



Quiet

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 434 words

by Arukir

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Bushroot has a rare quiet day. Of course, it's never really quiet when you're a Mutant Plant Duck.

Just a little drabble (I think that's the right word?) about Bushroot and Spike.

I wanted Spike to have some sort of nickname for Bushroot, and I settled on Feathers. If anyone has a better suggestion, please comment!

Bushroot walked through his Greenhouse, humming quietly to himself. Being a supervillain was so stressful sometimes, it was nice when he got quiet days like this.

"Here you go, little friends." Bushroot poured water over a bed of flowers, enjoying the feeling of contentment he sensed from them.

Most plants didn't have feelings, per se, more like very basic senses of things that damaged them vs things that helped them grow. The longer a plant was around him, however, the more complex its feelings became -- some of them, like Spike, could even communicate with simple words.

Play! Playplayplayplay! Spike jumped up and down, his ball grasped tightly in his mouth.

"Oh, alright." Bushroot smirked, reaching to take the ball. "I guess the rest of the watering can wait a few minutes."

No! Spike's! Spike jumped backwards, keeping his ball away. Play!

"You have to give me the ball first, Spike." Bushroot explained, trying once more to take the toy.

Spike's! Spike ran a few feet away, growling. Play!

"We can't play fetch if you don't give me the ball." Bushroot was starting to get frustrated now. He made a grab for the ball, but Spike snapped at him.

Spike's! Spike reiterated. Not Feathers'!

"Spike." Bushroot said sternly, crossing his arms. "Bring me the ball right now, or you're in a lot of trouble."

No! Spike ran around him. Playplayplayplay!

The plant duck spent the better part of the next two hours chasing his pet around the Greenhouse, getting absolutely no help from the amused plants, before both were too tired to continue. Bushroot slid down to sit on the ground, panting.

Nice play. Spike sighed, resting his head on the other's lap. Nap now.

"Bu-but we didn't even play!" Bushroot complained. "I just chased you around for you didn't want to play fetch, did you?"

Chase! Spike agreed, nodding sleepily. He yawned, finally dropping his ball.

"You silly plant." Bushroot said fondly, running a leaf over Spike's head.

Eventually, Bushroot would have to get up and water his plants. He'd have to check on experiments, and finalize heist plans, and a million other things that filled up the life of a mutant plant duck.

For now, though, he'd rest and enjoy the quiet. The silence was filled with the chattering of plants, of course, but that's as quiet as it ever got for him.

It was a noisy kind of quiet, a chaotic sort of calm, and Bushroot wouldn't have it any other way.

— end of "Quiet" —