransomed Dewey for Mr. McDee's money..." He gulped and lowered his voice. "All of it..."

"That will work for now, thank you." Puck smiled at the paramedic that fixed her up and re-joined Lilly. That's when her phone started to ring, along with everyone else that's cell connected to the internet. She flipped it open, and gasped at what she saw.

Puck huddled next to Lilly as they watched the broadcast together. "Wait a minute, what's he doing?" Puck pointed to Dewey in the back, his image was blurred. She could see him doing something with his hand.

"Lilly, look at that! I think it's sign language! Quickly, we need to translate it!" She pressed record so they would be able to play back the video. "Lilly do you know sign language or have a book that can translate it?"

She then called up Launchpad after the broadcast ended. "LP! Hey, we think we can tell you where Dewey is!"

"If that fossil wants to contact us, he must do so through Donald and Daisy since THEY are BIG stars on television. I KNEW there would be finally something WORTH watching on television tonight!" Negaduck then ended his transmission and turned to Torque. "I so love creating needless worry, pain, and misery on people's mundane lives! Gets their blood pumping!"

Launchpad saw who was calling.

"Uh, sorry to cut you off, Mr. McDee, but one of the heroes is calling me. I think I'd better answer..."

He flinched as Scrooge yelled at him again, and switched over to get Puck's report.

"I'm all ears..." he said, rubbing a finger over the ear slit Scrooge had screeched in.

"Whatcha got, Star?"

Lilly had spent most of the ordeal being moved around like a dressmaker's dummy, unable to do much for herself. Just when she was sure everything was going to alright. She'd felt so safe in her shop. The shock was a bit too much for her to process at the moment. Blinking dully at the screen, she tried to focus on the matter at hand. "Sign language... I have a reference..."

Thankfully, it hadn't been in the shelves Negaduck had ravaged. Securing a pencil, she mechanically started to write down what she could somewhat extremely blurrily see. "Here you are..."

"Thanks Lilly, you could be saving Dewey's life with this." Puck smiled at her and squeezed the girl's hand tightly.

"LP, their at the old rubber-making factory in downtown! You've got to head there now! I'm on my way!" Midnight Star pushed past the police and hopped onto the Ratchatcher. "Lilly, are you coming? This has been rough, I know, and you can stay out of any more trouble if it's what's best. Your choice."

"I gotcha! Over and out!" Launchpad hung up and angled the aircraft toward the rubber factory. "We've got a lockdown on Dewey's location, DW! We're going in!"

He tilted the plane, bringing their destination in view within seconds.

"Good... It's time to get dangerous." Darkwing adjusted his hat. Once the Thunderquack landed, he hopped out of it and readied his smoke bomb. He snuck into the factory and threw the smoke bomb down.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the sneaky rubber duck you can't find in the bath tub! I am... DARKWING DUCK!"

After Negaduck put down the microphone, he could hear the all-to-familiar roaring engines of the Thunderquack. The evil mallard said to Torque, "Soooooo that dippy duck wants to come out and play does he?" He quietly shut the door behind him and sneaked down the stairs and saw the purple clad mallard. "Why if it isn't Darkworm Duck! Rubber Ducks? Still playing with our rubber ducks in the bath tub are we? Welllllllll, what makes you think YOU are grown up enough to save the kid?"

Darkwing took out his gas gun and circled Negaduck carefully. "I'm perfectly capable of dealing with the likes of you, Negs. Let's not forget... I'm not the one that's been taken out by a child before."

Negaduck laughed at the sight before his ice blue eyes, "Oh please! You think you can take me out with that toy gun you have?" The evil mallard faced his nemesis and whipped out his rocket launcher, "Why don't you take a ride? ON ONE OF MY ROCKETS!!" The mallard then pulled the trigger....

"Maybe I should come," she mumbled softly. "I would feel awful not knowing what was becoming of Dewey. I feel so responsible because he got caught here... Please let me go with you? I promise I'll try to stay out of the way..."

While Darkwing occupied Negaduck, Launchpad crept in the back door. Where was Dewey...?

He'd only gone a few steps when Negs' rocket launcher went off. He ducked automatically.

After making sure DW was alright, LP continued his quest. He had just registered the familiar smell of fast food and was moving toward it when he ran into Torque.

Aw nuts, he thought, raising his hands over his head.

Darkwing had ducked out of the way of the rocket just in time. "Suck sneezing powder!" He shot his gas gun at Negaduck.

Negaduck laughed, "Sneezing powder? My beak is already stuffed up! Eat bomb twurp!" The evil mallard lit the fuse of one of his bombs and hurled it at the do-gooder.

Dewey shouted silently in his head as he too heard Darkwing's famous cry. Yes! He was going to be saved.

Negaduck fled the room and it didn't take long for the loud firework show to begin below as the two ducks battled. However, he was still stuck with Torque. She gave him a good glare and quietly snuck out the room to position herself atop the stairs, large gun in hand.

Dewey began to twist and turn all in his seat, attempting to loosen the tape, but he had no luck. His eyes showered the room for any tool to help him escape. Of course! He thought. The knife from the fast food box! Now if he could only just....

Torque slapped a paw to her face and growled the way only a rabbit could. "I'll make sure no one tried to sneak up here and save the boy."

She glared at Dewey before slipping outside the room. "Don't touch anything!" She knelt down by the stairs and it didn't take long for her Launchpad to fall into her trap. "Well well well", she smiled, standing up and pointed the gun at his chest. "Sidekick coming in for the rescue? I don't think so, buddy."

"Uh...hi. I don't believe I know ya..." Launchpad stalled nervously.

Negaduck listened to the dead silence after the explosion of one of his bombs, "Gee Darkwhimp! I don't hear you breathin! Aww, could it be that I finally silenced that dippy do-gooder?"

Torque lifted her brow at the sidekick. "You want to do introductions? At a time like this?" Without taking her gun off him, the rabbit tilted her head back and chuckled. "I know who you are. You're Launchpad McQuack, the useless pilot and sidekick of Darkwing Duck. Care to take a gander at who I might be?" She sneered and narrowed her blue eyes.

Puck smiled and nodded at Lilly. "It will be great to have you along." She helped her onto the Ratcatcher and took off towards the factory. "Hold on!" They arrived in less than five minutes, but it was clear a fight had already broken out inside. "Common!" Puck re-adjusted her mask and grabbed her whip. "Stay close to me and be very careful!" She ducked down and began to sneak towards the open door. Inside they could hear the taunting comments of both Negaduck and Darkwing. Puck stopped and turned back to Lilly. "Alright. it's clear these two are distracted, but sense the fight is taking place down here, Dewey and Torque must be upstairs. I think we should sneak around back and find a way past this chaos."

Launchpad gulped and chuckled, still hoping that any moment now the villainess would drop her guard or something else would happen to change the scenario.

"Gee, uh...sorry. I don't know many rabbits. Except that funny guy on TV with the carrots..." he grinned as his mind got sidetracked. "Oh and the Cute Little Lost Bunnies!"

Dewey thrust his body side to side, trying to inch closer to the plastic knife. He used the tip of his webbed feet to reach for it, grunting under the stress. Common, he thought. You can do this Dewey, man! Your brothers would be so upset if you didn't come home. You've gotta get out of here!

He managed to grab the knife between his ankles as he heard Torque and Lanuchpad outside. He had to hurry. Dewey twisted his body

under the duc'k' tape, working the knife up to his knees. It took a good minute for him to cut through the tape around his thighs. Phew, this is gonna take forever....

Meanwhile, on the road somewhere between Duckburg and St. Canard, a purple car was heading down the highway, moving just five miles above the speed limit. In the back, a very flustered-looking duck waved his cane at the driver.

"Blow me bagpipes! Can't ye go any faster, Duckworth?!"

"Sir, please..." the dog replied, unruffled. "We won't reach Master Dewey any faster if we are pulled over by the police."

"Do you even hear yourself, Man! This is me nephew we're talking about! If you don't care to speed up, then pull over and let me drive!"

For his answer, Duckworth pressed a little harder on the gas pedal.

Scrooge sighed and sank into his seat, pulling a mobile tablet out of a valise on the floor. (The tablet was a prototype from his manufacturing company. He was still getting used to the goldurned thing, but he could manage most of the aps on it. It was the Internet jargon he was still struggling with, and most of the things he'd looked up, he would have preferred not to know.)

He replayed Torque's footage and reread his e-mail. That little aside about going through Donald or Daisy threw him for a loop. He preferred to handle sticky situations personally. Launchpad and who knows who else were all on the case and most likely already at the villains' hideout and he was fine with letting them handle the fighting. It was his poor nephew he was concerned about. He would see to it that someone kept an eye out for Dewey. And if he happened to get in a pinch, as was often the case, what little he'd seen of the hideout in the footage had shown him plenty of little things he could use to his advantage. He wasn't going to roll over for those crooks until he was good and certain it was the best way to get his nephew out of there alive.