

# Worship

Von Rose-de-Noire

## Kapitel 1:

Disclaimer:

All the ducks in this story belongs to Disney!  
I do not gain any money with them, but I will have a lot of fun with them!

Lyrics: This song belongs to me! Or to my RPG alter ego: Silkfeather Silverwing.

### WORSHIP

*You're the one who catches me if I fall.  
You're the one who comforts me if I messed up again.  
You're the one who patches me up if I landed on my beak.*

There where things they can't be denied by ignoring.  
And I tried it hard.  
I'm the master of ignoring my shortcomings.  
Thirst there was only a meaning of perhaps-he-can-be-useful.  
Then short after, was there a feeling of friendship.  
Now five years later, one broken love affair passed by – she goes *you* stayed.  
And all the feelings and meanings had changed yet.

*You're the one who stands by me if all things going wrong.  
You're the one who is strong if I'm to weak.  
You're the one who takes care of my own.*

My eyes lingers on the deep purple bedsheets, my hand strokes gently over the soft fabric, it was the perfect gift for me *you* said so.  
And yes it was the perfect St. Valentine's Day gift for me. Especially coming from *you*.  
But I'm wondering why *you* should have bought me something like dark purple, silky bedsheets?  
Me at my part I offered *you* just an invitation to a dinner at St.Canards Palace.  
It seemed *you* liked it.

*You're the one who shows me the way if I'm lost.*

*You're the one who gives me shelter in the storm.  
You're the one who makes shine my light again.*

Now I still try to get my courage back to confess *you* what's pondering me.  
All this is scaring me.

Last night *you* took another shoot for me and the bullet went straight to your heart.  
At least, this was what I was thinking for when I saw you go to ground; and before I saw red.

Then short after, when I got my mind back at the cool and all the villains laid on the floor, I remarked that the bullet luckily just hit a piece of your secret armor.

*You're the one who makes my feel good if I suffer.  
You're the one who bring back my smile if I cry.  
You're the one who is my lifesaver if I'm drowning.*

We're back up in the bridge-pillar our secret headquarter, all both of us soaking from the accident that made us lose the ratcatcher earlier tonight.  
You look terrible out worn sitting crossed legs on the floor in the middle of a puddle.  
I hurry up to fetch you a cover and to wrap it tightly around your shoulders.  
"It wasn't your fault..." I try to comfort you gently stroking your cheek.  
Then the song part rushes out of my beak before I can stop it:

"You're the one who is my steady place to be.  
You're the one who owns my love.  
You're the one who is the brave part of us..."  
The look on your face went stunned, your beak drops open as you gape at me.  
I just can do nothing but to blush.  
This really never was the way I would confess...  
When I see that shocked impression on your face...  
The best I can do is to turn and run.  
And surely never comeback!  
Your firm grip around my wrist let me stops in track, you pull me back, I trip and – come to sit in your lap.  
"You mean this for true..." more a statement then a question.  
I'd link our eyes together, try a shyly smile and just nod even more shyly.  
Next thing happens is that you swirl me around in your arms and your beak's on mine.  
My eyes fell shot, my hands tangles in the cover on your shoulder and I lean in to the breath taking kiss.  
Pure bliss overtakes me when you finally pull away and your husky voice forms the words:  
"I love you to Darkwing..."  
With a soft, happily chuckle I state:  
"I always know it: *You're the brave part of us* Launchpad..."