

RP: Coven Get It



By [Negaduck](#) 442 days ago [Comments \(43\)](#)

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Some time after [The Portal Instruments](#). Thanks to help from Morgana and some new friends, Ariana Macawber escapes from the Negaverse. The gate is left open, however, as there is still one red caped mallard to put back in his place...

Standard night in St Canard. A security guard bound in a bank foyer. Beyond that, the vault open wide, and within it the gravelly voice of one of the city's most feared supervillains.

"Oooh baby, how I've missed you." Negaduck was murmuring into bulging tan mounds. "Come here, let me feel you..."

Money sacks. He was caressing money sacks. The greedy cad he was.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 442 days ago

"Aaaaah... I'm so relaxed I could practically melt into the floor." Malicia stepped out onto the street, stretching her arms. She rotated her shoulders and moved her head side-to-side, languishing in her post-massage state.

Until a blaring alarm caused her to stiffen.

Across the road, she caught sight of the bank, which was visibly being plundered. The familiar red, yellow, and black colours of his suit made her muscles tighten and knot themselves right back up.

No spa on the planet could soothe away the annoyance that was Negaduck.

Muttering under her breath, Mal's hands curled into fists as she stormed across the street. She was going to have *words* with him, oh yes. And fists. Many many fists -- not in the fun way.



[Negaduck](#) 442 days ago

Entirely unprepared for a fisting, Negaduck was in the process of balling up the booty into his sack.

Then, a pause.

"You know, there's so much cash here, surely I could spare one measly thousand for the starving children at the orphanage."

Then, the obvious.

"Naaah!"

Ah, he cracked himself up.



○

[Malicia Macawber 442 days ago](#)

"You could donate it all to *me* instead."

FWOOSH. A fireball hurled in his direction.

Standing in the doorway to the vault, hands on her hips, Mal leered at him. Oh yes, payback's gonna be a witch... literally.



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[Negaduck 442 days ago](#)

Barely had time to duck! But the wad of cash in his hand was not so lucky, filtering through his fingers to the floor in a pile of ash.

Nooooo!! The humanity! The needless waste!

Oh she was *asking* for it.

"This money isn't yours to burn, Macawber." Wasn't his either, but let's not get technical.

"What're you going to do about it? Go tattle to the cops again?"

Oh he'd heard about that. Whole reason he had to start afresh, with his hideout plundered! Couldn't trust that lot of idiots to guard a paper bag.



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[Malicia Macawber 442 days ago](#)

"No, this time I'll take care of you myself." She stepped forward, claws wriggling like she was in a Spaghetti Western showdown.

"After all... I still owe you for that stunt you pulled at your hideout. You honestly thought you could double-cross me? Come now... even you cannot be that stupid."

A thoughtful pause. "Then *again*..."



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[Negaduck 442 days ago](#)

"You're right. I severely underestimated the thickness of your skull."

Scooting the loot to one side with a foot, because he wouldn't want any valuable cash harmed in the thrashing that was sure to follow.

"I am going to enjoy pounding *you*."

In other words: bring it.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 442 days ago

"I'd call that 'famous last words' but you're barely noteworthy, so..." She unfurled her claws with a *shhnhk* -- freshly gleaming from a recent buffing.

She made a 'come hither' gesture, daring him to strike first.



[Negaduck](#) 442 days ago

"Didn't you hear? Stocks in busty demons are about to--"

Flying tackle straight at her lower legs!

"*Crash!*"

It was one thing to get her off balance. It was quite another to get out of there and back on the attack before she could get too hot for him to handle.

Overconfident? Never.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 442 days ago

She took a swipe at him and missed, losing her footing in the process. Like the mighty oak, she came crashing down to the ground, hard.

Down but not out, it was her turn to try and make a grab for one of his legs.

"Your puns are as bad as your taste in fashion!"



[Negaduck](#) 442 days ago

"WHOOP!"

His attempt to grab for a crowbar, inconveniently colocated just out of reach with the loot, cut short by being yanked back by Malicia.

Cue one rolling, clawing, scratching, cursing brawl that saw them throw each other across the vault, breaking shelves and dinting deposit boxes.

For all his cockiness, her superstrength put her on par.

Time then to get nasty.

"Let me.. take you to a bar."

Even panting, those puns were stopping for no one, as he lifted a gold brick.

If he had tired her out half as much as she had him, she would be nice and vulnerable to a bit of head banging of the other metal variety.

"You Macawbers don't learn. For all your hocus pocus, no one of you will ever take *me* down." And that should have been the last words Malicia would ever hear, as he prepared to re-test that theory about her skull thickness with *heavy* experimentation. It's not murder if it's science!



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[DarkwingPsycho](#) 442 days ago

"Think again!" a sweet voice declared from the vault entrance. A bright blue blast of light slammed into Negaduck's chest, throwing him across the room into the thick metal deposit boxes.

Ariana stepped in, eyes blazing with anger. She had been walking home after a long day of putting in applications, and noticed the tied up guard and flashes of fire coming from inside of the open vault.

After her attack, her gaze fell on the demoneess on the floor. "...Malicia?" She hurried over to her cousin's side, her face full of surprise. "What are you doing here??"



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) 441 days ago

"I think you're the one who could use a drink." Mal smirked as Negaduck was hurled away by the magical blast.

She recognized the newcomer's voice immediately.

"Ariana." She tilted her head. "I could ask you the same question."



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[Negaduck](#) 441 days ago

Another touching family reunion Negaduck would miss out on courtesy of having his head stuck inside someone else's box. Spitting out splatterings of pearl necklace and various other valuables, the wooziness passed quickly enough for him to identify his assailant.

Man, the last time he recovered to a scene this bad, he had careened a superpowered Icecream Van into the 41st National Lactose Intolerance Convention.

So many questions. How had she escaped? Had he underestimated her power? How long had she been on the loose? And, most importantly, where was that goddamned crowbar?

When all else fails, cower. Uh, that is, stall.

"Ariana, angel, sweetheart! How--" Unexpected? Devastating? "--*lovely* to see you here."
So his chances of charming his way out of this one were lower than Darkwing's on a good day. Still, wouldn't stop him trying, not least until a chance for escape came along...



[Malicia Macawber](#) 441 days ago

Angel? *Sweetheart*? Mal opened her mouth to protest but... closed it. This was actually interesting. It's a bold strategy, cotton. Let's see if it pays off for him.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 440 days ago

"I..." She was interrupted by Negaduck's pathetic attempt to sweet talk her. But he had burned that bridge. It would take more than empty flattery to turn her head.

She balled up her tiny fists and narrowed her eyes. "Don't you 'sweetheart' me!" she cried angrily. "You LEFT us in that Faraday cage and had no intention of coming back. You treated me like...like a criminal! And I don't know what you're doing with my cousin, but if you hurt her, I swear I'll make you sorry." Her hands flared bright blue in warning, and her blonde hair was streaming behind her in an unseen wind.



[Negaduck](#) 440 days ago

Unseen wind was not a great thing for big capes and hats. But Negaduck had bigger problems than costume malfunctions.

She was mad.

All this-is-no-big-deal type chuckling aside, backing into a corner seemed like the safest option. A pre-caution, if you would.

"It was just.. just business!" There, that explained the whole lot. "No need to totally blow up over it."

Like such a *woman*.

"You got your quality time, yeah?"

Just not with me. Voluntarily.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 440 days ago

"Just business"? She was "*just business*" to him? That made her even angrier not only at him, but at herself for believing anyone could ever love her. She'd known there had to be a catch. There always was.

"What 'quality time'? All your lies?!" she shouted. "I thought that there might be some good in you, but the only good about you I can see is your daughter!"

She wasn't shooting at him anymore, but she was still ready if he tried anything to her or Malicia.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 440 days ago

"Wait, this is *Negaduck*?"
Mal had started laughing.

Pressing a palm to her forehead, she gasped. "I thought he was Darkwing Duck! That's why I attacked him!"

Turning to Ariana with a sheepish grin now. "Negsy here can certainly be insensitive, can't he? But he doesn't *mean* it. He just doesn't know how to... express himself properly."

As if to prove her point, she sidled over to the cornered mallard and pinched his cheek. Hard.

"Deep down he's just a *big wuvable softy-poo*." Speaking in baby-talk now.
"Isn't that right, Negsy?"



[Negaduck](#) 439 days ago

Stunned confusion before her yanking instigated the 'KILL' reflex. He caught it just in time though. Lucky, given Ariana was standing right there.

An aside to Malicia through a stretched cheek, which she had better let go of soon, "Mhat're ou oing?!"

Can't you see I have this *totally under control*?



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 439 days ago

Ariana's tension relaxed as confusion overtook her. "Wait, you...? Why would you want to attack *Darkwing Duck*? And how do you...know...?" Her eyes passed between Malicia and Negaduck. The only thing she knew was what Negaduck had said - that Malicia had stolen money from him to buy shoes.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 439 days ago

She released his cheek, causing it to bounce back with a loud *snap*, like a rubber band.

"Negsy here was one of the first Normals to give me the 'ol St. Canard Welcome." She continued without missing a beat. "We're always playing such *jovial* practical jokes on one another! Hiding the

entire city's stock of size 13 left-shoes, jump-scaring me at the pickle factory, getting me into a monster truck ... classic Negaduck!"

"But enough about us." Dismissive wave. "What are you doing here of all places, Ariana? I thought you'd be with daddy dearest, cooking up a magical storm."



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 439 days ago

Her face reddened, and her gray eyes glanced to Negaduck and back to her cousin. "Can we talk about that later...?" She still felt so confused. So they were...friends? Did Malicia know about Negaduck's true nature? Or did her cousin just think it was all a big joke?

One thing was for sure...Ariana wasn't laughing.



[Negaduck](#) 439 days ago

While Malicia provided an unexpected distraction in the form of pleasantish chit chat, Negaduck did what he did best.

Run.

Slipping back to grab as big an armful of cash as he could carry. The big lot of loot though would have to go ungrabbed, thanks to Ariana practically standing on his sack.

This was well timed, for he was barely a feather's breadth outside the building when the police took it upon themselves to arrive.

Sirens, guns, the whole works. Pointed at the two unusual women inside the vault. Another classic supernatural supervillain job if ever they saw it.

"FREEZE!" Usual standoff over megaphone. "We have you surrounded!"

With the actual perp nowhere to be seen. Oh *classic* Negsy, you scamp.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 439 days ago

"Aw *fireballs.*"

Grabbing Ariana by the wrist she uttered an incantation, teleporting both cousins away and to the rooftop across the street.

Away from the chaos of the sirens and now-confused squad of police, Mal decided this now qualified as 'later'.

"My, those Normals... so trigger-happy." She began conversationally.

She glanced at her cousin curiously now. Putting aside the fact Ariana was suddenly here in St. Canard, she also had some level of a relationship with Negaduck. An actual *relationship*, given the

context of the argument the two were having, and judging by how hurt and betrayed Ariana appeared.

How in the world THAT happened was beyond her. But she insisted on finding out.

"So..." She started slowly. "What have you been up to these days?"

Aside from, you know, aligning yourself with psychopathic chainsaw-wielding mallards.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 439 days ago

Ariana barely had time to catch her breath before she realized they weren't in the bank anymore. At Malicia's nonchalance over what had just happened, Ariana narrowed her eyes a little. How could she be so careless in a time like this? Was she that detached?

"What - you want to talk about this NOW?" she cried in an uncharacteristically tense voice. She started to pace anxiously. "What *was* that down there? How do *you* know *Negaduck*? How can you be so calm when we were almost arrested for something *he* did??"

[Malicia Macawber](#) 439 days ago

"I told you, I met him when I first came to St. Canard. He's rather hard to miss, as I'm sure you've noticed." Calm as a cucumber in her response. Well-prepared, even.

"Really Ari, I don't know why you're so worked up about it. It seems you were once on far friendlier terms with him, from what I overheard." Turning the tables of suspicion. "I mean, you even met his *daughter*? I didn't even know he HAD a daughter."

A valuable piece of information filed away for later.

"In any case, it really isn't his fault the cops around here are about as bright as a broken light bulb. They see something 'different' like us, and they immediately jump to conclusions. But it's not a concern, because they will check the security footage and realize he was the perp and completely forget about us. Then life will go on as usual..."



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 438 days ago

"W-well, I guess..." she said slowly. She still felt a flurry of confusion and anger, but now it was mostly because she had no idea what was going on between Malicia and Negaduck. "But don't you know he's hurt people? Innocent people...he tricked me into helping him do something I know I shouldn't have, and now..."

She trailed off, not really knowing the extent of the damage, but having a dreadful feeling that she had jumpstarted something that would negatively affect an entire dimension.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 438 days ago

"Gee... you know, he sounds similar to another male we're both incredibly familiar with." She gave Ariana a knowing glance.

"Negaduck is just a Normal." She continued. "And you're a talented sorceress. If you *really* want to put him in his place, you know what to do. There's no reason to let him have so much power over you."



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 437 days ago

Her face flushed again. "But I...I'm not like that," she protested weakly. "I'm not like you or Morgana...I can't just turn him into something or send him to the ends of the earth... If you're not friends with him, then...?" She let the question hang there, because she wasn't sure what label to use.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 437 days ago

"You *can*, you have that power within you. You're just holding back, like you always have." She lectured. "But when it comes down to it, you can take care of yourself."

"And he and I are not anything. He's just a Normal, who exists to cause mischief and wrongdoing. He's like a small child looking for attention." She shrugged. "And one you shouldn't worry yourself over too much."

"You never did answer my question though... how did *you* end up in St. Canard?"



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 437 days ago

Ariana knew Malicia was right, but the truth was, she *wanted* to hold back. When she let her powers loose, people got hurt. She'd just as soon be rid of them altogether.

"You don't know what he did," she responded evenly. "You can't know how much he..." She stopped herself, feeling it was useless to get her cousin to understand. They had always got on as kids, but they were very different.

"I...I came here to start over," she said honestly. "Father banished me when I wouldn't help him, and I tried to do things right in Duckburg, but...people found out and I had to leave..." She rubbed her arm and looked down, remembering the way people had looked at her.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 435 days ago

"That is because your father is a Grade-A asshole." Straight to the point, that Mal. "Must run in the male side of the family, I think."

"What did Morgana say about this?"



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 434 days ago

Ariana felt her face redden at the swear directed at Moloculo. "About what? Father? I...didn't tell her," Ariana replied truthfully. "How...how is it you're here? I haven't seen you in such a long time..."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 432 days ago

"Well I certainly didn't walk here." She laughed.

"This city has a lot of useful energy, and it's drawn me in." A half-truth. It was why she *stayed*, but not why she came here in the first place.

"As much as I find Normals dreadfully boring, I no longer have the patience to deal with the stuffy, ancient customs of those crusty old Elders back home. And this city is rather refreshing, don't you think?"

And so delightfully devoid of magical law-makers.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 431 days ago

"Yes, it does," Ariana agreed. She could feel it, too, she just chose not to tap into it quite like Malicia did. "And it's...all right so far. Except for that...that snake in the grass." Ariana frowned, but quelled the rise of anger and hurt inside of her. She took a deep breath.

"I heard what happened...at Eldritch. But I never heard your side - why were you in that library?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 429 days ago

Perhaps honesty was the best policy.

"I was doing research into contracts... specifically ones made with Beelzebub." She confessed. "I was trying to solve a mystery regarding my father. He's achieved immortality, and I have... a few theories as to how. But it's *restricted* knowledge, and the answer is holed up somewhere in that damned library."

This was essentially the truth. However, during her visits to the library she had also used that time to research soul reaping.

But Ariana didn't need to know that part.

"And I was *so close* to finding the answer. Until *Morgana* ratted me out." She spat.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 429 days ago

Instead of being horrified, Ariana was only puzzled. "Why research that? Do you want to be immortal...?"

The thought of talking with Beelzebub scared her a little. They were always going on about it at Webminster, but their focus was more on how to utilize the dark arts in a safe, contained way - for good - rather than rampant chaotic destruction and evil. Which was really what people thought of when they heard "dark arts."



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) 428 days ago

"I couldn't care less about immortality. It's *how* he did it that bothers me..." She trailed off. "In any case, it doesn't matter at this point. They've effectively barricaded me from the school grounds, and I haven't found a counter-spell strong enough to get back in." Or rather, she lacked the academic knowledge to conjure one.

"Besides, I have my new modelling career to look forward to."



○

[DarkwingPsycho](#) 427 days ago

Ariana thought back to the textbooks she'd sold to Lily from her time at Webminster, wondering if such a spell existed in their pages. There had been an entire course on counterspells, but it had been a few years now since she'd taken it. She decided not to bring it up.

"Do you still talk to Uncle Malikai...?" she ventured.

At Malicia's last statement, Ariana blinked and smiled. She hadn't expected that at all, but was happy for her cousin. "Oh - a modelling career? That sounds wonderful, Malicia...I'm so happy for you."



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[Malicia Macawber](#) 427 days ago

"I have not seen or heard from my father in almost a decade. Good riddance. If I'm fortunate, I won't hear from him ever again." No love there, that was for certain.

"But what about you, Ari? Are you working here too?"



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[DarkwingPsycho](#) 427 days ago

Ariana felt her face flush again. "Not yet...I haven't had the chance to start looking...b-but I was thinking maybe...a bank, or..." She trailed off sheepishly. She had no idea what she could do - where she could fit in best. Clearly an animation studio was not it.



○
[Malicia Macawber](#) *421 days ago*

"Mmm, I'm sure you'll figure it out." Though she didn't sound convinced by her own words.

"In any case, I must be going. But here..." She retrieved a slip of paper and scribbled on it. "My phone number. Do give me a call soon, we should get together and catch up."



○
[DarkwingPsycho](#) *421 days ago*

Ariana took the slip of paper, then looked at her cousin, bewildered. "Already...?" It was then she remembered how late it was. "Oh, well, I guess..." She shifted her weight. She wanted to talk more with her cousin. She was...different than she remembered. But somehow also the same. She didn't know many people in this city, and the demoness was family. It wasn't something she wanted to so easily let go of.

But she knew now wasn't the right time, they both needed to get some rest.