



We Work Well Together (Somehow)

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 1973 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Liquidator & Elmo Sputterspark, Liquidator & Megavolt (Disney), Reginald Bushroot & Liquidator & Negaduck & Quackerjack & Elmo Sputterspark

Characters: Elmo Sputterspark, Liquidator (Disney), Reginald Bushroot, Quackerjack (Disney), Negaduck (Disney)

Tags: No Dialogue, mostly - Freeform, there's one line, My 156th fic overall :), Pain, Friendship, Introspection, Team as Family, Fearsome Five being good to each other, Bushroot is a big softie, but he's as well insanely strong, Tags Are Hard, Randomness, Supervillains, Battle, Superpowers, Electricity, Water, Memory issues used as a plot device, AKA I don't want to explain how we got here so Megavolt POV is useful, Non-Graphic Violence, chainsaws, Fluff, Angst, ? - Freeform, Electrocuting, Are the tags too spoilery???, AI-Generated Images, Cover Art

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Megavolt and Liquidator are a dangerous combination, just being around each other is a huge risk — so why are they so willing to work together?

I actually wrote two different versions of this. If I finish the second version, I'll post it in another chapter.

This is random, but this fic made me think of it; ever notice that FOWL is entirely made up of birds? (I think they had a single fox, in one comic?) They have a bird on their logo, their footsoldiers are called Eggmen, even their name is a bird joke. And it's not just the whole Disney Duck bias, because SHUSH has a ton of Mammals.

Has anyone ever done a story where they're Avian supremacists? Because all the ingredients are there...

Chapter 1: Willing To Accept, Willing To Protect

Now with cover art by ChatGPT!

Hey, I actually wrote the other version! Yay! I hope you like both :)

Don't ask Megavolt how it happened, he doesn't know. What he does know is that one day FOWL was something he didn't think much about, and the next day they were his sworn enemies.

Maybe they tried to take over the city, maybe they pissed off Negaduck, maybe Steelbeak broke a few too many streetlamps in his last car chase — it doesn't really matter.

What matters is that Megavolt is surrounded by too many Eggmen with too many guns, three more popping up for each one he fries. They're drones, willing to risk anything for the cause of their superiors, while he delights in his individuality — which unfortunately means they have the sort of numbers that made very little impossible, while he really doesn't.

He only has four; Quackie's hammer smashes through helmets, leaving the goons dazed; Bushbrain is proving himself stronger than any of them thought, with a good deal of people tangled high above the battlezone in his vines; Negaduck... Well, the less said about what Negaduck is doing the better, but Megavolt has never been happier to hear that chainsaw.

And Liquidator is doing what he does best: freezing tanks and weapons solid, then smashing them to pieces. It's terrifying, honestly, to think what any one of them could do if they were a tad more homicidally inclined.

A laser beam flies past him, barely an inch from his head, and Megavolt responds with a bolt shot in the direction he thinks it came from. The blue glow of his powers barely flash, he doesn't have much charge left. He knows the others are getting tired as well; Bushroot has never had much stamina, Quackie hasn't made a single joke in ages, even Negaduck has to be feeling it by now (though he's pretty sure both Masked Mallards are capable of fighting through any level of exhaustion short of a *coma*).

Normally, tiredness isn't something one attributes to The Liquidator — he could spend a week changing his size, bending into impossible shapes, dodging blows, and not even think of sleeping — but Megavolt knows better, knows that changing his temperature so extremely, so quickly was the one thing that really tires the aquatic dog out. None of them can keep this up.

A growl from Liquidator and the sound of rushing water is all the warning Megavolt gets before a wall of waves comes barreling down the street, sweeping up everything in its path. He scrambles up one of the larger Eggman, jumping off him to hang from a street lamp right as the flood reaches him, legs pulled close to avoid the surface of the water.

Megavolt has been asked before why he's willing to be anywhere *near* Liquidator, much less work with him. Most of the time, he can't really answer, not remembering much beyond a vague feeling that they work well together.

(This is typically met with disbelief, as using them against each other is a frequently-used tactic among their enemies)

He looks up at the vines crisscrossing the skyscrapers, Bushroot expanded and unraveled to the point of representing both spider and web, enemies and civilians alike caught up in his clutches (he always sneaks civilians out, the big softie). Megavolt watches Quackie panic and Negaduck rage as both are lifted out of the water, and he remembers.

He doesn't have much charge left, but he has *enough*. His eyes lock with Liquidator's watery pits that pass for eyes, both knowing the dog can't get out without the floodwaters receding. "Sorry, Drainbrain." He mutters, blue lightning arcing from his fingers and across the waves.

Liquidator screams, feeling his form come apart and wash away with the rest of the water. He can barely *think*, much less assume anything close to a solid shape.

It honestly isn't that much pain, is the funny part. Not as much as Elmo feels when he gets shorted out, or Reggie when he gets shredded. But it is the most pain Liquidator can feel anymore, the second worst he's ever felt (it doesn't come close to the acid), so it is bad enough.

As he drains away into the sewers (it is going to take *forever* to purify himself, uck), he barely registers the hundreds of dazed Eggmen, the police and ambulance sirens, or his cohorts fleeing the scene as fast as they can.

He'll remember it, though, hours later. In the middle of the ocean, stretching himself out and relaxing, he'll remember and he will laugh; everything comes with a price, and it had been a small one for such a stunning victory.

Days later, safe in the Greenhouse, he'll be joking around with the others. They'll relax, watch a movie, plan more heists. Jack will pull a prank, the Boss will yell, and Reggie will try so desperately to keep the peace.

Elmo will ignore them and fall asleep, his arm slipping and nearly hitting Liquidator, but the canine will dodge. And he'll just chuckle at the barely-avoided disaster, settling into a tub for a nap of his own.

It is dangerous being around Elmo, every moment is another one he could get shocked. Liquidator has been asked many times why he's willing to work with the electric rat, much less consider him a friend.

And what is he supposed to say to that? The truth is they make a good team for the same reason all of them do. It's a secret that took a while for them to figure out, originally held together by nothing more than pure stubbornness and spite.

A schizophrenic toymaker, a mood-swinging botanist, a brain-damaged physicist, an amoral salesman, and a chainsaw-wielding dictator — why do any of them work together, why do any of them hang out?

Because any one of them is willing to get hurt. Shorted out, fried, beaten, shredded, burnt — they are willing to suffer for the sake of their team. None of them knew it at first, as none of them really cared for anyone back then, but they figured it out with time.

(Time, and blood, and pain, and fire, and shaky smiles shared despite everything, and—)

And if someone had told Bud Flud he'd someday honestly list the 'power of friendship' as the secret to his success? He probably would have poisoned them. But he would've done it with a smile...

Chapter 2: Trust, Strength, And Vulnerability

So this was technically the version I started first, but I finished it last. Small edits up until the point where Megavolt shocks the water in the last chapter, then it actually diverges.

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He looks up at the vines crisscrossing the skyscrapers, Bushroot expanded and unraveled to the point of representing both spider and web, enemies and civilians alike caught up in his clutches (he always sneaks civilians out, the big softie). Megavolt watches Quackie panic and Negaduck rage as both are lifted out of the water, and he *remembers*. Sometimes, strength and weakness are the exact same thing.

He doesn't have much charge left, but he has enough to end it. A deep breath, a tiny whimper of dread, and he simply lets *go*. He processes Likky's shouts of pain a second before he himself is lost in a world of lightning, water, and *agony*.

It's over in minutes, every eggman knocked out cold, every weapon utterly fried. The flood recedes, Liquidator going with it, leaving an exhausted Megavolt slumped on the sidewalk.

He wakes up at the greenhouse, safe and warm. One of the others must have grabbed him, he dimly realizes, mind still sluggish.

Negaduck's ranting about FOWL, making some plan or other to show them who runs the city. Bushroot is pretending to listen, really just tending his plants. Quackie is chastising him for getting himself shorted out, or maybe he's congratulating him on ending the battle — he's talking too fast and hugging Megavolt too tightly for the rat to properly focus.

And Liquidator is... Megavolt has to take a second to find him, but finally spots the watery canine resting in the small rock pool Bushbrain installed for him. Megavolt swallows when they lock eyes, wondering if the other is mad at him.

But Likky just gives him a tired smile and a poorly-formed thumbs up, before sinking back into the pool with a bubbling yawn.

Megavolt relaxes, letting his eyes slip closed and his head fall against Quackie's shoulder. He doesn't worry about missing the plan, he knows the others will fill him in later. He as well doesn't worry about falling asleep while weak, decharged, and vulnerable — he knows the others will protect him, just like at the battle.

Because in the end, isn't that why they work well together? No matter the bone-headed move, no matter the risk, no matter the pain — they trust each other to be there, when it really counts.

— end of "We Work Well Together (Somehow)" —