

Darkwing Duckette Chap.1-Homecoming

18 years later...

In the dark of night, four thugs ran down the streets of St. Canard, carrying bags of cash from the bank they just stole from. The four turned down into a dark alley to catch their breath. They each panted heavily after running like mad men to slip from the cops's fingers.

"Whoo! Man, that was close!" Said one of the thugs, an muted orange male cat.

"I was *huff* worried there *huff* for a sec," said another of the thugs, a skinny, greyish green lizard.

"What are you two pansies talking about? We're in the clear and ain't got nothing to worry about," said a dark brown furred weasel who was the leader of their group, "The cops might as well close up shop. This city is almost like a criminal's paradise since that old coot of a hero kicked the bucket years ago. Ain't that right, Joey? Joey?"

His encouragement was directed towards the fourth member of their group, a short, chubby, beige colored pug with short brown hair and a brown spot over his right eye. Joey however did not share their leader's confidence and looked around unnerved and scared. The weasel approached him.

"Joey, what's the matter?" Frank asked when he was right in front of Joey.

"I don't know, Frank. I been hearing things," Joey mustered.

"Things? Wha kinda things?" Frank asked.

"Well, I've heard some stuff at a few bars," Joey started to explain, "There's talk of somebody new in town. Somebody taking down guys like us."

"What!?! You gotta be kidding, Joey," Frank chuckled in disbelief, "Who'd do something like that? You would have to be crazy or stupid to be a hero in this burg, especially with You-know-who in control of nearly everything that goes on in the criminal underworld..."

As Frank continued to talk about the implausibility of a new superhero in town, The lizard of their group looked around the alley and noticed something that shocked and terrified him. He nervously came up to Joey and Frank to get them to notice it too.

"Guys?" He interjected.

"I'm don't know, Frank," Joey said with doubt.

"Guys?" The lizard reiterated.

“Come on, Joey. You’re acting like a kid who just learned about the Boogeyman. Who would possibly be a hero in St. Canard?” Frank reassured.

“Guys?” The lizard said once more.

Frank finally noticed their partner’s interruption, “What is it, Mario?”

“Where’s Barney?”

Frank took note of Mario’s question. Their other partner, the cat Barney was nowhere to be seen. Frank looked around the alley. The shadows of the area made it hard to see anyone who wasn’t close to them.

“Barney?” Frank called out, “Barney! Get out here!”

No answer.

“Barney! Quit Screwin’ around and Get your butt out here!” Frank called out again.

Still...no answer. The dead silence of the alley started to worry the three thugs. Joey looked around nervously.

“Where is he?” Joey asked quietly.

“AHHHH!” screamed someone from above. Frank, Mario, and Joey looked up seeing Barney falling towards them screaming.

“AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!”

Suddenly they heard a sound.

Twang!

Barney stopped about five feet from the pavement, strung up by a line of rope. He briefly rebounded, only to bash his head against the dumpster under the fire escape he was tied to. He wasn’t moving.

“Barney!” Cried Joey and Mario, coming up to the hanging tom cat and looking him over.

“Is he...?” Joey started to ask.

“No, he’s just unconscious. That knock on the head probably knocked him out,” Mario said.

“What the hell is going on?” Frank said.

Then a sound came from the far end of the alley. A swooping sound that caused Frank and his men to

turn. They saw a vague shadowy figure in the alley. The figure out stretched its arm and threw something at them, a disc which hit Frank's forehead with agonizing force.

"Auggh!" Frank cried in agony as he fell to the ground.

Mario panicked and ran towards the figure, shooting blindly into the darkness. Surprisingly, the mysterious figure evaded Mario's shots and when he came close enough, the figure started punching him. After a few blows to Mario's face, the figure jabbed him in the gut and threw an uppercut to the lizard's chin sending him flying backwards towards Joey and Frank. The shadowy figure started to walk towards Joey and Frank who was still on the ground. As the figure started coming closer, Joey became incredibly scared. He turned and started to run out of the alley but before he made it out, the figure threw bolas at his ankles to trip him up. Joey fell on the ground. The pavement scraped up his palms when he landed. He grunted in pain. He rolled over on to his back and tried to untangle the bola wrapped around his ankles.

While he tried to get free, The figure made a great leap and landed right in front of him. The street lights illuminated the figure, revealing it to be a masked female duck dressed in a form-fitting, dark purple suit, a dark violet cape, and a wide brimmed purplish-grey fedora. The eyes of her mask were a terrifying blank, gleaming white. Bangs of red hair fell over and around her face under the fedora. A matching red pony tail blew in a slight breeze. Joey was paralyzed with fear at her. Not wanting give him the chance to react, the female duck crouched down, and punched Joey hard in the face. He fell unconscious. Frank had started to get to his feet by this time. Holding his right hand to his forehead and holding a gun in his left, Frank planned to shoot this masked freak and get away with all of the money. He raised his gun and pointed it to the back of her head, assuming she hadn't noticed him.

"Take this, you freak!" He muttered.

As he pulled the trigger, the female duck narrowly dodged the bullet. Before Frank attempted shoot her again, the female duck fluidly and quickly knocked the gun out of his hand, slightly crouched, and elbow-jabbed the weasel in the solar plexus. Frank cringed grabbing his gut as the female duck stood up to her full height, turned around pulled back her arm, and said, "Night, Frankie." Just before clocking him in the face, knocking him out.

The next morning, the streets of St. Canard bustled with throngs of people on their way to work in the large and lively city. A large majority of these people made their way to the newest addition of Saint Canard's sky scrapers; the newly, re-established McDuck Enterprises Corporate Headquarters. The building stood at 80 stories, a steel grey color with numerous blue tinted windows. The north side of the building was adorned with the McDuck Ensignia, a large gold circle with a \$ in the middle. Above the symbol of the company, on east side of the third highest floor, A tall male duck stood in a large spacious office with his back to his desk and looked out on to his view of the city. He was dressed in a yellowish-brown business suit, a harvest gold shirt, and a black tie. His thick black eye brows furrowed along with his stern stoic visage. His long bill curved into a frown. As he stood, he listened to the morning news report playing over the monitor on his desk.

“...and so another sighting was made of St. Canard’s new, mysterious hero. Some believe it to be someone donning the mantle of Darkwing Duck, the city’s previous superhero whom died 18 years ago,” Reported the male dog anchor, “Last night, four criminals behind a bank robbery were delivered to the doorstep of the St. Canard Police Department. Officials state there was a note with the robbers, believed to be left by this mysterious hero. Such sightings and happenings have occurred over the past couple of days. One night ago, a group of illegal arms dealers connected to one of the city’s most notorious gangs, were brought in by this new masked mallard. Is this hero a lawful turning point in this city’s current situation? We will report more as this story develops but first we go to our other top story, on location with Tiffany Stones. Tiffany?”

The camera shifted to a female dog anchor on the street outside of the McDuck Enterprises building.

“Thanks, Tad. It’s certainly in a turning point in the world of business as our top story is the grand public opening of McDuck Enterprises Corporate Headquarters here in our own town,” As the female anchor spoke, footage of headquarter’s opening corresponded along side her report, “ Last summer, Huston Duck, current C.E.O. of McDuck Enterprises and Grand-nephew of the company’s founder, Scrooge McDuck, announced plans to move the company’s headquarters from it’s roots in Duckburg to our fair city in the hopes of stimulating the job market. Now less than a year later, The building is now stands, filled with employees. I spoke with Mr. Duck after the opening of the building a few moments ago.”

With these last words, the news show segued to other footage of Tiffany talking to a tall, handsome, young duck in a very dark red suit.

“Mr. Duck, why did you decided to re-establish McDuck Enterprises here in St. Canard?” Tiffany asked pointing the mic at Hugh.

“Well Tiffany-May I call you Tiffany?” He asked with a sly smirk, “Our company has always been known for our great fortune but we don’t forget those which got us here, our loyal employees. Without them we wouldn’t be here. So we-”

Huston was cut off when the male duck turned off the monitor with a remote in his hand. After a few moments of silence, a beeping sound came from the remote accompanied with a blinking remote button. The male duck pressed the blinking button and the monitor was on again, this time with a female duck with black hair on the screen.

“Mr. Mallard,” She started, “Mr. Duck is here to see you.”

Mr. Mallard closed his eyes, sighed and replied, “Send him in, Tracy.”

Mr. Mallard put on a smile and turned to see Mr. Huston Duck enter his office. He strode casually into the office towards Mr. Mallard’s desk. Mr. Mallard came out from behind his desk and came up to Mr. Duck. He in turn outstretched his arm for a handshake.

“Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mallard,” Mr. Duck greeted.

Mr. Mallard engaged the handshake, "Please call me, Damien. So, you're the great Mr. Huston Duck."

"Please no Huston. Call me Hugh or Huey."

"Very well. It's quite generous of you to keep me on board with the company," Damien said then turned his vision to his window view, "Along with taking in employees of the firms you bought out before establishing the HQ."

Huey shrugged, "As I said in the interview with that cute anchor woman; We shouldn't forget those that got us this far. You have the most experience for a young member as you were head of St. Canard branch before we moved here. It didn't make sense to move you somewhere else."

Huey walked up to look at the view with Damien.

"Indeed and I'm thankful for that. I have...invested a lot of effort in this city," Damien stated, "Speaking of investments, How is our founder?"

"Uncle Scrooge?" Huey asked, "He's fine. He mostly spends time at McDuck Mansion or His Money Bin. He hasn't been going on any adventures because of his age and health. He seems happy though."

"I see," Damien said.

"Mr. Mallard?" Called his secretary over the monitor.

"What is it, Tracy?"

"There's a woman here to see you."

"A woman? I don't have any other appointments scheduled right now."

"Ah, That's my friend," Huey interjected, "Please let her in, Tracy."

"Yes sir, Mr. Duck," Tracy answered and the monitor went black.

Damien looked at Huey with a curious face.

"A friend?" Damien asked.

"As well as one of our valued employees," Huey said.

The door opened up and a beautiful, redheaded female duck with cream colored feathers and green eyes. She was dressed in a white shirt, a purple blazer, a violet knee-length skirt, and burgundy shoes. She walked towards the two male ducks. Huey gestured towards the redhead.

“Damien, This is Gosalyn Mallard, she’s one of the directors of R&D and works with my brother Dewey,” Huey said, he then gestured to Damien, “Gosalyn, this is Damien Mallard, former head of the St. Canard Branch and now current vice-president.”

“Pleasure to make your acquaintance,” Gosalyn said, raising her hand to shake his.

“The pleasure’s all mine,” Damien said with a smile, taking her hand, and kissing it.

Gosalyn looked at him with an inquisitive expression.

“What? Don’t like my greeting?” Damien asked.

“No, It’s just...your name. Mallard? I’ve never run into anyone with my last name before,” Gosalyn said.

“It’s not as rare a last name as you might think,” Damien said, “But who knows? We may be distant cousins.”

“Perhaps,” Gosalyn said looking at him curiously.

“Well then,” Damien turned away from them and walked towards his desk, “I’m glad we had this little meet and greet, but we do have work to do don’t we?”

“Yeah, I suppose we should be on our way,” Huey said as he and Gosalyn moved towards the door of the office.

Gosalyn turned back and waved at their co-worker, “Later, Damien.”

After the other two ducks left the room, Damien sat in his chair, turned it towards the window, and looked out at the city. A smirk curved on his bill.

Meanwhile, Gosalyn and Huey walked through the hallway to the elevators. Huey pressed the down button for the elevator.

“You know you don’t have to ride the elevator with me, Huey,” Gosalyn said.

“It’s ok, Gos. You’re my friend,” Huey said, “Also, the elevator ride up to my office may have some hot chicks to pick up.”

A confident, perverted grin came across his beak after stating his ulterior motive. Gosalyn on the other hand, closed her eyes and let out a sigh at the comment. With a ding, the elevator doors opened, the two entered and stood awaiting their arrival several floors down to the R&D department’s floor. Huey’s manner changed to a business-like manner.

“So what did you think of him? Damien, I mean,” Huey asked Gosalyn.

“Hmm? He seemed alright but there was something about him...something strange,” Gosalyn answered, “Almost like he’s hiding something.”

“Hmm, Well I figured I’ll keep him on staff as long as he stays on my terms,” Huey stated.

“Reasonable plan,” Gosalyn agreed.

After a few more moments, the elevator halted its descent and its doors opened up. Standing in front of the door waiting patiently, was a female duck a little younger than Huey and Gosalyn. She had beige feathers, blue eyes, and a bob of brown hair with loose strands in her face. She wore a navy blue blazer and a skirt to match that cut at the middle of her thighs along with a pair of black shoes. She was holding a spiral notebook-sized metallic object in the crook of her arm. She greeted the two other ducks.

“Hello Ms. Mallard, Mr. Duck.”

Gosalyn greeted, “Good morning, Ally.”

“Hello, Ally, “ Huey said approaching the brunette. He came up to her, put his hand under her chin and gave her a seductive look, “You know, if you ever want to tired of being Gosalyn’s personal assistant, I could always transfer you to my service. I could use an assistant who is...very ‘personal’.”

He emphasized the last word with a soft, sexy tone. Ally felt her body tingle a bit and blushed a little. Gosalyn looked at the event with a bored and unsurprised look. She cleared her throat to break up the event. Huey took his hand away from Ally’s chin and looked the redhead. Ally’s eyes went wide and then blushed profusely with embarrassment. She looked downwards and held the metallic object closely to her chest.

“Huey, don’t you already have a secretary...who can’t type?” Gosalyn asked slightly impatiently.

“I’ll have you know Patricia can type...along with other helpful talents,” Huey answered with a sly smirk.

Gosalyn sighed, “Whatever. Don’t you work to do?”

“I suppose so. I’ll see you two ladies later then,” Huey said going back to the elevator. As the elevator arrived and the doors opened, Huey turned back to Gosalyn.

“We still on for lunch next Tuesday?”

“Wouldn’t miss it,” Gosalyn replied before Huey entered the elevator and the doors closed.

After the doors closed, Gosalyn walked down the hall with Ally following her. Ally looked at her boss with a confounded expression.

“I don’t understand. You always tell me and the girls at the lab to be cautious of him but you go to Lunch with Mr. Duck once almost every week,” Ally said confused.

“Just because we’re going to lunch doesn’t mean we’re going out,” Gosalyn clarified, “We’ve both been down that road before.”

“You dated him before?” Ally asked.

“We dated a little in high school. We had fun but we both decided to break up while still remaining friends. I mostly think of Huey like a brother,” Gosalyn said, “It doesn’t really matter. Now, what’s on the agenda today from your tech-board?”

“Yes, Of course,” Ally said, taking a look at her tech-board.

The tech-board, the metallic object mentioned earlier, was an innovation of McDuck Enterprises. The device was a clipboard-sized, portable, touch-screen computer, somewhat like a large PDA with more processing power and less unnecessary add-ons. The commercial version of the device sold well but varied for purpose depending on the customer. Ally was the standard version, generally used by college students and for office work. After pressing a few areas of the screen, a list of several appointments appeared on the screen.

“Ok, let’s see,” Ally started before, “Amanda and Jimmy have a proposal for a new project, Bob and Larry would like you to take a look at the progress of their green project, Jackie’s team have a test of their new solar generator, Harry has a report on the nanotech project...”

Gosalyn smiled as she listened to Ally continue reciting her extensive schedule.

“Sounds like it’s gonna be a busy day today. I hope lunch is somewhere in the schedule,” Gosalyn joked.

“...and later this evening, Mr. Dewey Duck wants your help with your private project.”

Gosalyn stopped and looked at her.

“Alright,” Gosalyn said, “Let’s start with Bob and Larry then.”

With this, the two ducks went towards the research labs.

Meanwhile at the St. Canard Police Department, officers were busy with the regular day of work. Some were taking in perps, some chatted about miscellaneous topics and others worked on paperwork. One in particular was a middle-aged rooster with reddish brown feathers and matching hair with a few streaks of grey in his parted quaff. He wore a pair of half-moon spectacles, a light gray vest, and dark gray pants. As he sipped his coffee and busied himself with his paper work, His comrades chattered about current events.

At least that was his best guess. He had mostly tuned them out until one of his fellow officers came up to him to get his attention.

“What do you think, Hank?” Said his colleague, a stout, brown dog.

He didn’t get a response.

“Hank?” The dog called again.

The rooster did not deter from his work.

“Henry? Lieutenant Brooster!”

The Lieutenant finally rose from his work and looked at his comrade.

“Sorry, Jerry,” Hank rubbed his temples, “What were you saying?”

“We were just discussing this new hero,” Jerry reminded.

“Hero?” Scoffed a male voice from behind them.

The two officers turned to see an another officer, a large, gruff doberman. He looked at the other two officers with a solemn sneer on his muzzle.

“Hero, huh? Is that what we’re calling vigilantes these days?” He said.

“Now, Jamie,” Jerry started addressing the doberman, “ You gotta admit. This guy’s good.”

“He’s a vigilante. He’s some cocky nut who couldn’t make it as a cop,” Jamie stated, “Now he’s hiding his identity and taking the law into his own jackass hands.”

“Actually, I heard this hero is a woman,” nonchalantly spoke another colleague, a female siamese cat.

The three male officers looked at the female officer surprised.

“What makes you say that, Kelly?” Jerry asked.

“Reliable sources from the interrogation room. Some of the perps we got over the past couple of days described this hero as a she-demon dressed in dark clothing,” Kelly informed them, “And the leader of the robbers from last night said ‘I’d be in Aruba right now if it wasn’t for that psycho bitch’. Seems like that’s all the evidence I need to say what this masked mallard’s gender is.”

“Whoever this person is, what they’re doing isn’t heroism. It’s vigilanteism,” Jamie said, reaffirming his stance on the matter.

Jerry sighed and looked back to Henry.

“So what do you think, Hank?”

Hank put his hands together and thought about the question. After a few long moments, he let out a sigh and explained his view.

“I’m not sure. We don’t know enough about this person. She seems to be doing what we do albeit in an unorthodox manner and for unknown reasons. We don’t know if she’s doing this out of a sense of justice or self-interest. I’m going to take my time and wait before I jump to any conclusions.”

“Quite an intelligent and methodical train of thought,” stated a voice from behind them.

Everyone in the immediate vicinity turned to see Chief Lance Young, a large elderly black bear. His fur was tinted a dark grey from age and dressed in a navy blue suit with small circular spectacles resting on the bridge of his nose. Every officer immediately stopped what they were doing and stood up straight, some even saluted the chief. Chief Young walked up to Hank and Jerry and looked at the middle-aged rooster.

“No doubt such wise and patient observation is what got you to the rank of Lieutenant,” Young said.

“Thank you sir. Well that and over two decades of service on the force helped, too,” Brooster joked.

Young gave him a warm smile. He then turned to the rest of the station with a stern, authoritative expression and addressed nearly all of the department.

“Lieutenant Brooster’s opinion somewhat reflects my stance and this department’s stance on the matter of the masked mallard. I don’t know what this mysterious heroine’s intentions but as long as she is a force for justice, We will accept her assistance. God knows our city isn’t the most peaceful place to live. However, If she crosses the line and becomes a danger to the citizens, We will not hesitate to change our stance. If she crosses that line or disrupts police activity, We will see to it that she is apprehended. Are we understood?”

“Yes, Sir!” The officers replied.

“As you were,” Chief Young said.

Everyone then returned to their work after that. Chief Young was about to return to his office when he turned to Hank and Jerry.

“Lieutenant Brooster, Sergeant Harper, I would like to speak with you,” He stated, gesturing towards his office.

“Yes, sir,” Hank and Jerry replied, entering the office after Chief Young.

When they entered, Hank and Jerry sat in the chairs in front of The Chief’s large and well-organized desk and Chief Young took his seat behind the desk.

“What do you need from us, Chief?” Jerry asked.

“I wanted to talk to you two about the weapons dealing ring in our city,” Chief Young pulled a particular folder from a stack on his desk, “I’m send you and your squad to key trade points from information gathered from our informants.”

As Chief Young continued to explain the plan to the officers, a minuscule robotic device intercepted information spoken about and transmitted to a laboratory hidden in the city. In the lab, a young male duck dressed in a white lab coat and wearing blue tinted glasses sat in front of several computer monitors and listened to the audio information he was receiving.

“This will be very useful,” He said.

Back at McDuck Enterprises, Gosalyn was exiting an elevator while talking on a cell phone.

“Yes, Ally. I’m going to lunch now at the food court. Call in case anything happens at the lab,” Gosalyn listened to her personal assistant over the phone, “Yes. Yes, I’ll see you when I get back at the office. See ya in an hour.”

With that she closed her cell phone and placed it in her handbag. As she strode down the corridor, she thought to herself.

“Hmm,I wonder...what will I have for lunch today?” She thought, “Well, maybe I’ll see how much I have in my wallet and decide...”

Gosalyn then began rummaging through her bag, not looking in front of her as she bumped into a young man carrying a couple of paper-stuffed folders. When the two hit, A folder fell to the floor and papers scattered everywhere.

“Oh, Man,” The young man exclaimed.

Realizing her mistake, Gosalyn turned around to help the young man.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Here let me help you,” She said kneeling down and gathering up the papers.

The young man knelt down as well.

“Thanks. I gotta get this stuff to my boss or he’ll have my head,”

The two stood up with both of them having a folder each.

“No problem. Some bosses can be pretty mean,” Gosalyn said putting a few loose papers in the folder and not looking at the young man’s face.

“Boy, don’t I know that-...Gosalyn?”

Gosalyn was surprised this man knew her name. She lifted her head to get a good look at his face. I realized she did recognize him. He had cream-colored feathers, a round orange beak and small eyes behind a pair of glasses. He had grown over the couple of years but there was no doubt about it. It was her best friend, Honker.

“Honker!” She exclaimed joyously.

“Gosalyn! It’s been so lon-,” Before Honker could finish, Gosalyn pulled him into a warm and tender embrace. Gosalyn smiled warmly as she held him. Honker was surprised and a little embarrassed by this display of affection. He blushed and stood frozen, hesitant whether or not he should hug her back. He slowly became comfortable and embraced her as well. He had missed her greatly. After a few long minutes, They broke from the embrace.

“Wow, It’s great to see you,” Gosalyn said, “It’s been a while.”

“Yeah, since that high school graduation party,” Honker said, “You look...different.”

Honker looked Gosalyn over. He remembered seeing her at that graduation, dressed simply in a loose t-shirt and baggy jean shorts. She was so much more of a tomboy. Now she looked a little different. Her brilliant red hair flowed down to past her shoulders. The business attire was so formal and drew attention to her physique. It drew attention to the ... ‘developments’ in a few other places. She had a much more feminine shape to her.

“You look different too,” Gosalyn replied to his comment.

Honker’s hair had grown a little since she had last seen him. It was nicely parted with a few strands standing up a bit on the top. He had also grown in height, about a half a foot or so taller than her. He was also not wearing his old coke bottle glasses and was now wearing a pair of rectangular-shaped lenses with black frames. Honker was dressed in a fairly formal outfit of a pale green shirt, a tan vest, a red bow tie, a sea green suit jacket, forest green pants, and brown leather shoes. Gosalyn cracked a smile and stifled a giggle at the outfit. Honker looked at her confused.

“What?” He asked.

“You look like a grade school teacher. What’s with the bow tie?”

Honker lowered his head to look at the bow tie and slightly adjusted it.

“Bow ties are cool.”

Gosalyn gave him a smirk.

“Right, Honker. I didn’t realize you were employed here at McDuck Enterprises.”

“Well, the accounting firm I was part of was bought out by McDuck Enterprises and hired on me and almost all of the firm to their accounting branch.”

“Wow. Cool. So, I’m going to lunch. Care to join me?” Gosalyn suggested.

“Well, I would Gosalyn but I should get back to-”

“MUDDLEFOOT!!” Yelled a voice approaching them.

“Oh man,” Honker sighed.

Honker turned around to face a large, fat bull dog approaching him with a snarl on his furious mug. He trudged up to Honker. Gosalyn watched as the bulldog started to berate the male goose.

“Where’s the account information I asked you for?!” The Bulldog yelled.

“Right here, Mr. Ferguson. The information on the Parker account,” Honker said.

“I needed that two hours ago! I need the Wayne account!” Ferguson said.

“But Sir, You asked for the Parker account only an hour ago,” Honker corrected.

“No, I had that conversation with you two hours ago! Now get me the Wayne account in thirty minutes!”

“But Sir, I can’t get that done in that amount of time-”

“I don’t like your attitude, Muddlefoot! If you can’t keep up with the demands of this job, then you better start looking for a new one!”

“Hey! You’re the one who needs an attitude adjustment, Pal!” Gosalyn said stepping into the conversation.

Ferguson turned his attention to an angry Gosalyn. Honker looked at his old friend nervously, worried she would get in over her head like she did when they were children.

“This ain’t any of your business, Lady. Now butt out!” Ferguson stated.

“Well, I’m making my business. If this is how you treat one of your staff, It makes me wonder if this is how you treat the rest,” Gosalyn mentioned.

“What does it matter to you?”

“Because this sort of behavior could affect this business! Now shut your trap, before I call up Mr. Duck and have your ass fired.”

“Who are you to talk that way to me?!?!”

“I am Gosalyn Mallard, director of Research and Development and a close family friend of Mr. Hugh Duck,” Gosalyn whipped out her cell phone from her bag, “I could call him up now, tell him about your harassment towards this employee and have you escorted out of the building by security so fast, it would make your head spin.”

Mr. Ferguson glared at her furiously but dared not to make a comment that could get himself fired. Gosalyn stood firm, flipping open her cell phone to affirm her threat to the bulldog.

“So are you going to treat this employee with respect like a reasonable person or are you gonna start looking through the want ads?” Gosalyn asked.

Ferguson looked ready to explode from all the rage he was containing. He turned to Honker with a venomous look on his face. He stared at him so furiously, Honker felt as if Mr. Ferguson was burning a hole through his head.

“Just have those reports on my desk by four before you leave, Muddlefoot,” He said before turning around and walking away fuming.

Gosalyn watched him walk away and when he was out of earshot, she put her phone away and turned to Honker.

“Seems like old times,” She said.

“How so?” Honker asked.

“Oh, Me standing up for your sorry butt,” She pointed out.

Honker blushed and chuckled sheepishly. He scratched his head at the embarrassment.

“Well since you have some free time, would you join me for lunch, Mr. Muddlefoot?” Gosalyn said feigning professionalism.

“Why yes, Ms. Mallard. I believe I will join you for my lunch break,” Honker replied, mimicking her

tone.

The two friends laughed heartily before heading towards the food court. After getting their food from a small pizza bar, the two friends sat down, ate their meals, and reminisced about the old days. They chatted and laughed about the funny shenanigans they would get in while on cases with Darkwing.

“Ah that was crazy,” Gosalyn said, laughing after finishing remembering one of their adventures.

“I know. I know,” Honker said through his own laughter.

Their laughter slowly died down. A somewhat awkward silence fell between the two close friends as they tried to come up with another topic. Gosalyn took a sip of her latte while Honker stared at his cup of tea. Finally, Honker broke the silence.

“I didn’t realize you were part of McDuck Enterprises, much less that you were a director of the R&D branch?” Honker quieried.

“Yes, well. When Mr. McDuck handed the company down to Huey, Dewey, and Louie, they offered Webby and I some jobs in the company as we had all about finished college,” Gosalyn answered, “It was good job and I worked my way to getting this position.”

“What’s it like?” Honker asked.

“It can be a bit boring at times with the paper work and stuff but it can be fun too. You should see all of the stuff the departments working on. It gets pretty hectic.”

“I can imagine. So since you’re here, does that mean you moved back into town?”

“Wouldn’t be here if I hadn’t. It’s a bit of a long commute from Duckburg to here. I have a nice apartment at Open Wings apartment complex on Cavanaugh Street. It’s big and has a great view. You should stop by for a visit.”

“Sure.”

“What about you?”

“Oh, I have a nice place on Leigh Avenue. It’s nothing to extravagant.”

“I’ll have to come and visit.”

The uncomfortable silence came again. This time though it was Gosalyn who broke it with a sad sigh and an apologetic look on her face.

“I’m sorry I didn’t get in contact with you recently. Things became busy when I was in the last years of

college and when I was offered a job here at McDuck Enterprises.”

“No, It’s alright, Gosalyn,” Honker assured, “I’ve been busy as well. Dad helped me find a job right after I finished college and I’ve been kept busy as well because of it.”

“Well, I still don’t think it was right to not contact you recently,” Gosalyn said.

“I’m glad though that I was able to meet you here. I wanted to talk to you about something,” Honker said reaching into his suit jacket.

“Really. What is it?” She asked.

“This,” Honker said, placing a newspaper on the table with a front page photo of the mysterious hero.

Gosalyn looked a little surprised and turned her eyes away from Honker and the paper. Honker wore a stern look on his face.

“It’s interesting that a mysterious hero who bares a striking resemblance to your dad, at least in costume, started showing up and fighting crime recently. Any idea who this is?”

“Who knows. Maybe somebody in town got tired of the criminal activity in town and decided to do something about it,” Gosalyn said shrugging, “Maybe stories about my dad inspired somebody.”

“Somebody with the same style of hat?”

“You could probably buy that sort of hat at any store,” Gosalyn suggested before taking a sip of her latte’.

“When did you get into town?” Honker continued.

“I officially moved in Last Thursday,” Gosalyn answered.

“Strange how this hero started being active after you moved in. Don’t you think?”

“What are you insinuating?” Gosalyn asked with half lidded eyes.

“You know exactly what I’m insinuating.” Honker stated, as he stared into her eyes with intensity in his own.

“I’ve been busy with work,” Gosalyn stated indignantly.

“Gosalyn,” Honker started.

“I spent this weekend helping everyone set up the lab, and been busy each night with other projects,” She explained in a casual tone.

“Gosalyn,” Honker said with a raise in his tone.

“You can call my assistant if you want to verify my claim. I’ve been for too occupied with work to go running around in a cape and mask,” Gosalyn clarified.

“DON’T SCREW WITH ME, GOSALYN MALLARD!” Honker yelled slamming his fist against the table.

A few people around them briefly turned to see what the commotion was then turned back to what they were doing. Honker stared into Gosalyn’s green eyes with a firm and serious look.

“Gosalyn, I’m your friend. Your best friend. When we were kids, you always dreamed about being a superhero. You helped your father with his superhero career and even became a superhero in your own right,” Honker said in a calm but stern voice, “You even dragged me along on some of those escapades. I never left your side because you were my best friend and I wanted to make sure you weren’t getting too far in over your head. I confided in you and you confided in me. Please don’t shut me out now that we’ve found each other again. Please.”

Gosalyn sighed sadly. She then spoke softly, “Honker, It’s different now. Things are much more serious and dangerous. I don’t want to speak about this here, where others can over hear things.”

She placed her hand over his. Honker looked surprised by this affectioned gesture.

“I don’t want innocent people getting involved or hurt. I don’t want you getting hurt because...because of me,” She closed her eyes almost starting to tear up. Honker understood the seriousness now. He didn’t want her to be sad.

“Alright. I understand,” He said.

He held her hand for a few quiet moments before pulling it away.

“I should get back to work,” Honker said.

He gathered up the folders, stood up from his seat and began to walk out of the cafeteria. When he walked by Gosalyn, he stopped and put his hand on her shoulder.

“Know though that if you need someone to talk to, I’m here for you and I’ll listen whenever you need to let it out,” Honker assured her.

Gosalyn smiled and placed her hand over his.

“Thank you, Honker,” She said.

With that Honker left the cafeteria, leaving Gosalyn sitting in the cafeteria and staring at her latte'. Suddenly, she was alerted to a sound. A beeping that was coming from close by. She pulled out her bag and pulled out her cell.

"Hey Gos," greeted a male voice on the other line.

"D? What is it?" She asked.

"I've intercepted some important information," He explained, "I'll go into greater detail when we start the late shift."

"Gotcha."

That evening, the mysterious hero stood on the edge of a building looking down into an alley. She looked at this alley with a bored expression on her mask. This was about as fun as watching paint dry. The alley was as dead as a freaking cemetery with the only source of life being a stray cat or a raccoon. She was so bored of this. She'd had her fill of this. She placed her right hand to her mask and spoke.

"Dewey, are you there?" She asked.

"I read you, DW. What's your status?" He asked over the radio.

"Bored."

"Hang in there, Gos," He encouraged.

"Easy for you to say," She said, "You're sitting on your butt, looking at much more interesting stuff on your computer while I'm out here, sitting on a rooftop and bored out of my mind. Tell me again why I'm not patrolling the east side and taking out thugs?"

"Why look for scumbags when they can come to you?" Dewey replied, "Do you remember that illegal arms sale you busted up Saturday night?"

"Yeah," Gosalyn answered.

"What did those guys look like?"

"They looked like they just came out of the nineteen thirties...or they were auditioning for a Godfather remake."

"Exactly. Those guys are part of one of St. Canard's most notorious gangs, The Pistollonies," Dewey explained, "They're a group of thugs who were inspired by and idolized mobsters from the movies and gangsters during the 1920's and 30's. They dabble in criminal activities but one of the things they're

better known for is arms trafficking.”

“Ok that explains a few things but why am I here staring at an empty alleyway?” Gosalyn said.

“Earlier today, I received information from the police station, about areas in the city which are key sales points for Pistolloni operatives to sell their merchandise to street thugs, other gangs, or anyone else who wants to get their hands on some heavy artillery,” Dewey explained, “Naturally the police are going to look into these places but they don’t have enough man power to stake out all of these spots at the same time so a couple of spots have been divided where the police will check on them at a later time. This happens to be one of those spots.”

“So we’re staking them out when the cops aren’t here?” Gosalyn clarified.

“Exactly. Unfortunately like the police, you can’t be in two places at once so you’ll stake this place out and if it doesn’t yield any results, I give you another location to visit while the cops check this place out,” Dewey explicated.

Something moved in the alley below Gosalyn. She noticed it.

“Wait a minute,” Gosalyn said, “I don’t think we’ll have change positions just yet.”

“What?” Dewey asked.

“I thought I saw something in the alleyway. I’m calibrating the mask’s lenses to night vision,” Gosalyn said.

She pressed on an area on the right side of the mask a couple times, making the lenses cycle through a couple fields of vision before setting on night vision. In the bright green night vision, Gosalyn spied a few figures hiding in the shadows of the alley.

“What do you see it?” Dewey asked.

“I see three guys milling around the area. I’m not sure if they’re perps or if they’re just ordinary citizens,” Gosalyn said.

Suddenly, a truck pulled into the alley with it’s end first. Two men then started to get out of the truck and head for the back of the alley. The men Gosalyn saw and moved out of the shadows and came closer to the truck.

“A truck has pulled up and a couple of guys have gotten out of the truck,” Gosalyn reported.

“Get a little closer without getting seen. Activate your cloaking function,” Dewey suggested.

“Right,” Gosalyn suggested.

Gosalyn pressed the area within the D on her waist, making her invisible. She slowly made her way down the fire escape on the side of the building. As she approached, Gosalyn could hear the discussion between the men from the truck and the other men.

“Hello boys,” said a somewhat weaselly goose as he placed his hand on the handle of the truck door, “The store is now open!”

He pulled up door up to reveal several stacked boxes. His partner, a large black cat, pulled out of the boxes, opened it up, and took out a large rifle like gun from it.

“Here’s one of our hottest item, fellas,” Said the cat, “This big girl has a high rate of fire, a small charging period for tight situations, and a special smart targeting system that will focus on a target and vape it like nobodies’ business.”

He cocked the gun as one of the clients looked curiously at the weapon.

“You got a question, pally?” Asked the cat.

“Yes, Is this gun is actually credible?” He said.

“You want a demo?” The cat asked.

The client nodded. The black cat obliged, grabbing an ammo cartridge and loading it into the gun. He flipped up the targeting display, switched off the safety, and began to charge the gun. He pointed it at a small cluster of garbage cans, and pulled the trigger. A bright red beam shot from the gun and blew up the cans, turning them in a molten bon fire. The clients looked shocked, scared yet surprisingly pleased with the demonstration. The cat raised the gun and looked at clients confidently.

“Any questions?”

“Yeah,” came a female voice.

Everyone looked around when a disk flew out of nowhere and hit the cat’s hand, knocking the gun from his hand. Held his hand grabbed his hand in agony, the goose and the clients looked around.

“Do you guys normally pick up the trash this early in St. Canard?” the female voice asked.

Gosalyn then leapt to the ground behind the clients, turned off her cloak, and punched out one of the clients.

“Look out!” Said another client as his fellow client turned to attack her only to get a kick to the stomach and an upper cut to the chin. The third client threw a few punches but missed her and received a few punches that didn’t miss. Suddenly the goose pulled out a pistol and shot at Gosalyn which she narrowly

dodged.

“It’s that masked psycho chick!” said the Goose.

The cat recovered and picked up the blaster again, aiming it this time at Gosalyn.

“I’ve got her,” He said pulling the trigger and releasing a short burst that missed Gosalyn.

He shot four more blasts at her, only for her to dodge each and get closer. She got close enough where he thought he had the shot only to have her dodge again and push the gun up into his face. He yelled in pain, “AGGH! CRAP!!”

She elbowed him and kicked him to the ground. Gosalyn turned to the goose who had dropped his gun and was making his way to the front of the truck to drive away. However just as he was about to get to the door, Gosalyn grabbed him by the collar and pushed up against the truck.

“Where are you guys getting this artillery and who’s sending you to these points?” Gosalyn interrogated.

“You think I’d tell you, Lady,” He said.

Gosalyn’s brows furrowed angrily. She drew back her fist, preparing to punch. The goose closed his eyes expecting the sensation of pain delivered by her fist. CLANG! The Goose cringed. He realized he hadn’t felt any pain. He opened his eyes to see the hero. He then turned his head to the side to see a fist-shaped indentation in the side of the truck next to his head. His eyes went wide wondering what might have happened if her fist made contact with his skull.

“Now we can either do this, the easy way...or the hard way. Your choice,” She said clenching her fist.

The goose looked incredibly frightened and almost ready to wet himself. Gosalyn narrowed her eyes wondering if she’d get anything out of him. She began to look him over for any clues when she noticed one of his arms was behind his back. Before she could try to stop him, he pulled out a switchblade and tried to cut her. She narrowly got out of the blade’s range and let go of his coat when he swiped. Dropping to the ground, he ran off with a few loose objects falling from his coat.

“Damn,” She said, “Sneaky jerk.”

“What happened?” Dewey asked.

“One of the merchants pulled a knife on me and slipped away. I’m gonna go get his sorry a-” She stopped noticing the objects that had fallen from his coat. She crouched down examining them. Most of it wasn’t very incriminating; some loose change, a coupon, a gift card, but there was something that caught her attention. A yellow sticky note with writing on it. Gosalyn picked it up and looked at it. She read it outloud.

“915 Stone St. 10:45 pm Tues. Big Sale.”

She thought on this sticky note.

“This could be important,” Gosalyn said placing it into an empty pouch on her waist.

“Might as well wrap everything and everyone up and head back,” Dewey suggested, “A police patrol should be arriving soon.”

“Right,” Gosalyn said turning back into the alley, pulling out a some wire to tie up the thugs.

Later at the lair of Darkwing, Dewey sat staring at a computer screen through blue tinted glasses, as a scanner analyzed the sticky note Gosalyn brought back. He was dressed in a sky blue polo shirt, blue pants, and a white lab coat. He took a sip of his coffee as he complied information gathered from the analysis and any clues from it.

“How was the suit?” Dewey called to Gosalyn.

“You’ve asked me that every night I’ve been out, Dewey,” Gosalyn called back from a nearby changing room.

“I’m just making sure that the suit is functioning properly,” Dewey replied.

Gosalyn sighed. She exited the changing room wearing the fedora, an open white button-up shirt, a black sports bra, and dark purple pants, with the suit draped over her left forearm. Her hair was still up in a pony tail.

“It felt good. Felt natural. The physical enhancing mechanics in the suit work like a treat,” Gosalyn said walking up to a table by Dewey.

“That’s good to hear. The suit is capable of increasing the wearer’s strength, speed, and agility to superhuman levels,” Dewey explained.

“Oh, I could tell,” Gosalyn said rubbing her sore left hand, “Try putting some padding in the gloves before I go out again. I think I might have broken something when I punched the side of the truck. Gotta say though, that cloaking device is keen gear. Literally.”

“That’s just the beginning,” Dewey started, “I’m working on a few other gadgets. For the suit, for the braces, and others.”

“Don’t make too much stuff, D,” She said placing the suit on the table, “Soon you might have to give me a couple utility bandoliers or have pouches all over my body.”

Dewey chuckled at her comment. He turned to look at her, seeing Gosalyn hold her fedora longingly for a moment then placing on the table with the rest of her costume.

"I really don't see why you need to have that hat," Dewey said.

"It's a symbol, D," Gosalyn explained, "It's a reminder of my father and a symbol of his legacy."

"I'm just glad you didn't remain with your father's original fedora and let me have a bullet-proof, replica made," Dewey said.

Gosalyn smiled but quickly turned to a serious expression.

"Do you have any other information on the Pistollonies?" Gosalyn wondered, "Like who they might be getting the firepower from?"

"Not really but I do have info from the police files about their boss," Dewey said bringing up a profile of a rooster along with photos from newspapers of bank robberies and corpses, "This is Tony McCaw, Wanted Criminal and Leader of the Pistolloni Gang. He's been able to get away from most law enforcement. None of his men have snitched about his whereabouts and lived to tell the tale. He also doesn't failures very well as some of his less successful men have sometimes been found in the river."

"Pick up anything from the sticky note?" Gosalyn asked.

"Nothing extraordinary about it. It's an ordinary sticky note of dyed yellow paper with black ink in the writing and an adhesive residue on the back," Dewey explained, "There was some fingerprints left on the note but it don't think it's that crucial as this guy seems like a fairly low level thug."

"What about the information written on the sticky note?" Gosalyn asked, placing her hand on the back of the chair.

"It's all pretty straight forward and easily understandable," Dewey began, "915 Stone St. is the address of an abandoned building on the east side of St. Canard. 10:45 must refer to an arrival or starting time. Tues refers to Tuesday and given the adhesive quality of the residue, this note was written recently like Last Friday or Saturday. That means Tomorrow night is when something is going down."

"Something bigger than the small on-the-street sales we've been busting up," Gosalyn said.

"Probably," Dewey said.

"Alright then," Gosalyn said walking over to the table. She buttoned up her shirt and grabbed a black leather jacket. Dewey turned to her.

"Alright then what?" Dewey asked.

“We’ll have to crash a party tomorrow,” Gosalyn said.

“Are you sure about that?” Dewey asked.

“That meeting will probably have a couple members of the Pistollonies, guys from other gangs who want some hot merchandise, and who knows maybe I’ll meet up with Mr. McCaw himself,” Gosalyn said putting on her jacket.

“Yeah, who knows. Maybe you’ll get your feathers fried,” Dewey remarked sarcastically, “Gosalyn, you haven’t been up against these sort of odds before.”

“I can handle it. That suit of your’s makes super strong and nearly invulnerable,” Gosalyn said.

“Nearly is the key word here,” Dewey said, “We have no idea how many thugs are gonna be there and much less if they’re packing weapons that can inflict damage on the suit and get to you.”

“It’s just something we have to deal with in this business,” Gosalyn said as she walked towards the door, “I’m going home to get in a few Z’s before I have to go to work tomorrow. You should get some too, Dewey.”

“Gosalyn, be serious. This could be dangerous,” Dewey reasoned.

Gosalyn stopped and looked back at him with a serious look.

“Well then. Let’s get Dangerous,” Gosalyn said before leaving.

Dewey sat there in his chair for a few minutes before slouching in it and running his hand through his mess of hair. He sighed exhausted.

“I hate it when she does that. She just had to use her dad’s phrase to sound cool,” He said.

He looked over at the costume on the table.

“I’ll make the preparations then.”

Later that evening, The weaselly, arms dealing Goose stood in large, well-furnished office. In front of him was his boss, Tony McCaw who had a sour expression on his face. The Goose told him about the arms sale and how it had been busted up by the mysterious hero. Tony tapped his left index finger on the desk irritably as he processed the information he had been given. The goose stood there anxiously awaiting the reply from his boss. Tony stared him with an enormous amount of contempt and looked as if he was holding back a great deal of murderous tendencies. Finally he stood up from the desk and began to pace.

“So, Sammy,” He said addressing the goose, “You’re telling me that the masked chick we been hearing

about busted up one of tonight's sales, beat down three customers, took out your fellow sales associate, and you run back here with your tail between your legs and nothing to show for it. You didn't even come back with the truck filled with the shipment worth tons of cash. No, You run back here while the cops put a million bucks worth of guns in their evidence locker!"

"Yea, but boss-" Sammy started before he was cut off.

"Quit while ya got a head, Sam. You're lucky you're one of our better sales associates or I would have had the boys escort you to the bay bridge for a little *bungee jumping*," Tony said emphasizing the last words.

Sammy gulped nervously at the mention of his boss's double meaning.

"However, I need every able salesman for tomorrow's big meeting. It's gonna be the trade of this quarter. We may all end up with more cash than we expected," Tony said, "Just hope that caped duck chick don't stumble upon the meeting point."

"Uh..." Sammy let out.

Tony's left eye twitched at this noise. It didn't sound like good news. He walked back to his desk, placed his hand near his sub machine gun on the desk, and faced Sammy with a simmering, angry face.

"Uh? What do you mean by 'Uh', Sammy?" Tony asked.

"W-well, Boss. Ya see, I had this sticky note as a reminder about tomorrow," Sammy anxiously started, feeling as though he just stepped out in front of a firing squad.

"Had?" Tony inquired.

"Yeah, I wrote it last week and had it on my person before the sale tonight and as I was coming here, I noticed I didn't have it in my coat anymore," Sammy continued, digging his own grave with every word he spoke, "So I back tracked to the sales point and noticed that the cops had come. They were sweeping the place, so I ran here."

Tony groaned angrily.

"So what you are telling me is that not only did you blow the sale tonight, but you may have given the cops or that masked bitch the time and place of THE BIGGEST SALE OF THIS QUARTER?!?!?" Tony screamed furiously.

Sammy meekly nodded. Tony grabbed the sub machine gun and pointed it at Sammy.

"I'M GONNA SHOOT YOU SO FULL OF HOLES, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT SPECIES YOU ARE!!"

Sammy closed his eyes as Tony put his finger on the trigger. As he was about to pull the trigger, an idea came to Tony. He took his hand off the trigger and started to contemplate the idea. A scheme formed in his mind. A devious scheme. An underhanded, deliciously sinister scheme. As it formed and settled in his mind, he began to chuckle sinisterly at the scheme and admire his own brilliance. As he heard the sound of laughter, Sammy opened his eye to make sure he wasn't in hell or something. He looked around he was on Earth alright, he was still alive, and his boss was laughing like a mad man. He wondered how his boss went from murderous fury to being in stitches. Tony placed his machine gun on the desk and pulled a cigar and his lighter out of his pocket. He looked towards Sammy.

"Sammy, you may have just made my night," Tony stated.

"Come again, boss?" He asked, incredibly confused.

Tony walked up to him casually with a smile on his beak.

"You may have just given me the best news of the night," He said, putting his arm on Sammy's shoulder.

"Oh. So, everything's...dandy?" He asked.

"Well not entirely," Tony explained, as they walked to the door out of the office, "You still screwed up the sale tonight, so you don't get a paycheck this week."

"Oh," Sammy said sadly.

"But since you did bring me this news, I do think you need some kinda reward," Tony said, "Tell you what; I'll have the boys get you a case of one of my cuban cigars and take tomorrow off."

"Really, Boss?" Sammy said surprised.

"Sure thing, Sammy," McCaw reassured him, "But I gotta warn ya; If you screw up like this again, I'll be getting you a pair of cement shoes or you'll be going into the mulching business. Capiche?"

Sammy assumed the worst for each of his boss' double meanings.

"Yeah. I capiche, boss."

"Glad to hear it," Tony said, putting his hand on the doorknob.

McCaw opened the door to a large room filled with thugs dressed similarly to him and Sammy. They were having drinks, playing cards, and chatting however when the door opened, a few of them turned, somewhat surprised that Sammy wasn't dead. McCaw turned to a couple of thug dogs who had come up to him and Sammy when they entered the lounge.

“Mickey, Nort, Get Sammy here a case of my cigars and take him home,” Tony said casually, “In the good way.”

“Sure thing, Boss,” said one of the dogs.

“Oh, can someone get me Fred. I need to talk to the big lug in my office,” Tony said turning back to this office.

“Right on it, Boss,” said one of the miscellaneous thugs.

As he strolled to his desk, Tony put his cigar to his beak and lit it. After a few puffs on the cigar, he chuckled to himself. He sat in his large, leather chair.

“Tony McCaw, you are a genius,” He congratulated himself, as he took a few satisfying sucks and puffs on his cigar.

A loud knock came at his door.

“Come in,” he permitted.

The door opened and a large figure entered, crouching briefly as he entered so he didn’t hit his head on the door frame. This statuesque figure, a pit bull was a foot and a half, perhaps two feet taller than Tony McCaw. While he was dressed in a black pinstripe suit, his muscles were bulging through the clothing. His fur was a muddy brown and thin. He wore a solemn look on his medium length muzzle. This was Fred, one of Tony McCaw’s best enforcers. McCaw turned to him with a smug smile.

“Hey, Freddie. How are ya? Can I get ya anything? Some beer or wine?” McCaw offered.

“No,” Fred said in a deep, low voice, “What do you need from me, Boss?”

“Well Freddie, you and me need to talk about the big sale tomorrow,” Tony said, blowing a smoke ring, “make a few preparations, decide what to do for catering, who’s working security; that sorta thing. I make sure we make a special guest welcome.”

A sinister smile spread on both Fred and Tony’s faces.

The next day in the afternoon, Henry Brooster stood up from his desk and stretched. He went to refill his coffee mug. However, just when he was filling it, a blonde female cat who worked a front desk came in.

“Lieutenant Brooster, There’s someone on the phone to speak with you,” She said.

“Who is it? Is it my daughter?” Henry asked.

“No, Sir. It’s a man,” The blonde cat explained, “He won’t give his name but he says it’s urgent. He’s on line two.”

Brooster went back to his desk and picked up the phone. A deep and somewhat distorted male voice spoke on the other line.

“Lieutenant Henry Brooster?”

“This is he. Who is calling?” Hank asked.

“I’m afraid I cannot divulge that information, Lieutenant,” He started, “Don’t attempt to track this number either. I’ve already prepared for that as well.”

“Who are you?” Hank asked in disbelief.

“A man like yourself, who’s just trying to do some good in the world,” the voice stated, “I have some very important information for you. At about 11 tonight, an exchange will be going between members of the Pistolloni gang and their clientele, at 915 Stone Street. I would suggest taking a squadron to take them down.”

Hank let the information let the information set in. This could be useful information but the question was; why would this mysterious person give him this information?

“Why are you telling me this?” Brooster asked.

“There is someone I care for, a friend, who is getting involved in this. Trying to stop it. However, I don’t believe she will be able to do this on her own,” The voice said, “So I called upon you and your team.”

Henry took this in and started to analyze it more. Getting this information from some mysterious informant on a black market trade involving the Pistollonies...it all seemed too easy, too simple. There’s probably no way this was an actual call. Maybe this guy wasn’t serious. Maybe he was just some kid with a voice modulator and decided to screw around with the police.

“How do I know this isn’t some prank?” He asked.

The other end was quiet. Hank wondered if were actually true this was some kid making an ass of himself.

“If you believe this to be an elaborate prank, then by all means don’t take this seriously,” The voice suggested, “But I must ask you; Is it really worth not risking your dignity to risk a life?”

The other end cut off. Putting the phone back on the hook, Hank considered what the voice had said and contemplated his next move.

That evening, Gosalyn stood in her costume on a building two building down from the meeting place. 915 Stones street was an eight story, dark brown building. It was once a hotel and conference center that catered to very particular patrons but now it was a run-down husk of itself that would occasionally at as refuge for the homeless during rough conditions. At this night however, it was playing host to a different kind of crowd; several members of the Pistolloni gang and several unknown people who were presumably clients of theirs. Gosalyn took her position as the Pistollonies started setting up their little convention.

“How many are there, DW?” Dewey asked over the radio.

“I don’t know. I’ve lost count. I’ve seen a fair few of their clientele enter to the building as well as their members,” Gosalyn said, “I think I should make my move now.”

“In that case, How is the roof?” Dewey asked.

“Not as easy a point of entry as I would hope,” Gosalyn said looking at the roof of 915 Stones St through her lenses, “They seem to have anticipated some sort of disturbance. Not only do they have guards patrolling the main entrance but they also have guards on the roof.”

“That could mean that they prepared for extra company,” Dewey said, “Maybe even setting a trap.”

“Maybe but It’s not like I can ignore this invite,” Gosalyn said.

“Just be careful,” Dewey suggested.

“Aren’t I always?” Gosalyn asked casually.

A long silence pause came before Gosalyn said, “Don’t answer that. I’m going in.”

Gosalyn swiftly and stealthily made her way across the rooftops to the shadowy side of the old building and made her way up the wall. She paused during her climb, turned on her cloaking device, and continued climbing. When she reached the ledge of the roof, she quietly slipped on to it to avoid alerting the four armed guards. She approached the two guards closest to one another, quickly grabbed them by their heads, bashed them together hard, and they fell to the floor unconscious. As they fell down and the other guards turned, Gosalyn slipped away from the scene as they came to investigate. As they checked on the two conscious guards, Gosalyn turned off her cloaking device and struck them hard with some quick punches to their heads and stomachs. After making sure the guards were truly knocked out, She made her way to the rooftop entrance into the building. As she crept through the hotel, searching for the meeting, Gosalyn noticed that there were no guards in the hallways. She started to feel like a mouse let loose in a maze with a cat at the other end. This situation screamed ‘Trap’ but the belief and possibility that She could put a dent in the illegal arms dealing ring kept her going further in and helped her ignore any thought of better judgement. When getting to the fifth floor, Gosalyn could hear some muffled voices below her. She walked into a fifth floor conference room where the voices seemed to be the loudest. The room was pretty torn up with scattered furniture, fallen bits of plaster, and torn wallpaper. There was

something else about this room. In the floor, there were a couple of holes in it with beams of light pour out of it. She went to the largest of the three holes, knelt down, and peered through it, giving her a view of the room below. She could see in the room below a large round table with several individuals sitting at it and discussing things between themselves. Five of the individuals were obviously the Pistollonies' sales representatives based on their 1920's attire. The others opposite them were most likely their clients, probably from different gangs or organizations. Standing behind the Pistolloni sales reps were three other, larger members of their gang, most likely enforcers brought in for security.

"DW, what's your status?" Dewey inquired over the radio.

"I think I've found the meeting place in the building," Gosalyn replied, "I'll continue listening in on their conversation before I make my move."

"So, boys," said one of the sales reps, a smarmy lizard, "As you can plainly see, we are offering you gentlemen the finest merchandise at a reasonable price."

"Reasonable? You're pretty much holding us up," Said one of their clients, a pig with slicked back black hair, a pencil mustache, and a purple suit.

"Now Jerry, you have to take a few things into consideration," The Lizard explained, "We are selling you guys the latest in weaponry through anyway we can without getting ourselves pinched by the cops and all we ask in return is a little compensation for the effort we put into supplying you fellas with this gear before anybody else. Not to mention, that we have to take a portion of the total to give a cut to the man who supplies us with this hot stuff."

"That's another thing; Who exactly makes and supplies you guys with these guns?" asked a rat in a hawaiian shirt and a pair of shades.

"We have our sources. Now gentlemen, do we have a deal about the equipment?" Asked the lizard.

As they continued to barter, one of the three enforcers, a smokey grey cat, put his left index finger to the ear piece in his left ear and spoke.

"Horatio. I haven't got word from you in the last few minutes. Do you got anything to report about the roof?"

He only received static. He pressed the bud.

"Horatio, respond. Is there anything going on up there?"

He again received static. He pressed the bud again.

"Horatio, quit screwing around. We're on the job?"

Still only static.

“Horatio, Report!”

As the cat continued trying to contact the guards on the roof, Fred wiped off a bit of plaster dust which fell on to his shoulder. Returning his vision to looking through the room, Fred noticed something about the hole above the table. He smiled and moved towards the exit of the room. When he did, the cat turned to him.

“Hey, Fred where you going?” He asked.

“Gonna take a care of something,” Fred replied back before he left.

In the room above them, Gosalyn continued to watch from the hole.

“What’s happening now, DW?” Dewey asked over the radio.

“I think they may have reached an agreement about the price for the guns and the largest enforcer just left the room,” Gosalyn filled him in.

“Where’d he go?” Dewey questioned.

“I don’t know probably to the bathroom or something,” Gosalyn replied.

“Do you think they would have set up working plumbing for this meeting?” Dewey said quizzically.

“I don’t know-look , I think my chance may have come,” Gosalyn said, bringing her hand down to one of the pouches on her left side and pulled out a device that looked like a hot glue gun, “I’m gonna use some of the explosive gel you gave me to get the drop on them and maybe knock a few of them out.”

She then began to apply the gel to the floor in a large circle. She pulled out the detonator and prepared to press the button.

“Hope those guys like surprise parties,” Gosalyn said.

“Surprise!” said a deep voice from behind her.

Gosalyn turned around to face the large enforcer who was bringing down his fist to her head. Reacting as fast as she could, Gosalyn brought up her arms to block the enforcer’s fist and pressed the detonator. The explosive gel combusted, making a hole in the floor and bringing Gosalyn and the enormous pit bull crashing down on the heads of the Pistollonies’ clients. Gosalyn recovered from the explosion and stood up uneasily.

“DW! Gosalyn! Are you ok?” Dewey yelled over the radio.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she groaned.

“Everything’s just-”

Click! Click! As the smoke and dust cleared, Gosalyn discovered she was surrounded by the the Pistollonies.

“-peachy.”

Meanwhile, the twelve Pistolloni thugs who stood at the entrance of the building were surprised when several police cars pulled up in front of them. The thugs were stunned at this turn of events.

“It’s the cops!” One of them said.

“How’d they find us?” Another of them asked panicking.

Stepping out of one of the squad cars was Lt. Brooster and Sgt. Harper. As the other officers exited their cars, The Lieutenant pulled out a bullhorn and turned it on.

“You are surrounded! Give up peacefully or we will arrest you by force,” He said.

One of the thugs grabbed a large laser rifle while most of his associates panicked.

“Who cares how they found us. I’m not going down easy,” He aimed at the police, “COME AND GET US, COPPERS!!”

He then began to shoot randomly and his associates started to join in, shoot at the police with their handguns. Some of the police ducked back into the cars or behind shields they had brought.

“Guess that tip off was credible, Hank,” Said Jerry to Hank.

He nodded but hoped they weren’t too late to make sure the informant’s friend wasn’t hurt or dead. He turned on the bull horn.

“Fire!” Lieutenant Brooster ordered.

The police started shooting back and began a fire fight with the thugs. Bullets and laser bolts flew everywhere as they shot towards one another. One of the thugs received a call from one of their supervisors.

“What the hell is going on down there?” He asked over the radio.

“The Cops are here!”

“What?”

“They just showed up out of no where a few seconds ago,” The thug replied.

“Keep your position!” Their supervisor said. The supervisor turned off the radio and turned to the hero.

“Your friends, the cops are here,” he said. Gosalyn smirked.

“Too bad they’re about to find their hero in pieces,” He said.

“Oh really,” Gosalyn said before throwing down some smoke bombs.

“Dammit!” One of the thugs said as purple smoke filled the room, “Blast that bitch!”

As they shot blindly in the smoke, Gosalyn dodged the shots and attacked the thugs when they didn’t shoot each other. She threw some jabs and kicks, knocking some over then knocking them out with great speed and very little ease. As the smoke started to clear, Gosalyn noticed she had taken down seven of the Pistollonies. This unfortunately left the huge enforcer. Gosalyn turned around only to receive a punch to the gut, knocking her back. Gosalyn cringed on the floor and coughed. She tried to stand up as Fred approached her chuckling and cracking his knuckles.

“Heh. You wanted to be the hero of this city?” He said in disbelief, before he kicked her against the wall.

“You picked the wrong city to be a hero,” He said kneeling down to grab her by the throat, “Not that you seem like much of a hero anyways.”

As he held her up, He pulled back his arm about to punch her.

“Now you’re about to see why they call me ‘Drop `em Dead Fred’.”

Before he brought his fist to her face, Gosalyn launched two stun gun bolts from her right armlet. The bolts connected to his skin, sending a surge of electricity through Fred’s body and sub-sequentially letting her go. Gosalyn dropped to the floor and threw five punches to his gut. Fred regained control of his body and slammed his left fist to where Gosalyn was but she had already gotten out of the way. He then swung his arm towards Gosalyn who dodge his attack. Fred threw a few more punches, only for Gosalyn to dodge these fists and threw a few more body blows and topping it off with a kick to the solar plexus. As Fred cringed and held his guts, Gosalyn delivered a final blow to his face knocking him flat on his back. As Gosalyn approached him, Lieutenant Brooster, having subdued the thugs at the front with his men, was making his way up the stairs and at that moment was peeking around the the corner. After Gosalyn checked his pulse, she started to leave when a cough came from the pit bull enforcer.

“You think you’ve won,*cough* do you?” Fred coughed, “You think *cough,cough*you’ve done something tonight?”

Gosalyn turned back to the pit bull and crouched down to his level.

“Considering that you and your fellow gang members are about to be arrested along with your clientele and whatever weapons you brought for them are going to be confiscated...yeah, I think I’ve done something done significant,” Gosalyn said.

“Well I’ve got news for you chickadee; You ain’t done nothing,” Fred stated, “There’s so many other gangs and crooks in this town. You can’t possibly beat them all.”

“I’ve got news for you. You tell them bring it on because there’s someone here who isn’t going lie down while you guys run rampant,” Gosalyn said, “Someone who is going to fight back and kick some ass in the process and her name....is Darkwing Duckette.”

“Call yourself whatever you want. It won’t matter. You can’t stop crime. You won’t catch our boss,” Fred said, “You won’t even be able to catch you-know-who.”

Gosalyn raised an eyebrow at the last part of that.

“You-know-who? What is this? Diagon Alley?” She remarked sarcastically.

“Make all the jokes you want. He’s the big boss. The master mind. Almost all of the gangs in the city work for him. Not a thing goes down in the underworld without him knowing about it. You’ll never stop crime. Hehehehehe...” Fred weakly chuckled.

“You’re right. I can’t stop crime,” Gosalyn admitted, “But I’m gonna make a dent in this city. I’m gonna fight each of you crooks and whackjobs until you get it through your thick, bruised skulls that it might be a good idea to quit cause I’m not leaving.”

Gosalyn stood up and muttered under her breath.

“Not again.”

As she went to one of the windows of the building, Gosalyn noticed Lt. Brooster. She looked at him for a long time before giving him a casual wave.

“Hey Lieutenant.”

She loaded a grappling hook cartridge to her right wing armlet.

“I gotta get going. I’m sure you and your squad can handle the rest.”

She shot the grappling hook forth towards a distance building.

“See ya around,” She said before swinging into the night.

After she disappeared, Lt. Brooster went to the window where she left from and looked out for a few minutes. After a moment or two, Jerry made his way to the room and looked at the room.

“Jeez,” Jerry exclaimed, “Hank did you do all this?”

Hank turned to him.

“Nope.”

“Then who did?”

Lt. Brooster looked towards the window.

“A friend.”

Back at the lair, Gosalyn groaned as her joints and body parts ached from the fight. She had a few bandages on different parts of her body.

“Ooowww. Man, that hurts,” Gosalyn groaned.

“You’re a bit bruised but you’ll heal,” Dewey said, “It might be a good idea to take tomorrow off though. You’ve earned it.”

“Good idea,” Gosalyn said, putting on her shirt and jacket, “Thanks, Dewey.”

“Hey. No problem. I’m a director of Research and Development too. I should show my face more often at the lab,” Dewey stated.

“No, I mean thanks for being a part of this...and for tipping off the police,” Gosalyn said.

Dewey looked surprised, as he hadn’t told her about tipping them off but smiled glad that she at least except the help.

“Get some rest tomorrow. St. Canard will need it’s hero in tip-top shape,” Dewey said.

“Gotcha,” Gosalyn said as she walked to the door.

“Enjoy your day off. What you gonna do with it?” Dewey asked.

Gosalyn paused but then turned and smiled.

“Catch up with someone,” She said before leaving.

Meanwhile, Tony McCaw was receiving word of the events of the meeting from a few of his men. He groaned as he heard the news. He ran his head through his comb and looked at his men.

“So, Fred was beat, our clients were put behind bars, and the police confiscated another of our shipments,” Tony exhaustedly summed up.

“Yes sir,” Said one of the the men in front of him.

“Augh,” Tony sighed, “This masked chick is really starting to become a headache.”

He sighed and slouched in his chair. Had this been earlier in the evening, he would have grabbed his gun and shot the men that delivered the information. However, he was too tired and exasperated to mow down a couple members of his gang. Besides, he had other things to do. He turned to his men.

“Beat it, boys,” He said shooving them away, “You can hang out at the bar outside or go home. Just get out of my office. I got other business to attend to.”

“Gotcha, Boss,” replied one of the men before leaving.

After they left, Tony stood upright in his chair. He pulled out a drawer on the left side of his desk. The drawer had in it two buttons, a green button and a red button. Tony pressed the red button, causing a section of his desk to come up to reveal a small monitor. The monitor flashed on, showing the silhouette of a mysterious male figure sitting at a desk or conference table.

“Tony McCaw,” said the figure, “What do you have to report?”

“Sorry to bother you Mr. M but I’ve got some bad news,” Tony explained.

“What is it?” Mr. M inquired.

“That masked bitch, Darkwing Duckette fouled up the meeting tonight,” Tony told him, “Beat up my boys, got clients arrested, and two shipments are now in police custody.”

“Hmmm,” thought Mr. M, “It appears then, Tony...that we have a new player in the game. Future developments should prove...interesting.”

“Mr. M?”

“We will have to be prepared for this hero. This...Darkwing Duckette.”

The next day, Gosalyn Mallard parked her car in a small parking lot and entered into the St. Canard Cemetery. She walked past several grave stones and a mausoleum before reaching her destination; an grave stone with a bust of her father.

“Hey Dad,” Gosalyn said to the tombstone, “I know It’s been a while since I’ve visited. I’m sorry about that.”

She paused as if she was receiving a greeting from the tombstone.

“How are you?” She asked, “Mom misses you. So do I.”

Gosalyn looked at the stone bust imagining his reaction.

“I finished college and have a nice job at McDuck Enterprises with a few of my firends,”Gosalyn stated, “I also...have another job on the side.”

She looked down sadly as she as if she had just admitted something and was receiving punishment for it.

“Look, I know this isn’t the life you would’ve wanted for me but it’s the life I wanted for myself. I want to do this. I’m going to make a difference and protect this city from whatever psychos and crooks rear their ugly mugs,” Gosalyn explained, “I’m gonna make you proud, Dad.”

Just then, her cell rang. She pulled it out of her bag and put it to her ear.

“Gosalyn, here,” She greeted.

“Gos,” Dewey said over the phone, “There’s a group of thugs at the Bank on 3rd Street. Mind taking a slight break from your day off?”

“I’m on my way,” Gosalyn said closing the phone and turning back to the gravestone, “Duty calls dad. I’ll visit again.”

She then walked towards the parking lot, got in her car and rode off.