

Detective Mallard Book 2

"The Quack Side of the Law"

The moon hung low over Duckhaven Pond, casting long shadows across its still waters. Detective Mallard, once a hero and protector of the duck community, now sat alone in the shadows of his nest. A single vial of Q1 glinted in the dim light, the substance that had pulled him into the depths of addiction and destruction.

Chapter 1: A Taste of Escape

It had started innocently enough—confiscating vials of Q1 during a bust, Mallard had pocketed one out of curiosity. Sleepless nights and mounting pressure had chipped away at his resolve. The first taste had been electric, a rush that erased his pain and made him feel invincible. But as the days turned into weeks, that one taste became two, then three, and eventually an unquenchable hunger.

The case was no longer about saving Duckhaven. It became about keeping himself afloat, one hit at a time.

Chapter 2: A Dirty Nest

As Mallard's addiction deepened, his desperation grew. Evidence from busts began to vanish, and dealers whispered of Mallard's growing dependence. When his supply ran low, he turned his sharp mind to darker pursuits. Using the chemicals leaking into the pond from human factories and an old bathtub salvaged from the dump, Mallard set up a clandestine operation in his own nest.

At first, it was small—just enough to keep himself going. But as his product, "Mallard's

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Mix,” spread through the pond, his operation grew. Ducks whispered of its potency and flocked to his nest in secret. Mallard, once a hero, had become the very thing he swore to fight.

Chapter 3: Pintail’s Suspicion

Officer Pintail, Mallard’s young and idealistic partner, couldn’t ignore the signs. Mallard was missing patrols, snapping at colleagues, and avoiding the places where Q1 was spreading fastest. Pintail began to follow the clues—a missing vial here, a whispered rumor there. The trail led him to the outskirts of Duckhaven, to Mallard’s nest.

Chapter 4: The Raid

One stormy night, Pintail gathered a squad and approached Mallard’s nest. The air was thick with the acrid stench of chemicals, and faint light flickered through the reeds. Pintail burst in, flanked by officers, and found Mallard hunched over his makeshift lab. The bathtub bubbled with a new batch of Q1, the shimmering liquid glowing faintly in the gloom.

“Mallard,” Pintail said, his voice trembling. “It’s over.”

Mallard didn’t look up. “You don’t understand, Pintail,” he muttered. “I was trying to control it, to keep it off the streets.”

“By putting it back on the streets?” Pintail shot back. “You’ve destroyed everything—your badge, your reputation, this pond.”

Mallard finally looked at his partner, his eyes hollow. “You think this pond can be saved? It’s already poisoned.”

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As Pintail ordered the officers to dismantle the lab, Mallard made his move. With a sudden burst of speed, he knocked over the bubbling tub, sending its contents spilling across the floor. Chaos erupted as the officers scrambled to contain the mess. When the smoke cleared, Mallard was gone.

Chapter 5: Evidence in the Reeds

In the days that followed, Pintail scoured the pond for Mallard, but the detective had vanished without a trace. All that remained were whispers and rumors. Some said they saw him flying south, his silhouette disappearing into the horizon. Others claimed he was hiding in the shadows of the human world, blending into the chaos of city life.

Then, Pintail found something. Tucked into the reeds near the edge of the pond was a small, weathered journal. Inside were sketches of Mallard's operation, detailed notes about Q1, and the names of suppliers and dealers. It was a roadmap to dismantling the drug trade. But on the final page, scrawled in shaky handwriting, was a single sentence:

"I'm not who I was, but I can't be caught. Don't follow me. Mallard."

Chapter 6: A New Leader

With the evidence left behind by Mallard, Pintail and his team launched a series of raids that dismantled much of the Q1 trade in Duckhaven. The pond began to heal, but the shadow of Mallard's betrayal lingered. Pintail, now the head of the Duckhaven Pond Patrol, carried the weight of his former mentor's actions. He often wondered where Mallard had gone, whether he had found peace or simply disappeared into a darker abyss.

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Chapter 7: South of the Border

Far from Duckhaven, in a bustling marketplace near the southern wetlands, a drake in a tattered trench coat stood at a stall, trading shiny pebbles for fish. His feathers were dull, his once-proud stance now stooped, but his eyes—though weary—still carried a spark of the detective he once was. The locals didn't know his name, only that he went by "The Mallard" and kept to himself.

At night, he sat by the water, staring at the stars. He thought of Duckhaven, of Pintail, of the life he had left behind. The shame and regret weighed heavy on him, but he knew he could never return. All he could do was survive, one day at a time.

And as the moon rose high over the wetlands, Mallard slipped further into the shadows, a ghost of the hero he once was.

The End