

A Crackfic of the Villain Kind

By BlueYonder

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Idea adopted from Netbug009. The Citadel of Bone gets Osteoporosis. Crackfic... obviously.

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1 - A Crackfic of the Villain Kind

In the great void of space, a small pink and white planet rotates. On this planet is a single city, a huge metropolis protected by a team of Robot Monkeys.

Outside of this planet, a sinister force lurks. The great and terrible Skeleton King commands this force with a bony fist, and all the formless and monsters of ooze bow to his command. The headquarters of this being of evil and darkness is just as imposing, formed out of the bones of thousands of souls that hath fallen under the forces of evils past and present, a curse bestowed upon it to give it all the powers of the ultimate machine of war. It has always been known by a single name, and will be for all eternity: The Citadel of Bone.

But even the ultimate fortress of evil can fall prey to diseases most common in post-menopausal women..

MANDARIN! SAKKO! A voice like thunder, the thunder that comes with the darkest storm clouds (and a politician or two, but that's beside the point.) It is the voice of& (insert dramatic music here) the Skeleton King! The most evil, the most odious, the wickedest, cruelest, most heartless, malevolent, immoral, and other adjectives, too& to put it shortly, he's just not a very nice person, okay?

The minions scurry to their master without delay, like fangirls toward plushies- only, er, eviler, if you catch my drift.

Yes, my master?

O Great and Powerful Skeleton King, my master, how hath you honored us by bestowing upon us the duty of fulfilling your wishes?

Kiss-up!

You're just jealous because you don't have my mastery of the spoken language!

No, you're just a brown-nosing, pretentious--

Can it, minions!

Yes, my lord& Sorta like first-graders in trouble for stealing pats, huh? (*Evil* first graders, that is.)

You forgot to bow!

Sorry, master& They bow and accidentally ate some dirt in the process. (*Evil* dirt, you know.)

Good!

Can he ever speak in a normal voice? (An *evilly* normal voice. Fine, I'll stop. *Evilly*.)

What was that?!

Mandarin said-

Shut up, Sakko! It s not wise to tattle on those bigger and stronger than you.

It s not wise to mouth off to em, either, MANDY!

Ooooh, it s on now!

Oh, I m so scared!

You should be, when you re the size of a sock-puppet! Oh, is that where you get your name from?

You sure you can move under all that *flesh*?

Can you fight in that SKIRT, Sakko? Or is it Sakkette?

Jealous of my dazzling sense of style, hmm?

Don t make me repeat myself!

The bickering (cough*EVIL*bickeringcough) was cut short by a large crack.

What was *that?!* the two minions said in unison, looking toward Skeleton King.

Well& it was obviously& The Dark One shifted in his seat uncomfortably. **It was obviously& an attack! Yes, that s it! Those filthy primates and their boy must have the cheek to directly attack me!**

This was good enough for Mandarin and Sakko, who went to prepare for attack UNTIL Mandarin passed in front of the shiny, new, (and entirely evil) view screens which showed no signs of any monkey, (robot or otherwise) teenager, or Super Robot launching an attack on the Citadel of Bone. Wow, was that a run-on sentence or what?

O great and powerful Skeleton King- you were wrong.

Oh, really?! Than what is& THIS? Skeleton King held up a large teddy bear triumphantly.

That is a stuffed bear. Sakko pointed at the soft toy. Also known as a *Ursidae Plushus*.

Skeleton King looked again at what he was holding. **Oh& I thought that was a filthy primate&** he tossed it behind him. **Must ve gotten it from& the CHIRO ROOM.** Thunder conviently boomed and lightning cracked, even though they were in space and therefore that atmospheric anomaly was impossible.

Why do you even *have* that stuff, anyway?

Skeleton King ignored that. **If it is not the boy and his monkeys, than what was it?**

It was a meteor. Or is it meteorite? Does the Citadel count as a planet of some sort? So is it meteor, or a meteorite? Or is it a meteoroid? Or a meteorite? Sakko adjusted his eye patch as he said this. Or-

Quiet! How could a puny meteor create such a large crack in my ultimate fortress?!

It may have Osteoporosis, Mandarin recited, a disease of bone in which bone microarchitecture is disrupted, the bone mineral density is reduced, and the amount and variety of non-collagenous proteins in bone is altered. In response to the strange stares he responded, I used to live in the same Super Robot as Gibson, remember?

But what does THAT have to do with anything?!

It makes the bones weaker, bonehea- I mean, *master*.

NOOOOO! Then we must be sure of this Osteo-whatsit-sis!

How would we do that? NO, wait! I know! We must KIDNAP A SHUGGAZOOMIAN DOCTOR! THAT S THE MASTER PLAN! BOOH-YAH! Mandarin then proceeded to moonwalk out of the room, singing off-key.

Sakko blinked. I ll go find the peanut butter! He cried suddenly, dashing to the Citadel s Kitchen.

I m surrounded by idiots&

A formless walked up to him. You hired them!

Skeleton King gasped. **AHHH! A TALKING FORMLESS!** he screeched, running around in circles. Suddenly something occurred to him. **Wait& I m connected to the Citadel of Bone& and&** something clicked his evil mind. **IF THE CITADEL HAS OSTEO-WHATERN-OSIS, I MUST HAVE IT TOO!**

He then proceeded to scream and yell, running around in circles until he had carved a whole in the ground.

But, alas, all the Odious Emperor of Evil had to do was get the evil medicine the Evil Doctor prescribed from the evil Pharmacy and follow the evil instructions on the evil label. And so he did. Evilly.

And they all lived evilly ever after. Actually, they didn t. But you get the point.

And, that, my friends, is the end of his tale of utter stupidity.