

RP: Heroes with Demons



By [Malicia Macawber](#) 211 days ago [Comments \(66\)](#)

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Reserved for: Darkwing and Malicia.

Ah, retail therapy. Could there be anything more rewarding than an evening in St. Canard's Shopping District, where shoes (with pairs intact) were a-plenty, and retailers had grown wise enough to stock clothing in her 'unique' size.

Malicia needed this badly. After losing Negaduck's soul to a faulty contract, and the subsequent punishment that came with it, she wanted nothing more than to forget about the whole affair and move on. She had a budding business to think about now after all, and there was still her modelling career to consider.

That was why, tonight, she found herself, both hands filled with shopping bags, cutting through an alleyway toward the Warehouse District. It was also why she now found herself surrounded by 4 thugs, who stopped her on her path and circled her like hungry wolves.

"Whatchya got there, girlie?" One of the men, a muscular bulldog, smiled acridly.

"Looks to me like the lady engaged in the time-honored tradition of exchanging money for goods and services." Said another. "And judging by all dem goods, it musta been *alotta* money.

"Wonder how much you still got on you, yeah?" Said the third, swooping in to check for a purse.

Malicia, who regarded the group with little amusement, shouldered away from him. "You boys are awfully curious. Do you know they say about curiosity?"

The leader of the pack swooped in front of Malicia, placing his hands on her shoulders. "No, but I can tell you what they say about mouthy broads who hang out in alleyways wearing get-ups like yours." He tugged at the green dress, dragging it down with his index finger to expose her cleavage. "And what you *deserve*."



[Darkwing Duck](#) 211 days ago

"Sounds like *someone* needs to go back to reform school!" a haunting tenor echoed off of the alley walls, demanding their attention. The source couldn't be discerned, and for a moment, the quatro looked as though they may soil themselves.

"Didn't your mother ever teach you how to treat a lady?" the voice continued, seeming to come from every direction. "No? Well, then let me *school* you..."

There was an eerie silence, and just when they thought the ghostly source had vanished, a cloud of blue smoke appeared before them.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the traffic jam on the interstate of crime! I am..."

The smoke cleared, and just as the baddies were starting to take swipes at it, they discovered no one was there. Instead, a purple-clad, masked duck popped up behind them. "Darkwing Duck!"

He smashed two of their heads together before they had a chance to react.



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The two collapsed unconscious, leaving the two remaining baddies to spin around and regard the masked hero with suspicion and a bit of caution.

"Darkwing Duck, huh? Thought you were some bedtime story to scare brats." The bulldog slid brass knuckles over his hand. "Whatever, you're outnumbered."

"Yeah, and we're gonna teach you what happens to idiots in costumes who stick their big bills where they ain't wanted!" The second circled around and tried to grab Darkwing from behind to pin him in place, so his leader could strike from the front.

Malicia, meanwhile, watched curiously. She would not interfere... for now. Darkwing, after all, seemed the type to deal with this sort of mess on a regular basis and if his ego was anything like his devious doppelganger, he probably didn't take to uninvited assistance.



[Darkwing Duck 211 days ago](#)

Darkwing frowned. "My bill isn't *that* big..." Then he narrowed his eyes. "All the better to sniff out shortsighted simpletons such as yourselves!"

He struck a defensive pose and waited for brass knuckles to come at him. As soon as he did, Darkwing moved everything sideways except his foot, which tripped up the assailant. Darkwing grabbed the back of the thug's jacket and used his own momentum against him, flinging him around the other way to crash into his buddy. "Bull's eye!" he declared triumphantly.



[Malicia Macawber 211 days ago](#)

"Ugh!" The thugs collided with one another in a neat pile.

"Forget this." Snarled the leader as he untangled himself and stood. "Petty change ain't worth a costumed lunatic." He turned and fled, but not before shouting over his shoulder. "*And your bill is pretty damn big dude!*"

"How awfully kind of you, Darkwing." Malicia hadn't moved from her spot, shopping bags still gripped between her claws. "Of saving me the trouble. The smell of burnt flesh is *so hard* to get out of one's feathers, you know?"

Tilting her head with a wolfish grin to add. "And your bill is fine. Besides, they say mallards with big bills are often equipped with big.... aspirations."



[Darkwing Duck 211 days ago](#)

Darkwing was about to shout a retort when Malicia spoke and stole his attention. He turned and looked uncertainly at her comment about burnt flesh. Oh, right. The fireball thing she could do. He thought of his last date with Morgana and was glad that wasn't *her* go-to retaliation. "Er, yeah...I guess," he flustered. Then he became even more so at her last comment but tried to play it cool. "Is that so? I never pay much attention to such things." Lies.

He glanced at the multiple bags in her claws and gestured toward them. "Need a hand?"



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"Oh these? They're light as a feather." Handing one over to prove her point, though unfortunately Mal's definition of 'light' may not have matched those lacking in super-strength. The bag felt as heavy as six bowling balls. Possibly because it *was* a bag filled with six bowling balls. "So what brings you to this side of town, aside from rescuing damsels in distress?"



[Darkwing Duck 210 days ago](#)

Darkwing took the bag, and gravity immediately took him. "Grmph!" he grunted. "What's IN this thing??" He tried to drag it along after Malicia, failing to play it off well.

"Well - umph - I was hoping to get a lead - hrrmm - on a string of bank and - argh - jewelry store thefts!" He paused so that he could wipe his brow and take a breather. "Rescuing you was just a fortuitous bonus, heh."



[Malicia Macawber 210 days ago](#)

She stopped in her tracks. "Oh. Robberies. You don't say." She could feel the feathers prickling on the back of her neck.

"...Any ideas so far? Evidence, maybe?"



[Darkwing Duck 210 days ago](#)

"SHUSH and the police have most of it, but *I'm* interested in how they got in in the first place! No sign of forced entry or exit, yet most of the retailers were wiped clean! Normally I might suspect Ammonia Pine, but she never was one for the *finer* things..."



[Malicia Macawber 210 days ago](#)

Her body relaxed slightly. "Well... I'm sure you'll figure it out eventually."

But please don't.

Switching tracks now, she began conversationally. "I must say this city has certainly proven to be interesting. It's not quite like anything I've seen before. Certainly nothing like Transylvania." That last part added bitterly.

"How long have you been doing..." A motion to this costume. "This?"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 210 days ago

Darkwing brightened - any chance to talk about himself, after all. "Almost five years now," he declared proudly. "Working with SHUSH for the last three. It's a living..."

Then he raised a brow at her. "Transylvania, eh? You sound like you miss it about as much as a charley horse."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 209 days ago

"A region filled with old senile sorcerers who think they make all the rules." She sneered. "Not to mention the fashion is outdated by a few centuries. You couldn't pay me to go back there."

They had made it the warehouse district by this point, and were rounding the corner where Mal's 'humble' abode lay.

"SHUSH..." She thought about that for a moment. Where had she heard that acronym before? Oh, right.

"You've worked with Jacob Mallard then?"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 209 days ago

Darkwing paused his dragging of the bowling ball bag to bristle. He clenched his jaw, but played it off quickly. There was no way Malicia needed to know anything about his relation to that man.

"That name...*might* have been mentioned a time or two during my tenure there, sure. Why?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 208 days ago

"Just curious." She shrugged. "I see him around quite a bit on non-SHUSH business."

They had finally reached the warehouse. Mal wasn't too worried about Darkwing being close to the source of her... present hobbies. A number of recent breaches in security had led her to 'clean up' so to speak. All suspicious items had been safely tucked out of sight to dissuade nosy trespassers who might stumble upon something untoward.

The more harmless magical items remained, however. 'Harmless' being a very subjective term.

"Well, thank you again for your assistance." She set down her bags to unlock the front door.

A thoughtful pause. "Did you want to come inside for a drink?"



[Darkwing Duck 208 days ago](#)

"No - erg - problem!" he wheezed as he pulled up the single bag alongside her others.

He eyed the warehouse after her question. It didn't look like a typical Macawber residence. He wondered if that was on purpose or if it was deceptive. Either way, Malicia certainly seemed very different from her creepy cousin. Plus, there was something interesting about her that tugged at his curiosity.

"Uh...well, sure!" *As long as there're no floating eyeballs in it...*



[Malicia Macawber 207 days ago](#)

She opened the door and motioned for him to follow. "You can leave the bags at the doorway."

While it hasn't occurred to Malicia at the time, inviting Darkwing into her humble abode had been a risky move. What if Negaduck had decided to swing by for a "chat", and was waiting around inside? What if she left out one of the shiny pieces of pilfered jewelry, or one of the weapons taken from the police station?

Yet she pushed those thoughts from her mind and instead made a beeline for the kitchen, where she retrieved some regular 'ol crackers and cheese. Had to keep *something* normal around for the, well, Normals.

"You must tell me all about your adventures." She began conversationally as she poured each of them a glass of wine.

"For starters, they say you're the only one who has ever bested Negaduck at his own game." Might as well get to a good, useful subject. "How on Earth do you do it?"



[Darkwing Duck 207 days ago](#)

He gladly complied with her instruction and followed her in, curiously looking around at her abode. Lucky for Mal, even if she HAD left out anything conspicuous, Darkwing wasn't exactly the most *perceptive* vigilante. He appreciated the fairly...well...*normal* decor and eyed the snacks hungrily. He hadn't remembered until then that he hadn't eaten since breakfast.

Malicia certainly knew how to build up a mallard's ego. He straightened and was already picking up a couple of crackers along with a square of cheddar. "Well, when you've been fighting crime as long as I have, you pick up a trick or two," he declared, putting a deeper tone into his voice to imbue what he thought was more masculinity. "And Negaduck has one fatal flaw: his ego!" He said this unironically.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 207 days ago

"Yes, he certainly is not lacking in that..." She murmured thoughtfully. Thinking back to all of her encounters with Negaduck, she couldn't imagine how to use such a fact to her advantage. Underestimating Negaduck had been her own fatal flaw, and she had paid dearly for it.

She was studying Darkwing now. The resemblance was chilling and yet... he was so different. Admittedly, a bit charming in his own unique way. She wondered if beneath all that flamboyant bravado, the hero was hiding something more. After all, if the rumors were true, this was the same mallard who had bested some of the brightest and most dangerous criminals in St. Canard.

Yet here he was, happily munching crackers, seemingly unaware of the demoness' true nature. Was he perhaps feigning friendliness in order to hide his own suspicions? Did he *really* just happen to be in the area, or had he been following Malicia this whole time?

Malicia had always assumed Normals were a simple-minded lot. But encountering Negaduck -- and by extension, Darkwing as well, had her rethinking her own personal prejudice.

"My, you Normals truly are full of surprises." She finally said aloud.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 207 days ago

He paused in his chewing, a moment of self-consciousness flashing over him. For a moment, he'd forgotten she *wasn't* normal. He swallowed thickly and regarded her with a sort of sly confidence now, leaning backward to add to the "cool guy" display. "I think you'll find *some* more full of surprises than others."

He picked up the glass of wine. "Although you're full of some of your own! I take it the shoe district can rest in peace now?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 206 days ago

"For the time being." She smiled. "All pairs accounted for this time, in proper sizes." Because not even the likes of Negaduck could keep up with her shopping habits.

She sipped at her wine thoughtfully before speaking again.

"You mentioned Negaduck wasn't your sibling, but an other-dimensional doppelganger. Does that mean there's a portal to another dimension in this city?"

A seemingly random question, but Darkwing seemed to have the most intel it seemed.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 206 days ago

Darkwing stared at her for a few long moments, then decided it couldn't hurt to be honest. "Naaaaaah, heh. There used to be, but it was destroyed..." He trailed off as he realized if that were true, there was no way Negaduck could have returned to St. Canard. "Or, at least...I thought it was..."

He frowned, munching on a piece of cracker, then asked - crumbs flying unnoticed from his bill - "Why all the questions about Negaduck?" *Let's get back to ME.*



[Malicia Macawber 206 days ago](#)

It was her turn to be honest.

"He's been a real thorn in my side. Besting me at every turn." She frowned. "I always thought, with your lack of magical knowledge and no supernatural abilities to speak of, you Normals would be no match for me. But I've reconsidered that line of thought..."

She was staring into her glass of wine now, seemingly entranced. "It's the first time in my life someone has made me feel truly *helpless*."



[Darkwing Duck 206 days ago](#)

"What are you *talking* about?" he blundered, looking at her with surprise. "If I could shoot fireballs out of MY hands and use magic spells in my line of work, I'd put myself out of a job in two minutes flat! You've got to be the *least* helpless person I've ever met!"



[Malicia Macawber 206 days ago](#)

She felt her face redden and tried to shake it away.

"Well, I appreciate the vote of confidence. Your *girlfriend* must be very lucky to have you around." Why yes I am shamelessly fishing for information, thanks for asking.



[Darkwing Duck 206 days ago](#)

Here was Darkwing's turn to redden, although for a different reason. His thoughts fell momentarily on Morgana, but he quickly shifted them away. It was hard to tell anymore if they were together or not. She was so hot and cold, they argued, they reconciled...he wasn't sure where he stood with her.

"Oh, I'm not seeing anyone." Then he straightened, his usual cover of arrogance sliding over him to conceal the vulnerabilities beneath. "I mean - sure I have throngs of *fan girls* knocking down my door, but none of them have ever really measured up."

He paused, then eyed her with a mixture of slyness and boyish nervousness. "I'm sure your *boyfriend* is around to chase those Negaduck blues away, right?"

- [Malicia Macawber 206 days ago](#)

"No boyfriend to speak of." A fact that had, for the most part, never really bothered her. Much like Darkwing's statement, there were few potential suitors that could rival her fiery personality.

And most of them ran away screaming for some, odd reason... clearly *terrified* by her beauty. She leaned forward to toy with the lapels of his jacket. "This city is so full of surprises however..."

Moving in ever so close, until their bills were nearly touching. And then...

Ka-BLOOM!

She winced. Whatever that sound was, it had come from the stock room, where she kept her wares. Not good. Bad timing in more ways than one!



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- [Darkwing Duck 206 days ago](#)

As she leaned forward, he leaned back, his nervousness starting to overtake his confident exterior. "Uh...you could say that again, heh..." He swallowed thickly, looking into her yellow irises. Such an unusual color for such an unusual woman... Just as he was beginning to feel himself fall into the honeyed depths of her eyes, the sound jolted him out of the trance.

"What was *that*?!" He put down the wine glass and felt relieved to have a distraction. He hadn't felt this edgy around a lady since...

He got up from the couch and started moving in the direction the sound had come from, going into hero mode.



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- [Malicia Macawber 206 days ago](#)

"N...nothing to be concerned about I'm sure."

CRASH! tnk... tnk.. tnk...

"Er..."

She followed closely behind him, her mind racing almost as fast as her heart pounding against her ribs. Pleaaaaase, please, don't let him find anything illegal...



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- [Darkwing Duck 205 days ago](#)

Darkwing put out a protective arm and grabbed the door handle with his other hand. "Stand back! Who knows what evil lurks in the shadows behind this door!" He pulled it open. "Ah ha!" Then instantly deflated in disappointment. "Oh."

No chance to impress her with his heroism after all.



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[Malicia Macawber 204 days ago](#)

A two-headed bird with leathery bat wings was squawking and flapping about the warehouse, having knocked over its cage and escaped.

"Argh, not again!" Mal grabbed a broom and swiped at it. "Back in your cage, I say! Back!"

Turning to Darkwing with an exasperated sigh. "These infernal critters just hate sitting still. If their droppings weren't so valuable, I'd cook the damn thing."

Finally managing to round up the strange-looking beast and usher it back into its metallic prison, she hung the cage back up on the hanging chain, giving the bird one last irritated glare.

But that was hardly the strangest part of Mal's menagerie, if the rest of the room was any indication. Shelves were filled with strange brews, some bubbling, others echoing what sounded like a thousand tiny screams. Large decorative, ornate talismans and strangely-shaped objects were mounted on the walls. Books wrapped in chains wriggled anxiously on their shelves and a cauldron sat bubbling in the center of the room.

It was truly a strange sight for those unfamiliar with the ways of magic. Mal took a moment to perform a quick scan of the room, making mental notes of anything illegal or otherwise suspicious. She had moved the weaponry at the very least, but who knows what the hero might find...



[Darkwing Duck 204 days ago](#)

Darkwing blinked at the strange creature, and was reminded of his times in Transylvania. So...she actually *did* live more the Macawber way, but seemed a tad more inconspicuous about it. Well- as inconspicuous as a clawed, fire-wielding woman could. Having wandered through the darker and more interesting aspects of Morgana's home, he wasn't put off. Weirder out, perhaps, by a few of the more strange oddities, but he wasn't running. Instead he was glancing up and down the shelves curiously.

"This is some collection you have back here!" he said. "But - what do you use all this stuff for?"



[Malicia Macawber 203 days ago](#)

"Oh, ah... mostly just a collection of rarities." She fumbled with her claws for a moment.

"Plus a few spells to help around the house... you know, to keep the place clean."

It was around this time Darkwing would find himself eclipsed by a three-headed shadow. A low rumble sounded from behind him.



[Darkwing Duck 203 days ago](#)

He was unwisely tapping a glass jar that was beginning to glow when the sound reached his ears. He winced, then slowly turned around to see a towering beast looming over him, fangs dripping.

He pulled at his collar nervously. "Uh, heh...friend of yours...?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *200 days ago*

"Be nice Pringles." Malicia warned the cerberus.

Obediently, the three heads flattened their ears and whimpered. But he smells so tasty!

"My Familiar." Malicia explained. "He's honestly a real darling, when you get past all the fur and drool."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *200 days ago*

"I'm, uh, sure..." Darkwing said nervously as he inched around Pringles to move down another aisle of intrigue. "So, do you have much - er - *contact* with your family?" He reached out a finger to poke at what looked like a white puffball, and as he was glancing at her for her response, didn't notice its jaw open wide ready to take that finger off.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *199 days ago*

Her expression darkened. "Zero contact."

She had trailed behind him to ensure his body remained relatively intact, and was quick to swoop in and pull away the puffball just as it chomped down on thin air.

"I'm not close with my family." She continued with some finality. "I do things my own way."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *199 days ago*

Some buried inner cognizance tugged forward and connected briefly with the definiteness and underlying bitterness of her statement. He gave her a brief, admiring glance, then felt a flicker of awkwardness and again turned his attention to the intriguing artifacts lining the shelves.

"So I take it you haven't spoken to Morgana. You know she's in the city, right?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *198 days ago*

"You... know Morgana?" She felt a stab of disappointment. Then confusion at her own feelings, wondering why she even cared whether he knew her cousin or not.

She didn't want to answer his question, but she did so hesitantly.

"I am... aware she is here."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *198 days ago*

He shrugged, as if making the superficial gesture would slough off two years of dramatic mood swings and painful transformations. "A little."

He noticed the pause in her answer and gave a short nod as if that told him everything. "I...don't suppose you've an affinity for pudding spells?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *198 days ago*

That gave her pause. "...Pudding spells?" She let out a chortle.

"So how long have you known my cousin?" The question had spilled out of her mouth without thinking. Part of her didn't want to know, but she was curious by nature, and if anything, it gave her some intel on her cousin.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *197 days ago*

The superficial cool in his demeanor broke momentarily, and there was a mixture of regret and annoyance. He hadn't seen Morgana in months, and the last time they'd spoken, there had been a glimmer of hope that it might work out...

He shook his head to dispel the memories.

"Oh...a while now," he admitted. "We used to date, but it never really seemed to work out."

He fingered the lock on a small ebony box that was rattling insistently. Such a trove of unusual items. "Where do you get all this stuff?" It was more of a question to distract from Morgana, although he knew from the tone in her voice she probably wouldn't drop it.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *197 days ago*

"Used to *date*?"

She sidled up next to him and inspected him carefully, from the top of his head to the bottom of his webbed feet.

"Hmmm... But your limbs appear to be intact. Are you *sure* you two dated?" She grinned.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *197 days ago*

He looked miffed at her completely bypassing his last question, but it was only an act. Still - he didn't really want to get into the specifics of his time with Morgana. Especially not with her. It made him feel vulnerable, and he didn't like it.

Still, her grin elicited his own minor reflection of it, and he even gave a light chuckle. "Well, let's just say my reflexes improved greatly with time. You're not on good terms, I take it?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *197 days ago*

"That's putting it lightly." She didn't want to delve into the dirty details. She'd rather Darkwing didn't know her true motives for coming to St. Canard, after all...

Time to switch subjects.

"You like the items, yes?" Pointing to the box in his hands. "I collect from all over the world... from places far and wide, above and below... and very far below." A wolfish grin.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *197 days ago*

He paled a little, recalling his run-ins with Beelzebub. "An enterprising traveller, I see," he said appreciatively. He slid the box back into its place. "So...which is your favorite?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *197 days ago*

She brightened immediately. Evidently Darkwing had touched on a topic she greatly enjoyed.

"Why it would definitely have to be..." Leading him by the arm to another shelf filled with swirling orbs of energy. "...these."

"My *soul collection*. Aren't they just wondrous? I have everything from twice reincarnated to Old Souls. Why this one here." A motion to a swirling ball of orange and yellow. "Belonged to a rather famous Normal who lost a dueling kazoo battle. And this one." Pointing to a dark purple orb. "Was a murderous vampire in the middle ages who started a civil war among Normals and monsters."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *197 days ago*

He felt an oddly alluring reaction to her touch as she pulled him along to a new shelf. As she explained, his eyes got wider. Had he not been familiar with the McCawber clan, he would have reacted with disbelief and dismissed what she was saying, but as it was, he had disbelief on his face for a different reason.

"These are...*real* souls? And you...*keep* them? H-how did you even get them?" He was afraid now. His immediate thought was that she had lured him back here to steal his.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 196 days ago

"As opposed to fake souls?" She smirked, not picking up on his fear.

"Procuring them varies from source to source. Some of them I purchase pre-extracted as you see them here, already free from their vessel. Others are insured to me through a contract with the owner of the soul. You see, you cannot *steal* a soul from a being; it can only be imparted through an agreement. It is what makes the soul reaping such a fascinating subject in my opinion."



[Darkwing Duck](#) 196 days ago

"So these people were alive when you took them?" He started to back away now - right into a shelf behind. Some of the jars rattled, threatening to plummet to the stone flooring. "Why? What are you going to do with them?"

He narrowed his eyes. "Well, I'm not going to let you claim MY soul for your little collection! I'm outta here!" He bolted for the door.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 195 days ago

"Wh-- hey! Where are you going? Come back!" Frowning after him, she gave pursuit.

She didn't have to go far, because Pringles happened to be blocking the door, and all three heads had opened their great maws, inviting Darkwing to run straight inside.

[Darkwing Duck](#) 195 days ago

"YIPE!" he cried, skidding to a stop and falling on his back beneath the drooling trio. He stared into the shiny teeth and gaping throats. Creepy food and nasty tempers were one thing, but stealing souls? This was getting downright dark, and he didn't want any part of that. He was rather attached to his soul!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 195 days ago

"I don't understand the problem... I thought we were making a connection." From behind him Malicia frowned.

"You seem... afraid?"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 195 days ago

He grimaced as Pringles' drool dribbled onto his costume, and he finally rolled out from under the three-headed monstrosity to face her with apprehension. The look on her face was genuine, though, and it gave him pause.

"Well, I mean - you have people's *souls* over there! In *jars*! Like some kind of...bug collection! What's to stop you from gaining more? You don't...you don't see anything *wrong* with that? Really?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 195 days ago

Blank stare.

"Well it's not like I *stole* them."
Because that's the real issue isn't it? Usually?

"I prefer the souls of the damned anyway... the ones that weren't heading to a particularly happy place. They're better off in these jars compared to what awaits them in the Underworld."

As far as she saw it, she was doing them a favor!

"I don't waste my time and money on just *any* soul." She explained. "The souls belonging to your St. Canardians, for example; they are of no interest to me. You needn't worry about me making contracts with Normals. I generally don't do the collecting myself in any case... I usually trade, or purchase from other collectors. Contracts are... messy, and complicated to set up."
Speaking from very, recent, personal experience.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 195 days ago

Darkwing blinked. "But you -- I thought -- it was --!" he blubbered when she clarified. "Huh...?"

He glanced from her to the rows of items and back. Then he caught her honey gaze and forgot why he'd been afraid.

"Oh, well, when you put it *THAT* way." He straightened his suit, trying to wipe off the gobs of dog drool with an upturned bill, then moved on as if hadn't just tried to run out of her storage room in terror. "*Why* are they your favorite? What would happen if one got out?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 195 days ago

She relaxed at his sudden change in demeanor. Chasing away Darkwing had been the opposite of her intention, though she couldn't imagine why. Technically, it was better to NOT have a crimefighter sniffing around her warehouse... but maybe keeping him closer would actually be beneficial.

Regardless, it was easier to answer to the second question first.

"Nothing, really. The souls are bound to whoever owns them, so they cannot go anywhere. They are essentially comprised of energy, so they would just float about... a bit of a pain to catch, but essentially harmless."

Then with a smile, she added. "I've... always found souls intriguing since I studied them in school. It was my favourite subject. They're the key to a lot of mysteries in this world, including immortality, although that isn't a personal goal of my own." That last part added hastily.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 194 days ago

"Hmm..." he mused at her explanation. At least they wouldn't be a threat to the city, it seemed, and if she was truly only collecting insidious souls and not those of innocent citizens...it was no more worse than Morgana's mutant fly-trap collection, right?

The mention of school made him remember his short time at Eldritch. He looked more interested now. "The key to mysteries, eh? You'd better be careful...I'll bet if anyone figured that out they'd try to break in here." His masked gaze moved toward Pringles. "Although I suppose you've got that covered."

Gingerly he side-stepped the cerberus and headed back into the part of the warehouse where Malicia lived. It was no surprise he helped himself to another glass of wine, immediately taking a sip.

"So, uh...what is it that you *do* exactly? Aside from collecting souls and *soles*?" He motioned to her shoes, then gave a self-satisfied smirk at his own lame joke.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 194 days ago

That gave her pause. What *did* she do?

"Well... I started a modeling career for a magazine." It was hard to imagine Darkwing being the type to read those sorts of magazines. "I've done a few photo shoots but most of them have been ruined by Ne-- uncontrollable circumstances."

But other than that...

"I suppose you could say I'm an academic. I like to study, keep to myself mostly." And sell illegal magical items but let's not go there.

"And you..." Taking the spotlight off herself for once. "...You do this 'crimefighting' full-time?"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 194 days ago

"A model - really? I mean, that's not really a surprise, since you're so..." he trailed off awkwardly, but his appreciative - albeit brief - gaze up and down her curves was enough to communicate what was thinking. "...unique. Which one?"

He started moving through her home now, wine in hand, looking over her living space as if it were his. You didn't become a vigilante without being nosy.

At her comment, he shrugged. "You could say that. Although I'm more of a night owl than anything. But it pays the bills."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 194 days ago

"*Chicks With Chainsaws* is the brand name. A very unique magazine to match my unique appearance, if you will." Indeed, her 'exotic' appearance had been the main pull that got her a spot in the first place.

She had sidled up alongside him. "A nocturnal creature, are you? Do you enjoy it? Risking your life to fight criminals, that is. It must be very..." She leaned in now to whisper breathily.

"*Dangerous work.*"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 194 days ago

"Huh, never heard of it," he commented, making a mental note later to look online.

He was just perusing her book collection when he felt her lean down closer to him. He could smell her perfume, and he felt at once slightly intoxicated. Her statement did touch his cockiness, however, and he instantly puffed up. "Oh it's *extremely* dangerous," he assured her with a sly grin. "But nothing the city's most respected superhero can't handle... There's nothing like the adrenaline rush of a car chase or the harrowing suspense of defusing a bomb! And don't forget the quack fu! Heee-yah!"

He started demonstrating said martial art in her living room, the wine sloshing in his glass and threatening to stain her floors.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 194 days ago

She made a sudden movement to catch his glass and shield the floors. "Ah, yes I'm sure..."

Eesh, how much of that stuff did he drink?

"Sounds like quite the lifestyle, I certainly could not handle it." For more reasons than one.

Taking him by the hand she decided to lead him over to the sofa where they could both be seated side by side for a moment.

"You are certainly an intriguing personality, Darkwing..." She began, placing a hand on his shoulder.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 194 days ago

He pouted a little when she interrupted his Quack Fu by taking his glass, but he forgot his disappointment quickly when she grabbed his hand. Even though it was longer than his, her fingers were long and lean, and still fit easily into his palm. When they sat down together, he was reluctant to let it go.

"Oh, uh...well thanks!" he replied, getting that awkward feeling again. He rubbed the back of his neck, then looked up at her strange yet enticing features. "You're, uh...not so bad yourself." He instantly mentally kicked himself, but he did manage to turn more toward her. "I'm glad you came to St. Canard, and I'd love to get to know you better, if you'll let me."



[Malicia Macawber](#) *193 days ago*

That took her aback somewhat. He was just so... straight-forward about it. Of course she couldn't blame him. Who didn't want to get to know her better? She was amazing!

So why could she feel herself panicking internally?

"That would be... yes. Let's get to know each other better."

A sudden realization. Keeping him close while doing business with Negaduck was going to prove... near impossible. And if either found out about the other...

"We should go out somewhere soon then." She said. "Dinner perhaps?"



[Darkwing Duck](#) *193 days ago*

He blinked and repeated, "Out?" He pulled at his turtleneck, then straightened. "Well sure, I mean, that'd be great!"

Once the initial boyish surprise faded, his general demeanor of self-assurance took over, and he eyed her slyly. "Did you have a place in mind, or should I surprise you?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) *192 days ago*

"Hmmm..." She leaned, pressing her clawtip against his bill playfully. "*Surprise me.*"