

## [Bean Me Up IV](#)

Published by: [DW](#) on 29th Jul 2012 | View all blogs by [DW](#)

(OOC: This blog is continued from Bean Me Up III and from Undomestic Dispute... after stumbling upon the discovery that Negaduck is addicted to coffee and that Malicia is depriving him of the untainted variety, our heroes... Darkwing and Morgana continue on their way towards St. Canard University in hopes of getting a cure!)

Due to the number of reckless, coffee-fueled drivers on the road, the Ratcatcher (and its riders) barely made it to St. Canard University in one piece. Darkwing parked the motorcycle outside and took off his helmet.

"Sheesh, and I thought the drivers in St. Canard were bad before..." He grumbled as he marched towards the building and headed towards the laboratory Rhoda worked in. Along the way, they passed many college students in various states of fearlessness, horniness, and... unfortunately, various states of undress.

By the time Darkwing got to the laboratory, his face was probably redder than it had ever been, and he was practically banging down the door (he would've simply burst in, but it was locked up quite tight).

"Dr. Dendron!" He shouted. "Open up this door... If I have to spend another minute in this hallway, I'll..."

The door was very quickly unlocked, and there was the sound of furniture being moved. Rhoda opened the door, peeking out and sighing in relief at seeing Darkwing. She ushered both him and Morgana inside.

"I'm glad you made it here safely. I've been trying to test this antidote that I've, rather hastily, mind you, developed... And... ah..." She seemed to really look at Morgana for the first time, and her train of thought became distracted. The woman seemed kind of familiar... like she had seen her on... a wanted poster, perhaps? No, that would be rather silly... Darkwing wouldn't be hanging out with someone on a wanted poster... and she was sure if she had seen Morgana before, she would be sure of it. That hairstyle was kind of hard to miss. She tried to get back on track. She could make with introductions and such later. This was important.

"Well, as far as I can tell, it is perfectly safe; although, there may be some side effects. For instance, I'm not sure if the depression is just a normal reaction or a side effect..." She gestured to a few people in lab coats who were all covering their faces with their hands. The only other woman in the lab coat was muttering things along the lines of "I can't believe I did that... stupid, stupid, stupid..."

"And I can't really be sure of the effectiveness... I've only been able to test a small population of lab mice, and these graduate students that were affected by the tainted coffee. They were the ones I was having trouble with earlier."

Darkwing's expression became impatient. "Well, it'll just have to do, Dr. Dendron. We don't have a lot of options or a lot of time. We can't just do nothing, or the city will fall to ruin!"

"But I have barely even followed standard protocols for..."

"Forget standard protocols! Just hand over the antidote, and we'll take care of the rest."

Dr. Dendron hesitated, then grabbed a small bottle and handed it to Darkwing. "That's all I really have... there's enough for five people in there. I'm not sure how you plan to help the whole city with only that, though."

by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Morgana on the other hand, was finding it hard to stifle back her amused giggles at the sight of students running naked in the hallways and howling like animals. It brought back memories of the time she and Malicia were pledges for a high-ranking sorceress sorority... not that she dared bring

up such an embarrassing story to Darkwing. He'd already seen quite enough of her 'wild' side for one day. Instead she followed along silently and greeted Dr. Dendron cordially. When she brought up the quantity of the antidote, that was when she stepped in.

"I can help with that." She said. "But it would be useful if I could get a list of the ingredients you used in the antidote. I'll need it to for my calculations, it'll make the spell more precise and far more successful."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Rhoda grabbed a small notebook. "Well, yes, of course. I have everything written down here and labeled, including exact measurements, I didn't skip everything, I..."

She paused, then stared at Morgana, as though she had just sprouted a few extra heads. "Spell?"

Darkwing didn't give the female scientist much time to question it. He snatched the notebook out of her hand. "Thank you, Dr. Dendron, but we've got a city to save and not much time for explanations. As soon as we get SHUSH and the police department up and running again, I'll be sure to have someone stop by and take care of things here. Keep this room locked up tight until then..."

"But wait, Mr. Darkwing, you can't just..."

But Darkwing was already out the door, having dragged Morgana out with him. Rhoda stared at the closed door, then crossed her arms and glared at it.

Meanwhile, Darkwing had hurried back to his motorcycle and found that it had been spray-painted with all manner of graffiti. Darkwing's lower bill practically dropped to the ground. "Not the Ratcatcher!" His voice carried anguish that was to be expected from someone, with a little too much pride and joy in their motorcycle, seeing their beloved motorcycle vandalized in such a manner. He hugged the Ratcatcher. "You poor, poor thing... it's okay, now. I'm here, we'll get you a nice, shiny new paint job and everything will be all right," he said soothingly, patting it.

He pulled away from the Ratcatcher, taking in the graffiti once more. His expression shifted into one of annoyance. "Oooh, when I find out who did this..." He grumbled something incoherent under his breath. "Come on, Morgana... If there's anything you need in order to make this antidote bigger, let's get it before we head over to SHUSH Central."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Morgana was too distracted with looking over the list that she barely noticed she had been ushered out of the building or that Darkwing's motorcycle had been vandalized. Well, until she saw the rather phallic object drawn across one side of it. That was hard to ignore.

"Perhaps I could try a paint removal spell later?" She offered gently.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"Morgana... There are some things that just aren't done," Darkwing said, in a matter-of-fact sort of voice. "One of those things is a woman taking care of a man's motorcycle. I mean, not that I don't think you wouldn't be able to take care of your OWN motorcycle, but the ole Ratcatcher needs SPECIAL treatment that only someone like me can provide." He paused a moment. "And sometimes, Launchpad. Though, I'd never willingly let him drive this baby." He patted the motorcycle affectionately.

Ah, a duck and his... motorcycle.

He hopped onto it and put on his helmet. "So, do we need to make any stops or can we head directly

to SHUSH Central?"



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Definitely not the best choice of wording. Morgana's hands balled into fists. "Darkwing Duck!" She barked. "How dare you patronize me and underestimate my abilities just because of my gender! I'll prove it to you!"

And before he could even protest a finger was pointed at the bike. Unfortunately, Darkwing was also sitting atop the bike as well, which meant he was zapped alongside the 'ole Ratcatcher'.

For a few moments nothing happened. And then... the colour began to drain from the bike AND Darkwing. It was like watching paint melt off a canvas as it oozed to the ground in a puddle, leaving the hero and his trusty ride completely white.

"Oops." Morgana raised a hand to her bill and smiled sheepishly.

"Well... on the bright side the poorly drawn penis is gone?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing watched in horror as all the color oozed off his precious motorcycle. "Not the Ratcatcher!" he shouted once more in anguish. His head snapped towards Morgana, glaring. "Ooooooh! You just HAD to go and make with the zapping, didn't you?!" He made a sarcastic expression, seeming to mock her. "How dare you underestimate my abilities because of my gender and blah blah zap zap..." He gestured towards the Ratcatcher. "It wasn't about YOUR abilities; it's ALL about the fact that the Ratcatcher deserves respect... tender, loving care... the touch of someone who knows it inside and out..." This would probably be about the time any normal, rational person would interject with a "If you love it so much, why don't you marry it?" comment. Unfortunately, Darkwing left no room for such a remark because as he was gesturing he noticed the color dripping off his costume.

"Ay yai yai..." He gulped, then he stared down across his bill and gasped. He was white as a... sheet! A ghost! Snow! "GAH!" Suddenly, the anger disappeared and was replaced by panic. He grabbed Morgana's arm, looking a bit desperate. "Morgana, please fix this..."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"Ah... er... yes, I'm certain I can..." She fumbled. Why were reversal spells always so much more complicated?

"Well why don't we head over to SHUSH like you suggested and I'll work on that in the meantime?" A very poor derailment. Really, it wasn't THAT bad. At least he didn't melt into a pile of pus which was what had happened the last time she attempted that spell...



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"You want me to go out in public looking like THIS?!" He gestured to himself. "No one is going to take White-washedwing Duck seriously!" He waved his arms, then paused and looked back down at his costume. Although, it HAD removed the coffee and ink stains... which was definitely an improvement. He lapsed into thought for a few seconds before giving an annoyed sigh.

"Ooooh... fine. Fine! It's not... that bad. Maybe I can just jump out of the shadows and shout boo. Just as long as it isn't permanent..." He grumbled, revving his motorcycle. "Let's go before some coffee-crazed college student decides they want to try and color me in."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Morgana nodded, hopping on to the back of the bike again. "I've looked over the list Dr. Dendron gave us, and fortunately the ingredients all look quite straight forward. I should be able to work this into a spell. Have you decided where you wanted to dump the antidote?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"Several places... after we distribute the antidote to SHUSH Central and the St. Canard Police Department, we'll have them drop off a few containers of the stuff in every Starducks, café, and the most frequented Hamburger Hippo in the city; we'll tell them they can tell people it's a free sample of a new drink... people NEVER turn down free samples. That should probably about cover it. We'll have to give some extra to SHUSH and the police, too, if they run across people in need of it. While they're doing that, we'll hunt down Negaduck."

He stopped in front of SHUSH Central Headquarters and grimaced upon seeing all the broken windows in the building. "Many SHUSH agents drink A LOT of coffee. There's no telling what's going on inside that building right now. You better stick close..." Darkwing hopped off his motorcycle, then looked down at himself again. "Especially since I'm not sure if anyone is going to notice me looking like this..."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Judging by the sound of gattling guns and pie launchers, the agents of SHUSH had gotten into the top secret weaponry vault and were having a field day. Morgana tilted her head curiously, listening to the noises.

"I've never been inside a SHUSH building before... I never quite understood what they do, to be honest. But if you think this place will help us, I'm right behind you Dark." She was trying to be extra supportive now that she was feeling guilty over draining the colour from his body.

"I think you look handsome no matter what colour you are." She added affectionately.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing almost started to explain a bit about SHUSH, but then Morgana commented on him being handsome no matter what color he is. His face might have turned a little red, but apparently, even that bit of color refused to show up on his cheeks. "Handsome? Really? You think so?" He paused, then cleared his throat. "I mean, of course! I'm irresistibly handsome, color or no color. I can make anything look good!" He puffed out his chest proudly. Despite his bragging on himself, though, he felt very warm and fuzzy inside. Morgana thought he was handsome. It always felt good to hear her say things like that. So good, in fact, that he was finding it very difficult to continue being upset about losing all of his color and the color of his motorcycle.

He smiled at Morgana; his expression somewhat goofy and definitely love-sick. He sighed dreamily. "Of course, the same could be said about you. I can't imagine you being anything other than a vision of pure loveliness. You even seem to make your surroundings more beautiful just by being there. I'm not sure why I was worried about going out into public. It seems kind of silly, now. With you by my side, there's..."

SMACK. He walked straight into the front doors of the SHUSH building.



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

Morgana cringed outwardly. Perhaps he was right about her tagging along on his cases.

"Here, let me just... help you up." She hoisted him up by his shoulders and guided him inside. Fortunately there were plenty of signs that led straight to the research facility, which seemed to be the most obvious place to go when you had an antidote that was vital for stopping a miniature coffee-laden Apocalypse.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Fortunately, smacking into the doors seemed to jolt his brain out of lovesick mode, and his expression seemed slightly embarrassed, though, again, color was refusing to show up in his cheeks. "Eh heh heh, thank you, Morgana. They must have done some construction recently or something... the doors were a bit closer than I remembered them." He coughed and cleared his throat. "ANYWAY... We need to decide where to go...." He seemed to notice all the signs that were leading straight to the research facility, although, he wasn't really thinking about them too much because he suddenly remembered who the head researcher of SHUSH was...

And that he knew that Dr. Sarah Bellum, already a bit of a mad scientist who seemed a bit too obsessed with ray guns and other science-y guns in general, was also a coffee drinker. Darkwing's eyes widened, and if it had been possible for him to look paler, he would have paled. Dr. Sarah Bellum on drugged coffee... that COULDN'T be good. "Yuh-oh..." He grabbed Morgana by the hand and ran down the hall towards the research facility, pausing only for a few seconds to do a double-take when he passed a room where a few SHUSH agents appeared to be swimming in shredded paperwork.



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"This is... certainly an interesting place. Though I presume it doesn't normally look like this?" She motioned to two male agents who were furiously making out on a nearby desk.

"You put that down right now! I don't need any blood staining the floors, I just had them waxed!" A terse female voice was lecturing from down the hall.

When Darkwing and Morgana arrived at the lab they would find Dr. Sara Bellum shaking her finger at a group of agents like they were out-of-control toddlers in a daycare. One of the agents in question was standing on the opposite end of the room with an apple on his head. Another agent was aiming precariously with an enormous bazooka.

"The Combust-ooka is not a toy!" Dr. Bellum continued lecturing.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing glanced at where she was gesturing, then quickly averted his eyes. "Eh heh heh... yeah. Pretty sure these guys have some kind of regulation about not making out on the desks..." He tugged at his collar and pressed forward. He was somewhat surprised to find that Dr. Bellum seemed... absolutely normal. He didn't have time to completely process his surprise before he noticed a SHUSH agent aiming an enormous bazooka at another agent's head. "GAH-ah..." He rushed over to the scene and almost effortlessly snatched the giant bazooka out of the agent's hands. "Let's not play with Dr. Bellum's toys, hm?" He pulled out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed the agent to a table. He thought about cuffing the one with the apple on his head, but since the immediate danger had passed, he decided to take the time to brag about his accomplishment.

"Yep, yep, yeeeeep... Luckily, I made it here in time to prevent a catastrophe." He carelessly set the giant bazooka down so that it was propped up against a different table. It went off, shooting a giant fireball through the ceiling. Darkwing cringed, then slumped as he was suddenly doused with water from the fire sprinkler system.





by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"You're always good with those explosive entrances eh Darkwing?" Dr. Bellum replied cheerfully. Then she paused to look at Morgana.

"Hold the centrifuge, I know you! You're Morgana Macawber, right? I saw the profile SHUSH put together for you!" She circled the sorceress, regarding her with a wide-eyed curiosity.

"That would be correct." Morgana replied calmly. "I'm... assisting Dark, er... Darkwing, with this particular case of his."

"Say! You wouldn't be able to get ahold of your cousin for me, would you? The so-called 'demon'?" The scientist didn't even acknowledge Morgana's explanation. "She'd make for the most fascinating vivisection. I cannot for the life of me figure out how she is able to produce fire that doesn't appear to require the basic chemical components or why it doesn't singe her feathers and destroy her clothing. I've devised some rather interesting theories, but if I could just get a liiiittle peek inside her..."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

"In case you haven't noticed, Dr. Bellum, SHUSH... and nearly the entire coffee-drinking population of St. Canard is in complete chaos. We don't have time to discuss your scientific curiosities!" He pulled off his blank white hat and rung the water out of it, then he put it back on his head. He looked to Morgana. "I'm guessing we're going to need something to put all of the antidote we need made in?" He looked back to Dr. Bellum. "By the way, how come you aren't affected by the tainted coffee? I've heard you put in some really late hours here..."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"Oh, I drank the coffee." Bellum chirped matter-of-factly. "Can't you notice the difference?"

Morgana coughed into her hand. "Well a large cauldron is all I need..."

"Fresh out of those. Would a 1000 mil boiling flask work for you?" Dr. Bellum had already retrieved an inventory list and was checking off all the items that Morgana and Darkwing would be using.

"As long as I can use it to store liquids, that should be fine..." Morgana murmured thoughtfully. She had already laid out her spell book at a nearby work station. Then she presented the list of ingredients to the SHUSH scientist. "Do you have any of these chemicals? It would be extremely helpful if you do."

Dr. Bellum clicked her tongue as she looked it over. "Oh, definitely! Pretty straight-forward stuff actually." She paused and gave Darkwing a sudden sharp jab in the ribs. "How interesting. Were you always this white and bland-looking, Mr. Darkwing?"



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Somehow, the "difference" between normal Dr. Bellum and coffee-drugged Dr. Bellum was a lot scarier than what he had imagined. It had to say some rather interesting things about Dr. Bellum if tainted coffee meant to induce fearlessness seemed to have little to no affect on who Dr. Bellum was already.

Darkwing rubbed at the side of his ribs. "Hey, hey. Watch it. I've had a very hard da-..." Then, it hit him. "BLAND?! All right, so I'm sporting a distinct lack of color, fine, whatever... but whatever color I am, Darkwing Duck is NEVER bland! I am the exact opposite of bland! I am bold, I am interesting, I am amazing, unique, MYSTERIOUS!"



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

"Whatever you say, Blandy." Dr. Bellum was watching Morgana set up her work station. "That's adorable, you've got a little spellbook any everything."

"Magic has just as many formulas and calculations as your 'science', Dr. Bellum." Morgana replied sharply, trying to brush off the condescension.

"Well magic is just science that hasn't been discovered yet." Bellum quipped back matter-of-factly. Then she grabbed Darkwing by the arm and began dragging him off. "Come along, I'm going to need you to carry some of the chemicals for me."



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing protested immediately as he was dragged off. "What? I'm not your lab assistant, Dr. Bellum, I've got more impor..." He stopped to think about it and realized that no... while Morgana and Dr. Bellum was doing all the work he didn't really have anything to do other than watch and wait. And he hated waiting. He started grumbling. "Fine. Fiiiiiine."



by [Morgana](#) 4 months ago

A few barrels of highly volatile chemicals later and Morgana had everything she needed. Cracking her knuckles, she gave her fingers a wiggle and began to chant.

Hexes of boils, warts of green, increase the antidote for this insipid caffeine...

"Fascinating." Dr. Bellum was scribbling down notes. "So do these little spells of yours have to rhyme for them to work, or is that just a way of keeping up appearances for the whole magic facade?" She seemed genuinely interested, despite how blunt and rude her question.

"Well, no it doesn't HAVE to rhyme..." Morgana was waving her arms like a conductor of an orchestra. The original antidote was glowing brightly, and from it the glow spread to the small mountain of chemicals Darkwing and Bellum had brought her. Soon, everything was mixing itself and the antidote was multiplying at an exponential rate.

"Is it just me or is it getting hot in here?" Dr. Bellum tugged at her lab coat and then with a sigh threw it off completely. Her eyes lingered on Darkwing for a moment and she pursed her lips.

Then, to make things even more awkward, she began looking Morgana up and down too.



by [DW](#) 4 months ago

Darkwing watched the glowing mixture, fascinated. His fascination only came to a halt when he heard Dr. Bellum complain about the temperature. He hadn't caught her looking him up and down, but he had caught her looking Morgana up and down. He quickly went to Morgana's side and whispered to her. "Uh, Morg... you almost done? Because I'm thinking Dr. Bellum miiiiiight have just fallen under the coffee's... OTHER... effect." Once again, his current state refused to have any color show up on his cheeks... which was good because he would've been blushing furiously, otherwise.



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

"It's finished." Morgana turned. "Er... perhaps we'd like to test the first cloned batch on Dr. Bellum?"

Indeed, now would be a good time, as the scientist was rounding on both them, and slowly sliding off the straps of her top in the process. "I presume this is the side effect I've been hearing about. My,

it is strong." She said breathlessly. "I can't believe I'm feeling an urge to fornicate with a weirdo in a mask and cape who looks like he took a dip in a pool of turpentine and The Bride of Frankenduck."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing twitched and grumbled. "Like you're any kind of prize yourself, you ray-gun-happy lunatic..." He doled out a cup of the antidote and shoved it towards Dr. Bellum, looking ready to jump back at a moment's notice. "Drink that; it'll make you feel better and save all of us humiliation."



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

Dr. Bellum didn't argue and quickly swallowed the formula. She swished it around in her mouth momentarily, as though sampling a fine wine. Finally she swallowed.

Immediately she pulled out a notepad and began scribbling down her observations. "Cooling of body temperature, a rather fast reaction... hormones still wonky but the edge has been taken off. Good, good..."

Morgana stroked her bill curiously as she watched. "Well her body hasn't turned inside out which is a good sign. That happens sometimes due to miscalculation."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing stared at Morgana outright. "Miscalculation?" He didn't even know magic NEEDED calculations. But then, he had always had a hard time wrapping his head around the idea of magic and monsters existing. Of course, there was no arguing with it after seeing it happen again and again. "WHY didn't you tell me it could've turned someone inside out?!"

He looked down at his all-white appearance. Then, he gave Morgana a suspicious look. "I don't suppose you want to tell me what kind of "miscalculations" could happen while you're trying to get me back to my normal colors?" He crossed his arms.



by [Morgana](#) 3 months ago

"Ah..." Her face flushed. "It's really not as bad as it sounds... it's quite reversible... being turned inside-out that is. But also the restoration of your colour. In fact, while you and Dr. Bellum were busy getting the ingredients I had some time to put together an antidote for you too. And I promise I triple-checked it. I even drank a bit myself to make sure it's okay."

Turning back to the table she plucked a small blue vial off the rack and handed it to him.

"I'd never let anything harm you, Dark... you have my word."



by [DW](#) 3 months ago

Darkwing accepted the blue vial; his suspicious expression softened somewhat at her promise not to let anything harm him. He could believe that. With how much she was trying to help him and remembering how many times she had chosen not to harm him when she could have tried. Still, trust was not something that came very easily to him... and given Morgana's criminal background even accounting for the good things she had done, he was still wary.

He struggled to make a decision whether to drink from the vial or not, but then he decided that he really didn't have much choice if he didn't want to look like a blank canvas in the shape of a duck. He didn't have a single idea how magic worked, and Morgana was the only person he could turn to since she had did this to him to begin with. Besides that, he had a city to save... and quickly. He knocked



back the vial in a single gulp.

"Eeeugh..." Darkwing's beak scrunched up in disgust. What was that horrible taste? He couldn't quite place it. Maybe he really didn't want to know.

In any case, the little potion worked. He was back to his normal colors... and without any stains. Although, it didn't change the fact that he still had a huge rip in his costume, and that his cape was missing. "That's more like it!" Darkwing said, sounding satisfied.

Now was the time for action. "Let's get the rest of this antidote circulating through SHUSH!"

Once SHUSH and the St. Canard Police Department were restored to relative normalcy, they took charge on building the city's infrastructure back up, getting the word out about the tainted coffee, and delivering the antidote to the coffee-crazed citizens. Darkwing had taken the time, at some point to fill up a thermos with tainted coffee. It was a key component of his plan, after all.

Finding Negaduck would probably be a bit of a difficult task. It was unlikely he would be at any of the usual places he'd hide out at. Under the grips of coffee addiction, he wouldn't be able to sit still. He would be searching for untainted coffee... or some form of caffeine.