



Koraz/St Canard

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Original Work · Not Rated · 3735 words

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The Destiny Freaks meet the many mutated and mundane mischiefs of Darkwing and The Fearsome Four (+Negaduck)

Chapter 1: Mischievous Games

Quackerjack gets help from an unexpected source.

Mischief is a playfully dangerous prankster spirit who loves causing trouble and jack-in-the-boxes, but is ultimately goodhearted and protective. I had to put her against Paddywhack. Sorry for the sudden end, I was gonna write more but... Meh.

Mischief grinned, baring her sharpest teeth, her amusement and anger side-by-side. The man in front of her looked a little like Booksmarts, the similarities to her friend making her all the more ferocious.

"Wiiiiiill yooooouuu plaaaaay with meeeee?" He asked the toymaker, holding tightly onto his jester's cap.

Mischief didn't like the villain, but she'd never been good at ignoring the sort of pained and fearful expression he was wearing. Besides, this Paddywhack guy had tried to hurt that nice little girl she'd been playing prank war with, so...

"Ooooh! Oh! I want to play!" Mischief raised her claw, waving it wildly as she spun in the air. Once she had both clowns' attention, she grinned wider, her flaming eyes burning larger with her growing power "How about we play tag? You're it!"

A jack-in-the-box -- she had a degree in irony -- appeared in black smoke, unleashing a boxing glove straight into Paddywhack's beak. Mischief grab Quackerjack by the back of his shirt and flew, catching Mr Banana Brain with her tail.

"Yaaaah!" Quackerjack screamed as they flew higher. "Put me down!"

"It's me or the Misery Spirit." Perhaps putting her face right in front of his wasn't the best way to earn his trust. She sighed. "Quackerjack, I'm a teenaged girl that likes baking and pranks, he's a centuries old monster who has obviously tortured you before. Is it really that hard to choose?"

"You don't look like any teenaged girl I've ever met." The duck grumbled, though he seemed to perk up when she gave his doll back. He seemed less frightened, probably because they were getting further and further from Paddywhack.

"Yeah, well, it's a species thing I suppose." Mischief was a living shadow with sharp claws, sharper teeth, and flames for eyes -- she looked scary and could back it up when she really wanted to. It made sense he was scared of her, though she hoped he would calm down. "Is there any place we can go? Someplace we can gather our wits and defend ourselves?"

"Fight? Against that monster?!" Quackerjack yelped. Then he thought. "Wait... It's not all that safe, but there's a lighthouse near here that belongs to a friend of mine. He's in prison right now, so we'll have it to ourselves."

"You mean the one that's on that cliff?" Mischief asked. At the nod, she changed course to where she remembered it being. "Belongs to a friend, huh? Sure he won't mind?"

"Yeah, Sparky will understand." He was quieter, and she inwardly cursed, hoping he wasn't falling into shock or something. He was definitely tired, and probably scared. She didn't like the villain, but he was in her care now.

They reached the lighthouse, getting in through a window. She let the overprotective side of her switch on, forcing the duck to wash the grime out of his feathers and rest on the couch while she started cooking a small din-lun-bre-... Whatever meal it was.

"Thanks." He muttered, taking the plate of buttered asparagus and pasta with a small side of garlic bread. He tasted it and smiled. He lifted that doll of his. "*You're a pretty good chef, Jeff.*"

"Thanks." She shrugged, floating over the couch. "So... How do you know Paddywhack?"

"He used to be a playmate." Quackerjack's little bells jingled faintly. "He tricked me, and when I didn't want to play anymore, he got mad. Trapped me in his jack-in-the-box and, and-"

"I don't need details." Mischief quickly interrupted. Torture wasn't something you should have to talk about, she knew that all too well. "Just, how'd you escape? Did you exploit a weakness? Find a loophole? Just get really lucky?"

"Darkwing Duck -- he's the local superhero -- got captured after me." He played with his bells, the jingling just a little more alive. "We used the rules of his realm against him, pulling pranks on each other until we could pull pranks against Paddywhack. The more fun we had and the angrier he got, the weaker he was. Eventually, he just kicked us out."

"That's not good." Mischief shook her head, thinking. "If he gave up last time, then we don't know what his limit is. If pranks are both his strength and weakness, however, that is good."

"Why?" Quackerjack asked. Mischief hesitated, but hey, they were in this together now.

"I am the Korazian Spirit Of Pranks." Technically Lies, Deception, Tricks, and Pranks, but he didn't need to know that. "So they're sorta my wheelhouse."

"Oh." Quackerjack blinked. "Is that how you made that glove appear earlier?"

"My punch-in-the-box!" Mischief laughed, excited as always to talk about her creations. "I have *hundreds* of specialty prank boxes, all Mischief originals. Kinda funny I'm fighting a guy who **lives** in a jack-in-the-box."

"Yeah, funny..." Quackerjack frowned. "Who are you? Why'd you save me?"

"I'm Mischievous Stargem, you can call me Mischief." Mischief settled down next to him on the couch. "That guy tried to hurt someone I was having fun with, so he's made an enemy outta me. And you, well, you're kinda amusing."

"You saved me 'cause I'm funny?" Quackerjack raised an eyebrow.

"No, yes, I..." She sighed. "You looked scared, alright? I've seen people react to trauma before, and it was obvious he's hurt you. I know you're a villain, but I couldn't leave anyone with that monster."

She growled, cutting off when Quackerjack jumped in fright. She whined apologetically and both fell into silence.

Chapter 2: The Greater Good (Does Not Always Care For The Rules)

Not every thief is a villain, and not every hero plays by the rules

I have no idea if Eric's correct in saying that what DW's doing is illegal or not, and have no clue how Citizen's Arrest work.

In other news, Eric is so use to answering to Thief at this point. XD

"Woo!" The boy laughed as he ran away, jumping from rooftop to rooftop, uncaring of the Terror that chased him through the night.

Said Terror, one Darkwing Duck, growled out "Stop! Thief!"

To his immense surprise, the boy did stop. And turned, a grin on his pale face, contrasting dark hair and clothing. He looked innocent, playful, but shining blue eyes held cunning and trickery.

"Yes?" The boy asked, as if he couldn't fathom why Darkwing had called out to him.

"Er..." Darkwing shook his head, twisting his face into one of confidence, rather than confusion. "You're under arrest for stealing from the Golden Diamonds Golf Club!"

"Really?" The boy blinked. He pulled a notebook from inside his jacket, flipping through it. "You know, I have a lot to do this week, can't really fit in an arrest... How's next Monday work for you?"

"What?!" Darkwing squawked. "Sorry, but justice does not reschedule to fit a villain. Now, surrender peacefully or I'll have to get rough."

"Are you pointing a weapon at an unarmed teenager?" The boy asked, looking at the Gas Gun in amusement. "Not that I'm actually unarmed, mind you, but the cops wouldn't be able to recognize my stuff as weapons. You do realize what you're doing is illegal, right? Maybe I should do a citizen's arrest..."

"Sometimes the law must be ignored for justice's sake." Darkwing shrugged. "The greater good and civilians' safety must come first."

"On that, He Who Flaps On Darkest Nights, we are in complete agreement." With that, and a wink, the boy fell backwards off the building.

"Wait!" Darkwing rushed to the edge, looking over, but the boy was nowhere to be seen. He growled, thinking the boy must've found his way into one of the windows, and rushed into the building to find him.

In his rush, he failed to notice two red flames, peeking from a nearby shadow like a watchful pair of eyes.

Chapter 3: Blue Storm (Unleashed)

This is an old one. The storm breaks loose (yet another amnesia tale)

Strike Stargem, Daughter Of The Storm, Protector Of Stormlings, is ready for battle.

Blue stared at the yellow-clad duck in front of her, the glint of his chainsaw barely registering as she glared into his eyes. Her posture was straight, her arms crossed, her piercing blue eyes looking down at him. She knew she should feel afraid, but she just felt annoyed, and slightly amused. She didn't know her own name, but she knew that she was not one that was easily intimidated. How dare he threaten me? She thought, though she had no idea where the sudden arrogance she felt came from.

The duck took a step forward, forcing Blue to take a step back. She looked behind her at the pool, which crackled with electricity from the large cables that had fallen into it earlier in the battle. Logically, she knew that she had to avoid it. Emotionally, she was overwhelmed with a feeling of comfort and familiarity as the dangerous voltage arced across the water. Why did she have to keep reminding herself not to touch the beautiful lightning?

"Come on, boys, let's teach this girl why you don't mess with the Five." The duck sneered.

To Blue's back was the pool. In front of her was the duck. To her right was a dog made of water, whom she desperately wanted to touch, with no clue as to why. Next to him was a duck dressed as a jester, she saw no threat in him, and was simply amused and a little annoyed. To her left was that electrical rat, but again she was overwhelmed by that sense of comfort, and hoped he didn't get too hurt in the coming battle. Next to him was a plant duck, a hypocrite that let his poor plants wear themselves out at a time with no sunlight, which made her unreasonably angry.

If she knew martial arts, or any form of self-defense, she couldn't remember. Her staff was hidden on her back, but she couldn't remember how to use it, if she ever knew how to begin with. But still, she felt no fear. As the Five got closer, raising their various weapons and powers, she once again considered the pool. She'd heard that people could survive lightning strikes, surely there was less voltage than that in the pool? Could she swim to the other side before the electricity affected her? Could she even swim?

Time seemed to slow as vines, electricity, snapping toy teeth, and a blast of water zoomed towards her. She ducked, instincts she didn't know she had kicking in. The teeth fell into the pool, the electricity and water hit the other wall, and the vines re-

tracted back to their meek owner. Still crouched, Blue saw a glint of metal coming towards her, and registered it as that stupid duck's chainsaw. As it turned out, she was strong, and agile, and rather flexible. She sprung up, twisting into a backflip, having forgotten the pool behind her. No time to avoid the pool, so she instead focused on avoiding the bricks around it.

Water enveloped her, cool and welcoming. Electricity seeped into her bones, her veins, her very mind. But there was no pain as she floated beneath the surface of the water. The water and electricity were familiar and comforting, so she just stayed still and enjoyed it for a few moments, unaware that most people would be having trouble breathing at that moment. The crystal bracelet on her left wrist began to glow, pulling her attention to it. An image of a lock burst into life above it, like a hologram. She touched it lightly with her right hand, watching as the image unlocked. The comforting feeling filled her being, the water swirling around her.

The water of the pool shot up. Everyone present stared at the creature that came out of the burst, floating in midair. A growing thundercloud spouted from its head, its skin was made of living lightning. It gripped tightly onto a staff, its blue eyes crashing into themselves, its glare piercing despite being made of water.

The Storm was loose. And it was time to play.

Chapter 4: Rap Battles! (Cringe...)

I really hate rap, but love Famous Rap Battles Of History and such things. This is... Something like that?

I honestly hate these, but as well love them. Some of my more ridiculous writing, definitely. Poor history obsessed Oliver, not realizing he's being tortured...

I have some notes... (Oliver to Quackerjack):

Mr History Buff, what a great concept, it's true.

-

But, Mr Quackerjack, I've some notes for you.

-

There's seventeen mispronunciations,

-

And it's filled with oversimplifications.

-

It has only six hours worth of things to say,

-

And you misdated five things, hey, hey, hey.

-

I don't mean to rude, I'm just trying to assist,

-

So, hey hey, there's no need for you to resist.

-

Just rerecord here and expand there, redate in a few places,

-

Add in a few things, and you'll have three days worth of smiling faces.

-

Hey, hey, what you mean it's not something I'm supposed to enjoy?

-

Hey, hey, come on now, I like it, it's my favorite new toy!

That all you got? (Strike to Megavolt)

Come on, Sparky, that's all you can do?

-

Come on, dude, try something new!

-

Come on, is that all you got?

-

Come on, I'm coming in hot!

-

Filled me up with wattage, show me some volts!

-

Stand there and stare, I'll show you some bolts!

-

Douse me water, my power will grow.

-

Can't teach how to zap, I just know!

-

So, come on, show me what you can do,

-

'Cause you can try to fry me, until you're blue,

-

But I'm the daughter of storms, she of lightning, water, and air,

-

Next to me, your poor wattage can't hardly compare.

-

So, go on, give me all you can,

-

Or give up now, silly rat man.

-

-Laughs- good choice, Sparky...

Chapter 5: Botanist At Heart

Oliver's enjoying a relaxing day at the park, when the unexpected happens. What seems like a stroke of bad luck soon proves to be a golden opportunity to connect with a fellow Mad Botanist

Say it with me: you can't spell 'impossible' without 'I'm Possible'!

Oliver eventually switches to trousers full-time, despite it being uncommon for Wizards (Male Mages), because of the extra protection they give him from Wand's thorns.

Note: The reason the natives think he's a weird dog is because they don't have humans.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but stubbornness is its father.

Part of the reason Bushy's being so civil is because Oliver's the first person to call him 'Doctor' in a rather long time.

Oliver wasn't used to being kidnapped. It was actually a bit entertaining, spoiled only by how he longed to be back in his robe, instead of the brown 'not drawing attention' trousers he had donned.

It had been a regular day in St Canard, bright and cheerful, when Oliver had decided to go to the park. Most folks thought of him as some sort of weird dog, and no unwanted attention came as he sprawled beneath a tree, soaking in the sunlight.

His beloved notebook was undergoing some minor repairs, and everyone he knew had something else going on, so Oliver really had nothing else to do and nowhere else to go. Hours had passed in a content, dreamlike state, his hyper-observant brain shutting off for once as he dozed amongst his leafy brethren.

This peace had been shattered by the yelling of a bizarre group of natives, causing Oliver to calmly sit up and open his eyes. Wand's roots had constricted on his arm, and he knew that she wanted to spring into action, but he ignored it. He sifted through the memories of his studies, focusing on what he knew of St Canard, and discovered the group's identity: The Fearsome Five.

It is important to note at this point that Oliver's expression rarely changed. A half-lidded, somewhat judging gaze sat above a flat line of a mouth, giving no insight to what he was feeling at any particular moment. So when the Five began rounding up the picnickers and kickballers and treeclimbers, not a single one of them could tell just how excited the nerdy teenaged boy that calmly adjusted his glasses was as he quietly cooperated.

Bushroot noticed the nearby plants begin to quiver, but he didn't think much of it, assuming that it was his own powers that were getting a little out of control.

For some unknown reason, the hostages were split into five groups, each one taken by a different villain. Oliver speculated that it was to make it harder for the police or Darkwing Duck to interfere, but he hated guessing without more facts. In a bizarre stroke of luck, Oliver was in the group assigned to Dr Reginald Bushroot (*Age: 49, criminal for 3 years and counting, doctorate still legally valid*), and now found himself tied up thirty feet from a chemical lab in a lush greenhouse.

The plants seemed very healthy, which earned Dr Bushroot points in Oliver's book. Most of them were also mutated or completely new species, which earned him another set of points.

Oliver looked around, happily taking in the bright leaves and colorful flowers around him. He studied the plant duck, dressed in a lab coat and hard at work with his chemicals, wondering if he'd notice Oliver slipping out of his ropes to look around.

It was then that Oliver noticed something himself. "You're doing that incorrectly."

The other hostages stared at Oliver in disbelief. Dr Bushroot turned around, looking confused. "What?"

"That solution, based on what else you've done, should be dripping one drop every two seconds." Oliver pointed out calmly, gesturing to the solution in question with his head. "You've set it to two drops every three seconds."

"What are you talking- oh. You're right." The Doctor blinked, quickly fixing it. "How did you know that?"

"I've used something similar in my own experiments." Oliver replied. He saved lying for life-and-death situations, and this hardly qualified in his mind.

"Your own...?" Dr Bushroot stared.

"Correct, Dr Bushroot." Oliver nodded. "It's to stimulate growth in preparation for movement, correct? I suggest switching your focus to the ability to store and gather energy; you'd be surprised what a plant can do with the right nutrient source."

"What sort of nutrient source?" Dr Bushroot asked, his attention fully on Oliver.

Oliver knew properly naming the purpose of the solution would gain his attention. His smugness and amusement were both hidden behind his usual calm exterior as he answered. "Many sorts. I've been called an expert on electric-powered flora, though that gets a high power bill. Then again, they make much prettier light sources."

“Electric powered?” Dr Bushroot tilted his head in interest. He grabbed a nearby notepad. “That actually gives me an idea...” he muttered.

“Combining plants with wires can be fun as well, though tricky.” Oliver continued. “Not as tricky as using molten lava for nutrients. Not as much fun either.”

“Wires, tricky, molten- Molten lava?!” Dr Bushroot squawked.

“Otherwise known as magma.” Oliver said by way of confirmation, nodding slightly.

“But that's crazy! Any plant would burn up.” Dr Bushroot argued.

A very small vine snuck out the back of Oliver's shirt, creeping towards the other hostages. Oliver was the only one that noticed it. “That's the tricky part, Doctor. You have to make sure that plant can survive its entire life cycle in the middle of a volcano. Depending on what sort of plant you choose, and what kind of seeds it has, there's a whole new set of challenges. And if you want to for a tree, well...”

“Challenges?!” Bushroot stalked over, staring down at Oliver. He didn't notice the vines slowly cutting through the ropes. “It's not just 'challenging', it's impossible!”

“Need I remind you that you were, technically, by the scientific standards before your existence, impossible?” Oliver asked. “Or that breaking the speed of sound was once impossible? The airplane? The Internet? Harnessing lightning? Everything's impossible, Dr. Bushroot, until somebody does it. Somebody who either doesn't know or doesn't care that it can't be done. Long live stubbornness, for it's the father of invention.”

“That still doesn't mean you can make a flower grow in lava.” Bushroot crossed his arms, but he sounded less sure now.

“Actually, I've done it.” Oliver, had he been anyone else, would've grinned. As it was, several plants started curling happily. “I mutated some Fire Lilies, and put them in a volcano in Hawai'i. I've dubbed them Molten Lilies, but the scientists that 'discover' them on that expedition next month will probably call them something else.”

“That's... incredible.” Dr Bushroot shook his head.

“It is. More incredible than my Snowy Drops, in fact.” Oliver tilted his head thoughtfully. “Of course, hiding them in the middle of Antarctica may have been a poor choice; no-one's actually found them yet.”

“How many plants have you hidden exactly?” Or Bushroot asked.

On this planet? “Seventy-two separate species, twenty-one of which have been 'discovered'.”

“Why?” Was all Dr Bushroot could apparently think to ask. “Why not take credit?”

“I have, sometimes. And I've got detailed records of the whole process, so the truth won't be lost to history.” Oliver thought a moment. “It's partially my own amusement, I'll admit. But mostly it's to get people wondering, searching, living. My impossible plants being a science experiment? Been there, done that in this world of Supers. Naturally occurring, never-before discovered, hidden superplants? That gets people thinking about what else could be out there. It gets people excited about the possibilities. It's... My secret legacy.”

A squeeze of roots on his arm told Oliver that the ropes were almost ready. He blinked and looked straight at Dr Bushroot, breaking the plant mutant out of his thoughts. Like anyone that became the full focus of his stare, Dr Bushroot locked eyes with Oliver and didn't move.

“There's another unconventional nutrient source for flora I forgot to mention, Doctor.” Oliver didn't blink, didn't smile, gave no warning but for a slight drop in tone. “Fauna.”

Roots and vines expanded from his right arm, under and out of his shirt, twisting around his midsection and legs as they lifted him into the air. One good point about wearing trousers, he decided, is that the large thorns didn't sting as much.

The small vines sliced through the last of the ropes on the other hostages - who fled screaming - and retreated back under Oliver's clothing. A large pink rose flower slithered out the back of his shirt collar, roaring with her mouth-like petals.

“It was a pleasure meeting you in person, Doctor Bushroot.” Oliver showed his sincerity with a small smile. “I love your work! I've read many of your papers. Maybe we could collaborate sometime? But for now, I've got more hostages to free.”

Wand carefully picked her way through the greenhouse, stopping just at the door on Oliver's insistence “I would suggest getting out of here before Darkwing shows up. I would hate for your new research to be in vain.”

And with that, Oliver was gone, leaving a stunned plant mutant behind. And the nerdy boy knew he should've tied him up, and certainly shouldn't have given him advice, but... he always had been a botanist at heart.

— end of "Koraz/St Canard" —