

## RP: Another Lifetime



By [Negaduck](#) 659 days ago [Comments \(68\)](#)

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In the middle of St Canard Cemetery, crisp moonlight bounced off the firm round boulders.. atop the entrance way.

The city could be heard distantly all around; all the same, it was eerily peaceful. Beautiful, even. The rows and rows of the many who came before stood tall amongst long established gardens.

There, at its heart, was a great monument that housed an ancient forebear. It was delineated by a circle of thick marble pillars. Between them, in the centre of a number of recessed steps, lay the tomb itself. It's flat surface was inlaid with channels of silver, and the waist high sides covered with engravings.

They would not be resting in peace for long.

[[RETCON IN PROGRESS. All are welcome to come be on the sidelines but if you want to interfere with the action please message me first.]]



• [Malicia Macawber](#) 659 days ago

An odd spot to rendezvous, but given Negaduck's past transgressions, it shouldn't really surprise her that he liked being surrounded by moldy corpses.

She had spent a considerable amount of time on her appearance tonight. After all, she had some... questions, for her partner. And nothing loosens lips quite like a plunging neckline with a diamond-encrusted skull choker.

With wine in tow -- might as well finish it off later -- she glanced at the slip of paper. *Centre tomb*. Right, this was the spot.

Now where was that idiot? If he even *dared* to stand her up...



• [Negaduck](#) 659 days ago

"My, aren't we looking *ravishing* tonight."

There he was, having appeared in one of the spaces between the pillars.

Because of course Negaduck couldn't simply sit and, say, read a nice magazine while waiting for a meeting. Oh no. Theatrics all the way.

And what a night for theatrics it was.

"So glad you could make space in your busy schedule," he crooned, stepping into the light. "I would so appreciate having a little chat."

Was that ominous or a come-on? Nearly impossible to tell with him. Probably both.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *659 days ago*

"You know how much I enjoy our little chats." Her bill spread into a fanged smile.

"Besides..." Stepping toward him, hips swaying rhythmically. "You've been on my mind a lot lately..."

Stopping a few feet away from where he stood. "But where are my manners? You invited me, so perhaps I'll let you go first."

She uncorked the wine and set it down on the cement slab next to her, motioning for him to have at it.



[Negaduck](#) *659 days ago*

The suggestiveness simply oozed off him right until she placed the bottle on the tomb proper.

Cue frantic grab for it, which he a little too late realised was a touch.. odd.

"Heh.. thirsty," he covered, and downed an unhealthy portion quickly, before discarding it to one side. Clearly keen to keep hands free for.. other purposes.

"I actually wanted to give you something, my dear."

Closing in, sliding his hands around those shapely hips.

"Something you've been asking for for a long, long time..."

Ooo, a guessing game. What fun.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *659 days ago*

"Oh?" She moved into his touch. "Finally ready to kiss and make-up?" She ran a clawed hand under his bill, stroking it affectionately.

"You know, I don't think we've ever done it in a graveyard. We really ought to rectify that..." Low purr.

"We can quench that thirst of yours."



[Negaduck](#) *659 days ago*

"Oh we have a *lot* to rectify..."

Embracing her roughly, Malicia's tailend was eventually deposited onto the tomb top. He pressed against her with rage-backed need, rumbling madly against her bill, her neck.

The usual.

Right up until her back fell against the stone surface, when enchanted cuffs would burst forth from the marble itself, restraining each of her limbs.

" ... Including our long standing 'arrangement'."

Getting creative again, was he?



[Malicia Macawber](#) *659 days ago*

Closing her eyes she let out a low, playful growl, allowing him to take control as his body flattened hers against the cold surface.

It took her a few seconds to clue in to what happened. Cracking one eye open, she tugged at the restraints. Golly, these were strong. But it wasn't the first time he had dug up magical cuffs from some random source. After all, it made everything all the more dangerous, and therefore fun...

"My, my, you're quite eager tonight." She teased.

Gazing up at him through half-lidded eyes. "Are you going to teach me a lesson that I'll soon never forget? Make sure I never order you around again? I know I've been a *bad* girl..."



[Negaduck](#) *659 days ago*

No surprises there.

"This," he leaned in good and close. "Does not mean what you think it means."

And before she could postulate further, the blackness from his cape began to bleed into the cold air. Wisping around, it gradually took the shape of a person. An unfortunately familiar person.

Except this time she was clad in a dress like the very smoke she had materialised from. Incompressibly dark and flowing, like her nearly floor length white streaked hair.

"I believe we've met," purred Morgana.

Or was it?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 659 days ago

The flirtatious smile melted from her face in an instant, drawing all passionate heat with it. He may as well have dumped a bucket of ice on her, it would've garnered the same reaction.

She didn't even have to ask; she knew which Morgana this was.

Eyes slid back to Negaduck, pupils narrowing with barely-contained rage.

"You do realize that I.O.U was *explicitly* a one-time use deal."



[Negaduck](#) 659 days ago

"Oooooo, I'm sorry," in a tone that sang the opposite. "I gave the impression that everything was hunky dory, didn't I? That a little bonding time with you and your 'friends' would be enough to restore everything to 'normal'? That your, ergh, 'affection' would make me overlook so so many indiscretions, including-

This was a sore point, going by the repetition.

"-**INCLUDING** leaving me to ROT FOREVER in the backwaters of OBLIVION?!"

In case Malicia had missed the sarcasm, a fist thumped down not inches from her head, hard enough to make the whole grave jump.

"**WRONG.**"

Straightening up, radiating nothing but scorn.

"The one good thing that came out of that is, well, if you float around in nothingness long enough you're bound to bump into people you know." And whom you banished there yourself in fact.

"Luckily all that time had given Morgana plenty of time to *cool off*," Malicia wasn't the only one to experience ice water dumping. "So we came with a plan."

Or more 'I came up with ingenious plan because I am amazing' but he was aware that 'we' carried a bigger sting.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 659 days ago

There was a long silence.

And then.

".....Are you a complete and utter *moron*?"

Completely the response he was expecting, yes?

"I didn't leave you to rot, I thought you were *dead*. Everyone did! And you think I didn't search? I tried everything I could think of to reach straight into the netherworld to find you!" She spat. "So that I could drag you back here myself, after YOU got your dumb ass BLOWN UP in the first place!"

"Just what are you hoping to accomplish by bringing **her** here, anyway?" If she could move her arms, they would be pointing threateningly at the 'her' in question.

"If it was to prove just how comparatively dull and hideous she appears in my pristine presence then well done, you've accomplished that tenfold."



[Negaduck](#) 659 days ago

This defence he was clearly expecting.

"You *tried*, did you? Yeah I'm sure you tried real hard when you weren't too *busy stealing my goddamn criminal empire off my supposedly dead corpse!*"

No matter what her excuse had been after years of waiting, he would have been quick to pick fault. To return to see her so successful though? In a way he had never achieved?

"Convenient for you, wasn't it? Countless times you had cursed my existence, wishing - what was it - that I had 'never run you down with that blasted bike in the first place'? Then FINALLY I was gone, and you were free to play the Queen, bolstered by the dregs of my reputation!"

The crazy had built to a frenzy but then dropped back to low, cold malevolence.

"All Morgana and I are going to do is see that wish of yours granted." So kind. So generous. Until-  
"With the added bonus of reversing every second I've wasted on *you!*"

The witch had nothing to add, however to say she was feeling awfully superior at that point would be an unnecessary cruelty.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 659 days ago

"You..... *what?*" It took her a moment to comprehend what he was implying. He wanted to 'reverse' every second... how was that even poss--

Oh.

*Ooooooh.*

Eyes slid over to the witch in question. "...And I take it you're the one who stole my spellbook then."

The pieces were all starting to fall into place.

Back to Negaduck. "So... what exactly is this master plan of yours, then?"

Because I know how much you love to brag.



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[Negaduck 659 days ago](#)

Despite this, Morgana managed to cut him off.

"A time reversal spell. Quite simple really. It's just a jump to the left, and a step to the right..."

Waving a hand dismissively.

"And some other details involving your blood and the spiritual force of this tomb."

Oh. Minor details then.

"The only trick," Morgana continued. "Was that we needed one thing to cast on to ensure you would never get your filthy claws into him again..."

Holding one hand to the light, a pendant dangling between her fingers. A pendant with a glowing purple centre.

"... this."



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[Malicia Macawber 659 days ago](#)

She shot upwards so fiercely that the stone beneath her threatened to crack. But the chains were stronger and yanked her back.

"That's **mine!**" She screeched. "Get your cheaply-manicured nails off it!"

Turning back to Negaduck, eyes wide with disbelief. "And you're going along with this?! How do you know she isn't tricking you into a spell that'll make you her personal lap dog for all of eternity? You should be more cunning than this!"

Time reversal... a highly dangerous and forbidden spell. He couldn't seriously be going along with this, could he? What benefit would it possibly serve?!



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[Negaduck 659 days ago](#)

"First off," Negaduck having finally gotten a word back in. "It was *my* idea. Secondly, she has to hand it back for the stupid spell to work."

No response from Nega-Morgana. But that was her cue. Sneer faltering, he tore his gaze away from Malicia.

"Ah hem. I SAID you're going to hand it back."

Morgana, however, was staring into the orb, entranced. "She's right. Such power. Why don't I..."

A warning snarl. "*Morg...*"

"After everything I've done, I've earned it. Something for me..."

"MORGANA."

That snapped her out of whatever pull the prospect of a fresh, unanchored soul had. "RIGHT right. Here."

A flick of the fingers and the orb zoomed at him. Smack in the chest, bowled him over with a ZOOOP sound and disappeared.

Grunting, and grumbling something about cigarettes, Negaduck pulled himself back up using the tomb.

"Now," Morgana was enjoying this. "Time for the fun part. We can finally remove that *hold* she has on you..."

If it wasn't clear, Negaduck sourly yanked down the side of his turtleneck to reveal - Malicia's mark. Still there.

Not the sort of thing you could scrub out, apparently.

But was it magic?



[Malicia Macawber 659 days ago](#)

As Morgana gazed into it, Mal was having a small fit of her own, screeching and howling like a Tasmanian Devil. *No, you can't have it! I won't let you! After all I've done for it!*

Seeing it return to Negaduck caused her to settle down. Better off with him... for the most part. Assuming he didn't hock it again when his cigar supply ran low, the idiot.

Watching the scene unfold, she grew visibly confused.

"What in Hades' left nipple are you babbling on about?" She snapped impatiently. "What 'hold' are you talking about? I mean, *sure* there is my magnetic charisma, my incomparable beauty, my stunning brilliance... all of which make me naturally irresistible. But that's all innate."

She nodded in Morgana's direction with her head. "Unlike *some* women, I don't need to use magic to ensnare men. Only desperate hags rely on that sort of thing!"



[Negaduck](#) *659 days ago*

"We'll see about that," scoffed Morgana, and hurled a spell straight at his throat.

BOOM! Down he went again.

And yet the mark was still there.

"I.. don't understand!" Out came the spell book - the borrowed spell book - and the witch flicked through it frantically. "That should have worked!"

The confusion passing onto Negaduck by then, who secretly felt totally out of his depth when it came to magic, and resented them all for it. "What did you do, you wall-crushing wench?" Dropping his voice so Morgana could concentrate - and you know, not overhear as much.

"Clearly something has been clouding my judgement whenever I'm around you. How else do you explain the effort I've spent fixing *your* mistakes? Hunting down *your* ex-es? Coaching *your* brats!"

Fully fledged interrogation mode here, leaning in for the accusation. "You VOODOOed me with your demon powers back when you first must have realised I was too powerful to have as your enemy! Drop the act, Malicia. I'M ONTO YOU."

Clueless. Absolutely clueless.



[Piper/ Jade](#) *658 days ago*

It was at that moment, that somewhere from the sidelines came a small little marble sized object. It clanked, tainked, bounced, and rolled right to Negaduck's accusing feet.

A pause...

Then **BOOOOOM!!** an explosion that seemed ridiculously large for such a small little thing. But that was not the attack... the attack came in for the form of twinkling little sparkles that rocketed up due to the explosion, and came falling down like little angel tears.

All over Negaduck. Glitter bomb... literally.

Peeking around one of the headstones, Jade was laughing silently at the scene. *Worth it...* It would seem that Malicia had not come alone as instructed. Or she had been followed.... either way...



[Negaduck](#) *658 days ago*

An expression of sheer dawning terror.



"... yeeeeeeEEEARGGGHHHHHH!!!!!"

The witch was left with nothing to do but sigh as she continued flipping through the spell book before her.

And things had been going so well.

A yellow and black blur flecked with beautiful pink shimmers was doing laps around them.

"It's **EVERYWHERE**," whooped the big bad villain. "**GET-IT-OFF GET-IT-OFF!**"

So much for dramatic monologuing.



[Malicia Macawber 658 days ago](#)

"Voodoo...? You both really think... hah... hahahaha... **hahahaha!**" She threw her head back and cackled maniacally.

Which only increased tenfold at the sudden glitterbomb. For any poor soul who dare stray into the cemetery at this moment, one might think a really bizarre satanic ritual was happening. Which... would essentially be accurate.

Still, while Negaduck was distracted, Malicia took the time to stare levelly at the witch currently leafing through the spellbook for an answer.

"There's nothing in there to remove this 'hold'. You *know* what this is, don't you? Surely you can't be that stupid."



[Negaduck 658 days ago](#)

"Argh."

The spell book snapped close with a THUMP, and Morgana took *her* nefarious partner's place monologuing beside Malicia.

"Regardless of whether that ridiculous notion is true, when we're through here it won't matter at all."

Half lidded gaze drifted up to her co-conspirator who was presently bashing the sparkles out of his hat on a tombstone and in the process nearly toppling it over. "That accursed mark of ownership will add a layer of.. complexity. If the spell is not complete, there is a chance your fates will not be entirely unwound."

"This magic, however," viciousness turned back on Malicia. "Will be strong. Strong enough to ensure that even if your paths *do* cross, you will never infect him the way you have this time."

Trailing a claw of her own over the tip of the demoness's beak. "All thanks to a little sacrifice... from you."

Outside the pillar circle, Negaduck had finished beating off his hat when he caught a flash of motion behind one of the headstones. That rotten glitter bomb had to have come from somewhere...

... and when he caught whomever was responsible, Malicia wouldn't be the only one strapped down.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 658 days ago

There was a flash of rage, but she spoke calmly. "And then what? *You'll* partner up with him? Because I'm quite certain you're just the means to an end. You're nothing but trash, and you will be discarded, even if you *are* successful with this farce."

She turned her attention back to Negaduck. This... wasn't *really* going to happen was it?

Raising her voice so he could hear her now. "I'd like to speak with him." A glare at Morgana. "Alone."



[Piper/Jade](#) 658 days ago

Her eye was on Negaduck, but her ear was trained on the conversation happening a few yards away with Morgana and Malicia.

Understanding flashed in her eyes and it clicked what the negaversian witch meant by 'sacrifice'. Jade abandoned her hiding spot behind the tombstone and rushed for the tomb that the demoness was chained to. If they lost Malicia nobody would be able to stop.. well.. anything.



[Negaduck](#) 658 days ago

Morgana let out a laugh.

"As if you can talk about *trash*. See this?" A small scarlet bag she had come to loop around one wrist. "If you knew anything about real magic you would know it was a mojo bag." Yes really.

"I have charged it with everything I have learned watching him... and watching you." Taking notes, how flattering. "Once I begin the spell these pillars will begin spin once for every passing of the moon, back until before your ill-destined first encounter. Nothing of the present time, nothing of anyone's memories, will remain. Except this." The bag, that was.

Half the satisfaction in winning was revelling in it, naturally. "If you don't think I can use this to my advantage," and twist him to my will. "Then you really are all breast and no brain."

Turning away, as it so happened exactly as Jade made her brave dash, the witch glided into place at what would have been the six of the clock, had each of the pillars represented hours. "And no, you are in no place to be making demands. Now hush that filthy mouth of yours while I prepare."

Malicia's voice, if it reached the devilish drake behind it all, would go ignored. He was on the hunt through the graveyard. Leaving a trail of glorious glittery fun in his wake.

- [Malicia Macawber 658 days ago](#)

The witch's bravado was the final straw that sent Malicia into a frothing rage. **"YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS YOU FLAT-CHESTED TROLL. I am going to destroy you! One way or another, you are not making it out of this alive, do you hear me?!"**

Catching Negs in her line of sight as he wandered off. "GET BACK HERE YOU IDIOT! I'm growing tired of this farce!" *This is the part where you release me, shoot that slag in the head, and we all have a great big laugh, right? ....Right?!*

Because this isn't how it ends.

It *can't* be...

At the realization she was being ignored, and therefore shouting into the abyss, she slumped back against the tomb. Only then did she catch sight of the thief rushing toward her.



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- [Piper/ Jade 658 days ago](#)

Thank goodness for small miracles. Nobody seemed to have noticed her.

She stepped onto the tomb and motioned for Malicia to be silent as she tried to get closer. Jade reaching into her pouch to pull out her lockpick tools...

Yeah... is it really going to be that easy?



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- [Malicia Macawber 658 days ago](#)

She quirked a brow, clearly unimpressed by Jade's solution. Surely she didn't expect to bypass enchanted cuffs with mere Normal-crafted tools?

"He won't let this happen." She muttered, more to herself than to Jade. "After all we've been through, he wouldn't... he can't..."



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- [Scarlet 658 days ago](#)

Just in the light of the moon there was a silhouette... large wingspan, long slender legs... it moved in gentle swooshes and swoops...

Scarlet loved flying. This was fantastic...Why hadn't she thought of this sooner? Being a demon certainly suited her, and she'd already had plenty of fun with it. Glancing down at the scene below—she was slightly aware something was going on with Malicia. She hadn't been invited per say, but she was curious about what was going to happen.

Plus... seeing Malicia bound? She loved it...

But from her bird's eye view she saw a potential problem. Someone was sneaking up to Malicia... well, we simply cannot have that. With a graceful turn she plummeted for the ground, pulling up just short of a splat and landing gracefully in front of Jade.

"Well well... I don't think you were on the guest list..." she purred, her wings hanging softly behind her like soft folds of fabric.



[Negaduck 658 days ago](#)

At that timely moment, a hand shot out and snagged Jade backwards by the collar.

"Need another lesson on how I deal with gatecrashers, do you?" Negaduck rumbled. Glitter bombing gatecrashers would get extra special treatment.

"Technically that applies to you as well, hotcakes." Taking the luxury to sweep over the details small - and large - of Scarlet's new look. "But for such a *scorcher*, I'll make an exemption."

*Rrrrowwwl*. And with Malicia out of strangle range too.

"What brings you here? Enjoying your *end* of the bargain?"

While the crook took care of their guests, Morgana was at work taking care of the spell. The first step was to draw on all available magic sources in the area, so the two demonesses may have felt a slight.. tugging.



[Piper/ Jade 658 days ago](#)

Jade skidded to a stop at the sudden appearance of Scarlet... wait... something was different about her...

She did not have much time to think on it, thanks to the sudden jerking, and dragging, of herself by said collar. Sudden windpipe closing, zero fun! She wiggled her fingers under the fabric as best she could just to grab some air.

Thankfully, she was not the only one who paused at Scarlet's new form.

She twisted around... while Negaduck was distracted with Scarlet, and took the chance to hit him with her signature move.

That's right gents. Knee to the groin. So unfair. So unjust. So effective-- if it lands.



[Malicia Macawber 658 days ago](#)

"**WHAT THE HELL SCARLET.**" Dramatically different reaction compared to Negs. It wasn't so much the she-duck's black magic make-over that angered her, but rather the implications behind it. This was clearly the work of magic, and there was only one other magic-user who could be responsible.

...And that guilty party was only a few feet away, presently ruining Malicia's life.

This was all but confirmed by Negaduck's lack of surprise.

"What bargain?" Eyes searing into Scarlet.



[Negaduck 658 days ago](#)

Poor Negaduck. Cut off from an opportunity for evil gloating yet again. At least this Jade attack hadn't involved a glitter bomb. That was marginally more painful.

"OGPH!" Oh the PAIN.

"Goal~~" he wheezed, and promptly collapsed onto his knees.

Godamnit what was that woman wearing, steel capped knees?!



[Scarlet 658 days ago](#)

Her tail swayed sensually as she glanced over her shoulder at Malicia. "Oh come now, you aren't *really* mad, are you?" she cooed, turning to approach the pinned woman. She'd leave Negaduck to play with his friend.

"It was pretty simple." She said as she approached. Scarlet then lowered herself to her hands and knees, and crawled over the shackled demoness, her wings coming up, as if to show them off. "I locate, and help take a trinket..." she tapped one delicate, sharp claw to the dip in Malicia's collar bone where the pendant had rested, "And in return... I get to be a demon myself." Of course, calling Negaduck's soul a trinket may have been an understatement, but she did not seem to care much for political correctness.

She grinned, her fangs flashing brightly. "And you so graciously provided me with the opportunity..." those claws trailed through Malicia's hair, before giving it a gentle tug... a familiar action.

That's right Malicia... you kind of signed your own defeat...



[Malicia Macawber 658 days ago](#)

Seemingly enraptured Mal gazed into Scarlet's eyes. "Oh, Scarlet..."

"...You **stupid, brainless, tramp**. Do you realize that you won't even be KEEPING this new look of yours, once Morgana finishes her spell? You're not even a *real* duckubus, just some cheap, magically-concocted variation. You will never be a *pedigree* like me."

She turned her bill up in disgust. "I can't even look at you, get out of my sight. If there's one good thing to come from all of this it's that I'll never have to remember *you*."



[Negaduck](#) *658 days ago*

Pedigree. Like she was some prize winning bitch.

And this particular dog show was starting to involve a few bitches too many.

Time to put them to sleep.

Negaduck, whose senses had cleared exactly as Malicia gave the game away with Scarlet, figured the fastest way to do that was to take out the closest and weakest one of the lot.

No offence to Jade. She was a powerful fighter and all. She just wasn't fueled by black magic and a lust for a hundred lost souls or whatever was lighting the fire of demon women these days.

Was that a discarded lock picking set?

WHAM. A freshly sharpened shank would come down on Jade's foot if she wasn't fast enough.

Regardless, it would buy him enough space to get to his feet and aim to put her off hers - with a spinning side kick to the guts for starters.

"Now if I'm going too hard for you-" Condescension between combos, his speciality. "-just *say something!*"

Cackling at his own jokes. He was good at that too.

What he wasn't so good at was keeping check of the overall strategy once his temper turned. That strategy being to guard Morgana. Almost completely obscured by whirling light that grew around her like a tornado, her eyes her but an empty glow, lost in the spell world.

Not long now...



[Piper/ Jade](#) *657 days ago*

Jade, unfortunately was not fast enough. The injury to her foot was more than enough to distract her from Negaduck himself, so the kick easily sent her back. She curled up involuntarily, and after a few noiseless cries, Jade forced herself to try and get up and fight.

She was less than amused at Negaduck's goading, and of course she had things she wanted to say... but, well... Getting on her feet... or foot rather was much more important.

She wobbled a bit, glancing around in effort to find a weapon while reaching for her pouch to pull out one last trick.

Glitter bomb the second...

*Ting ting ting.....BOOOM* Depending on how clear minded he was, he could avoid it. But if his aim was blood a small trinket like that might go overlooked.



[Scarlet 657 days ago](#)

It was clear that Scarlet was mulling it around in her head, as her eyes darkened somewhat in thought. It was a quick process, and it ended in a sad grin in response to an unspoken realization.

"But you *need* me, remember?" she purred, tipping Malicia's chin to face her's. She gave her a very gentle kiss that carried something suspiciously akin to an apology. No time to dwell on it. Her free hand came up, and at the tips of her claws sparked to life a swirling, spitting ball of inferno.

With a glance, she lobbed it straight for the unguarded back of Morgana.



[Malicia Macawber 657 days ago](#)

Like a rabid dog, she snapped back, missing Scarlet's face by inches. *You used me to steal my most precious possession, I won't forgive you that easily!*

...Though beating on Morgana would be a start.



[Negaduck 657 days ago](#)

Okay, so. Smouldering tension between two smouldering demonesses may have been a touch distracting.

Hence when a tiny ball of sparkly doom rolled between Negaduck's feet, evading was the last thing on his mind.

**-BOOM!**- it indeed went, spraying a cloud of twinkles into his face.

**"AARGH GODDAMNIT."**

He had scarcely recovered from that - cursed sparkles must've lodged around his EYEBALLS, he could see them with his eyes closed! - when Morgana was hit with Scarlet's burning ball of badness.

An unholy screech, and she reeled backwards, blasts of uncontrolled energy firing off in all directions. Just as the pillars had begun to rotate around them too.

Negaduck's turn to foot stomp. "That is **IT**."

A flare of his cape and out came a monstrous handgun - something which packed a cross between a .50 cal and an atomic bomb - and pegged two shots straight for Jade's chest.

"Sneak your way out of that!" he spat, before turning to Scarlet.

One down, two to go... that he knew of.

"Now, now, gorgeous." Arms wide open in the parody of a 'let's be friends' stance, given quite away by the weapon still in one hand. "I *hope* you aren't going to play nice."

As Morgana re-focused on the spell behind him, and the rotation of the tomb's outer picked up speed, the 'smile' slid into something which said: because I'm sure not going to.

It was on.



[Piper/ Jade 657 days ago](#)

Piper was mid ducking past a stray shoot of magic when... well.. a couple of bullets found their way right into her chest. The kick from a hit of that caliber was enough to knock the small woman off of her feet. Mid-air she got an added insult with a shock from Morgana's stray magic.

She landed, hard in the grass just beyond the tombstones. She gurgled wetly, her hand coming up to her chest as she lamely checked to see if she was bleeding. When her hand came back wet and covered in a copious amount of blood she let out a couple of quick breaths.

A grin... it ends like this huh? Weakly she pulled her glove and ring off, letting them drop lamely on the grass next to her. There would be no getting up from this one.



[Scarlet 657 days ago](#)

Scarlet grinned at Negaduck and crawled off Malica, turning to face him squarely. "I would *hate* to disappoint you..." she growled, flashing her fangs.

One strong flap and Scarlet left the ground, using the advantage of height. In each hand, twin spheres of hellfire spun into life. Her tail thrashed in a highly cat-like manner as she locked eyes with the psychopathic drake before her...

Yes. It is on.



[Malicia Macawber 657 days ago](#)

Mal couldn't help but wince as Jade was propelled backwards. Been there, done that, 0/10, would not try again.

Unfortunately, her current predicament left her entirely vulnerable. And not in the fun way. But perhaps she could talk her way out of this..

"Forget about him, go after Morgana!" She hissed at Scarlet. "We can't let her finish that spell!"



[Negaduck 657 days ago](#)

A bullet went whizzing over the tip of Malicia's bill. Effectively translated to: hush yo mouth.



Back to Scarlet..

"Wow. A demoness," he smiled in the *friendliest* possible manner. "I've never handled one of those before."

It wasn't like they were right in front of a living, breathing (for the moment) example of how well that could go.

And off he went, blasting at the flying female. Doing whatever aerobatics were required to keep himself out of the line of fire whilst drawing closer to his target.

As many of St Canard's magic users well knew, Negaduck was annoyingly.. slippery. It was a wonder Malicia ever got close enough to strangle him at all.



[Scarlet 656 days ago](#)

Tucking her wings back, Scarlet spun, dove, and swirled her way towards Negaduck, somehow managing to avoid straight on hits from the bullets he sent her way. The thing about being a demon was, well, she was a freakin' *demon*. She was faster than she had been before, and as a demonstration, the gap between them closed quickly.

But that didn't make her immortal, nor was she unscathed. One bullet in particular grazed her cheek, just under her right eye, and another the backside of her leg. He was fast, and annoying accurate. It was almost applause-able if not for the fact the intent was so clearly directed at her.

Her eyes remained focused on him as she neared... it looked as though a head on collision was bound to happen, and with the speed she'd collected it was going to be a doozy.

But... it didn't. She shot up, and over him.

Towards Morgana, another twin set of fireballs at the ready. Big ones. Because that was how she preferred it. Pulling up, Scarlet managed to let them loose.

The downside being she had to give up her back. Pros and Cons... the logic behind the fact that Negaduck had tangled with a seasoned demon for years did not escape her. Morgana was the better, and more likely to be wounded target.



[Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

No smarmy comments as he shot. Scarlet was on FIRE, quite literally, and his counter attack was taking every inch of his concentration.

Besides, for all his bravado, Negaduck had never handled Malicia in flight. Contained their offspring maybe, but the demonlings were more like a swarm of fiery bees easily distracted by the prospect of a mid-air snack or shinies.

No, Malicia had never been this.. agile.

Consequently, the last swoop had him tumbling for cover behind the tomb. Fanning a fire out on the tip of his hat. That had been close.

But, as he noticed with a start, what she was really closing in on was Morgana.

Morgana who, as the magical force spiralled wildly around her, remained oblivious to the huge hot balls heading right for her face.

Balls that, out of nowhere, were suddenly extinguished... by a blast from a firehose?

~~ffsssssHHHHHHH!!~~

Next to the tomb, Negaduck was having a rather good time controlling the thick hose and sending the immensely high pressure dousing not only over all the fire, but Scarlet as well.

"Thought you could do with some *cooling off*. Ha ha hah!"

The freezing water nowhere as painful as those terrible puns.



[Malicia Macawber 656 days ago](#)

"Oh for Hades' sakes, just put a bullet in my head already." Muttered under her breath.

"Negaduck, listen." She began firmly. "If your lengthy stay in Oblivion is what has you all pushed out of shape, why don't you simply reverse time to your battle with Darkwing and change the outcome? Prevent your cross-dimensional demise, and perhaps quash Darkwing in the process."

Because when fireballs and sneaky thieves don't work, the last resort is good 'ol fashioned logic.

"Then we can go back to how things were: The two of us working together to bring this city to its knees. You'll have *everything* you want, and more... just think of the possibilities."



[Trevor Mallard 656 days ago](#)

A rider came out of the darkness like a horseman of the Apocalypse as a trail of blue smoke followed behind. But he had come too late. The shot had been fired before he reached them. There was a wail that could have made one think the graveyard was haunted.

Trevor jumped off his horse before it even stopped when he saw Piper laying in the grass near some tombstones. He didn't care if he got hurt from that stunt. He didn't care about the enemies nearby nor the spinning magical pillars of doom. She was all that mattered at the moment.

"Piper!" He called as he reached her side.



[Piper/ Jade 656 days ago](#)

At the sound of her name... not Jade, *Piper*, her eyes snapped back to fully open. Nobody present knew her identity...

Driven by a slight panic, she let out an audible, painful squeak as she tried to sit up. Who knew one's most guarded secret was enough to bring you back from the dead... or near death... not really clear on where we are with that. Didn't matter...

Blinking rapidly the mystery behind who knew her name was solved when it... *he* settled beside her.

Oh.

Well, she'd taken the ring off as a kindness so there's be no question as to what happened to her... but this was fine too. But how did he even know where she was?

*Wait... back track... I squeaked...?*

Swallowing her blood tainted bile for forced a pitiful smile. "ey.. Trev'r..." she said.



#### [Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

There was something of a bittersweet symmetry in and outside the tomb. Each drake standing over they who they were about to lose.. forever.

Except Negaduck was directly responsible, and was also in the process of directly unleashing his firehose right into Malicia's face.

"YOUR HYPNOTIC LIES AREN'T DRAWING ME IN THIS TIME, YOU THUNDER-STEALING HARPY."

Logic? With a madman? Good luck with that.

#### [Scarlet 656 days ago](#)

Scarlet plummeted , nearly hitting the ground from the force of said firehose. Dripping wet and in danger of showing off more than she ever planned, she shot a fuming look at Negaduck.

How did he EVEN...

She bared her fangs, growling hotly, her tail lashing around behind her angrily. She did not stay wet long as her temperature caused a sudden, and notable increase in her core temperature. The water lifted off her in the form of evaporation.

She. Was. *Pissed*

But... she kept her head. Stuck in between Negaduck and Morgana... cute.

And Negaduck was pleasantly distracted— AGAIN— Fine. She turned mid air and shot for Morgana, claws out. "***I'll just TEAR into her then!***" she said with a savage excitement that gave way to a darker lust that she carried with her.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *656 days ago*

"FINE THEN. SPEND ALL OF ETERNITY AS MORGANA'S PERSONAL BITCH, SEE IF I CARE." She howled back at him.

"There is *no* way that woman plans on walking away from this empty-handed! You honestly think she'd be so charitable as to help you with a heavy-duty spell with no benefit to herself?! Did using that black-hole device accidentally suck out your brain too?!"

Or perhaps years of strangling had finally killed off the remaining neurons in his brain.

Prooobably shouldn't taunt the angry drake preparing to sacrifice her. But logic was quickly sliding into a blind fear, and Malicia had begun to struggle and tug at her chains again.

It was becoming clear now that this... this was actually the end. Sure, she had never quite *trusted* Negaduck on a logical level. She knew, mentally, what kind of being he was, and that turning her back on him was most unwise.

But emotionally... and deep down, there was a part of her that really thought they'd spend a lifetime together filled with near-miss bullet wounds and strangling sessions. Just him and her, and well... all their side-dishes because monogamy is overrated but that's beside the point.

Malicia had convinced herself that they would be stabbing at each other's hearts until the very end.

Guess this was the very end. It just came sooner than she wanted.



[Negaduck](#) *656 days ago*

"*Would you shut it,*" hissed Negaduck beside her, shutting off the hose at the same time. "I've got this all under contro--"

Which was when he registered, too late, Scarlet was charging for his charging charge. Er, that being Morgana.

Fudgesticks.

Before either of them could do anything further, however, the witch completed her spell.

Leaving her free to slam down a wave of magic that reverberated off the tomb floor and upwards like a shockwave.

Negaduck, being closer to the ground in many ways, ducked under the ripple with no effort, but Scarlet.. Scarlet would have a *harder* time at it.

Because if that energy touched even the tip of her tail, she would find her stoney composition more than a figure of speech.



[Scarlet 656 days ago](#)

So close... Scarlet could practically feel the flesh under her claws.

But it wasn't to be. When Morgana turned and clearly cast another spell, Scarlet tried to do her best to dive out of the way. She was agile and lithe, no doubt.

Unfortunately proximity was not her friend at that moment. The spell clipped her foot, and with a jolt, she became a highly alluring statue.

And gravity dropped her heavily to the ground.

Down for the count.



[Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

-under control. That's what he had been saying. Because clearly that was the situation was just that.

Exchanging an appropriately malicious smile with Morgana over the fallen succubi, Negaduck stooped to pick what remained of Scarlet up.

Could.. sort of balance her like that, with the tail acting as a tripod. How deliciously gargoyle-y.

A lot like the statue he had commissioned to butter up Malicia long ago.

Shaking off the thought, it was back to gloating time.

"Miss Featherfan. Always making everything too *hard*--"

A kick, This-Is-Sparta styles, to send the magazine queen backwards into the edge of the pillars. Their rapid spinning acted like a millstone, shattering the succubi into a cloud of gravel.

Such a waste. But counterbalanced, in Negaduck terms, by the enjoyment of vicious destruction.

"The time reversal spell is in effect," Morgana was stepping towards him. "Once the appropriate numbers of rotations are complete, none of this will remain."

From the folds of her dress, an ancient looking dagger, handed to him.

"Now, for the sacrifice."



[Malicia Macawber 656 days ago](#)

Survival instincts had kicked in now. Mal was trying everything she could to escape: Trying to squeeze her large fists through the cuffs, trying to break the tomb the chains were attached to, and, finally, reduced to gnawing at the metal shackles like a wild animal and then at her own wrists.

Chest heaving, blood pooling at the corner of her mouth where she had broken a tooth, her eyes slid up to meet Negaduck's cold, black irises.

"You always have to win, don't you."



[Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

As Negaduck moved into position in the standard sacrificial stabby spot - near her head - Morgana reeled off the finer details of sealing the deal.

"I will cast this secondary curse embedded in the first in order to rip your timelines apart. Sort of like an anti-love spell." Catching the masked mallard's glare, she quickly revised, "Not that you would *need* such a thing of course. Better to dub it a... repellent."

They had demon nip, why not demon repellent?

"Her blood will spill along these channels until it forms this ancient symbol for exclusion." It.. was almost exactly the banner of a no smoking sign - a circle with a diagonal slash. "Once time resets, it will be that you are never meant to be."

Like someone being instructed in the art of the beer bong for the first time, Negaduck listened with wary determination.. but his gaze, really, was on Malicia.

As the witch backed off to the foot of the tomb to channel the necessary magic once again, his felt the cravings on the blade's handle, its weight.

"Ready, *sweetheart*?"

There was a cruelty to pet names at such a moment. But cruelty was Negaduck all over.



[Malicia Macawber 656 days ago](#)

"What do you think?" She spat back, not breaking eye contact with him.

*You will look straight at me while you do this. Look at me and never forget this face.*

"This spell is a farce." She snapped back. "There's nothing to repel. This is all just a smokescreen."

Gazing at him now. "There is no spell on the planet that can repel fate. One way or another... we will meet again."

One last effort to move. This time, just to reach out with her arm. He was just close enough for her hand to reach, and brush against his cheek affectionately.

"I love you, you twisted son of a bitch."



[Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

"Malicia!" Hissed with paranoid glances around as if it was a dirty little secret. And it was in a way. The kind no self-respecting card-carrying villain would ever be linked to. Worse than - gasp! - a tragic backstory!

Back to that word.. she had uttered it once before in his presence. In the early stages of their entanglement, half hoping it would scare him off. But what did he care? It had no effect on him; if anything he expected blind worship. There was no fear it would ever be returned.

Looking back, that was probably the first mistake of many.

But what was she thinking bringing it up now?! What a foolish think to think HE could be manipulated with such easy words. How pathetic. How loathesome. Like he hadn't learnt anything in the five years - FIVE YEARS - she had abandoned him!

... long ago, he had also learnt to tell when she was lying.

"Malicia, you know I..."

Without realising how Negaduck was pressed against her in a kiss, or half kiss half bite, pain and desire and bitterness wrapped up into one.

When they parted after what seemed like worlds, her usually fiery hair bunched around one trembling fist.

"I... can't."

There, above her heart, in the middle of all of that, he had lodged the dagger.



[Malicia Macawber 656 days ago](#)

"See you around... Birthday Boy."

At some point her tail had found a nice home around his waist, where it remained even after her body went limp, and the last breath rattled from her body. The blood pooled quickly at her feet, making its way along the promised path Morgana had set out, thick and almost boiling, like dark molten lava.

Those piercing gold eyes of her remained fixated on him, still open, although it was clear the spitfire behind them had been snuffed out.

That was it. That was how it all ended for Malicia Macawber.



[Trevor Mallard 656 days ago](#)

He pulled her close to hold her the moment he got beside her not caring if the blood stained his vest. He sat in silence for several long minutes.

"I'll get you some help."

Trevor finally said after a bit. The seriousness of her injuries meant she needed to be attended to right away. He wasn't sure what was going on but they needed to get away from the madness in the graveyard. He did not like look of the spinning pillars as they looked dangerous. He had heard Negaduck's voice as well which meant he must have had some kind of a hand in this. He had a good feeling that he was the one who had shot her.

That feeling made him angry.



[Piper/ Jade 656 days ago](#)

"N-no... It isn't going to 'elp" she choked out, grabbing onto his sleeve. Her chest was essentially blown through and her lungs barely hanging on.

Her mind clicked with logic. Increased and shallow breaths as her body tried to mechanically compensate for the lack of blood and oxygen... Heart beating fast for a similar reason, and because her emotions were overtaking her. She knew she was done for, and no doctor in the world would be able to repair this kind of damage.

Too much to say, and her throat was filling quick with blood. She had to pick one thing. One last thing to make everything alright and good before she went to sleep.

Her tears sprang to life as a familiar warmth rushed through her when he embraced her. Nostalgia of better times filled her, and that characteristic sweet smile that was just so Piper crept its way onto her face.

"I love you..." A fact that she had studiedly set aside for offense. It seemed so silly now that it was over, and tragic that she was able to say it with such a softness right now in this dark moment.

Her expression switched to fear as her breathing became choked. In that moment all sense of grace was lost as her brain went into a last minute panic in effort to preserve life.

But it would do no good. She pulled gently on his arm as though it held some answer to her plight, and then her airless gasps stopped.

With her last ounce of sense she made herself close her eyes.

She stilled in his arms, a tiny curled up and lifeless figure.



[Trevor Mallard 656 days ago](#)

"I...I love you too." Trevor choked out the words as tears had started to fall. He kissed her in some vain hope that she would wake up and this was some nightmare but he knew it wasn't so. He felt his heart break as if someone had came and smashed it to pieces.



He said to himself as he laid Piper gently in the grass. "Bronach, Raven Goddess, I ask one more thing of you one last time. I wish to lay down my arms as the Hunter and become one of the Many. I'll give you the rest of my soul if you bring her back and I'll take her place."

*"You ask much, Hunter. You know the consequences of dying without a soul. The risk it carries."*

"I don't care what happens to me. Just spare her."

*"Very well. It will be done."*

For a brief moment there was a tiny light that radiated from his chest before disappearing. He felt the warmth leave him as he started to grow cold. The chill spread through his body before he collapsed to his side from weakness. Trevor could hear his heart pounding in his chest but it began to fade along with his breaths. He shut his eyes.

And saw no more.



[Negaduck 656 days ago](#)

And yet there would be death. To Negaduck it was one of the few things, ironically, worth living for. The rush of power, the sweet release. So soothing and satisfying at once.

Or at least it was normally. Why not now?

Why did it feel.. wrong?

Rising panic and confusion interrupted by one very pleased Morgana, who had finished casting to see the final result, and was herself apparently riding the high of slaughter.

"Huh, I thought we had agreed you would slit her throat, to prolong the agony of-- OH!"

A vice like grip had seized her, shaking but unyielding, by the neck.

**"Reverse it,"** Negaduck commanded. *There has been a mistake. And, since I am never ever to blame, it must have been yours.*

"It is too late," breathed the witch, although weirdly not troubled by his mounting fury. It was to be expected, given the strength of his addiction; besides, that touch would be all hers soon. All hers...

"Her essence has already been spilled. Any second now, the history you shared will never have been, and will never be again."

Great news all round, really!

Except Negaduck, during this lovely expository speech, had been breathing faster to the point he was near hyperventilating. The moment he finished processing her denial, Morgana was flung against the tombstone atop Malicia's still warm body, and the dagger would find its way into her as well.

Not once, not with expert effect, as he at done with Malicia. Horror movies had seen less bloodshed than what was spilt in his frenzy that continued until Nega-Morgana's screeching had long died out, and the pillars had dissolved into blinding light that erupted to the stars themselves.

Bloodied, exhausted, Negaduck slumped against the stone, only looking once to see whether there was any sign of Malicia there. Had she seen it? But no, her spirit had flown. Or plummeted, as the case may have been.

"Good doing business with you, you vile, heartless, evil wench." Was it really the last time he would see that face, feel that touch? "Next time, give yourself a bigger cut."

With the effect of the explosion of a sun, the energy from the tomb's whirling finally unleashed itself on history. Backwards, through bank robberies and Santa slander, past lava letdowns and robotic dances, through supernatural trails and coffee bean blunders. Leaving clutches of one demonlings then another, spilt ups and team ups, glitter bombs too many and a bookstore that just wouldn't quit.

Back further by volcanos aplenty, babies in blenders, hamster magic, icecream explosions and literal backstabbing; back through snoring in sidecars, Negademons in chains, hostages in museums and chainsaws to the face.

Until time stopped leaving Malicia Macawber on a sunny St Canardian afternoon over a decade ago, strolling down a sidewalk as sirens approached.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 655 days ago

A lovely moment, by which there was only one simple thought running through Malicia's mind: Shoes.

Not Negaduck. Not her numerous children. Not her small handful of past lovers. Not of true love, the sensation it brought, the shattering pain of betrayal, and the numbing relief brought by death.

No, all complications had unwound from one another and were long gone -- scattered to the wind of another timeline. Another lifetime.

Now there was only shoes. And Mal's enjoyment thereof, as she pressed her face against the display window of the downtown St. Canard boutique.

"They *better* have them in my size." She rumbled. "Those shoes were made for me!"



[Negaduck](#) 655 days ago

Made for trouble, more like, which was then barreling towards her faster than a jet engine.

A motorcycle had swung screeching out of the heavy peak hour traffic and onto the foot path. It was both a gaudy and horrifying thing, like it had driven off the cover of a particularly over the top death metal band's *Moonlit Werebunnies Dance in Hell* CD.

That was nothing, however, compared to its driver, who had foresaken a helmet for an oversized fedora and the protective leathers for a billowing red and black cape.

Most concerning of all was the only concern he was paying to pedestrians was now many he could run over. When he wasn't looking behind him to scoff at the police forces in reckless pursuit.

"BAHAHAHA!" Negaduck whooped, quite enjoying this latest spree, especially since Darkwing Duck had not made an appearance - yet. "I'VE SEEN **TOMB STONES** MOVE FASTER THAN YOU LOT!"

Not noticing the other heavy landmark he was tearing towards.



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[Malicia Macawber 655 days ago](#)

Still enraptured by the shiny shoes in the window, she ignored the approaching noise.

That was, until she felt a sudden tug in her chest, directly above her heart. The sensation surprised her, and she shifted her weight, stepping slightly to the side.

...Just narrowly missing a collision with the gaudy motorcycle. The speed by which it was moving picked up the wind, causing her dress to fly up over her head, Marilyn Monroe style. Her face buried in the green fabric, she never had a chance to identify the reckless driver.

Not that it really mattered. The odds of her running into the guilty party were quite low.

And so, without any further thought on the subject, she straightened out her dress and headed into the shoe store...



o

[Negaduck 655 days ago](#)

~~~baaaaaaAAAAAAAAARRRRRUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm  
m~~~

The bike flew past harmlessly - harmlessly if you ignore granny's crushed foot, baby choking on its exhaust and the shattering of many windows - and off down the street.

There may have been a cackle of, "WATCH IT FATTY!" but hard to tell over the noise.

And that was it. No rear-end (get it) collision. No scramble for control, no trail of stolen stolen gold, no battle for ownership of one warehouse home.

At least, not yet.