

Darkwing Duckette Chap. 2-Edge

In the city of Duckburg in some rundown warehouse, a group of dog thugs looked over their loot. Each of them dressed in identical clothing; a red shirt, blue pants, a green hat, and a black mask over their eyes. While most of the group were looking over the cash they had managed to steal from a nearby bank, one of them sat away from the others. He was a fairly fit young man with a few short bangs of black hair peeking out from his hat. He sat on a crate, looking at a newspaper. Another of the six, this one a slim young man with cap worn backwards and a spiked quaff of bleach blond hair, looked towards his newspaper comrade and noticed the determined look on his face. The blonde approached his cohort.

“What’s up, Brainy?” The blonde asked, addressing his partner, “Whatcha looking at?”

Brainy looked up from the old paper.

“The future, Blitz,” Brainy answered.

Blitz looked confused.

“What do ya mean?” He asked.

Brainy stood up on the crate, the newspaper rolled up in his hand.

He spoke loudly, addressing of his fellow thugs, “Beagles!”

His call drew the attention of all members of the gang.

“My Brothers. My Cousins. Look at us. We are the Beagle Boys! The newest generation in a long line of hoods and thugs. We are one of the most infamous gangs in Duckburg,” Brainy stated proudly, raising the pride of his relatives and causing them to cheer.

“But I ask youse guys...where and what has that gotten us?”

Silence fell among them as they tried to retort or think of an answer.

“Let me ask again in a different way; What exactly do we have to show for all our infamy?”

Still no answer from his relatives.

“I’ll tell you. All we got to show our troubles is this pathetic excuse of a hideout and a van that just barely holds all of us,” Brainy clarified, “To put it bluntly, Beagles; We got nothing.”

Laughter came from one of the beagles, a stalky, thin fellow with a propeller cap on top of his wild red hair. He wore a wide, almost insane grin on his face.

“And they say I’m the crazy one,” said Boingo Beagle.

“What are you talking about, Brainy?” Asked Blitz, grabbing a wad of bills, “Look at this loot that we’ve got here.”

“True, we get a pretty nice payday every once and a while but that’s only when we’re lucky and we often ain’t,” Brainy explained.

“Just what are getting at, Brainy?” Asked Buggy, the smallest and youngest of the beagles, placing the jar of insects in his hands down on the ground.

“What I’m getting at, my young compadre, is that I think we’ve fallen into a rut and I think the only way to get out of this rut is a change of scenery,” Brainy continued, “Like a new town.”

“Leave Duckbug? and Go where exactly?” questioned Brick, the largest and most muscular of the beagles.

Brainy smiled and strode up closer to the gang, “I’m glad you asked that, Brick. I’ve found just the place for us. A place where good cops are as rare as diamonds. A place where the best business is in the black market. A place where the bank vaults crumble like old cheese.”

“Cheese?” said Burger Junior whose interest was peaked by the prospect of food, “Mmm, I could go for some cheddar right now.”

“Shut up, Burger,” Brainy said and than continued his speech, “A place just for people like us. A Crook’s paradise.”

Brainy’s description of this ‘crook’s paradise’ peaked the interest of his comrades. Blitz listened carefully to what his brother was saying.

“Where exactly would that be, bro?” Blitz asked.

Brainy smiled and slammed the newspaper on a crate. The newspaper unrolled and exposed a headline to the group:

CRIME RAISES IN ST. CANARD

“Here is where we’ll go. Saint Canard!”

“St. Canard?” asked the female of the group, “Hmm, It would be nice to go somewhere different. I’m in. I just hope the bank vaults don’t crumble as easily as you say.”

“Don’t worry, Bombshell,” assured Brainy, “I’m sure your bombs will be more than sufficient, Cuz.”

“Count me in, too,” said Burger Junior, “St. Canard has a Hamburger Hippo. My mouth is already watering.”

Bombshell and Blitz both wore a flat expression at this comment while Brainy smacked his palm to his forehead.

“Could we possibly leave him here?” Asked Bombshell.

“No, We’ll take him in case we need him for later,” stated Brainy then directing his attention to the rest of the gang, “What do the rest of ya say?”

“I’m in.”

“Me, too.”

“Sure thing.”

Blitz came up to Brainy and put his hand on his sibling’s shoulder.

“Looks like it’s time for a road trip.”

Brainy nodded.

“All right, Beagles. Load it up and move it out. It’s St. Canard or Busted.”

Two Weeks later....

Gosalyn Mallard stood in a kickboxing ring dressed in a muted lavender sports bra, royal purple sweatpants, and black fingerless gloves. She stood in a defensive stance with her arms up to guard blows. Opposite her was Louie Duck, the tallest and most muscular of the three duck brothers. Louie was also in a defense pose and dressed in a similar fashion to Gosalyn, though he wore a jade green tanktop and dark green sweats. This had been a bit of a ritual between the two. They would meet at the local gym early in the morning and spar a bit before work. Louie liked to stay in shape and Gosalyn pretty much felt the same with the addition of needing to stay fit for her crime-fighting as Darkwing Duckette. Gosalyn threw a few punches but Louie blocked them pretty well.

“Come on, Gos,” Louie said, “I know you’ve got better moves than that.”

“What about you?” Gosalyn replied, “You haven’t landed a single hit on me. Either I’ve dodged them or blocked them.”

“So far,” Louie stated before throwing a right jab followed by a left jab but neither of them touching Gosalyn who weaved away from the strikes.

“Those barely grazed me,” she said, “try this on for size!”

Gosalyn threw a few rapid jabs which Louie blocked and tried to retaliate with a right hook. However, Gosalyn dodged the hook, crouched, and swept her leg under Louie’s. Louie fell back on the mat as Gosalyn stood up confidently.

“You asked for my best, Lou,” Gosalyn said, “Guess you couldn’t handle me.”

Louie looked up at her slightly annoyed by her cocky attitude but smirked as he moved his legs to her feet. He then tripped Gosalyn up and she fell to the mat on her bill.

“Ow!” She said tending to her slightly bent beak, “That hurt, Louie.”

“It’s only a small bruise,” Louie said.

“You could’ve broke my beak,” Gosalyn said.

“I meant your ego,” Louie retorted as he stood up.

“Oh hardy har,” Gosalyn replied sarcastically.

“You gotta be careful about underestimating your opponent, Gos,” Louie said, offering Gosalyn his hand and helped her up, “Come on, we gotta go to work.”

Gosalyn accepted his hand and stood up. After going to the locker rooms, showering, and changing, the two strolled down the street towards the McDuck Enterprises HQ. Louie wore a dark green suit, a white shirt, a lime green tie, black dress shoes, and a green baseball cap turned backwards. Gosalyn wore a muted purple pantsuits, a pale purple dress shirt, and red shoes. Both of them carried small duffle bags with their workout clothes in them. Gosalyn looked over to her tall friend.

“Hey Louie,” She said, “I wanna ask you something.”

“Yeah?” Louie replied.

“Why did you choose to become a director of the entertainment branch of McDuck enterprises?” She asked, “You seem so physically fit and athletic, you could have become a sports star. Why become head of a sports network?”

“Why did you become a director of the R&D branch?” Louie retorted, “You seem you’d be better suited to becoming a police officer or something.”

Gosalyn was a bit surprised by the question. She turned away.

“I have my reasons. Besides, police work seems like it would be a bit tedious with all the paperwork you

have to fill out,” She explained.

“I have my reasons too. I could’ve become a pro football star or something but Uncle Scrooge’s offer gave me an idea and inspiration,” Louie began to explain, “I’m doing this to make McDuck Sports Network a channel by sports fans, for sports fans. Showing great games when they’re and showing reruns of games late at night.”

“And no poker games?” Gosalyn said.

“Got rid of that as soon as I got in charge,” Louie said, “I can’t believe anyone would call that a sport and give it any airtime.”

Gosalyn giggled at this statement and Louie joined in her laughter as they strolled to the McDuck Enterprises HQ. A few short hours later, Gosalyn was in her office going over progress reports of the current R&D projects. Some of these seemed rather promising while others were less so. Ally entered the office carrying a few more reports. Gosalyn took notice of her assistant as she was looking at a particular report.

“Ally?” She called.

“Yes, Ms. Mallard,” the young assistant replied.

“This new GPS project from Angela’s team seems to be lacking progress,” Gosalyn stated, “Has anything about that changed?”

“Yes, Mr. Duck is assisting them right now,” Ally stated.

“Oh good,” Gosalyn said not entirely processing what Ally said until a brief moment later, “Wait, what?”

“Mr. Deuteronomy Duck is assisting Angela’s team in Lab 1A,” Ally reiterated.

“I gotta see this,” Gosalyn said getting up from her desk and leaving her office.

She walked down to the labs, coming to Lab 1A and finding Dewey working at a computer, quickly typing on the keyboard. Most other scientists were looking around kind of embarrassed. Gosalyn came up behind him.

“I’m surprised to see you out of your private lab,” Gosalyn said.

“Hey it’s not like you could do this. I am one of the head scientists of the department. It’s part of the job,” Dewey said, “Besides, if I don’t show up here and there, Huey will try to cut my paycheck.”

“So what exactly is it that was going wrong the GPS Project?” Gosalyn asked.

“Some coding issues. I’ve made a few changes to make it more responsive and accepting of alternative routes,” Dewey replied, “I’ll be finished in a minute.”

As Dewey continued coding the system, a figure came into the lab and headed for Dewey. Gosalyn took note of the person but didn’t say anything. The figure came up behind Dewey, hugging him, and putting their hands over his eyes. Dewey jumped in surprise but quickly recognized the person by her height and the soft mass of flesh pressed against his back.

“Ok, Webby. I know it’s you,” Dewey said somewhat bored, “Take your hands away from my eyes.”

Webby did so and Dewey turned around to look at her.

“Sometimes you are no fun, Dewey,” Webby said with a mock pout.

“I wouldn’t have such a problem with it if you didn’t do this while I was working,” Dewey said.

Standing before Gosalyn and Dewey was Webby Vanderquack, the adoptive niece of Scrooge McDuck and cousin to Dewey and his brothers. Having grown up in Duckburg alongside the boys, they were all very close. Of course if you’d known Webby back then and saw her now, you would be rather surprised. Thanks to puberty, the young duckling had blossomed into quite the young woman with a long white quaff, a voluptuous body, and shapely legs. Her curves at the moment drew the attention almost every male in the vicinity, save for Dewey who like his brothers couldn’t help but think of her as that girly tagalong who drove them crazy.

After finishing highschool, Webby was given some money from Scrooge to help continue her education. With an interest in art, Webby got into fashion design. After a couple years of art college, Webby was given an offer by The Boys to part of the company. Webby accepted the offer, becoming a fashion designer in the fashion areas of the entertainment branch of McDuck Enterprises. She was quite a fashionista and always wore something different, often times modeling something for the company or just for her own interests. Generally when it wasn’t a busy season for fashion, she would come down to visit and pester the two.

“So what brings you to our department, Webby?” Gosalyn asked.

“I thought I’d remind you two about lunch later,” She answered.

Dewey looked at the clock on the wall then back to Webby.

“That’s in an hour and a half,” Dewey said loudly.

“Yeah, but I thought I’d just remind anyways. You guys are always so busy. I barely see either of you outside work,” Webby said, “You both work pretty late hours. You know, I’d almost think you two are hiding something.”

Dewey and Gosalyn fell silent. Webby smirked and cocked one of her eyebrows.

“We’ve just been very busy with a special project for the company,” Dewey explained, “Now, we all have work to do. So why don’t you go back to your department so we can do that?!”

Dewey gestured towards the door.

“Hmph. Fine, Mr. Bossy,” Webby said feigning offense before smiling and walking away, “See you guys at lunch.”

With that, Webby left with some of the male staff’s eyes following her.

“I’ll leave you to your work too, D,” Gosalyn said, walking out of the lab with Ally following behind, “Have lots of *exciting* paperwork to go through.”

“Right. See you at lunch,” Dewey said going back to his programming.

A short time later, Dewey and Gosalyn headed down to the lobby where they met Louie, Huey, and Webby. This had become a bit of a ritual for the quintet of friends. Once a week or once every two weeks, the five would have a group lunch somewhere and hang out. They would chat and reminisce about old times and see how everyone was doing. Today in particular, They decided to visit a small restaurant where they ate out on the outdoor seating. The group laughed after they reminisced over their old adventures.

“Hahaha! Yeah, that was crazy!” Louie chuckled.

“Yeah, Granny was so mad!” Webby giggled.

“Mad doesn’t cover it,” Dewey guffawed , “Her face was as red as a beet. Right, Huey?”

Huey was a little too preoccupied with flirting with a cute waitress of the restaurant. Dewey put his palm to his forehead and Louie sighed.

“Oh, brother.”

Huey returned his attention back to his family and friends, “What?”

“Geez, are you always on don juan mode?” Dewey inquired.

“Hey, I appreciate beauty, Bro. I can’t help but acknowledge it,” Huey explained, “Besides, compliments towards such a beauty comes with benefits.”

“Ugh,” Louie sighed, “You haven’t changed since high school apart from the fact that you can date

models now.”

“You two are just jealous of my charisma,” Huey said.

“Right,” Dewey said.

“It’s too bad, Huey,” Webby said.

“What do you mean Webs?” Huey asked.

“Well, you’re such a playboy right now but I always thought you made a cute couple with Halley,” Webby explained.

“Halley? You mean Halley Swanette from High School?” Gosalyn asked, “I remember Halley and her sisters. They were fun to hang with.”

“Yeah and you guys were pretty hot for them, weren’t you?” Webby gestured towards the boys.

All three brothers blushed a little at the comment though they quickly changed expressions with Louie and Dewey thinking on stuff fondly while Huey just sipped his coffee.

“Yeah, Lucky was quite a gal,” Louie said wistfully.

“I know what you mean, Lou,” Dewey said to his viridescent clad brother, “I miss experimenting with Daisy.”

Louie gained a smirk and cocked an eyebrow, “Oh, I’m *sure* you miss *experimenting* with Daisy.”

Dewey’s down suddenly got a shade or two redder, “Not like that, you loon.”

Gosalyn and Webby snickered at the brothers’ exchanges and responses. Huey on the other hand scoffed his brothers.

“Oh please,” Huey said.

“Oh come on, Huey,” Dewey said, “You can’t tell me you don’t miss Halley.”

“Tch! Like a headache,” He said, “She was sweet and all but she could be so bossy. Besides what’s it matter? We haven’t seen those three since high school.”

“Aw, is the playboy missing his high school sweetheart?” Louie teased.

“Like I miss that...that...that quacking jerk Maldrad!” Huey said frustrated.

“Oh yeah. Victor Maldrad. Yeah, he wasn’t a very sociable guy, was he?” Webby said.

“Anti-sociable is more like it,” Huey said, “Let’s not worry about those times now.”

As Huey took a sip of coffee, a loud boom was heard and shook the street. The coffee promptly spilled on Huey.

“Ah! Hot!,” He said as the scolding coffee splashed in his face.

Louie quickly grasped a cup of ice water and splashed his brother to cool him down.

“Awww and I liked this suit,” Huey said exasperated.

“Was there a construction project going on today?” Louie asked.

“I don’t remember hearing about one,” Webby said, “And that sounded close like the Bank on 5th avenue.”

Gosalyn figured this out as well and decided she had to be somewhere.

“Oh, I’m such a dummy. I just remembered,” She said, “I have a doctor’s appointment to get to.”

“You do, Gos?” Webby asked.

“Yeah, I’ll have to catch up with you guys later,” Gosalyn said, grabbing her bag, “Dewey, could you take over for me in the department?”

“Oh, eh-yeah. I’ll see you when you get back,” Dewey nodded.

With that Gosalyn hopped on her motorcycle and drove off. Two and a half blocks away, she drove into an alley, popped open the trunk of her cycle and pulled out the darkwing suit. After making sure no one was around, She quickly dressed herself in her suit and turned to the cycle.

“Let’s see about D’s modification to my baby worked out well,” Gosalyn said.

She to the dashboard, found an icon on the touchscreen, and pressed it. The cycle let out a strange whirring hum as plates of dark purple armor extended out from the bike and shifted around it’s body. They formed and covered the bike morphing into a different motorcycle with a front wheel covering akin to a duck’s face. Gosalyn smirked.

“Oh yeah. The Ratcatcher 2.0. As slick as I hoped it would be,” She said to herself, “Time to roll.”

She hopped back on the bike and continued on down the street. She quickly arrived at the 5th Avenue Bank. Parking her motorcycle in back, She slipped into the bank stealthily to find smoke coming from the

forced open vault along with several bank employees and customers being held hostage while a couple of the crooks who stood guard over them. The two robbers were dressed in similar garb of a green hat, a red long sleeve shirt, a black mask, a pair of blue pants, and brown shoes. The only differences were one was a tall, slender fellow wearing a baseball cap turned backwards with a tuft of curled up blonde hair and the other was shorter and dumpy with a few bangs of brown hair under his hat.

“Don’t any of youse make a move,” said the slender guy, “I’m one of the fastest shooters of the family. I could put a bullet in your brain like that.”

“Hehehe, Brainy was right, Blitz,” his dumpy comrade said, “The first bank we hit and the cops aren’t here yet.”

“You got that right, Burger,” Blitz replied, before yelling over to the vault, “Hey, how’s the dough coming along?”

A loud, crazy laugh came from the open vault as a stalky young man, similarly dressed to his compatriots apart from baggy pants, and a propeller cap on top of a few long messy strands of dark red hair.

“Hooohohahaha, We’re rollin’ in the dough, bros!” Said Boingo carrying two bags of cash.

He was followed by a voluptuous woman similarly dressed but with tighter clothing that emphasized her curves. She had purple eyeshadow under her mask, crimson lips, and long, bright red hair underneath an olive green cap. She pulled out a gem from a bag she was carrying and rubbed it against her cheek.

“Ah, the only thing I love more than blowing up vaults is plucking out the gems inside,” she said.

“Hehehe, well get used to it, Bombshell,” said a slightly shorter but fit fellow with black hair following behind her, “This town is ours now.”

Taking count of the thugs and sizing them up, Darkwing believed she had the upper hand. She had a super suit after all. She could do this no problem. She went into her pouches, pulled out a smoke pellet, and threw it at the thugs. The pellet exploded in a plume of dark purple smoke. As the thugs coughed at the smoke surrounding them, Darkwing stealthily entered the violet cloud and began attacking them. Thanks to the lenses of her mask, She could identify them in the smoke and threw a few decisive blows to their bodies and faces. The hostages watched in fear and curiosity as they heard sounds of punishment being dealt to their captors and one by one the thugs flew out of the smoke with groans of discomfort as they landed in a heap on the ground. Brainy got up from the pile and groaned with pain.

“Augh, what hit us? A Semi?” groaned Blitz.

“Don’t think so. Who’s there? Show yourself!” Brainy shouted at the smoke.

Darkwing obliged stepping out of the smoke while it thinned. She smirked standing with the thugs’ guns and loot behind her.

“You guys are new. So, I’m gonna try to be nice,” She said, “I can either take the five of you in quietly or we can get rough.”

She cracked her knuckles for further emphasis. Brainy looked angered at his defeat until he noticed something behind the masked heroine which caused him to smile.

“You may want to count again,” said a deep voice from behind.

Before Darkwing could turn around, she felt a large fist connect with her side. Surprised by the attack, Darkwing fell to the ground. She looked up pushing aside the pain to see the looming figure of another thug dressed like the others but very tall and muscular and dressed in a sleeveless red shirt. She got back up as the thug looked down to her.

“Didn’t know you guys had a ringer,” She said.

“We didn’t know there was a super here in St. Canard,” Brick said, cracking his knuckles, “This should be fun.”

Brick then proceeded to charge Darkwing, throwing a right hook followed by a left which the masked mallard managed to maneuver around. Thanks to his size compared to her, Darkwing dodged a few more punches and got in close enough to throw a hard punch to his gut. Brick cringed from the blow allowing Darkwing to land a punch to his lower jaw. Brick winced a little. This chick seemed to be delivering some hefty blows for her size. He’d been in brawls with a few different police officers and security guards who were taller than her and she didn’t have too much muscle on her. How was she making him cringe? Brick attempted to land a few blows on Darkwing but most of them simply missed her and she only seemed to land more blows for every time he missed.

“Hold it! Brick, get away from the loon. I’ll take care of her,” said Blitz who had managed to grab two of their guns during their fight and was aiming them now at Darkwing, “I’m gonna fill her full of holes!”

Before any shots could be fired, All the beagles ears twitched.

“Buggy, What’s wrong?” Brainy said to thin air, “What the cops are coming? How’d they know?”

Unbeknownst to the beagles, while Darkwing held their attention, a teller among the hostages had managed to trigger one of the silent alarms. Frantically, the beagles unanimously decided to bail without a word needing to be said, save one from Brainy.

“Brick, grab the loot,” Brainy commanded, “Everybody else get to the van!”

As Brick attempted to get the loot, Darkwing once more intervened and kicked him.

“I don’t think so,” She said knocking Brick into Blitz.

“Why that little,” Brick said attempting to recover.

“Never mind her, let’s go! We’re not getting pinched on our first attempt here,” Brainy said as he and his companions piled into the van outside the bank and drove off.

Darkwing attempted to follow but she heard the blaring of the police sirens and decided it was time for her to go, too. As she drove back to the lair, Darkwing had this small realization as she recognized the style of clothing. Something she’d seen a few years before.

A little while later, Gosalyn and Dewey were in the lair discussing her encounter with the bank robbers earlier in the day. Dewey was in his chair listening to his companion recollect the events.

“The Beagle Boys?” Dewey said curiously.

“Yeah,” Gosalyn replied as she started to strip out of the suit, “But they weren’t the ones I’d seen before. They looked younger and not to mention they had a girl with them.”

“Well, it could be their extended family. The Beagle Family isn’t limited to the ones Uncle Scrooge, Me, and my Brothers had run-ins with but a fairly large family with several cousins, nieces, nephews, daughters, and sons...” Dewey explained.

“Sounds like a busy family,” Gosalyn commented.

“I’ll check them out by cross referencing databases from the police department,” Dewey turned to his computer and after a few minutes of the clattering of keys and the sliding of the mouse, he had found what he was looking for, “Done. Are these them?”

Gosalyn, now having gotten her pants and blouse on, came over to her mission controller and viewed the screen. Displayed on the large central monitor were police files attached with photos of almost all of the beagles she had seen plus two others she hadn’t.

“Yep, those are them. Although, I don’t recognize the other two,” Gosalyn said.

“This is the newest Beagle Boys gang, believed to be the offspring of the previous gang members from Duckburg,” Dewey began to explain as he read the files, “They’re on the most wanted list in Duckburg. They were originally a group of 8 members but are now down to seven since their previously leader was arrested and their new leader Brainy stepped up.”

“So what are they doing in St. Canard?” Gosalyn asked.

“Good question. These beagles like their fathers had Duckburg as their stomping grounds,” Dewey said, “Maybe they came in by the bad rep of St. Canard. You only just got here in St. Canard less than a month

ago so they may not be aware of your presence in the city.”

“Hmm. Well, I don’t think we have to worry too much about them,” Gosalyn said, “Their skill aren’t much better than the average street goons we’ve run into. Besides, I think I might have scared them off.”

“Are you sure about that?” Dewey said.

“Pretty sure. Even if they aren’t, I’ll go and take them on if they show their mugs again,” Gosalyn replied.

Gosalyn would have to keep that promise sooner than she expected as a day later, the Beagles showed up at another bank and attempted to pull another heist but she showed up on the scene once again. Shortly afterwards, they tried to pull another heist only for Darkwing to show up once more and cause them to fail. This carried on for three more robberies and each heist was met with defeat and shame for the beagles and a small boost to Gosalyn’s ego.

On the night of the sixth attempted heist, The Beagles returned to their current hideout, that of a run down apartment building on the north end of St. Canard. The place was lightly furnished with a table, a couch, a few chairs, dressers, and a small TV. The apartment shook a little as Brainy slammed the door open in frustration followed by his tired and bruised family members save for Buggy, the youngest and shortest of the beagles who acted as the group’s techie and getaway driver. He had been in the group’s van during almost all of the heists. Now at their hideout and away from the cops, the group began to nurse their wounds while Brainy voiced his frustration at their repeated defeats.

“I can’t believe this! I just don’t believe it! I’ve been stopped not once, not twice but six times by some chick in purple spandex!” He growled, “How could this happen?”

“Ugh, Dude say what you want about her,” Brick said, applying some salve to a bruised area on his body, “but she’s pretty strong. Almost like she’s got super powers or something.”

“Tell me about it,” Said Burger groaned, “She punched me pretty hard, I almost lost my lunch and it isn’t nearly as good come up as it is going in.”

“She’s fast, too,” said Bombshell as she attended to Boingo, “Hard to keep a bead on her.”

“Maybe coming here wasn’t such a good idea, Brainy,” Buggy chimed in, “Maybe we should head back to Duckburg.”

“Come on. We’re beagles. We don’t give up that easily,” Brainy replied, “This place was supposed to be a crook’s paradise! What happened? Where did this masked chick come from?”

“You’re rather uninformed,” Said a gruff voice from behind them.

The beagles turned towards the doorway where they saw someone they didn’t recognize. Standing there

was a male duck with black feathers, thick white eyebrows, and a long bill, dressed in a black suit with a red shirt. He looked towards the Beagles.

“Who the hell are you and how did you find this place?” Brainy said.

“So, you are the infamous beagle boys, the newest in a long legacy of crooks and goons,” He said, “Frankly I’m underwhelmed.”

Brainy’s eye twitched in irritation at his comment, “What?”

“I came thinking I’d find skilled bank robbers and expert hired guns,” the black duck said, “Yet, what I find is nothing but a pack of children who can’t even pull off a simple bank robbery.”

All the beagles showed a sign of irritation at the obvious insult. Some of them were going for their guns planning to shoot the visitor. Brainy on the other hand, decided this guy needed to be taught a very painful lesson first.

“Brick, trounce this mook,” Brainy ordered.

“I was hoping you’d ask,” Brick said advancing on the duck, “Your welcome’s been worn out, pal.”

Brick threw a solid punch at the unwelcome visitor only for the black duck to catch it in his hand and remain unmoved. The beagles including Brick were stunned by this impressive feat of strength and were doubly stunned when the duck began to clutch Brick’s fist. The muscular dog groaned in agony and pain as his fist was starting to get crushed.

“Augh! Ok! Ok! I give!” Brick groaned.

The black duck released the beagle’s fist and looked to Brainy, “You seem unaware of recent events in St. Canard. Though crime is still rampant, the growing presence of Darkwing Duckette is making things difficult for many fellow criminals. Even disrupting my operations at times.”

“Your operations? Who are you?” Brainy said.

“I am known throughout the underworld as Mr. M,” the duck introduced himself, “I control of many of the gangs in this city, supplying them with weapons in exchange for their services to my organization. I have come to offer such an invitation to you. I can give you an edge against her.”

Brainy smiled at this, “You’ve got our interest.”

“Then come with me and I can explain more to you,” Mr. M gestured out the door.

The seven beagles followed Mr. M out to a large limousine and piled in. The drive was long and quiet. The darkly tinted windows in the passenger seating made it difficult for the beagles to know where Mr. M

was taking them. During the drive, parts of the group kept themselves occupied. Buggy was examining the insect carcasses he had in a jar, Boingo played with a few rubber bands he had, while Bombshell flicked a small speck of gunpowder from her shirt. Finally the limo stopped and the car door was opened for Mr. M and the beagles. They found themselves at a large warehouse with two guards in black and red outfits stood. They saluted Mr. M and opened the doors to the warehouse, revealing several people inside dressed in lab coats working at various stations. The sounds of computers humming, machines whirring, and other noises went on along with the smells of oil, ozone and unfamiliar chemicals. The group continued to walk further into the facility until they were met by a male pig with slicked back, brown hair dressed in a long lab coat and spectacles.

“Mr. M, a pleasure to see you again, sir,” the scientist greeted.

“How goes our projects, Doctor?” Mr. M asked.

“Very well and several are ahead of schedule,” the Doctor answered.

“Good to hear,” Mr. M said.

The Doctor was going to fill Mr. M in on progress when he noticed the group of thugs.

“Sir, who are these people with you?”

“Ah yes, Dr. Boarman, these are the Beagle Boys,” Mr. M introduced, “Beagles, this is Dr. Boarman, the head of my research division.”

“What is all this stuff?” Asked Brainy.

“I try to stay ahead of the game, Mr. Beagle. I must have the best weapons, the technology, the best drugs for my subordinates to use and sell,” Mr. M explained, “That’s why I have Dr. Boarman here on my payroll. His knowledge of many different fields of science has proven to make great strides in my business.”

“It certainly helps though that you give me freedom from such things as ethics,” Boarman smirked at his employer, “But tell me why have brought these goons here? Are they new recruits for your task force.”

“No, they will not be joining the Dreadwings. They are here to participate in your newest test of the S.E.C.” Mr. M explained causing Dr. Boarman to gain a wicked smile.

“What’s this about a test? I thought said you were gonna give us weapons,” Brainy said.

“No, I said I’d give you an edge against Darkwing,” Mr. M corrected, “and Dr. Boarman’s experiment should give you that edge.”

“What experiment?”

“Doctor?” Mr. M gestured to the doctor who brought up a tablet.

“Prior to my employment to Mr. M, I discovered a rare and powerful element which I named Suinium,” Dr. Boarman’s tablet projected a hologram of a strange magenta colored stone, “A mineral I discovered which had various amazing properties. When melted down by extreme heat, it has proved to be a longer lasting fuel which we have used for ammo in Mr. M’s laser guns and proved to be more powerful than most other weapons on the black market. However, I have other theories of the element’s capabilities.”

Dr. Boarman’s holographic display changed to a chunk of Suinium producing a strange glow around it, “I have found that Suinium on it’s own produces a unique form of low level radioactive energy and when a current is passed through it, the element produces a stronger form of this energy. After a few experiments, I found it augmented my lab animals’ physical attributes but I have yet to test it on humans...”

“Wait a minute, You wanna nuke us?” Blitz said.

“My experiments so far have shown that Suinium radiation does not share the same hazardous qualities that other radioactive energies and materials produce,” Dr. Boarman said, “I performed several experiments over the course of two years and very few of my test subjects have shown any ill effects.”

“Think about it, Boys. You want the edge over Darkwing,” Mr. M said, “Exposure to this energy could grant you such an edge. What do you have to lose?”

The Beagles each considered their options. They were all tired of getting beaten by Darkwing Duckette, especially Brainy who was curious what this strange element could do for him and his relatives. He looked to the group who seemed to agree with him simply by their expressions.

He answered for them, “We’re in.”

“Excellent,” Dr. Boarman said snapping his fingers causing several people to come to his side, “Take samples from them.”

The group of people descended on the Beagles with several medical implements. Surrounded by these people, The beagles found themselves in a mess of punctures to their skin and objects being jabbed at them. Blood was drawn, hairs plucked, skin scrapped, saliva sampled, and eyes momentarily blinded, all the while the beagles voiced their discomfort at the event.

“Ouch!”

“Hey, Watch it!”

“Where do you think you’re putting those hands?!”

“Oof!”

“Yowch!”

“Ah! My head!”

“My eyes!”

Suddenly the group left the beagles leaving them with slight aches and confusion.

“What was that? A rabies vaccination?” Brainy asked irritably.

“No, sample collection. I had my assistants take control samples of your blood, hair, skin, and a few other bodily samples,” Dr. Boarman stated, “I’ll need them to compare to the results from the test. We can now go to the S.E.C.”

The Beagles followed Dr. Boarman and Mr. M without much question apart from Burger’s usual train of thought.

“What’s an S.E.C.?” Asked Burger, “Is it edible?”

“No, the S.E.C. or Suinium Exposure Chamber is the room I use to expose my test subjects to Suinium,” Dr. Boarman explained, “It will be the same room you shall enter.”

Before they knew it, they stood before two large metallic doors with S.E.C. written above it. Two guards opened the doors and the Beagles went in. The room inside with a large domed chamber with metal walls and a couple windows. The only distinguishing thing in the room was a metallic cylinder in the center. A few of the beagles suddenly felt the desire to run out of the chamber and forget the deal. Unfortunately, their choice was made final as the doors were shut tightly behind them, leaving them trapped in the chamber. Outside, Mr. M, Dr. Boarman, and the Doctor’s personal assistant Sally stood at a control panel on the outside of the chamber with a tinted window looking in on the Beagles.

“What level and what intensity, Doctor?” Sally asked at the control panel.

“Let’s give them Level 5 with 45% intensity,” Dr. Boarman said, “That should be good for our first human test subjects.”

Sally did as requested, adjusting dials and typing in keys before she gave the doctor a nod.

“Suinium Exposure, initiated,” Dr. Boarman said pulling a lever.

Inside the chamber, The top of the cylinder uncovered to reveal a large chunk of Suinium between two pincers. The pincers produced an electrical surge passing a current through the mineral. The chunk began to emit a wave of energy that flooded the chamber and washed over the Beagles. As the wave hit them, the beagles were consumed by a searing pain. They doubled over and fell to the ground. Brainy felt his

head aching as if someone was going to it with a jack hammer. Blitz thought he saw electrical arcs surge across his arms. Brick felt his skin stiffen, solidify, soften and repeat the process over again. Burger clutched his stomach as if he was having an ulcer but ten times worse. Boingo's body stretched and twisted into odd, malformed shapes. Bombshell appeared to be surrounded by sparks and small explosions like fire crackers. Buggy's eyes began red and his vision segmented as appendages sprung forth from his little body. They cried in agony as Mr. M and Dr. Boarman simply watched as them seemed to suffer through a hellish array of pain. Finally after about ten excruciating minutes, The beagles collapsed and Dr. Boarman shut down the generator.

"I believe that's enough. Let's check on them," Dr. Boarman said before they headed to the chamber entrance.

As They entered in the chamber looking at the collapsed thugs, Brainy began to stir. He looked up to Mr. M and Dr. Boarman as his eyes began to glow and he smirked.

Few days later, Gosalyn as Darkwing Duckette drove through the city streets on the Ratcatcher 2.0 patrolling for any signs of trouble. It was was still pretty early in the evening, about 5:30, so the streets were relatively quiet. As she turned down one of the side streets however Dewey came on her bike's computer screen.

"DW, got some info on a crime in progress from the police radio," said Dewey.

"Fill me in, Pal o' mine," Darkwing replied.

"There's a robbery going on at the 5th Avenue Bank. Police are having trouble taking down the perps," Dewey informed his partner, "Report describes them as dog faced thugs wearing black masks, red shirts--"

"--and blue pants? Beagle Boys again?" Darkwing asked with a sigh, "Geez. Don't they know when to give up?"

"Well, given that their fathers and uncles have tried to break into Uncle Scrooge's Money Bin over several hundred times, I'd say no," Dewey said.

"Persistence must be a genetic trait," Darkwing said steering her bike towards a route which would lead her to 5th Avenue, "I'm on my way."

"Be careful, DW. Police reports are sketchy but it sounds like the Beagles have got their hands on some heavy artillery," Dewey warned, "Electrical weapons, acid projectiles, and bizarre explosives."

"Relax. I got this. They're just a bunch of thugs that need some sense knocked into 'em," She said driving up to the bank.

With police at the entrance, Darkwing pulled into a small alley, parked the Ratcatcher, and snuck into the

building. As she entered, the scene looked similar to her first encounter with the Beagle Boys but a little different. While the vault was opened with some form of explosive force, there were no hostages but unconscious bank workers and security guards. Some of them looked like they had been zapped by electricity and some appeared covered in soot like they took a bomb full blast but without the shrapnel. As Darkwing knelt down to examine one of the victims, she heard a chuckle come from the vault entrance. She looked to find Brainy, Blitz, Burger, and Bombshell standing at the entrance.

“Well look who came to the party?” said Brainy.

“And here I thought there was no crook stupid enough to return to the scene of a crime but you guys proved me wrong,” Darkwing quipped.

“We’ll see who looks stupid after we’re through with you,” Brainy said, “Buggy, why don’t you say hi to Darkwing Ducky?”

Darkwing heard some buzzing coming from behind her almost like a fly recorded on a massive amp. Much to her surprise, she wasn’t too far off as she saw Buggy fly towards her with large red segmented eyes, antennae, insectoid wings, and extra limbs.

“Pleazzzzure to make your acquaintanzzzzzzz,” Buggy said as he lunged for Darkwing.

Though Darkwing avoided him, Buggy still managed to graze the cowled canard’s costume before landing beside his kin.

“Ok, I wasn’t expecting that,” Darkwing said.

“Blitz, zap her,” Brainy directed.

“Thought you’d never ask,” Blitz said raising his hand towards Darkwing and firing an arc of electricity towards her.

“Or that,” Darkwing said as she attempted to dodge.

While she avoided a direct hit to her chest, the arc still struck Darkwing in the shoulder. She felt the force of the shock but remained standing.

“DW! What was that?” Dewey said over the suit’s communicator, “The suit just registered a large surge of electricity.”

“No kidding,” She replied, “Looks like the beagles got juiced up but I’ve still got the edge on ‘em.”

Darkwing went to her pouches and pulled out three discs which she threw at the beagles. The jail house hounds however dispensed with them without much effort in their own ways. Bombshell raised her left hand to catch one of the discs and when she caught it, the disc exploded out of nowhere. Brainy simply

looked at the disc with his eyes glowing and the disc stopped in mid air before flying back towards Darkwing. She dodged it but was nonetheless stunned by what she was witnessing. Burger on the other hand actually ate the disc, chomping down on the weapon like it was hard candy.

“Mmm, has a nice flavor and crunch to it,” Burger retorted, “But I wonder if it flies as well after being a little chewed.”

Burger spat out a large greenish glob towards Darkwing. The Masked Mallard dodged it, saw the glob hit the floor and eat a hole in the tiles like acid.

“What the hell happened to you guys?” Darkwing said.

“Don’t be so surprised, Darkwing. You’ve yet to see the rest of the family,” Brainy said before whistling, “Yo, Brick! Boingo! Come and reintroduce yourselves.”

Brick and Boingo came out from the vault.

“With pleasure, Cuz,” Brick replied as he and Boingo went at Darkwing.

“Pardon my reach! Hahahaha!” Boingo chuckled as he threw a punch and his arm stretched towards Darkwing.

A little too surprised by this, Darkwing managed to be hit by the on coming fist. As she recovered from the hit, She found herself face to face with Brick. She noticed some minor differences to his skin, seeing some crags and cracks like he was a stone statue. Reacting as best she could, Darkwing punched his stomach but rather than a subtle amount of give to his flesh, it felt as hard as rock.

“Ah!” Darkwing said as she reared her hand back in pain.

“Feels like a tickle,” Brick commentated on her attack before throwing a few punches to her, accompanied by Boingo’s punches as well.

She tried to block and dodge with very little success as each blow was just painful as if not more than the last. If not for the suit, nearly every bone in her body would’ve been shattered but that didn’t make the blow any less hurtful. Finally though the three way battle came to a screeching halt when Darkwing was pushed by an unseen force into a wall and she fell to the ground, every part of her body aching.

“What-what the hell happened to you guys?” Darkwing asked quietly.

Brainy approached his eyes glowing and gestured with his hand causing her to be lifted up. He came up to her.

“We were given these powers by an generous benefactor who would prefer to remain anonymous,” Brainy said, “I’ve also gotta say you’re history, Darkwing. The Beagle Boys rule this city now.”

In response, Darkwing reached out to Brainy, grabbed him by the shoulder, and head butted him. Irritated by this, Brainy flung her against the wall again and she subsequently dropped to the floor once again. He grabbed his head and looked over to his female cousin.

“Bombshell, if you would?” He suggested.

“Gladly, cuz,” She said walking over and putting her palm to the wall. Orange sparks flickered from her hand and a small explosion shook the wall, sending large chunks of debris down on Darkwing.

With their opponent defeated, the Beagles left the bank with several bags of cash in hand. Shortly afterwards, Darkwing managed to pull herself from the rubble and groaned with discomfort.

“Gosalyn, Come in! Are you there?!?” Dewey yelled over the com.

“Not so loud. I’ve got this massive headache,” Darkwing replied.

An hour or so later, Gosalyn was sitting in the lair as she and Dewey applied medical attention to her body. They wrapped a few bandages to the wounded areas and applied a special salve that helped quicken the healing process.

“This is not a good turn of events,” Dewey said after hearing all of Gosalyn’s story, “Electricity manipulation, insect body parts, combustion, near invulnerability, superhuman strength, elasticity, superhuman digestive system, and telekinesis? Where did the beagles get these powers?”

“I don’t know. Maybe they went playing in some nuclear waste,” Gosalyn said, “I could really care less.”

“You ought to care more. If not for the suit, you’d be in traction right now,” Dewey replied.

“They sucker punched me. I’ll get the drop on ‘em next time,” Gosalyn explained.

“How? We don’t know where they are,” Dewey said.

“Yes, we do,” Gosalyn looked at him with a smirk, “Bring up the radar.”

Dewey opened the tracking system from his computer setup and brought up a satellite map of St. Canard. On the map, there was a blinking light in an area of the city. Dewey turned back to her.

“You tagged one of them with one of our tracers,” Dewey said.

Gosalyn nodded, “Yep. Is the tracer moving at all?”

“No, they stopped on Welker St. Why?”

“Because I’m gonna go pay ‘em a little visit,” Gosalyn said starting to put her suit back on.

“Gosalyn, wait a moment,” Dewey said, “You already suffered a few injuries from your last encounter with them. You don’t even know the full extent of their powers.”

“I can handle it,” Gosalyn said leaving the room and heading for the exit, “I’ll be back after I kick a little ass.”

“Gosalyn!” Dewey yelled to her but she wouldn’t listen and was already half way out the door.

Dewey sighed and reclined in his chair. He looked back at his computer monitor, watching Gosalyn’s signal heading towards the beagles’ location. Dewey ran his hand through his feathers and looked towards a metallic compartment on the wall across from him, contemplating his next move.

Across town, The Beagles rejoiced their successful bank robbery. They played with their loot happily, running their hands through the bills and gems they had swiped from the vault at the bank.

“Hehehe! Look at all this loot!” Said Boingo.

“Yeah, even some of our good days back in Duckburg weren’t nearly this good,” commented Blitz.

“Just you wait, Little Bro,” Brainy said, “With these new powers and Darkwing Duckette out of the way, Nothing’s gonna stop us.”

Almost on cue, Darkwing smashed through the window into the room, kicking Brainy in the face. Brainy fell back into his relatives, placing his hand on his aching face.

“Don’t be so quick to dismiss me,” Darkwing said.

Brainy held his face for a moment, his expression contorting in irritation and anger.

“Blitz!” He commanded, “Zap that dame!”

Blitz nodded and moved towards Darkwing at lightning speed. Though her suit enhanced her reflexes and agility, Darkwing was having trouble dodging and just narrowly got around several attacks from Blitz’s electrically charged fists. While dodging Darkwing grabbed a few discs from her pouches and threw them at Blitz. Blitz dodged them allowing Darkwing a slim shot which she took, throwing a few punches to the Beagle Boy’s face and solar plexus momentarily sending him to the floor. She turned around to try and deal more damage to the others and found herself face to face with Brick.

“Crap,” She muttered as Brick prepared to attack.

The gargantuan goon brought his fists down to where the caped canard stood. Though she dodged Brick's attack the beagle still created a small crater where the duck do-gooder once stood. Taking her chance, Darkwing threw a punch to Brick's back. A loud CRACK was heard as her fist connected with the mutant mutt's hide. Darkwing cringed and winced in pain. Even with the augmentation the suit provided to her strength, She couldn't make a dent in his skin with a physical attack and even with the padded protection of the suit, her bones could only take so much punishment. Brick smirked at Darkwing's pain and swung his arm around to get her. The canard crusader tried to block out the pain and dodged the swinging arm. She leapt on to Brick's back and went to her pouches, pulling out a small disc like device and stuck it to Brick's back. She flipped off him, dodged his flailing arms trying to make a grab for her, and jumped back a bit. The strange device on Brick's back started to blink and beep before finally letting off a small explosion that kicked Brick through a wall.

"I should get into the demolition business," Darkwing quipped to herself before being set upon by Boingo who threw a few stretchy punches towards her and chased her into another room. Meanwhile, the remaining beagles tended to their leader.

"Cuz, You ok?" Bombshell asked.

"Far from Ok, Shelly. I'm pissed off," Brainy stated, "How did she find us?"

"Hey what's this on your back?" Burger said pulling off a small blinking device in the shape of a capital D.

He showed it to his cousin and leader who examined it with irritation, "It's probably a tracking gizmo. That's how she found us. Mind disposin' of this, BJ?"

Brainy tossed it to Burger who promptly chewed it up with crunching, chewing sounds.

"What do we do nnnnow?" Buggy asked, "Should we juzzzt beat Darkwing up?"

"We will but we gotta get outta here. If she found us here, the cops could too," Brainy said, "Burger. Buggy. You two get the loot out to the van."

"What about you guys?" Burger asked.

"Me, Bombshell, Blitz, and the others are gonna make sure Darkwing doesn't get up and come after us for a while," Brainy said.

Blitz was coming to his feet and joining his brother and female cousin while Burger and Buggy went off for the loot. While this discussion had gone on, Darkwing continued to fight with Boingo. He had thrown several stretchy punches which the heroic hen managed to dodge. With the proper timing, Darkwing grabbed on to one of Boingo's arms before it stretched back and pulled him forward, punching him in the face as he crashed into her. The hit caused his head to stretch back and fly towards Darkwing, head butting her with a great deal of force. She let go of Boingo's arm and fell back into a wall behind her.

She recovered and now found herself facing Brick and Boingo once more. Brick seemed none the worse for wear save for a light dusting of drywall on his face and shoulders. The two advanced upon her and threw a dual volley of punches at her. She weaved and dodged the barrage of fists, both stone and rubber. They did manage to land a few hits on her but she still remained steadfast while in great pain. The two-on-one fight ended abruptly with Darkwing being thrown against a wall by an unseen force. Brick and Boingo stopped and turned to the doorway to find, Bombshell, Brainy, and Blitz standing there. Brainy's eyes glowed as a sign of his telekinesis in action, holding Darkwing against a wall.

"Blitz," Brainy said snapping his fingers.

In a flash, Blitz teleported in front of Darkwing and placed his right hand on her face. He sent an arc of electricity directly through her body. Darkwing wailed in pain.

"AAAAHHHHHH!"

Blitz stepped away from her and Brainy lessened his telekinetic grip, letting her fall to the floor. Darkwing was disoriented from the shock. Her suit was mainly insulated but the direct surge through her face damaged not only her body but her com and lenses. Her vision was full of static and the same could be said about her communicator. She heard choppy bits of Dewey screaming at her over the com to escape but the static screwed greatly with communication.

Brainy didn't give Darkwing a chance to get up and retaliate. He used his telekinesis to lift her up from the floor and smash her against the wall. She groaned in pain.

"You just don't get it, do you Darkwing?" Brainy said pulling her from the wall and smashing her back into it.

"You thought you were hot stuff? You thought even with our powers, we're just petty goons and you're top of the food chain?" Brainy smashed her into the wall again but let her fall to the ground this time.

"Well, I got news for you. You've been kicked off the top of the heap," Brainy said, "The Beagles are here with powers to put you out of commission. Fellas, show her."

With his command, Brick, Boingo, Blitz, and Bombshell began beating down on Darkwing. Punches and kicks rained down on the helpless heroine. Darkwing groaned with pain as their attacks connected each with a different force. Brick and Boingo threw their mix of stony and elastic punches. Bombshell delivering small explosive blasts tearing at the outer layer of the suit. Blitz delivered a few electrically charged kicks to her, doing some damage to the areas exposed by Bombshell. The pain was excruciating to Darkwing. She wasn't sure how much longer she could stand it as several bones were probably fractured or broken at this point. So much pain. She finally gave in upset as she fell unconscious to agony's hold.

Brainy looked over the savage beating his relatives were delivering to Darkwing and smiled. He could feel that she was finished. She was finished now and would be in traction for who knows how long after

this allowing them to get their new career in St. Canard kickstarted. As he thought smugly about this, Brainy failed to notice a smoke pellet being lobbed into the room and going off. The Beagles coughed and hacked as the smoke filled the room.

“Coff! Coff! Wha the hell?” Brainy yelled in the smoky room, “A smoke bomb but who threw it?”

Disoriented by the smoke the four beagles surrounding Darkwing found themselves being tripped by some unseen figure and shoved into one another until they were all in a heap on the floor. Brainy focused through the smoke and broke open a window to allow the smoke to dissipate. When the smoke cleared, Brainy found his relatives on the floor in a pile but there was something missing.

“Where’s that Darkwing ditz?” Brainy asked.

“Don’t know but she was on the ground a second ago,” Bombshell said getting up, “Should we go after her?”

“Nah. Even if she was faking being down and unconscious, She’s still bruised and broken enough that I don’t think we’ll have to worry about her for a while. She probably just ran away to lick her wounds,” Brainy surmised, “Come on. Let’s make sure Burger and Buggy have loaded up the van and amscray.”

Gosalyn woke up finding lights beaming into her eyes. Her head was ringing like she’d been smacked in the head by a large tuning fork. She started to get her orientation back and discerned where she was. She was lying on a table in her underwear. Bandages and an unknown salve were scattered on different parts of her body. Dewey came into view looking annoyed and tired. He began applying more salve and bandages.

“After the suit’s repaired, I’m making an update to the software. Some sort of lockdown mode to stop you from doing stupid stuff like this,” Dewey said.

“Where am I?” Gosalyn asked wearily.

“Back at the lair. We’re lucky the department had some of this medicinal salve to cut your healing time in half,” Dewey said, “Otherwise, we’d have to come up with a very creative cover story to explain why you would be in the hospital.”

“What happened to the beagles?” Gosalyn asked.

“Gone. My guess is they found your tracer and ditched their hideout when you found them.”

“How did I get away?”

“You didn’t. I got you out of there,” Dewey said.

“You? How?” Gosalyn asked starting to sit up, though she still felt some aching.

“I used a prototype of your suit to sneak in and get you out of there. I used a smoke pellet and the cloaking function to slip in without much trouble,” Dewey said, “I’ll keep it around just in case something like this happens again.”

Dewey went over to the suit lying on a separate table. Patches of the outer layer removed showing something resembling circuitry underneath. Dewey tended to it with some special tools Gosalyn herself was unfamiliar with. Dewey looked back at Gosalyn and saw her looking a little melancholy. As irritated as he was that she nearly got herself killed, He was still her friend and was worried about her.

“You alright, Gos?” He asked.

“No. No, I’m not, D,” she said, “You were right. I got in over my head and nearly got myself killed. I’m not sure I can beat these guys.”

“You can beat ‘em, Gos,” Dewey reassured her, “But not with just brute force and a supersuit. You can with your wits about you.”

Gosalyn listened to him kind of feeling stupid that she’d been so stubborn and forgot this.

“We knew when we got into this little business that we’d meet up with guys who tougher and better in certain areas and we knew eventually like any superhero, we were gonna end up going up against super powered baddies,” Dewey said, “It’s part of the job. Your dad faced a few superpowered villains in his day.”

“Yeah, and nearly lost to some of them,” Gosalyn commented.

“But he didn’t. He fought them and won several times and he did it with his mind, his skill-”

“And lots of luck,” Gosalyn finished with a smile.

“Well, we may not have luck on our side as much but we still have skill and your wits,” Dewey said, “My Uncle Scrooge once told me and my brothers that his father told him to work smarter, not harder. I’ve taken this to mean you have to use your head when muscle can only get you so far.”

“You’re right, D. I should be using my smarts against these guys,” She replied.

“And I have just the new toy you can use against them,” Dewey said, handing Gosalyn a gun with a large barrel and dark purple decorations to it.

“A gun? D, you know I don’t use-,”

“Ah-ah. This isn’t a normal gun, DW. It’s a little weapon no Darkwing Duck should be without; A gas

gun,” Dewey said.

“A Gas Gun?”

“Well technically, it’s more of a compact, hand-held gas grenade launcher but semantics,” Dewey said, “And I have some special ammo along with a few other toys you can get creative with.”

Gosalyn gained a triumphant smile, thinking she could definitely beat the beagles when they next met.

“Yeah. Thanks, D-ouch!” Gosalyn groaned as she attempted to get up and felt the ache of her sore body.

Dewey came up and gave her some support, “Easy, Gos. The salve will heal you up fast but it’s not instant. I’d give it a day or so before you can go out in the field.”

“But what about the Beagles? What if their trail goes cold?” She asked.

“No worries. When I came to get you, I placed a tracer on their van. I’ll tell you when they make a move,” Dewey reassured her, “Come on, I’ll take you home so you can get some rest.”

Two days later, The Beagles had settled into another uninhabited apartment complex. Not as run down as the last one but certainly not a place people would go normally. They were mainly settled in with some furniture and a few other amenities they had bought from a shady pawn shop which was the only place that would accept cash from wanted crooks like them. Burger and Boingo were playing on a gaming console while the others lounged about, save for Blitz and Brainy were discussing their next heist.

“I think the next place we should hit is the Fortress Bank on Drake St.,” Blitz said, “What do you think Brainy?”

“I think you’re thinking too small, Blitz Boy. I say we hit the Gold Depository, east of Canard Tower,” Brainy said confidently.

“The one owned by the Feds?” Blitz inquired.

“Yeah, we got the firepower needed. Brick could smash through the walls like that and Bombshell could blow up the vault door no problem,” Brainy explained, “We can be off with all that money without any trouble.”

“I don’t know Brainy. Seems a little risky,” Blitz said cautiously.

“Come on, Blitz. You talking like we’re just street thugs. The feds don’t scare me. We have these powers and we can use ‘em however we wish,” Brainy said, “So why not use ‘em to show this city who we are. We could own this town!”

“Don’t go overestimating yourself,” said a voice from behind.

Brainy and Blitz froze looking back to see Mr. M standing there. Brainy stood up from his chair.

“Mr. M? What are you doing here? How did you find us?” Brainy asked.

“I have eyes and ears throughout the city. Little goes on in the streets of St. Canard without my knowing,” Mr. M explained, “However, I’m unaware of why you moved from your previous hideout to this one.”

Brainy was going to ask more but noticed that behind Mr. M was Dr. Boarman holding a tablet and a strange metallic device.

“What’s the Doc doing here?” Brainy asked.

“I’m here for your check ups,” Dr. Boarman explained and began to examine the other beagles, waving the device over Buggy and Burger.

“Check ups? I thought you did that last week before you let us loose,” Brainy said.

“Yes, I did but this is a follow up to check on any side effects,” Dr. Boarman explained with his back turned to Brainy and he examined Bombshell.

“Side effects? Like our powers?” Bombshell asked.

“Yes and no. Your powers are the most prominent effect of the Suinium Radiation but there could be other effects I have not yet documented or have seen in previous experiments,” Dr. Boarman said.

“Other side effects? What do you mean like Cancer or somethin’?” Brainy asked, “I thought you said that Suinium junk was safe!”

“I never said such a thing. I stated that very few of my test subjects showed any signs of ill effects,” He said examining Buggy, “So far, none of you show any signs of the ill effects found in some of my...less fortunate subjects.”

Before Brainy could drill the doc for any more information, Mr. M intervened.

“Brainy, I inquired something of you. Why did you leave your previous abode?” Mr. M asked with a more forceful tone.

“We had an uninvited guest who wore a mask and a stupid looking hat,” Brainy explained.

“Darkwing.”

“Yep, she placed a gizmo on my back and tracked us down to our hideout,” Brainy explained.

“And you’re sure she didn’t put a tracer on you or one of your relatives before you left?” Mr. M inquired.

“Yep. Checked everybody but I don’t think she’ll be trying anything like that again in her condition,” Brainy smugly answered.

“What do you mean?”

“Let’s just say she got more than she bargained for.”

“So you disposed of her then?”

Brainy paused, “Well, not exactly disposed like that.”

“So she escaped you.” Mr. M said dryly.

“Hey, we kicked the costumed freak’s ass. Even if she escaped, she’d be in traction right now,” Brainy said, “I doubt she’ll be causing any trouble for my gang or your racket.”

Mr. M raised an eyebrow, “I should hope so. Anyways, I came here additionally to hire your group for a job.”

“A job? We ain’t done a job for anybody in a while,” Brainy said sounding intrigued, “What’s the score?”

“Tortsla Tech has an experimental satellite transmitter in their 5th warehouse near their company headquarters. It would prove most beneficial to my organization.” Mr. M said holding a holographic projector displaying the transmitter, “I want you to steal it tomorrow night and bring it to Warehouse 7 on Pier 5. My men will collect it after you’ve dropped it off.”

“What do we get out of it?” Brainy asked.

“Your continued freedom is one thing,” Mr. M said.

Brainy smirked thinking it was a joke but noticed no smile on Mr. M’s face. The criminal boss handed the gang leader the holographic projector and a thumb drive.

“This drive contains the layout of the Tortsla Tech facility. If you are successful, I will give you \$7,000. This heist could also lead to more lucrative work. Sound Reasonable?” Mr. M said.

“Yeah. We’ll get you your transmitter do-hickey, Mr. M,” Brainy said.

“Excellent. Doctor, Are you finished?” Mr. M asked.

“Yes, I’ve just completed their check-ups and collected the data I require,” Boarman replied.

“Then we will take our leave,” Mr. M said as he and the Doctor left out the door. Brainy watched the black duck leave glaring at him.

“So we’re takin’ orders from him now?” Blitz asked.

“For now, Blitz. For Now,” Brainy said, tossing his insectoid brother the drive, “Buggy, print out the layout of the grounds. We’ll plan tonight and get ready for tomorrow.”

The Following night, the beagles arrived at the Tortsla Tech facility. Through the use of Blitz’s powers, they caused a power surge that fried the security system and caused a electrical fire, drawing away all of the security detail else where on the complex. They made their way to the fifth warehouse and with little effort, Bombshell was able to blast a entrance for them. As they walked in Bombshell let out a happy sigh.

“I love that strong bass sound of a good explosion.”

“Look around for the transmitter,” Brainy directed as they looked around the warehouse.

The group searched the room and thanks to Buggy’s flight he discovered the transmitter underneath a sheet. He pulled up the sheet and showed them

“Look what I found,” Buggy said.

The others approached Buggy and the device. Brainy took a look at the hologram projector and compared it to the image.

“This is it. Brick, pick it up and let’s get this to the pier,” Brainy directed.

Brick approached the transmitter when a disc flew out of nowhere and struck Brick’s arm.

“What the?” Brainy said in surprise and looked behind them.

He and the others saw the figure of Darkwing Duckette on an upper level of the room. Brainy grumbled.

“Looks like somebody can’t get a hint.”

“I got her,” Blitz said firing several electrical shots at the heroine.

She leapt from the railing where she stood, dodging the electrical arcs sent by Blitz. She quickly pulled out her gas gun from it’s holster and fired a gas grenade at the group as she landed. The smoke covered a small area in the room and disoriented the thugs. Darkwing slipped into the smoke and began to attack

members of the group. She landed a few punches on the goons, most of them flailing about in retaliation. Brainy was getting irritated and produced a small telekinetic wave and caused the smoke to dissipate. Some of them had been knocked down but were still active and Darkwing was gone again. Buggy noticed her at one end of the room and flew at her.

“There she izzzzzz!” Buggy buzzed.

Darkwing loaded some ammo into her gas gun and shot forth at Buggy, sending a strange cloud of red gas. Buggy fell to the ground coughing and groaning in pain.

“Augh! My nozzze! That zzzzmell it’s too zzztrong,” Buggy said, “I feel zzzzick. I can’t zzzee!”

“Hmm. That stinkbomb gas worked better than expected,” Darkwing quietly observed.

Darkwing punched him hard in the face and knocked him out. As she got up, Burger started launching acidic spit at her. Darkwing dodged and flipped to avoid the corrosive saliva while loading her gas gun with another ammo shot. She aimed the gun at Burger and fired. However the superpowered glutton simply opened his mouth, took in the ammo and started chewing.

“Ha, you think you can take me out with a smoke bomb. Please, it would only be a little smoky and-and-,” Burger’s though was derailed when he felt like his mouth was on fire, “HOT!!!
HOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOT!!!!”

Burger ran around in agony. Darkwing came up to him and took a shot to his solar plexus, bringing the beagle to his knees. Grasping at his throat from the heat, he asked in a rasping voice, “Wha-what was in that gas grenade?”

“It wasn’t a gas grenade. It was a liquid grenade containing concentrated pepper juice full of capsaicin,” Darkwing said, “Can’t stand the heat-Whoa!”

Her thought was interrupted by Blitz hurling lightning bolts at her. Darkwing dodged the shots, took cover behind a support beam and began loading more ammo into her gun. As she turned to attack, she found Blitz in front of her. Blitz threw a few punches at Darkwing who dodged and she fired the gun at Blitz.

“I’m gonna fry your grenade and then you,” Blitz said firing an arc at the grenade only for the grenade to release a shower of water.

“What-No! AUGH!” Blitz cried as his electricity mixed with the water poorly and he fell to the ground shocked and unconscious.

Darkwing smirked but didn’t have the time to gloat as she was attacked by Boingo’s stretchy fists. She flipped and dodged his thrown punches and attempted to get closer but Boingo wasn’t making it easy with his reach.

“Hahaha! You won’t find me so easily beaten, Darkwing,” Boingo said.

“We’ll see about that,” She grabbed his arm again and pulled Boingo to her.

Boingo took the moment and figured he had the advantage. However, Darkwing let go of his arm and caused Boingo to stop a few feet short of her. She aimed her gun at him and launched a grenade at Boingo that unleashed a cloud of white fog. Boingo was unimpressed even if the smoke felt kind of chilly.

“What’s this? A little white smoke? It won’t stop me! HAHAAHAHAHA!” He pulled back his arm and started throw it only for his arm to slow in it’s stretch and freeze solid along with the rest of his body.

“Wha-wha-“ Boingo tried to ask only for his body to freeze solid.

“It was liquid nitrogen, not smoke,” Darkwing explained admiring her work of the frozen felon when a small explosion occurred near her.

“You maybe able to take us on one by one,” Bombshell said standing with Brick, “But can you take on two at once?”

The two thugs charged the caped canard. Darkwing managed to dodge of few of their punches and kicks. She flipped and weaved threw their attacks. Her kicks and punches didn’t seem to do much to Brick but she did land a few hits on Bombshell. After pushing the two of them a good distance from her, Darkwing pointed her gun downwards and released a large cloud of dark violet smoke that surrounded her and the two beagles.

“Where-*cough*-where is she?” Bombshell asked.

“I don’t know *kaff* Shelly,” Brick replied.

The lumbering member of the beagles tried to find his opponent through the smoke when he was tripped up and fell on his back. Darkwing leapt on top of him from the smoke and sprayed a strange gel on his chest in the shape of a large D. Brick tried to grab her but she leapt off him and vanished into the cloud again.

“You little bitch! Get back here!” Brick yelled.

“Brick, what’s wrong?” Bombshell asked before she felt Darkwing’s fist hit her face.

Bombshell clutched her face angrily, “Why you dirty sneak!”

Bombshell flailed about with her fists angrily but hit nothing. She looked through the smoke and noticed a silhouette similar to Darkwing’s. Brick noticed it as well. Both started to charge the shadowy figure

with Brick pulling back his fist from one side and Bombshell's right fist became surrounded by small orange sparks which would ignite a powerful explosion on contact with any surface from the other. As they charged and Darkwing came into view, They prepared to attack with all their might but before they could attack, Darkwing vanished causing the beagles to collide. Bombshell's fist connected with the gel D on Brick's chest and BOOM! The Gel exploded with a little more force then Darkwing intended, presumably thanks to Bombshell's explosive touch. Bombshell and Brick flew from the explosion. Bombshell landed fairly well on the ground while Brick flew back into a wall causing debris to fall on top of him and keep him down for the count. Bombshell recovered and looked up to see her cousin under rubble.

"Brick! You lousy duck! Your feathers are fried!" Bombshell said preparing to attack Darkwing but found herself receiving the tips of two taser bolts launched from Darkwing's gauntlet.

"AAAAHHHHH!" Bombshell cried in pain from the electricity zapping her before she fell unconscious on the floor.

Darkwing sighed starting to feel a little tired, "Whew, you guys have certainly given me a good work out."

"Work out ain't over!" Brainy said before sending Darkwing into a wall with a telekinetic wave.

She fell to the ground as Brainy approached.

"Ow. That's right. Brainy has the telekinesis," Darkwing muttered to herself.

She quickly loaded her gas gun and attempted to attack Brainy when he pulled her up with his telekinesis and threw her against the wall once more. This time holding her with much more force.

"You are really getting on my nerves. Ever since we got here, you've been nothing but a pain in my ass," Brainy said, "Fouling up our first couple bank robberies, busting into our hideout, and now you're screw up this job. This time, I'm gonna make sure you stay down."

"I don't think so," Darkwing said pulling up her gun and firing at Brainy.

The telekinetic beagle was surprised and let Darkwing drop to the ground to focus his telekinesis in order stop the grenade in mid air. Brainy smirked.

"Not sure why I freaked. After all, what's a glorified smoke bomb gonna do to me?" Brainy said.

"It's not a smoke grenade," Darkwing said pressing the side of mask causing the lenses to become tinted and threw a disc at the grenade.

The hit from the disc triggered the grenade to go off, causing a small but loud explosion coupled with a bright light. Brainy fell to his knees, his eyes blinded, and his ears ringing.

“AAAAAGGGHHH!!!!” Brainy cried out in pain.

A flash bang, he thought along with a string of curses and profanities. Realizing this was Darkwing’s perfect opportunity to take him out, he attempted to get up in his disoriented state and attack.

“You friggin Bitch! Where are you? You’re Dead!” He screamed and flailed about trying to throw telekinetic blows to Darkwing but missing her as he couldn’t focus in his disoriented state.

Though he missed her, Darkwing dodged a few shots as she came closer to him and slammed her fist into his face, knocking him unconscious. Darkwing smiled as she stood over the comatose beagle leader triumphantly while a small, bug shaped mechanical device viewed the event from the shadows.

The following day, Gosalyn and Dewey where in Gosalyn’s office watching a news report.

“After a series of Robberies, the Beagle Boys where finally apprehended last night attempting to break into a Warehouse of the Tortsla Tech facility. They were found by police and security guards of the company, unconscious or in alternate forms of incapacitation,” the news caster reported, “Though their motives remain unknown at the point, authorities believe the Beagles may have been attempting to steal technology from the company and sell it to unscrupulous buyers. They have been placed in strong police custody pending their confinement to the super-powered wing of St. Canard Maximum security prison. In other news-”

Dewey turned of the monitor, satisfied with the news, “Well that’s that. The Beagles are now behind bars thanks to Darkwing Duckette. Glad the gas gun had a successful field test.”

Dewey looked over to Gosalyn, who wore a serious and contemplative expression.

“What’s wrong, Gos?”

“Something’s bugging me,” Gosalyn said, “Why did the beagles break into Tortsla Tech to try to steal some experimental satellite transmitter?”

“Maybe it’s like the cops said that they were planning to sell it on the black market or something,” Dewey said.

“I don’t know doesn’t seem like their M.O. to me,” Gosalyn said, “Didn’t you say that the Beagles would work for others from time to time?”

“Yeah, they sometimes offer their services to others. You thinking someone wanted them steal the transmitter?” Dewey asked.

“Uh-huh. The question is though: Who hired them?” Gosalyn asked as she and Dewey contemplated.

Elsewhere in St. Canard, Mr. M and Dr. Boarman were viewing the footage of the altercation captured the spy bug that recorded the events. Mr. M sat in a business considering things from his viewing. As they watched once more, The Doctor let out a disappointed sigh.

“Well, Mr. M. It appears the beagle boys failed to obtain the transmitter and to defeat Darkwing,” Dr. Boarman said, “How disappointing.”

“Are you sure, Doctor? I personally find this rather informative,” Mr. M replied.

“But Sir, the Beagles failed in their mission,” Dr. Boarman stated.

“Yes, they did,” Mr. M smirked.

Dr. Boarman looked at him confused for a moment, “I’m not sure I follow.”

“Doctor, I’m surprised at you. As a scientist, you should already know that we can learn more from failure than we can from success,” Mr. M continued to clarify, “Though the Beagle boys have proven that they are not on par with my Dreadwing Enforcers, they certainly seem well suited to act as goons, temporary hired hands, and decoys.”

Mr. M smiled bringing up a few schematics on screen, some being special tech and weapons not yet available to the public or even invented yet.

“After all, their little distraction and disabling of the security systems at Tortsia Tech allowed my men to collect data and schematics for the transmitter among other things from the company’s data storage. Apart distractions, I think they work well as guinea pigs. Wouldn’t you agree, Dr. Boarman?”

“Ah. I see your point now, Mr. M,” Dr. Boarman agreed, smirking as well now.

“What is the current analysis of their Suinium Exposure?”

“Well after their recent check-up, the Beagles show no signs of rejection or other adverse effects from their exposure,” Dr. Boarman explained going over his notes on his tablet, “They have shown that Suinium’s ability to enhance physical abilities, produce unnatural attributes, and graft characteristics of other creatures and substances applies as well to humans as it does to animals. However, I will need to continue experiments with other subjects to narrow down variables and maintain observation of the beagles to confirm my findings.”

“I will have a few of your assistants transferred to St. Canard Max Security Prison Staff to give you updates on their conditions,” Mr. M said.

“Well then, things are looking up,” Dr. Boarman said.

“So far,” Mr. M replied staring intently at the monitor as Darkwing fought the Beagles.

“Is there something else, Sir?” Dr. Boarman asked, “Perhaps related to Darkwing?”

“Yes, she proves to be a skilled fighter and opponent with a keen mind, along with fairly good resources,” Mr. M explained, “She could to be quite a pain or quite useful. We’ll have to wait and see.”

To Be Continued