



You Wanted My Kid? You Got Her!

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 612 words

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Contents

You Wanted My Kid? You Got Her! 3

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Relationships: Nega-Gosalyn & Negaduck (Disney), Nega-Launchpad/Negaduck (Disney), Drake Mallard & Gosalyn Mallard, Drake Mallard/Launchpad McQuack

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An old 'friend' asks Darkwing for a small favor. What's family for, right?

Note: Negaduck's real name is Drake Mallard, Nigel Lord is just an alias. However, he doesn't consider himself Drake Mallard anymore, being completely Negaduck unless he absolutely NEEDS a civilian disguise -- at which point, he's Nigel again.

Darkwing was alone, barely armed, with no idea of who his enemy was, but he had one major advantage -- a home field advantage!

Seriously, did this guy pick the wrong house to rob. Darkwing tied his mask and adjusted his hat, mentally reminding himself to thank Launchpad for forcing him to store extra costumes in the house.

Launchpad, who was currently visiting Duckburg- but that was fine, Darkwing could handle a robber on his own. At least Gosalyn was at school...

Or supposed to be. A red haired goose chick met him at the bottom of the stairs. A curly-haired chick in a frilly pink dress, with the sweetest smile he'd ever seen. Standing behind her was himself.

Drake Mallard, green sweater vest and all, scowled with crossed arms.

Flashing NegaGosalyn a reassuring smile, Darkwing grabbed his double's arm and dragged him into the kitchen, meeting no resistance.

"Negs, what the hell?" Darkwing hissed, quiet enough that the child couldn't hear from the next room. "Why are you here, like that, with her?"

"You wanted my kid, well now you get her; I need you to babysit." Negaduck whispered calmly, coldly. "Those Friendly Four jerks you left her with got themselves abducted by aliens for the next couple months."

"So why don't you watch her? Or leave her with your Launchpad?" Darkwing pleaded, though, actually... "Maybe a mirror image of Launchpad wouldn't be the best option..."

"Nah, LP's great with kids, when he tries." For just a second, Negaduck chuckled fondly. He caught himself, beak twisting into a scowl. "And I'm currently homeless, so unless you want her sleeping in the same room as thirty bikers..."

"Fine." Darkwing groaned. The pair made their way back to the living room, where NegaGosalyn had apparently started dusting.

"Lynn, we've talked about this." Negaduck sighed. "You can't clean people's houses without asking."

"Sorry, Papa." NegaGos- Lynn smiled and skipped over, holding onto a pink suitcase. "I wanted to do something to tell Mr Darkwing thank you, for letting me stay here."

"No problem, kiddo." Darkwing laughed. Negs scowled again, but it turned into a small frown when he faced Lynn.

"You got your toothbrush? All your stupid dolls?" Negaduck asked her. "Extra dresses? Your pocket knife?"

"Yes, Papa." Lynn nodded, smiling. "I've got everything."

"Okay." Negaduck hesitated a second, glancing at Darkwing, before kneeling down and looking Lynn in the eye. "Listen, kid, I don't care that he's your best friend back home -- you are not to go near this world's Tank. Don't wander off of your own. This world's Four come near you, scream and remember our self-defense lessons."

"Yes, Papa." Lynn nodded.

"Most of all, listen to your Uncle Drake, and don't let your other self drag you into any schemes or adventures." Negaduck hugged Lynn closely, with a smile Darkwing knew from his own face, before standing up. "See ya' later, kid."

"Uncle Drake?" Darkwing asked at the front door. "Is that what I'm supposed to tell people?"

"Yep." Negaduck shrugged.

"What's that make you, then?" Darkwing asked, the part of his brain screaming against all of this getting smaller.

"Nigel Lord, your cousin from out of town." Negaduck did a little bow, then turned to leave. He froze for a second. "By the way, I may have thrown this world's Tank Muddlefoot in a garbage can."

"Was he hurt?"

"No."

"Anyone see you?"

"No."

"Then I don't care. See ya, Nigel."

"Daaaad, why is my clone in the living room?"

"That's Lynn, your Negaverse self. She's pretending to be your third cousin removed or whatever so we can babysit her."

"Oh. Daaaaad?"

"Yeah, sweetie?"

"Are you brain damaged?!"

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— end of “You Wanted My Kid? You Got Her!” —