

Worship

Von Rose-de-Noire

Kapitel 2: Let's get dangerous!

LET'S GET DANGEROUS!

Gosalyn stepped out of the blue chair in to the tower, alarmed by a strange sound she wheeled around, only to see her Dad and Launchpad Mc Quack sitting in the middle of a big puddle and tangled up in a passionate kiss.

After a moment of pure surprise the teenager smiled and gave a slight cough.

Both Drakes startled and their heads flung to her direction.

With a look of pure shock DW stated: "Gos!"

At the same time LP smiled a little bit distracted: "Oh, hi Gos!"

Gosalyn then pointed a finger at them and mocked: "*You* can't do that!"

Darkwing went pale and his fingers tightened her grip on LPs shoulders. Launchpad in return only fastened the hug on DW.

Gos smiled and stated: "I *mean* it: You just can't sit all soaked in a puddle and kissing you senseless! You both gonna catch you a cold!" she then turned on heels and by taking seat in the blue chair again she continued: "I gonna run you *two* a hot bath..."

After his teenager daughter was gone Darkwing asked with a frown: "Did she say: for you *two*, Launch?"

The pelican only chuckled in return and captured Darkwings beak again in a soft kiss before he scooped the superhero up and carried him over to the chairs to bring them home.

Not long after Gosalyn had made sure that her Dad and LP where in the bathroom and she waited for the pizza to be finished, there was a knock on the backdoor.

With a mutter she opened only to see it was Honker Muddlefoot.

"Whats up Gos? "

Gosalyn just smiled and let him in to the kitchen.

Honker tried it again: "Something new in the neighborhood, Gos?"

She gave him then a big grin and answered: "Thinks Dad finally had find someone..."

The eyes of her best friend went wide and he asked curiously: "Why, uhm, who? I mean who is she?"

No *she* at all. Gosalyn thought by herself and chuckled as she remembered the stunned look of her Dad earlier tonight. Not that LP has looked better...

"Hey, come on... let me down Launchpad..." Drake, only dressed with a boxer and a bathrobe, smiled and wiggled, "... I can walk by my own, you know?"

Launchpad grinned and answered: "Na DW, you can't..." he nuzzled his beak against

his boss' and new lovers forehead, "... not with that twisted ankle..."

Drake gave up and slung his arms around the neck of his sidekick and snuggled his bill against the spot of white feathers that peeked out of LPs bathrobe and sighted: "...so cosy..."

Honker just stared as Launchpad with Drake on his arms entered the kitchen and he stared even more as they sits down like they where: Drake in LPs arms, practically snuggled *in* his sidekicks chest.

He then looked to Gos and stated: "No she, I guess..."

To every ones surprise it wasn't the girl who replied.

With a happy huff Drake said: "No, no *she*..."

The new found lovers sat on the couch, DW a pillow under his head, his twisted ankle on Launchpads knees and he tried to stifle a yawn by watching a Pelican Island replay for the fewest time.

"Sleepy?"

Darkwing slightly startled an nodded with a big yawn: "A lot... was a hard of a day."

"May I carry you upstairs, Drake?"

With a mischievous smile Drake asked in return: "Just upstairs, or right in to my bed?"

LP blushed and replied: "Should you tuck in DW, like every good sidekick should do!" he then leans forward an stole a kiss before he lifted the much smaller duck up.

Darkwing immediately snuggled up against him and nuzzled at the tip of his bill: "Thanks for being there, LP..."

Launchpad has tucked DW in to bed like promised, would left and – a strong grip at his wrist stopped him.

"Where do you think you're going?" Darkwings dark voice sanded shivers down LPs spine as he turned to face him and he just stuttered: "To bed?"

With a seductive smile on his bill Drake lifted a corner of his own blanket and purred: "Right answer Launch, but wrong direction..."

For a stunned moment LP just looked in to Drakes eyes, he then decided to obey and crawled under the blanket right next to his love.

Darkwings bill was nestled in LP's chest-feathers, every breath caressed the skin beneath his downs, one slender arm laid on his hip and Drake snuggled even closer to him in his sleep.

Launchpad at his part couldn't find any sleep.

To hold DW so near after all this time, finally to hold him like he ever wished, wanted, *longed* to hold him. But if DW continued to scoot closer... Not good. Or – perhaps *to* good...

"Launch, ya can't sleep?"

Surprised by the fact that DW's not asleep Launchpad just stared him in to the half opened blue eyes.

Drake lifted one hand and stroked absently minded a strand of orange headfeathers, followed them down to the edge of LP's bill where he paused, caressed the junction between feathers and beak with a fingertip, only to replace the digit with his own bill as LP shuddered in anticipation.

Drake could feel Launchpad tense under his ministrations and he almost purred at the sensation of it, so he gently moved his hand on LPs hip to caress his softly snow-white

downs only to find his hand covered with Launchpads.

Launchpad took a deep breath as he captured DW's hand and braked away from their kiss, as he mentioned: "Shouldn't do that..."

Darkwing gave a soft, silky laugh and asked innocently by stroking his sidekick's chest: "Why not Launch?"

His voice dripped with passion LP stated: "Because this can get dangerous?"

In a low growl and snuggling even closer Drake answered: "So, then let's get dangerous Launchpad Mc Quack..."

End