**Mechanical-Malfunction-Mayhem!!!**

“Ehhehe! Nothing more devious than spending a day robbing banks, for some personal gains.” Dick Dastardly said as he and Muttley had been at it again with their evil deeds, both carrying almost cartoony dollar signed bags with loose bills falling out of them.

“Not so fast you two!” A strange voice said as the two crooks looked up and saw who it belonged to.

Hovering from above was none other than Dynomutt, (Using built in jet engines and plane wings to keep himself levitated in the air.) the android doggo who had been a real pain in the side for both Dastardly and Muttley for quite some time.

"Drats! It’s that mechanical mutt!” Dastardly cried out, as Muttley growled a bit over not being part of the insult.

“We can do this the easy way, or the hard way. You decide.” Dynomutt called out to the two, as Dastardly quickly responded “Never!” and tried shooting at the flying dog with a specially made ray gun.

“They never learn…” Dynomutt mumbled to himself as he dodged the bullets, before then coming in diving down towards his foes.

“Grr! Stand still so I can shoot you!” Dastardly shouted out as Dynomutt came closer and closer towards them, before…

“WHAM!!!”

In a straight-on collision Dynomutt managed to send the two (along with their money bags.) into the air, before Dastardly got slammed right into the bank building’s hard walls, and Muttley into a nearby lemonade stand.

During the commotion Dastardly also lost the grip of his gun in the impact, and while flying in the air made contact with one of the money bags, causing it to fire off a shot, right while aiming straight towards the top of Dynomutt’s back!

An almost “auto-tuned howl” of pain could be heard, as Dynomutt now had a small hole in his armor, with some sparks of electricity popping out of it.

“I hope you are REALLY happy now!” Dynomutt said with a very angry tone towards Dastardly, who now really started to regret having tried hurting the robotic dog earlier.

“Going to take me a good while to get this repaired, and you better hope most of my insides are still intact from it!” Dynomutt continued on as he got closer towards the twirly mustache wielding bad guy, completely ignoring the presence of his own canine partner.

Muttley was starting to get back to his senses when he saw Dynomutt walking up closer towards his owner, and noticing the now small hole in his back, Muttley saw the nearby lemonade stand and got a devious idea.

“You’re really going to get it now, DastadLYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!” Dynomutt cried out as Muttley had grabbed one of the nearby lemonade-filled glasses, and tossed its content straight down into the android’s wounded opening.

What followed was a minor firework show as lighting and smoke came pouring out of Dynomutt’s back, all while the robotic dog’s face looked like it was glitching out and crashing right before the two crooks' eyes.

After a few moments of complete mayhem coming from Dynomutt did the eyes on the robo-dog finally die down, as the now empty husk of a body tumbled over and landed onto its back. (With all of its four legs standing fully up in the air, and its head laying on the side, with its tongue hanging out for good measures.)

“M-Muttley? Do you know what this means?” Dastardly asked stunned, before lightly poking at the lifeless Dynomutt with a long stick.

“WE DID IT!!! We finally managed to defeat that meddling mutt!” Dastardly said as he jumped around, and even picked up Muttley in his arms from joy.

“Not only are we getting away with the money, but now we also have THIS!” Dastardly said as he pointed towards the motionless Dynomutt.

“If I can reprogram him into doing my bidding, then there would be NOTHING that could stop us!” He declared, before then taking and tossing the sacks of money into the space between the four standing legs of Dynomutt. (Holding them all nicely into place, and not falling off.)

“Now, be kind and drag this back to our lair. Will you Muttley?” Dastardly asked his own pooch, who just crossed his arms and mumbled and muttered in response.

“That wasn’t a request!” Dastardly said before giving Muttley a big kick in the butt, landing the dog right next to the mechanical one.

“I’ll wait for you to bring my prize to me.” Dastardly told Muttley before leaving, with Muttley giving another round of angry mumbles under his breath, as he was forced on the almost impossible task of dragging the combined weight of Dynomutt and the money bags all the way back to base.

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Once returning to their secret hideout Dastardly (and a very tired Muttley) started doing his little autopsy onto Dynomutt’s body, hoping to make him into his own fully trusting slave dog instead.

Luckily the lemonade splash from Muttley hadn’t caused any fatal damage to any of Dynomutt’s data (which had simply gone into a “soft lock” state to avoid any permanent damage.), so once the bullet hole was repaired then the real fun would begin.

Turns out though that the technology of Falcon Fury was a lot more advantaged than anything Dastardly had ever created, so the evil villain was fearing that he might have tried biting off more than he could chew here.

But if there was one thing Dastardly would never admit, then it would be him not being smart enough to handle it, as when he couldn’t make certain things inside Dynomutt connect the way he wanted to, he would simply force them into connecting until they finally did.

Finally when he felt pleased enough with his works he had the outer armor of Dynomutt placed back together, before then rebooting his creation.

Watching Dynomutt’s eyes coming back to life did make Dastardly slightly nervous at first, before then hearing it saying in a very “robotic” like voice, “¿Cuál es mi propósito?”

“What the…?!" Dastardly asked in confusion, before then enraged, “Is the default language on this thing not even english?!”

Muttley took a good look at the new Spanish speaking Dynomutt, before getting an idea of his own.

He simply gave the robotic canine a good whack on the back of the head, causing it to first tilt to the side in an awkward angle, before then springing back into center position and now asking in English, “What is my purpose?”

“Oh.” Dastardly said surprised. “I guess it was that simple after all.”

Muttley on the other hand thought he deserved a medal for his help. (Which Dastardly very reluctantly gave him.)

“Okay then. Let’s try doing some simple test instructions first.” Dastardly said as he commanded the newly programmed Dynomutt to turn on command.

“I want you to turn left…no, that’s right!”

“Right?”

“Yes.”

“I’m turning right.”

“No! I want you to turn left!”

“Left?”

“That’s right.”

“So right then?”

“NO! Left!”

“Alright, left!”

After that Dynomutt ended up doing a full 270 degree turn to the right, ending with him facing the left side of his starting position.

“Groan…well I guess that is a successful command.” Dastardly said to himself, before hearing the all too familiar snickering coming from Muttley behind his back.

“I swear if I hear you making that noise again, I will take away that medal!” Dastardly threatened his pet dog, who in return instinctively covered his chest (holding the medal) with his paws and growling at him.

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After some more tweaking Dastardly was ready to give Dynomutt another try, as he gave the robot another restart.

This time upon opening his eyes the robotic dog said, “Quel est mon but ?”, but after another wack onto the back of the head he was back to English again.

“Okay, instead of trying to have you move anywhere, I’m going to try using that AI brain of yours for good use.” Dastardly said as he clicked a button on a remote to make a big screen behind him light up.

On it was shown what looked like the stock market, with several lines moving up and downwards across the screen.

“With your super intelligence I am going to make myself the richest man on the planet, by having you help me become the king of the stock market!” Dastardly said triumphantly, only to see Muttley looking very bored.

“Oh, come on! Handling stocks is one of the most exciting things out there.” Dastardly assured his doubtful mutt, before then focusing over at Dynomutt for his first advice.

“Buy in Forest, sell in Stone.” Was Dynomutt’s reply, and Dastardly did what he was told, as he watched the stocks he just bought almost instantly increase in value.

"Excellent! It’s working already!” He said triumphantly, before then watching how instantly said stocks started taking a big dive!

“Drats!” Dastardly called out, before then quickly turning over to Dynomutt and asking for further advice on how to save his money.

“Sell in Stone, buy in Straws.” Dynomutt responded, and Dastardly did just that.

But instead of getting better, the new stocks seemed to fall even faster then the previous ones did!

“Drat, and double drat!” Dastardly cried out, as Dynomutt continued shouting stock advice non stop to him.

“Sell in Straws, buy in Bricks! Sell in Bricks, buy in Doors! Sell in Doors, buy in Wheels! Sell in Wheels, buy in Pumps!”

For every new deal he made things only seemed to get worse, as soon everything Dastardly could see was red lines, with no green ones left in sight.

“DANGER! DANGER! INFLATION! INFLATION!” Dynomutt warned out, before then literally having his midsection starting to inflated outwards like a balloon!

“What the…?!” Dastardly asked before both he and Muttley ended up getting pinned against the walls by the ever inflating Dynomutt, who seemed to be growing larger the worse the stock crash was getting!

“Muttley! Do something!” Dastardly called out as he was getting buried underneath the ever expanding middle of Dynomutt, and going by pure instinct Muttley simply buried his claws and fangs into the now every thin fabric of Dynomutt before…

“POP!!!”

Having the financial bubble pop along with Dynomutt, the robotic dog was once again turned out of commission from the impact, leaving the devious duo to go back to the drawing board once more.

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“Okay, third time’s a charm.” Dastardly said as he once more had done some new configurations, before starting up Dynomutt again.

“Was ist mein Ziel?”

“Oh, for crying out loud!” Dastardly said, as even Muttley seemed pretty annoyed at this point, giving the robot another whack.

“Since I can’t seem to make you listen to me, or use you for any intelligent operations, then you leave me no other choice then…” Dastardly said for a dramatic pause, before then hitting another button on his controller, lighting up a whole other room filled with targets.

“Using you as a weapon of mass destruction!” He proclaimed, looking almost sadistically pleased with this idea in particular.

Dynomutt also seemed to have something more “sinister” going on upon seeing those targets, as his eyes were seen starting to glow red.

“Let’s do a simple test, and shoot down the target over there!” Dastardly commanded Dynomutt, who in response pulled out a couple of rocket launchers from his back, ready to aim at his goal.

Locking the target in place he unleashed one of his rockets, and…it came out with minimum force and simply landed onto the ground after only a few feet. (And it didn’t even blow up upon contact with the ground either.)

“How is that even possible?!” Dastardly asked in disbelief, before then looking over at Dynomutt and schoolding him for it.

“If you were in a real battle you can’t hesitate like that! Don’t you know that it is a ‘dog eats dog’ kind of world out there?” Dastardly asked before turning back to check on his files and notes, leaving Dynomutt and Muttley out of his focus.

What he failed to notice then was how Dynomutt then turned his head towards Muttley, who started to get a bit worried when the robo dog was seen “licking its lips” at him.

Before he could call out for his master, Dynomutt launched at him like a snake, and using his expanding neck he quickly coiled the poor mutt up in his grasp, before then swallowing him up whole and alive!

In no time Dynomutt had managed to make Muttley into merely a bulge in his neck, before then easily pushing him further down, and finally having him all trapped inside of his “belly”.

By that point did Dastardly turn his attention back to the two, and it was in for quite a shock seeing the bugle of Muttley trying to get free, while Dynomutt acting like he had just done “a good job”, and would deserve a treat.

“Oh, drats! Guess I should have chosen my words better there?” Was all Dastardly could say about the situation, knowing he had to turn Dynomutt off again in order to save Muttley.

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“Okay, I’m giving this one last try now.” Dastardly said as he tried restarting Dynomutt once again.

“Qual è il mio scopo?”

This time Dynomutt got instantly turned off, as the villain just tossed his hands into the air and said “I give up!”

“This piece of junk just can’t be fixed!” He said and walked off, before then ordering Muttley to just “Dump it somewhere” for him.

Despite really disliking once again being given the task to move the heavy bulk of the robot dog around, Muttley reluctantly did what he was told.

Finding a nearby ditch, the evil dog just had the ship lowered down enough for him to push the deactivated Dynomutt off it, before then having them both flying away from the place.

Once Dick Dastardly, Muttley, and their Flying Machine was far away did Dynomutt start opening the eyes on his own, and carefully look around.

When figuring the coast was clear did he start getting onto his legs again, only to find them “mostly reliable” for walking.

“I guess some of those amateur mixtures he did really caused some inner i-i-issues.” Dynomutt said to himself, before realizing he even started to sound a bit “glitched”.

"S-Still-ll. It wa-a-a-s for the be-e-sss-t for me to pla-a-y-y-y dead, or e-e-else-e who knows wha-a-at he mi-i-ight have do-o-ne-e to me-e nex-x-x-t.” Dynomutt said to himself, really feeling like an ancient computer hacking up as his jiggling walk started to resemble his botched speech perfectly.

Realizing that he might trip over and crash at this rate, Dynomutt decided to stop and send a distress signal instead.

“C-Come in blu-u-ue falcon. Come i-in blue fa-a-alcon.” Dynomutt said, as he was instantly responded by Dee Dee Skyes on the other end.

“Dynomutt?! Is that really you? I had lost contact with you for so long I started to get worried for real!” She was heard saying, before suddenly getting interrupted by the titular superhero Blue Falcon asking, “Buddy! Are you still alive?!”

“Ye-e-es Brian. O-o-or I wou-u-uld not be a-a-able to respo-o-ond.” Dynomutt said while rolling his eyes. (only to find them rolling faster and faster, before he was able to make them stop.)

“Good, good.” Blue Falcon said in great relief, “Just worried sick about you, buddy.”

“Don’t go anywhere, and we will be there shortly.” Dee Dee addressed Dynomutt, who heard a loud clanging sound happening right next to him.

Upon looking down he saw that it was one of his own legs that had just fallen off, and tempted as he was he decided to not do any “I’m on my last leg” kind of pun for them.

Instead he just tried to say “O-o-over an-n-nd ou-u-ut.” with as few voice glitches as possible, before ending the call and waiting them out.

As he did he promised himself to try and be more careful when approaching Dastardly and Muttley again. (if for no other reason than that this devilish doofus was really causing him more harm then trying to fix him, instead of hurting him.)