



The Day-To-Day Life Of The Fearsome Five

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 3690 words

by Arukir

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The Day-To-Day Life Of The Fearsome Five

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How do the lives of St Canard's most Fearsome villains look, when they aren't battling Darkwing?

Hey, I need some minor assistance. A while ago, I started reading a certain fanfic, but stopped due to some jokes that were above my age level at the time. Now I want to read it, but I can't find it.

It involved the Fearsome Five having prison-mandated group therapy, and was from the perspective of the therapist. Negaduck makes some sexual comments. Megavolt is kept in a discharged/possibly drugged state and stays close to Quackerjack. QJ won't let his mask be removed. Liquidator and/or Bushroot asks for improvements to their living conditions.

If you know what fanfic this is, please comment! I'm not sure if it was on this site or a different one, and I might be misremembering some things. I really want to read it, so any help is appreciated. Thanks in advance 😊

Chapter 1: The Many Deaths Of Mr Banana Brain

Negaduck notices that Quackerjack's missing from a meeting. He's not missing for long.

I always thought it didn't make sense that QJ would (comic SPOILERS) freak out over Mr Banana Brain being destroyed -- he himself has destroyed the doll before, he just makes another one.

Then I realized that he probably couldn't make another one, because the Crime Bots took over.

Megavolt, Liquidator, and Bushroot sat around a table in an abandoned warehouse, facing a whiteboard.

Negaduck stomped in, slamming the door behind him. He stood in front of the board. "Alright, Knobs, you're probably wondering why I- Where's Quackerjack?!"

"He's in mourning." Bushroot answered.

"What?" Negaduck blinked. "Who's he got to mourn?"

"You ripped up Mr Banana Brain, remember?" Megavolt spoke up.

"The doll?! He's mourning a stupid doll that's been shredded a thousand times before?!" Negaduck groaned. "How long's he gonna be 'mourning' for?"

"Statistics show he'll be back after he remakes Mr Banana Brain." Liquidator answered, rippling unconsciously.

"I hope he's quick about it." Negaduck grumbled, picking up a marker and starting to draw out his plan.

"No, you do not." Megavolt told him calmly, watching with a detached interest as Liquidator's rippling got worse.

"What's that suppose to mea-" Negaduck started, but was interrupted by a warehouse wall collapsing.

Framed in the hole left behind was an overgrown toy *tank*, with a certain jester on top. In one hand Quackerjack held Mr Banana Brain, in the other a giant wooden mallet. "Hey, Negsy! It's PLAYTIME!"

"WHAT THE F-" Negaduck squawked.

"I'd suggest running, but I know you." Megavolt waved to Quackerjack, leaning towards Negaduck. "Which hospital do you want us to take you to?"

Chapter 2: A Duck's Best Friend

Negaduck introduces the Four to his new pet.

I headcanon that Negs loves training Dobermann dogs.

Fun fact: I named Killer after a dog my mom had when she was little. 😊

"Knobs! Get over here, I have an announcement!" Negaduck yelled, stomping into the warehouse.

"What's he want to yell at us about this time?" Bushroot muttered.

"Who knows, who cares?" Quackerjack shrugged. His eyes went wide. "I want to know what's in the bag."

Negaduck set said bag -- a large black duffel -- on a wooden table. "You'll see in a second, line up."

"...is it moving?" Megavolt asked.

"You all know I train Dobermanns, right?" Negaduck asked, unzipping the indeed-moving bag.

"Four out five canine villains don't like where this is going." Liquidator warbled.

Negaduck held up a tiny Dobermann puppy, a proud smile on his beak. "Say hello to Killer."

"Hello, Killer." The Four waved.

"I've only had Killer for three months." Negaduck told them. "But if anything bad happened to her, I'd subject all of you to grievous bodily harm and burn down the city."

All present were silent for a few moments, waiting to see if this was a joke. When Negaduck began petting the puppy, Quackerjack lifted his hand.

"Excuse me, dumb question, but as opposed to...?"

"Subjecting you to *minor* bodily harm and burning down the city." Negaduck answered, booping Killer's nose. "Who's the cutest, most vicious attack dog? You are! Yes you are!"

"Should we be worried about this?" Bushroot asked.

"Who's gonna be the bane of my enemies' existence?" Negaduck asked the happy puppy. "You are!"

"No, it's good for him to let his softer side out." Quackerjack told him. "Animals are great for lowering stress."

"Megavolt, get the car." Negaduck snapped. "We need to go to the store and steal some things for Killer. Likky, load up some pipe bombs."

"Of course, the city's stress levels are another matter." Quackerjack added, following Negaduck.

Chapter 3: Obedience School

Negaduck shows Liquidator something interesting.

Liquidator's speech is hard to write.

Liquidator rumbled through the pipes, coming out of an old sink in the Fearsome Five's hideout.

Negaduck was nearby, finishing up installing some sort of large machine.

"Liquidator Brand Water delivers fast, fast, fast!" Liquidator said by way greeting. "When the Boss calls, The Liquidator answers!"

"Good, you're here." Negaduck waved him closer. "Now we just need to wait for the rest of the Knobs."

"Inquiring minds wish to know, what's this thing?" Liquidator asked, looking at what looked like a giant steel box with air conditioners bolted to the outside.

"Oh, this?" Negaduck opened a metal door with a small glass window, gesturing for Liquidator to go inside. "It's a new... Well, it's easier to show than to explain."

Liquidator went inside, looking around, but he couldn't see anything. There was a thunk behind him, and the temperature started dropping fast.

"B-boss?" Liquidator tried to open the door, but it was bolted shut.

"Hey, is that the walk-in freezer I ordered?" Megavolt asked, back from the shopping trip Negaduck had sent them on. "No fair, I wanted to install it!"

"Why's there a sign that says 'obedience school' on it?" Quackerjack asked.

A thump sounded from the freezer, followed by another a minute later. Bushroot looked in the window. "Why's Liquidator locked in there?!"

Negaduck, sitting on the floor and playing with Killer, didn't even bother looking up as he calmly answered. "Let him out and you're mulch -- that goes for all of you."

"Even me?" Megavolt asked.

"Noo." Negaduck threw a dagger and waited for Killer to bring it back. "You're fried mulch."

Chapter 4: Megavolt's Ex

Quackerjack does not like sharing.

Likky knows an opportunity when he sees it.

"What's Quackerjack doing?" Bushroot asked, watching the insane duck use a giant wooden mallet to crush a flattened piece of metal, all while yelling something about Megavolt belonging to him and only him.

"Destroying a toaster." Megavolt answered, reading a comic.

"And you aren't going to stop him?" Liquidator asked.

"Nope." Megavolt shrugged.

"Why?" Bushroot asked.

"It's my ex." Megavolt answered, slowly turning the page.

"...oh." Bushroot blinked, watching Quackerjack.

"You sleazy little-!" Quackerjack screamed, bringing the hammer down. "How dare you! He. Is. MINE!"

"Sometimes in life, you have to take risks, ask the big questions." Liquidator got an evil grin on his face. "Like; what would happen if we told Quackerjack that Megavolt had a merger with Negaduck a few years ago?"

"Wait, I never-" Megavolt protested, but was cut off.

"Hey, QJ!" Bushroot yelled, excitedly running over to the other duck.

"I- I didn't, right?" Megavolt asked Liquidator, scratching his fried head.

"Polls are trending towards the negative." Liquidator answered, watching Bushroot whisper into Quackerjack's ear.

"WHAT?!" Quackerjack screeched, gripping his mallet harder and stomping out of the room.

"This is gonna be great!" Bushroot followed him out of the room. They could hear shouting, followed by a crash.

A scuffle and a few explosions later, Negaduck came into the room. His clothes were torn and a few feathers were smoking.

"...we didn't, right?" Megavolt asked.

"I am locking *all* of you morons in the freezer." Negaduck growled.

Chapter 5: The Great Escape

Someone's stolen Negaduck's dogs.

Liquidator gets his revenge!

"I can't believe someone stole my dogs!" Negaduck yelled, marching along the street, scowling pedestrians and some cars out of the way.

"At least they didn't get Killer." Bushroot told him, pointing to the puppy clutched in his Negaduck's arms, spiky collar and all. Though... "Why is her collar pink?"

"Lynn thought the black one wasn't pretty." Negaduck answered, his scowl softening infinitesimally at the thought of his daughter.

Bushroot, having learned better than to question the adorable terror that was Negaduck's heir, nodded his head. "Who would even want to steal fifty Dobermanns?"

"Fifty-two." Negaduck corrected. "And, better yet, who would want to steal them from *me*?"

They arrived at the hideout, only to find the door ajar and the main room wrecked.

"What happened here?" Bushroot asked, hiding behind Negaduck.

Negaduck pulled out a revolver, moving slowly through the hideout. Every room was as wrecked as the first.

They came to what they'd affectionately dubbed the 'big room'. It had once been an airplane hanger, and now they used it for anything from testing inventions to trivia night (a full-contact sport for them).

Currently, it was filled with fifty-two Dobermanns. Quackerjack and Megavolt were tied up in the middle of the room, gagged and hanging from the ceiling.

"What the shell happened here?" Negaduck asked.

Water rushed from every corner of the room, forming a familiar watery canine. He'd used oil to add war markings to his face.

"What happened here," Liquidator growled, thrusting his arms into the air, "is LIBERATION! DOWN WITH KENNELS AND FREEZERS!"

"Bud, did you watch Braveheart again?" Bushroot asked, unimpressed.

"This is about freedom, Reggie!" Liquidator yelled. "Besides, it was Men In Tights."

Chapter 6: Men Or Mice

Negaduck has an awesome plan. The rest of the team disagrees.

Yes, Megs flipped off Negaduck.

Negaduck is so out of character, lol.

"...And then, while the guard flamingos are shredding- er, chasing Bushbrain, Megadolt and the Mutt will lead the cops in the other direction, allowing me to make off with the loot." Negaduck clapped his hands. "Any questions?"

"Uhh, where will I be?" Quackerjack asked.

"Hijacking the Thunderquack- I explained this earlier!" Negaduck growled. "Pay attention, Chuckles! Any other questions?"

"Yeah." Quackerjack held up Mr Banana Brain. "Why are we hijacking the Thunderquack, Mack?"

"To distract Dipwing, obviously." Negaduck rolled his eyes. "Any non-stupid questions?"

"Can we get a safer plan?" Megavolt raised his hand. "One that doesn't involve me getting shorted out twelve times?"

"Please, you'll only be shorted out five times." Negaduck dismissed. "And what do you mean, 'safer'?!"

"Safe, adjective." Bushroot told him. "Protected from or not exposed to danger or risk; not likely to be harmed or lost. Antonym: your plan!"

"I know what it means, Weed!" Negaduck yelled. "I meant, we're supervillains; we don't do safe! We live for danger! It's our very life blood, our bread and butter, our reason for GETTING UP IN THE MORNING!!!"

"Please don't have another mental breakdown." Quackerjack pleaded. "I lost my psychologist glasses."

"And I would really prefer not to spend a month regrowing." Bushroot added.

"I can't believe you cowards!" Negaduck pointed to Liquidator. "What about you? You think this plan is too dangerous?"

"Er, well..." Liquidator shrugged. "It does have a rather unbalanced risk-reward ratio. Statistically-"

"Seriously?!" Negaduck threw his hands in the air. "What are we? Men? Or mice?!"

The room went quiet. Megavolt lifted a very *specific* finger, sparking with electricity.

"Uh, okay, maybe not the best expression..." Negaduck chuckled nervously. The Four started walking off. "Hey, you can't leave! We have a heist to plan!"

"Eh, go play with Killer." Bushroot muttered.

Picking up the pink-collared dog, Negaduck grumbled. "When did they stop being afraid of me?" The puppy happily wagged her tail, licking Negaduck's face. Negaduck laughed. "Aww, who's the cutest harbinger of destruction? You are!"

Chapter 7: Little Lady, Part One

This chapter and the two after it are set before most/all of the previous chapters, and introduces Nega-Gosalyn and Nega-Launchpad.

It's a regular old Sunday when someone knocks on the hideout's door.

I headcanon Negaduck's favorite alias as being Nigel Lord. I as well headcanon that Lynn (Nega-Gosalyn) is a germaphobe/mildly OCD

Despite Liquidator's worries, Lynn is not abused.

It was a regular, boring old Sunday in the Warehouse Hideout. Negaduck was locked in his office, plotting, while the Four played a card game. It might've been poker, might've been go fish, who knows? -- certainly not them.

Quackerjack had just been about to call out 'Uno!' when the front door rattled under the force of heavy knocking. The Four went silent, unsure what to do (you don't get many visitors when you're a supervillain in a secret lair).

Megavolt got up, carefully approaching the door. He opened it, sticking his head out. "Sorry, but we have enough salesmen already, and we could just steal it anyways."

"Er.... We're not here ta sell anything." A large pelican in a rather ripped-up outfit was outside the door, a scar over one of his eyes. His face twisted in confusion. "We're looking for Nigel?"

"We?" Megavolt asked, though maybe he should've asked who Nigel was instead.

"We don't mean to be an inconvenience, Sir!" A little goose chick -- the pinkest little girl he'd ever seen -- popped out from behind the pelican, smiling sweetly. "But my Papa said he'd be here, and I really need to talk to him. Please, Sir, it's important!"

"Alright, calm down, kiddo." Megavolt smiled, trying to soothe the child. He opened the door wider, letting them in. "What's your Papa look like?"

The pelican answered for her. "Well, he wears a lotta red and yellow, 'bout average height, blue eyes--"

"And he's a real Mr Grumpypuss." The gosling added, still cheerful.

"Wait a second..." Quackerjack blinked, sharing looks with Bushroot and Liquidator.

"She couldn't possibly mean-" Bushroot shook his head, cutting himself off.

"Four in five CPS workers would sure hope not." Liquidator mumbled, staring at the kid.

It was a very unfortunate fact that the kid in question happened to trip at the moment, falling. Megavolt reached out to catch her, keeping her from hitting the ground, but accidentally undid one of her hair ribbons.

When the ribbon touched the ground, the girl burst into tears. Megavolt tried to calm the child, picking up the ribbon, but that somehow made the crying worse.

"What the shell's going on he- Lynn?" Negaduck burst out of his office, staring at the little girl.

Chapter 8: Little Lady, Part Two

Negaduck calms down his daughter.

Nega-Launchpad was born Launchpad McQuack, but goes by Crasher or Crash.

OOO Negaduck continues!

Headcanon: All Negaversians have sharp teeth, that's why Negaduck has them when Darkwing doesn't.

It was a regular, boring old Sunday in the Warehouse Hideout. Negaduck was locked in his office, plotting, while the Four did whatever the quack they did when they weren't bothering him.

He was deeply engrossed in his schemes, uncaring of the outside world, until a sudden sound snapped him out of it. He could hear a little girl crying loudly, and for just a second he thought- but, no, it couldn't be. She was safe at home.

Still, the sound was annoying, and he had work to do. So he kicked open his office door, scowling "What the shell's going on he- Lynn?"

Lynn was sitting on the floor, crying, one of her pigtails hanging loose. Megadolt stood nearby, trying to calm her, the missing ribbon in his hand. Negaduck didn't exactly know what had happened, but he didn't care -- there was dirt on his daughter's ribbon, and someone was touching it.

He pushed Megavolt away, grabbing the ribbon, and snapped his fingers at Crasher -- what in the world was he doing here?! -- His sidekick pulled a packet of wipes out of his pocket, handing them over.

Negaduck crouched on the ground, meticulously cleaning the ribbon where Lynn could see it. "There, baby girl, no more germs. Come here and I'll fix up your hair, alright?"

"Y-you have to rebrush it, Papa." She sniffled, sitting in front of him. He took a comb from his own pocket, carefully curling the red hair before putting the ribbon back in. She smiled, hugging him.

"There, there, everything's alright." Negaduck knew he was being soft, could feel the Four's stares, but he'd never been able to be harsh with *her*. Especially not when was crying. He glanced at Crasher. "What are you even doing here?"

"The kid wanted ta see ya." Crasher shrugged, as unapologetic as ever. "What was I supposed to do, say no?"

"You could've just waited 'til I got home." Negaduck grumbled. Though, even he didn't exactly know when that would've been. "What'd ya want to see me about so badly, kid?"

Lynn smiled, but not one of her cutsie ones, though he thought it was as adorable as it was worrying. It was the type of smile that made her sharp teeth stand out. She help up her backpack. "We're moving in with you, Papa!"

Chapter 9: Little Lady Part Three

Negaduck loses, but he doesn't particularly mind.

Lynn, unlike Gosalyn, is a great actor. She's a lot more like Goz than she seems, including having great aim/athletic abilities, but legitimately likes frilly pink 'girly' things like tea parties and knitting.

I have no clue how to write Crasher. I'm trying to make him a loyal idiot who's good with children, like Posi-Launchpad, but with a sarcastic/roughness LP lacks. How'd I do?

Sorry for the abrupt ending, but I couldn't figure out to end it. They end up moving into Negaduck's secret Posiverse house, using the Four to help them transport Negaduck's weapons collection. Of course, only Crasher and Negaduck were allowed to touch Lynn's weapons collection (mostly pink dart guns).

"What do you mean, moving in with me?!" Negaduck asked, incredulous. "We already live together, kid."

"No, Crash and I live together, and you stay with us when you happen to visit the Negaverse." Lynn pouted, her eyes watering in a way that *might* not have been 100% faked. "You like the Posiverse better, so I figured we could move here. But if you don't want us to, I understand. I wouldn't want to get in the way of your work!" She said, so sincerely he knew she was being sarcastic, scuffing her foot on the ground. "Spending time together isn't really important, after all."

Negaduck groaned. He regularly beat up the city's most Fearsome criminals, plus it's hero, but couldn't stand his ground with a twelve year old?! "Ya know I want ta spend time together, kid, so cut it with the croc tears. But you can't move here! You legally don't exist!"

"Um, well, actually..." Crasher held out two little cards. "I sorta know a guy that does fake IDs." He smirked, his eyes daring Negaduck to come up with another argument.

Negaduck grabbed the cards, looking them over. He was good with small details, could spot the slightest imperfections in any forgery by eye, but these were perfect. "Lynda Waddlemeyer Lord." His eyes went wide. *She'd used his alias surname.*

Sure, she called him Papa, but she'd always kept her last name instead of his. And this somehow meant more to him than if she'd gone with Mallard.

"Leonard Patrick Lord." Negaduck glanced at Crasher. His Launchpad, his sidekick, his partner. He grinned. "You used my last name?"

"I needed an excuse ta have the kid with me." He shrugged. "It's not 'cause I like ya, dumbass."

"Oh, the hatred in your voice! How it wounds me!" Negaduck swooned, hand to his forehead, much to the giggling delight of their daughter.

Crasher lifted him up in a bear hug. "Ya know ya already lost this, yeah?"

"I know." He muttered, squirming. "I'm still at work, ya know, so cut it with the PDA."

"We have PDA rules?" Megavolt, glancing at Quackerjack.

"No one told me." Quackerjack grinned, kissing his cheek.

"Technically, most work places have PDA rules." Liquidator informed them. "But it's not like we have a HR."

"Maybe we should get one." Bushroot mused. "Might be nice to have a place e to file anonymous complaints about the general working conditions and treatment."

"Yeah, *anonymous, that way he can punish all of us!*" Mr Banana Brain cackled. He looked over at the squabbling family. "*Anyone else feel like this means mayhem, Graham?*"

Chapter 10: Inspired By Community

Quackerjack decides to set up a fun surprise for his friends. In the end, it seems the joke's on him.

Something fun and random, inspired by the paintball episodes of Community (though, sadly, not nearly as epic).

It was a quiet, dark night in the St Canard zoo, all of the animals peacefully resting. Out of the shadows, a lone figure emerges, trenchcoat and fedora completely hiding his identity (or would, if it wasn't for the oversized beak and brightly-colored jester hat).

The figure surveys the slumbering beasts, holding up a much smaller figure in a matching trenchcoat, a high-pitched voice squeaking; So, *whaddya think, Bink?*

The mysterious figure grins, moonlight reflecting off his teeth, as he answers in a menacing voice; "Perfect."

The sun was high in the sky, signaling a time when any *respectable* supervillain would be in bed. Instead, four very disgruntled criminals were trudging up to an archway that proudly displayed the words 'SC Zoo' in overdone gold lettering.

"Chuckles better have a good reason for makin' us come out here." Negaduck growled, glaring at the sign.

"A-a-at least it's a weekend, so there won't be any people." Bushroot said nervously, looking behind himself every five seconds. He was much more powerful in bright sunlight, and Darkwing usually only came out at night; despite both these things, being out and about during the day made him nervous. "W-well, except for the workers, maybe..."

<Oh, don't worry, Bushbrain!> A voice rang out over the Zoo announcement system, causing the four villains to jump. <I already took care of *them*.>

"Quackie? What are you doing?" Megavolt asked, turning in a circle. He frowned at all the empty cages. "Uh, aren't zoos supposed to have animals?"

"The St Canard Zoo normally hosts a large variety of fauna from around the world." Liquidator confirmed, his salesman tone strangely absent. "From the three-tone macac to the seven clawed rhinoceros, and even a few Blue Crested Bloodnets!"

The others stared at him. The aquatic dog scowled. "I'm not all business and water, ya know. Jack can have a psychology thing, but I'm not allowed to have a interest in animals?"

"Gee, when you put it like *that*..." Megavolt mumbled, not noticing Bushroot's snickers. "Sorry, Likky."

Liquidator looked serious for about three more seconds, then chuckled. "Nah, I'm just kidding. I did a promo here once, and there was this hot zookeeper that just loved to talk shop."

Bushroot's snickering was replaced by a glare. A loud peal of laughter rang out of the speakers. >I'm glad everybody's having such a good time! But *we're getting off track*, Mack.<

"You've got about seven minutes to explain what's going on here." Negaduck growled, pulling a chainsaw seemingly from thin air.

>What's going on...< Quackerjack laughed as Lego gates slammed over the archway, covering the fence surrounding the zoo. One of the cages burst open, revealing a large pile of *guns*. Quackerjack stepped over them, grinning as he casually twirled a rifle. "Is game night."

"Ten out ten doctors say this is a horrible, horrible idea." Liquidator whimpered, eyes darting between the toymaker's maniac grin and Negaduck's growing smile. "Actually, make that ten out of five doctors."

"Oh, relax guys; they're paintball guns." Quackerjack rolled his eyes. "Now, everyone gets five minutes to arm up and run off to claim a part of the zoo. Then," he cocked his gun, "IT'S PLAAAAAYTIME!"

"A rhinoceros at City Hall, penguins in the Library, a leopard at the Ice Cream Parlor on sixth!" Darkwing rambled, driving the Ratcatcher. "What, is there a new tarzan-themed villain?"

"Don't forget the meerkats at the docks, DW." Launchpad shuddered in the sidecar. "Though I'd definitely like to forget it. At least we know where they came from, thanks to that police report."

"But why would anyone want to-" Darkwing cut himself off as they drove past the police station, parking to stare at the single most colorful duck he'd ever seen, being led into the building by uniformed officers. The guy was a mess of random splotches of paint, covering every inch of his clothes, feathers, even his beak. It took Darkwing a second to realize that the guy was, "Quackerjack?!"

The deranged duck pouted, holding up Me Banana Brain as well as he could while in handcuffs. "Next year, we're sticking to *hide-and-seek*."

— end of "The Day-To-Day Life Of The Fearsome Five" —