

[[OOC: Currently reserved for Malicia and Negaduck, but might open it up later. Drop me a message if interested. Can never have too many suckers. Hahah.]]

It was safe to say, as much as anything was ever safe around him, that Negaduck was a mallard of many hobbies.

One of the most favourite of those, of course, had to be taking people's money.

What was lovely about this was the variety of means through which it could be accomplished, and on a very large scale to boot.

Through fear? Through force? Through fanatical fruit bats trained to hone on wallets and fly them back to base? Why not all three?

As nice as that all was, however, there was something especially satisfying in using *deception*. Which was why, in the middle of a busy St Canard shopping mall, the caped criminal would be found in a 'Gold Buying' booth. Feet up on the desk, filing his nails (how he did even) as he whistled away.

Why the populace didn't seem to react to Public Enemy Number One chilling right out there in the open was a mystery in itself. He did have an approved stall though, so it must have been legitimate. Even if it was likely never his stall in the first place but let's not look too deep into that.

The other mystery was, even without the very shady nature of the drake behind the desk, who would possibly fall for such a scam. The black and glittered gold signs screamed swindle: 'GET YOUR GOLD VALUED HERE', 'TURN THAT THRASH INTO TREASURE' and '**SHINIES SHINIES SHINIES**'.

Never underestimate the stupidity of your average person though. Especially not in St Canard.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *610 days ago*

The latter sign had lured her in like a bee to the sweetest nectar.

The demonness had ventured out into the heart of St. Canard to gather up potion ingredients, but in the process had become seriously side-tracked. The window displays, filled with shoes and glittering jewelry had caught her fancy, and all initial goals were forgotten.

There was only one problem: She was severely lacking in funds. Having arrived in St. Canard with no 'Normal' currency to speak of, most of her resources came from supernatural means.

...Which included the large bag of gold she dropped on the counter in front of this oddly-dressed sales clerk.

The gold that was, in fact, a sack of rocks she had transmuted into high quality Karat. The only caveat was that the spell was temporary, and eventually the sizable nuggets would return to their natural, worthless state.

Fortunately, she would be long gone by that point.

"Excuse me." Trying to catch his attention with her saccharine-sweet voice. "Are you the one who purchases gold?"



[Negaduck](#) 609 days ago

Behind that black mask, which was surely standard issue for a jeweller, the mallard's attention drifted up.

Over those mouthwatering curves. What enormous boulders! He had never seen any that big! They had to weigh a ton.

Finally, with practiced disinterest, he stopped ogling the gold and focused on its owner.

Soon to be ex-owner...

"Yeah, and who wants to know?"

Somebody had never completed the St Canard Prison rehabilitation scheme on customer service.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 609 days ago

While Malicia had little experience interacting with Normals, she had plenty of experience with television; and, more specifically, reality t.v. shows.

...Which provided a shining example of the valleygirl accent she adopted for this particular occasion. *Thank you, Keeping Up With The Kardaschunds.*

Because if there was one constant in any culture, it was that gorgeous, simple-minded women were severely underestimated.

"Well, like, here's the thing. I like, had a grandpa who died yanno?" She began. "And he left me this super expensive gold, told me to take good care of it because it's been in our family for like, *everrrr*. But I mean, what am I going to DO with it, yanno? And I just HAVE to have those designer pumps." A motion toward the shoe store situated across from the booth.

She twirled a strand of her hair in her fingers and clicked her tongue. "So like, you'll give me money right? For this?" A motion at the bag.



[Negaduck](#) 609 days ago

Through her spiel, Negaduck's eyes had begun to gloss over. That drone. It was like a buzzsaw crossed with a flamingo passing through a jet engine into his brain and not in a good way.

At that point, he'd have given her money just to stop talking.

Snapping out of it, "Let's see what you've got."

A weighty scale dropped on the counter. Boy was that a finely tuned calculating machine and not dodgy in the slightest, particularly considering the balance hardly swung at all when the 'gold' was deposited on one side.

"Not bad. Not bad at all..." Am I drooling? No, no, it's just hot in here, who doesn't perspire.

Another sack swung onto the table. "Here's the thing though, sweetheart. I don't carry cash enough for that. Would you take gems instead?" Opening the cover to reveal the gleam of hundreds, if not thousands, of what appeared to be diamonds. "Exchange rate is far better."

Yeah. The exchange rate for *glass*.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 608 days ago

There was a flicker in her eyes. *Ooooh... shinies*. Shaking her head to snap herself out of it, she frowned at him.

"But like, they only take cash or credit at the shoe store. Diamonds aren't going to get me what I want right now!"

Snatching the bag of gold, she made the motion to leave. "I guess I'll have to go to the gold guy up the street then..."



[Negaduck](#) 608 days ago

What in Hades was this? Logic?!

Not while he was around!

"Hey wait just one second!" Diving forward to catch the bag and hopefully her attention.

Except she was stronger than she looked. *Real* stronger. If she put in any resistance, he might have actually had to try!

Through gritted teeth, never letting go even if her life depended on it, "I'll... pay you double!"

Passing up such a generous offer would be a crime, surely.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 608 days ago

"Oh?" Turning back, keenly interested now.

"Like, that is totally so nice of you!" She chirped. Still clutching the bag, but letting it drift tauntingly in his direction.

"So you do have cash then?"



[Negaduck](#) 607 days ago

No, that was not what he meant. A trade was still the preferable option - double of nothing was nothing, after all.

With those goods swinging so temptingly in his face however, his grasp on self control was slipping.

How could he ever resist such a golden opportunity?

"Okay, okay!" Out came a substantial money clip, from which he slid her.. a lousy couple of bills.

"There. I think you'll find that's quite a generous offer."

And an acceptable loss of a few measly hundred dollars compared to the thousands that gold must have been worth.

Now *gimmeh!*



[Malicia Macawber](#) 607 days ago

Wow. Did he really think she was *that* stupid? Perhaps her acting was Oscar-worthy...

She bit her lip momentarily as she counted the money on the clip. "Oh um... well that's like, not enough for the shoes I want you know? Besides, my grandpa told me this gold was worth like, a lot, *a lot* of money. So shouldn't I get more than this?"

Making a grandiose display of mulling it over she continued. "How about... hmmm....one-thousand? Like's like, a super large amount of money right? And I can get my shoes with it!"



[Negaduck](#) 607 days ago

She could *count*? That was a surprise.

"Only because you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen," as if that poisoned charm was distracting enough.

Particularly since he added only onnne note, and that was for \$10.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 607 days ago

His compliment received a girly titter of "Oh, you!"

She released her grip on the bag of gold, allowing him to secure it in his hands.

And in doing so, had hopefully distracted him enough to deftly exchange it with the money clip, and the greater chunk of cash attached to it.

"Feel free to get a closer look at my boulders." She cooed.



[Negaduck 607 days ago](#)

No need to offer, his head was already buried among them.

"Awwwyeah," came the murbled exclamation. "I'm going to enjoy putting a shine on these!"

And enjoy he would. Right up until the point, before he had a chance to do anything fun with them, Negaduck discovered the horrible truth.

"... **WHAT.**"

So much for that exchange rate.



[Malicia Macawber 606 days ago](#)

While he was busy motor-boating his newly acquired mounds of abundance, Malicia took this golden opportunity to cut and run.

Heh...so long, *sucker*.

It would be hours after she finished her shopping spree when the spell wore off, and Negaduck would discover he'd hit rock bottom.

Ah, Normals... so easy to fool. It was like taking candy from a mask-wearing baby.

....What was with the mask anyway? Ah, who cares! It wasn't her problem anymore!



[Negaduck 606 days ago](#)

Until it was, when it came crashing through the doors of the Old Haunt.

"ANYONE SEEN A BROAD WITH FAKE LUMPS?"

To be fair, which he despised so we won't, that was a reasonably accurate description of Malicia's.. rocks.

Unreasonably irate, on the other hand, was an accurate description of Negaduck. Thanks to his amazing powers of observation, which had never let him down and were not at all the present reason for him having a complete blow out, he would find the culprit, no matter how large her assets.

And then there would be *words*.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 606 days ago

((OOOC: I hope it's okay if I jump in. If not - I'll delete!))

Jacob turned from where he was sitting at the bar, which had become his usual place after SHUSH. He'd picked up the same routine right where he'd left off.

His eyes scanned the newcomer. Black mask, yellow suit, cape, fedora...this could only be Negaduck - Public Enemy #2. In the few weeks since his return, he'd done quite a bit more research into the underbelly of St. Canard. And Harou's network was proving helpful as well.

"That's a rather disingenuous statement," he replied casually, obviously unfazed by the lowlifes around him who were quaking in their shoes at the sight of Negaduck. He picked up his glass of bourbon and took a sip before continuing. "They seemed real enough to me."



[Negaduck](#) 606 days ago

Negaduck stared at the other drake like he had two heads - maybe not that usual in St Canard, on reflection, but certainly ugly as hell.

Newcomer nothing. This was *his* town. Who was this moron who decided to put himself in his line of fire when he wasn't even the target?
Easy fix.

"You're welcome to inspect them yourself!" he roared.

And the bag of boulders in question was hurled at Jacob's midsection with more force than a rage-powered catapult.

Which he would be directing at his actual objective the moment he spied that duplicitously ditzy head..



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 606 days ago

Jacob was quick, but not that quick. The bag shot into his midsection, knocking the wind out of his lungs.

"Oh," he wheezed. "You meant actual boulders. If we are indeed thinking on the same woman, I'm certain she'll make her presence known soon. She is also a rather frequent patron." He slid the boulders to the floor, regarding the supervillain with interest.

"You look like you could use a drink, in the meantime."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 605 days ago

Indeed, it wasn't much long afterward that Malicia strolled through the saloon doors, decked out in her usual green dress and -- oh look -- a lovely brand new pair of designer Jimmy Choo-huahuas on her clawed feet.

Gotta show off just how fabulous I look by hitting up the local bar!

She didn't even glance in the surly caped villain's direction as she made a beeline for the bar. "I'll have the usual tonight, Barkeep!"



[Negaduck](#) 605 days ago

"You got rocks in your head too?" he snapped at Jacob. Who did this guy think he was?! "Cram it!"

Before Negaduck could get too distracted hammering home this point - with his fists - the target he originally wanted to hammer made an appearance. Finally.

Stomping over to position himself, with an eye for theatrics, so his 'trading partner' could not help but notice him the moment that acid-dipped voice hit her ears.

"What a pleasure to see *you* again."

Ready for her inevitable realisation and panic in three, two, one...

[OOO: This post brought to you by [Black Hearts On Fire](#) which happened to come on the player mid-way through writing XD]



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 604 days ago

Jacob shrugged, not realizing how close to a quivering mass of broken bones he'd come, and turned back to the bar, ordering another bourbon. He continued to be slightly curious about the goings on, but kept his interest under wraps as he subtly paid attention to the exchange.

((OOO: That's all I'll add for Jacob unless something happens/is needed, but I don't want to interfere more with the ND/Mal stuff. :))



[Malicia Macawber](#) 604 days ago

Blank stare.

Head tilt.

Blink.

"I know you from somewhere don't I?"

Long pause. "Wait... I remember now..."

"....You're Darkwing Duck! I saw you on the television!"



[Negaduck 604 days ago](#)

It started off benignly enough.

" You think I'm Darkwing Duck?"

And escalated quickly from there.

"The Darkwing Duck who is a constant thorn in the side of criminal activity? The Darkwing who bumbles into the middle of well-laid nefariousness just to ruin it and survive with dumb luck? **THE DARKWING WHOSE NECK I WOULD GLADLY SNAP AND THROW ONTO HIGHWAY ONE IF ONLY TO SERVE SOME ACTUAL PURPOSE AS A SPEED HUMP!?!"**

If any of those present had any sense in their hollow heads, they would have been taking cover by that point, preferably with the booze, because he was about to go--

-----**KA-BLAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMO!!!**-----

Unlike the inside of the Haunt, which was a bit more wobbly post that explosion, Negaduck had pulled it together. Nothing like the soothing effects of all-out rage. There remained a burning hate in his manner, however, as he bared down on Malicia. Presuming she was still there and/or conscious.

"No, I'm not Darkwing Duck. I'm Negaduck. Scourge of this city, baddest of the bad."

Chest poke, regardless of the presence of boulders or otherwise.

"And you. owe. me. gold."



[Malicia Macawber 601 days ago](#)

She was standing in the same spot -- her dress mildly charred, but her feathers and hair remained perfectly groomed. A little too perfect, in fact. Almost as if she were fire-proof or something.

"My my, that was quite the temper tantrum." She spoke smoothly, no traces of the bimbo-laden accent present from their first encounter.

She circled the caped mallard, her tail swishing curiously. So, this wasn't Darkwing Duck then. Admittedly, she spent little of her energy paying attention to the affairs of Normals, but she had picked up snippets of information from the news and from the local bar chatter. The name 'Negaduck' made many of the Normals fearful.

Fortunately, she wasn't a Normal.

"Tell me." She began, her gold eyes sparkling mischievously. "Are you feeling a tad sore about your new rock collection, or..."

Stopping in front of him, she leaned forward to meet him at eye level.

"...Are you upset that I outsmarted your own petty attempt at swindling me?"



[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

Wait, she didn't get to circle him! She was the new fish to the big murky pond, and he was the terrifying shark who would CHEW HER FACE OFF IF SHE CAME ANY CLOSER.

... Still, on taking in her unusual features, combined with her disappointingly damage resistant facade, a level of understanding flicked over him fast and furiously enough.

"Fantastic, another freak to join the ranks of St Canard's spectacularly unspectacular special class."

The best defence is attack, particularly when you're armed to the teeth.

"Any more pathetic parlour tricks you'd like to share, uh, whoever you are?"

Busty McBust Face?



[Malicia Macawber](#) *599 days ago*

"Dodging the question, I see." Shooting him a victorious smirk. "I'll play along, just to soothe over that clearly-damaged ego of yours."

Since her 'freakishness' clearly rattled his non-existent patience, she decided to rub it in further. She opened one of her palms, which ignited with a small ball of fire that danced and swirled methodically.

"My name is Malicia Macawber. And you, *Normal*, are one to speak. What is *your* special ability? A short fuse?" The flame extinguished on that final sentence.



[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

Macawber, eh? Filing that one away for later exploitation.

"I don't need any special malarkey, I'm the greatest exactly as I am!"

Or worst. Depending on your frame of reference.

"Besides, you know what they say..."

If Malicia cared to glance down, she would notice a very large gas cylinder had been bound to her midsection. It would become hard to ignore anyway, when he hit it with an axe.

"With great power comes great vulnerabilities!"

Added to her own flammable properties, with any luck the whole thing would send her right off.



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) *599 days ago*

And indeed it did, with a surprised yelp as she was skyrocketed right through the roof of the Haunt and out into the night sky.

LOOKS LIKE TEAM BUSTY IS BLASTING OFF AGAAAAAIN~



○

[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

Look, a shooting starlet. Make a wish!

As Negaduck's wish was mostly for cash, in the distraction he lent over the counter and helped himself to a good portion of the takings from the register.

"Add it to her tab," he gruffed. Never did anyone any good to leave the barkeep unhappy, even him.

That done, he stalked out into the night, counting through the bills. Not a huge profit but enough to justify the effort.

Only ever satisfied if he came out on top.



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) *599 days ago*

Unfortunately, today would not be that day.

Gravity had taken affect, sending the rubenesque woman back down from orbit. Like a fiery meteor, she cut through the clouds and came crashing back down to the city streets.

Landing, bottom-first, atop the smirking villain.

Everybody make a wish!



○

[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

So that broke a few layers of cement. And his spine, most likely. No biggie.

What did matter was Negaduck was still stuck under there, what little of his limbs were free flailing helplessly.

"MFFFFFFPHHHH!!!"

That was presumably 'Please release me from this cushiony prison as I do require movement and occasionally perchance some oxygen'.



○

[Malicia Macawber 599 days ago](#)

Rubbing her head momentarily, she looked down and glared at the squirming creature beneath her.

Oh, how convenient. One of his free hands was gripping a wad of cash.

"I'll be taking that." Swiped from his pleading paws.

Really, she ought to do far worse to him, given his attempt to send her to the moon. But the demoness was still dry from a lack of martinis in her system, and happy hour would be starting soon.

Slowly she stood, brushed herself off, and saluted the Nega-pancake.

"Better luck next time, Normal."



○

[Negaduck 599 days ago](#)

She wouldn't get far before a red, yellow and black blur crash-tackled her from behind.

"OH NO YOU DON'T!"

Throwing whatever cheap punches required to get back what was rightfully his.

"GIMME!"

Would've been childish if not for the fact he was attempting to inflict massive internal injuries.



○

[Malicia Macawber 599 days ago](#)

"You're messing up my hair!" She barked, evidently more upset at this fashion faux pas than the attempts made on her life.

Immediately, the claws were brought out and she slashed at his jacket, rolling around on the ground in an attempt to pin him.

"You are the most agitating Normal!"



○

[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

"**ARRGH!**" One swipe of those claws made it through the fabric to the flesh. Where in Hades did she get her manicures?!

The rush of adrenaline, added to his ability to use her own - considerable, mammoth - weight against her, saw Negaduck manage a roll to get himself, at least temporarily, on top.

He had been about to throw back a smarmy one-liner through the exertion but, looking down down at the demonic beauty sprawled beneath him, her hair spread like wild fire against the black asphalt and an expression to match, struck him to pause.

" ... Man, did you feel a massive case of déjà vu just now?"

Shrug.

Oh well.

And he sent a cracking punch aimed right at her head.

Shatter her skull, that'll fix it!



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) *599 days ago*

Just as he threw the punch, her arms shot out to grab for his neck -- gosh, that felt so natural. Look how perfectly they fit around his trachea! Also effective for stopping his punch just mere centimeters from her face.

"I'll make the remains of your life into déjà vu!" Whatever that was supposed to mean.

She tightened her grip. Maybe she could choke him out...

"You are... nggh... annoyingly persistent!"



○

[Negaduck](#) *599 days ago*

Persistent to his own detriment. Even with the increasing lack of oxygen, and the corresponding blueness in his cheeks, Negaduck kept swinging. And swinging.

To no avail, of course, because Malicia had the advantage of slightly longer arms. And, you know, superstrength.

But he still wouldn't die. Or even pass out. Annoying indeed!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 599 days ago

What manner of creature was she dealing with?! Most Normals would have perished or given up by this point, but this one continued to fight, even with the odds stacked against him.

Were it not for the fact he was trying to mar her beautiful face, she would almost be impressed.

Growing ever impatient, she brought her knees up to barrel kick him. "Get. OFF!"

Only then did she hear the rumbling of an oncoming truck. The realization that they were lying in the middle of the road caught up with her, and she rolled to the side with a yelp.



[Negaduck](#) 599 days ago

A truck. Why did it always have to be a truck.

Finding himself suddenly mid-air did not give Negaduck much room to do anything about it. Except scream.

"YAAARGH"**HOOOOOOOOOOOONNNKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK**"HHHGGGGgghhh!!!!"

The sound of which gradually faded as the vehicle disappeared down the street.

With a Nega-hood ornament stuck in the front grille.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 599 days ago

"Farewell!" She waved mockingly.

Only to realize her hands were empty.

The money! Where was it?!

Glancing around frantically, only to spy the leafy green notes fluttering off with the wind.

"ARRRRRGH!" She stomped her foot.

Then turned to spy her reflection in the mirror. Her perfect hair... he had tugged on it during their rough tumble and it was sticking out in all directions.

"Nooooooo!"



[Negaduck 585 days ago](#)

Some hours and an interstate highway trip or two later, the doors of the Old Haunt slammed back open.

In toddled... an unholy blend of metal and mallard.

A new supervillain? An abomination of science?

Or Negaduck twisted through bits of truck?

Whatever it - he - was, he was heading for the bar. Presumably for a stiff bottle of something.

Like WD-40.

"Rrrghhhh..."



[DarkwingPsycho 584 days ago](#)

From his usual stool, Jacob turned and glanced at the public enemy with mild amusement, then turned back around just as the masked criminal sidled up next to him to demand a drink. It was a wonder how the Old Haunt had miraculously reconstructed itself, but no one questioned it. Especially the old field agent, who had seen his share of phenomena in his day.

"I would say I hope she was gentle, but I can see that's not the case," Jacob remarked offhandedly, taking another sip of bourbon. "Need a hand? Or a drink or ten?"



[Negaduck 584 days ago](#)

No words, just the universal hand gesture for 'do not even'.

The bartender, apparently accustomed to damage control, slid over the counter what the crook actually needed.

A crowbar.

A few quick levers and lifts and tangle of grill fell off him with a clatter. Followed by a craaaack as he blithely straightened out a crick in his neck, otherwise unharmed, and hurled the crowbar with devastating accuracy at some thug across the room too stupid to keep his smarmy comments to himself.

"You still here?" Spat sideways to the gent, already stepping off to spread bodily harm elsewhere. "You realise the geriatrics home is three blocks that way, yeah?"

Or it was, until Negaduck had went on his last spree anyway.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 584 days ago

Jacob only chuckled. "Sure. But I'm not that decrepit yet. Call it stubbornness. Although I'm certain after a few run-ins with the lines of that demoness you'll be needing a convalescent home."



[Negaduck](#) 584 days ago

Freezing mid-pace, Negaduck bristled at the implication.

"I can handle a *woman*."

Wasting time on some random interloper was not how the felon wanted to spend his time. That patronising coolness could not stand, however.

One more chuckling remark and Jacob would likely be needing a hospital visit for cane removal.

Convalescence. What a joke.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 583 days ago

"Now, now," Jacob replied coolly, "no need to get defensive. I may have a proposition for you, given your reputation. And don't worry - it doesn't involve the fairer sex. Unless you've a thing for scientists..."

"What're you drinking?"



[Negaduck](#) 583 days ago

Bewildered stare.

"Are you coming onto me?!"

Because you'll need more than a cane to get around if so.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 582 days ago

For the first time in a long time, Jacob's face paled, and his eyes went wide in alarm. "I should say not! I'm merely extending an olive branch to an acquaintance with whom I seem to have made a bad impression.

He cleared his throat and straightened his tie, trying to eliminate the awkwardness. "Besides, you're not my type, I'm afraid."



[Negaduck 582 days ago](#)

"Yeah well you're not the type for a place like this, you slimy stuffed suit."

Bad impression nothing. There were no good impressions with Negaduck. All the same, better not to paint a target on one's front, which happened to be exactly where the maniacal mallard was chestpoking his tormentor.

"So take your olive branches and your 'propositions'-" The way he said it certainly had the creepy factor. "-and just *beat it*."

[Neerrw nerww nreew nreeww nreww, nreww rneww rneww.](#)



[DarkwingPsycho 582 days ago](#)

Calmly Jacob pushed aside Negaduck's jabby finger. He had put up with many personalities in his life, and he had learned - finally - the art of patience. It took a lot to get to him.

"If that's the way you want it," he said, unperturbed. "I only thought a criminal of your caliber may be interested in insider SHUSH intel. But it sounds as though you're content with your secondary public enemy status."

He lifted his glass. "To Dr. Slug." He drank.



[Negaduck 581 days ago](#)

A blow would snap past to smash the glass out of Jacob's grasp, although if it ended up smashing his jaw, bonus.

"That's *it*."

Negaduck seized the agent by the lapels, dragged down so they were bill to seething bill.

"Anyone with a shred of 'intel' would've been able to you how I feel about beating up a cripple."

Winding up for the punch...

"Pretty damn good!"

How fortunate that an opportunity to maim the vulnerable presented itself, just after his fist fight with a female had hit a speed bump.



[DarkwingPsycho 581 days ago](#)

Jacob blinked. He was suddenly without bourbon. Within seconds, he found himself nearly bill to bill with the crime lord, and a fist was about to make contact with his bill. But although Jacob was, indeed, a cripple, he hadn't lost his reflexes.

He dodged his head to the right just as Negaduck moved, and he could feel the air whip against his cheek feathers. Without much of an effort, he stood and reached around, now that Negaduck was hopefully off-balance, and pinched the villain on his shoulder - a very specific pressure point near the collarbone that should render Negaduck immobile enough to hear Jacob's next sentence.

"Enough. The Cassowary Virus. Heard of it?"



[Negaduck](#) *579 days ago*

That.. was all part of the plan! Expose what Jacob could do, reveal his strengths, trick him into showing his cards. Then he would have a perfect opportunity to loose one of the hidden daggers in his sleeve and stab this joker in the face.

If only he could *move*.

With every fibre of his being focused on finding a way to introduce the older mallard's face to the bar counter, the mention of the one of the most coveted and closely guarded programs was somewhat of a short circuit.

"Yeah, the unbeatable malicious code said to be capable of sending even a totally benign operating system into a destructive rampage." Not really his scene, although the 'destructive rampage' sounded promising.

"What's SHUSH got to do with that?"

Had the security agency finally gone rouge, or at least villainous? He would approve.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) *579 days ago*

"Who said anything about SHUSH?" Jacob said with a sideways glance. "I told you I'm here to make you a bargain, but if you'd rather I pass along the intel to another supervillain, I can oblige. I only sought you out given your extensive reputation. Now. Can we have a discussion like civilized gents, or do I leave you as standing decor for the patrons of this establishment to do as they will?"



[Negaduck](#) *579 days ago*

"Fine," the masked menace spat, not keen to repeat his experience as a Negastatue. "Where would you like to have this tea party? Shall I bust out the fine china?"

In unfairness, that begrudging acquiescence was as civilised as he was likely to get.

The pressure was not helped by the growing attention the scene was receiving from the nearby thugs. Was the most murderous of their number practising yoga all of a sudden? Was this a new martial arts position? Should they be copying?

The quicker this situation could end, the better. What with that extensive reputation to consider...



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 578 days ago

"Fine." Jacob pressed the same place on Negaduck's shoulder, and the criminal was once again free to move about the cabin - er, bar.

A few minutes later, they were standing near a railing overlooking the Audubon Bay, far from any city surveillance cameras or law enforcement patrol areas. This was a secluded arm of the wharf district, at the tail end of the Bad Part of Town. Jacob knew it well, and was thankful to find that not much had changed in fifteen years.

"The Cassowary Virus is the latest in technological warfare. In the hands of dictators, it could cripple entire civilizations with the press of a button. SHUSH just completed a trial run, and are awaiting the go ahead to utilize it in their arsenal. I can offer you exclusive intel to enable you to acquire the device it's stored on easily...but -"

Jacob paused, something else popping into his mind.

"Just how did you deduce that I have ties to SHUSH?"



[Negaduck](#) 578 days ago

Leaning against the railing, to say Negaduck was listening to that explanation with extreme cynicism was a killer understatement.

The final question, however, was one he was expecting.

"You may have let something slip."

A moment to process that terrible pun and let realisation set in before a certain pickpocketed identification card was held up.

Not a bad trophy. Certainly one that could have done some damage in the wrong hands, particularly considering the resemblance...

Par for the course though really. Wander into a den of thieves and you've got to expect some stealing. No need to be smug about it. Much.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 577 days ago

Jacob's eyes flashed dangerously, and he snatched the ID with haste, ego clearly wounded. He wasn't used to being in control - at all times. But as soon as it had sprung up, it was buried behind his coal black eyes and he smirked.

"You're as good as they say. I'm glad. As I mentioned, I can grant you entry to retrieve the device with the virus on it, but in exchange I'll need something from you. Passage to and from the Negaverse."



[Negaduck](#) 577 days ago

"I'm as *bad* as they say," Quick to correct. "And assuming I know what you're talking about-" And am prepared to trust you at all, which I absolutely do not.

"What the hell would you want with that?"

Not the sort of place for a holiday unless you enjoy needless pain and suffering. Which I, of course, do.



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 577 days ago

"That's my business," the SHUSH agent responded coolly. "Just as what you do with the virus once you've acquired it is yours. Now, you've seen that I have the necessary clearance for my end of the bargain. I need to know you can get me to where I need to go."



[Negaduck](#) 576 days ago

"Yuh huh." The cynicism was strong in this one. "So let me get this straight. You expect me to show a confirmed SHUSH worker drone to *my* private portal, to run amok in *my* universe, for reasons that are supposedly not *my* business?"

Laughter. Polite sort of shared mutual joke type laughter, moving up to out of control man that is a riot knee-slapping tear-jerking hysterics.

"--no."

Turning to leave because no bug no matter how brutal the effects was worth that. Not when Jacob insisted on being such a big, vague jerk about it.

Anyway that was *his* job!



[DarkwingPsycho](#) 575 days ago

Jacob clasped his hands calmly over the crescent-shaped handle of his cane.

"It involves murder," he called bluntly after the supervillain. "And revenge. I intend to visit one - possibly two - particular locations and that is all. Call it a recon mission, of sorts. I don't plan on spending more time in 'your universe' than need be." Jacob wasn't certain what Negaduck had meant by that remark, but now was not the time to ask questions - he could see that. "I'm searching for a target of particular *personal* interest to me that came here from the Negaverse quite some time ago. I'm not asking for your assistance, I'm offering you an exchange."



[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

"You want me to even remotely consider this exchange, you grease-stuffed stiff," Whirling around if only for the opportunity to insult Jacob again. "I'd want payment up front."

And there's no way you're going to consider that because even a SHUSH noob would know better than to trust the lecherous liar known as Negaduck with coming good on *anything*.



[DarkwingPsycho 575 days ago](#)

Jacob raised a brow. While he had expected this, given the sociopathic nature of the avian with whom he was conversing, it didn't make it any less rankling. But it was glaringly obvious that if Jacob wanted even a chance of discovering a way to the Negaverse, he had to go out on a limb. This, of course, did not mean he trusted Negaduck in the slightest. It simply meant that Jacob was acknowledging that he had to give the supervillain the reins. There was no honor among thieves. Which never sat well with him, being a man who valued honor above most other things...at least his own brand of it.

But this was all hidden by the shroud of aloofness in his black eyes.

"Done. Once you've acquired the virus, we'll rendezvous back here. Do we have a deal?"

He held out his hand with an unreadable expression.



[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

That was not the reaction he was expecting. Maybe this guy was as stupid as he looked!

"Deal." Roughly meeting the handshake with barely concealed malice. "Now tell me where I can rendezvous with that package."

I still do not entirely buy that this isn't a set up, but I'll go along for the moment, because what the hell.



[DarkwingPsycho 575 days ago](#)

A subtle smile, possibly devious, flickered about Jacob's elongated beak. "Tomorrow afternoon, a black Cadillac sedan will be transporting the item in question from the airport to SHUSH Central. It will have only a single police motorcycle escort, as to not draw too much attention to it. This is its route."

He held out a small tablet that showed a GPS map with a traced white line showing the exact passage the vehicles would take to deliver the package.

"The Falcon 20 carrying the Cassowary Virus will land at the St. Canard Regional Airport at 3pm. It is being moved by Agent Fulvous - tall, brown feathered. He will be handcuffed to a metal briefcase inside of which is the flash drive. The combination to that briefcase is 2-4-4-1."

Jacob was silent for a couple of seconds, regarding Negaduck.

"That should be enough to get you to the target. I'll see you tomorrow at this spot, shall we say 2100?"



[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

"Yeah, yeah. I'm all over it like Vanderchill on toffee."

Paying about as much attention as his heroic counterpart did to detailed SHUSH briefings, usually to the irritation of the presenter.

"One flash drive. How much trouble can it be?"

Adding under his breath as he strolled away, "The question will be, to whom?"

Not to him, that much was likely.