

# **The Perils of Discovery**

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*The Anthill Mob finds out something they would have been much better off not knowing.*

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# 1 - The Perils of Discovery

Our scene begins with the Anthill Mob whispering amongst themselves, excluding their boss, for you see, this issue involved him.

"D'uh, I don't think Clyde's gonna like this," Dum-Dum interjected, in a rare moment of lucidity.

Softy didn't even try to curb his anguish over the situation. "It's just awful!!!" he howled through sobs, then punctuated by blowing his nose loudly.

The gravity of the situation, not to mention the noise, was enough to keep Snoozy at least somewhat awake. " Yeah, awful," he mumbled in semi-conscious agreement.

And speak of the little devil! "What's awful? " Clyde asked, and the rest of them turned to face him, not expecting him to have been listening in. " What's goin' on here? "

There was a collective gulp, but finally Zippy laughed nervously and grabbed Clyde by the arm.

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" He had to cover, and fast - but then fast was his specialty. "Look, your hat's all beat up, why don't I take you get that fixed, someplace far away--"

"But his hat looks fine, " Dum-Dum said, confused, and the rest of them glared.

"SHH! "

Clyde protested as Zippy tried to steer him the way he'd come. "But Pockets should have my spare hat, so I don't need to go anywhere. "

Jumping in seamlessly, Pockets grabbed Clyde's other arm and corrected, " I, uh, left my pockets in the car. Why don't you go back there! In fact, since you're going, I'll go too, Chugga-Boom needs a tune-up, and the nearest garage is a long way from here, so let's get moving--"

Clyde was no dummy, though. He knew something was up. " All right, youse guys, what's--" He stopped suddenly at a familiar voice, a dreadfully smug and nasal laugh. Oh no. "Hey! That's the Hooded Claw! " The others tried to butt in to tell him he must be mistaken, but he heard nothing but a surprised yelp, this voice distinctly more feminine. "And *that's* Penelope! " More determined than ever, he wrestled to get out of the double grasp. " Come on, boys, we gotta save her! "

Yak-Yak burst out laughing, quite possibly with more gusto than usual. " No we don't! " he chortled.

This only earned a horrified look from Clyde, and as he finally broke free, he announced, "Fine! If you mooks won't help me, I'll just save Penelope myself! "

The other six paled. "NO! "

Pushing his way through his own mob to follow the voices, Clyde started shouting at the villain as he came into sight. " Get offa her, you hooded numbskull! This is the last time you nab Penelope, ya hear? Don't even *touch* her again! I oughta clock you right in the--"

The scene was in full view now, and it was clear that Penelope was *not* being held against her will. In fact, she seemed quite clearly to be enjoying herself. They& they were *kissing!* Penelope Pitstop was *kissing* her *arch-nemesis!*

"We told you so, " Zippy told Clyde, who was transfixed, mouth hanging open like he'd been slapped in the face.

"Yeah, told you so," Snoozy echoed.

Pockets wordlessly pulled a full-size mattress out of his coat and set it down.

Yak-Yak and Softy looked at each other for a moment before going into their respective hysterics. Yak-Yak managed "Talk about heartbreak!" while doubled over in laughter, while Softy wailed " Poor Clyde!"

"Uh, they really like each other," Dum-Dum stated the obvious. "Why did we chase him around again? "

The Hooded Claw and Penelope didn't seem to be stopping anytime soon, and didn't even seem to register that they were being watched. " Oh, you *fiend~!* " Penelope giggled against Claw's lips.

That was all it took. Clyde stumbled back a couple of steps, tripped over the edge of Pockets' mattress, and was out cold.