

RP: Hocus NegaPocus



By [Malicia Macawber](#) 305 days ago [Comments \(77\)](#)

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Reserved for: Negaduck, Malicia

It was a regular, low-key night in St. Canard. Villains were villaining, heroes were warding them off, and over in the warehouse district on the bayside piers, a supernatural exchange was well underway...

"Five greater-souls? For *this*? Are you out of yer tree?! Ain't no hex worth that much, darlin'!" A stubby gnome screeched up at the amazonian figure that was Malicia Macawber.

"Did I stutter?" The demonness crossed her arms. "My cursed kazoos are *top quality*, and I dare you to find one elsewhere that comes remotely close to my handiwork."

"Hrmph... I'll give you Three souls at most. An' that's me bein' generous."

"*Four* souls and no less! My hexes are *guaranteed* to run undetected by the the Enforcers, or you get a refund."

"A refund, hah?" The creature stroked one of his long, warty ears. "You drive a hard bargain, Macawber. But I'll take it if it means keeping those creaky old farts outta my business." Digging out a small coin-purse, he handed the demonness four glowing orbs.

"I assure you it'll be well worth the price." Mal snapped her fingers, and the kazoo in question was wrapped neatly in a small bag and handed over.

"Right, right..." The gnome glanced around. "What's with the new location? This a *Normal* city, ain't it? Can't be getting much business all the way out here, can ye?"

"It has its perks, I assure you. Normals are, at large, an ignorant lot. And mostly harmless."

Keyword: Mostly.

"Right, well... best of luck to ye then. I'll let the others know bout yer new storefront. Ever since those blaggard Enforcers raided the Market back home we been needing more stores."

"Mhmm... I've no doubt. Take care then."

Parting ways, Malicia took a moment to count her newly-acquired currency. She had hiked up the price substantially, all thanks to the lack of competition. The money was flowing in quite nicely, and she had little to no setbacks to deal with.

It was time for a celebratory drink, she decided.



- [Negaduck 305 days ago](#)

Around a corner, over a crate and through a bending set of binoculars, a black masked eye narrowed.

"So, bargaining with the black market, huh?" Negaduck could never help a round of pre-sneak soliloquising. "A woman of my own heart."

Spoken with the sort of snide contempt the very concept deserved.

"Then she won't mind me sampling some of the goods!"

Zip, zip-zip, from shadow to shadow, until he arrived at the warehouse wall.

Now, what vulnerabilities could he spy?



[Malicia Macawber](#) *305 days ago*

Well there was the door. But surely nobody would be foolish enough to wander into her territory, and risk immolation...

Mal had even left the door ajar as she returned inside, settling down in the living room to pour herself a drink or five.

"To another evening of successful sales." She clinked two wine glasses together and gulped them back at once.



[Negaduck](#) *305 days ago*

Well, that was easy.

In he slipped.

To be faced with a sight that even gave the great Negaduck pause.

"Woah, momma..."



[Malicia Macawber](#) *305 days ago*

Behind the doors of the conjoined warehouse lay a magical menagerie that most could not comprehend the mere existence of.

There were floating wieners in a cage that, if Negaduck passed by too closely, would reveal layers of spiky leech-like teeth that threatened to latch on to any loose clothing.

Rows of shelves were filled with odd concoctions -- bubbling brews, colourful smoke, hissing and snarling sounds, tentacles, wriggling books that had been padlocked shut and wrapped tightly in chains.

Behind glass windows were everyday-looking objects: Soccer balls, mittens, collars, hats, and more of those kazoos that Negaduck had witnessed earlier.

There was a rustling noise, and a flock of winged-eyeballs fluttered past Negaduck, circling him curiously for a moment, their great big irises staring intently.



[Negaduck 305 days ago](#)

Like a Disneyland of destruction!

"This place is another level... even for a Macawber."

Attention moving from what appeared to be a crate of levitating penguin massagers to his winged observers.

"Hey, who'd you think you're eyeballing?"

A solid jab in one to make his *point*. Assuming that got the message across, he was onto better - or worse things.

Like that mysterious vial encircled in mysterious runes with mysterious messages like 'DO NOT DRINK'.

Drawn, naturally, he squinted through the case to read the label.

"*Make people scream and run at the sight of you.*"

An effect Negaduck already experienced non-magically, but who didn't love more screaming?

"Got to get me some of that!"

And breaking open the cabinet and the seal, and downed the entire bottle. Wise.



[Malicia Macawber 302 days ago](#)

The sound of approaching footsteps would hopefully reach Negaduck's ears before Malicia threw open the door and stepped into warehouse.

"Now where was it..." She was muttering absentmindedly to herself as she stopped at a particular shelf and began thumbing through various knick-knacks.



[Negaduck 297 days ago](#)

He felt.. different.

Huge. Good.

With a huge jaw to boot. Very good.

Despite his clearly heightened view point, however, it somehow felt as though he was lying down. What were his legs doing?

No time to figure that out, as Malicia had returned. He hid instinctively in the only way he could think of in his current state.

By freezing like a statue.

Hopefully the demoness would simply not notice, against one of her walls, the enormous great white Nega-shark pretending to be an Egyptian.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 294 days ago

She was humming absentmindedly under her breath (something that sounded oddly to the tune of Lady Gaga) as she picked up a few more items. Only to round the corner where Negashark had struck a pose.

She gasped in shock and nearly dropped the vials and herbs bundled in her arms.

"Oh. My. Hades."

It couldn't be...

"Is that a split strand?!"

Stopping to gaze at herself in the full-length mirror directly next to Negashark, she pouted in dismay. This was a disaster! Every piece of her hair was meant to be flawless, just like she was.

She set down the pile of items and proceeded to fuss at herself in the mirror, running her claws through her hair, grasping the offending follicle between her thumb and fore-finger and heating it up until the split portion separated.

Then it was time for a few more ~~hours~~ minutes of primping her feathers and blowing a kiss to herself in the mirror.

"I'm so beautiful it almost hurts."



[Negaduck](#) 294 days ago

Why. Why did she have to be so.. so.. so *biteable*? Right next to him?

For all her mindblowingly unbelievable vanity, however, it was more than matched by Negaduck's own, uh, willpower.

...

Ah screw it.

CHOMP!!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 294 days ago

"AIYEEEEEE!"

She turned around to glare at the shark that had latched itself to her rear end.

"You weren't due for inventory until next week!" She boomed. "How did you get here?"

And why does your gaudy outfit look so familiar?



[Negaduck](#) 293 days ago

Should've known even the bus-sized monster he apparently had become would not be able to take out that tail with one bite.

Didn't mean he couldn't take another.

CHOMP! And a miss. Perhaps Negaduck still needed a few moments to *grow* into it. Har har.

"Why," Lining up on her again, no misses this time. "After all those hogties and glitter faceshots, I assumed you wanted to be *chummy!*"

To emphasise exactly the type of chum, those jaws came down on her again like a moment of horrid realisation.

C.H.O.M.P!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 290 days ago

Thwack!

"**I should've known it was you!**" She barked, raising her hand to give him another duckubus-sized smack. She couldn't mistake that low, gravelly voice. Somehow, this mishap inventory was Negaduck, in the flesh... or fish.

That's when she spied the empty bottle on the ground.

"You drank my fear elixir?! ... You truly are a combination of brave and stupid, aren't you?"



[Negaduck](#) 290 days ago

Says the peddler who left their front door open. In *St Canard*.

He was too busy reeling from the smackdown to throw it back at her though. Woman had quite the arm on her.

It wouldn't be staying there though if he got his teeth around it!

"Pah, some elixir. I'm already the most feared blight upon this festering city!"

In lining up on her again, it was only then he spied his new form in the mirror.

"But I am going to have fun with this. Starting with you-!"

Crunching down at Malicia, or more accurately, a feather's width to her left. Taking out, with one swift bite, the lower half of some shelves.

Which started a domino effect on that line of shelves all down the warehouse.

In a hotbed of dark magic, that was not going to be good.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *289 days ago*

"What th-- NO. DON'T DO THAT."

Too late. There was an explosion of pixie dust, followed up by the unleashing of tentacles which, unsurprisingly, were drawn to Mal like a magnet.

"NO. Bad!" She picked up a nearby witches' broom and whapped at the creature. "Back, I say! Back!"

Meanwhile, the toads had gotten loose and had begun hopping across the floor, where they narrowly avoided the gaping maw of a venus flytrap.

Left-eye twitching erratically (this tic, coincidentally had developed around the time she first met Negaduck) she turned on the Negashark, teeth gnashing together.

"WHY. DO. YOU. INSIST. ON. TORMENTING. ME."



[Negaduck](#) *289 days ago*

"What? I thought every woman is crazy for a shark dressed man."

Hey she asked for torment. Torment clearly included puns.

"As fun as this has been though, I have some terrorising to fin-ish."

A gleam on the flooring, somewhere beneath the now flying toads and tentacles, caught his beady eyes.

Manhole cover.

One giant chomp, and it was forcibly renovated to accommodate his now much more substantial new girth.

"Sea you round, toots!"

With a wriggling - that may have seen his tail swing to deliver a parting smack to Malicia's behind - the Negashark plunged into the deep of the city's waterways, and onto spooking its citizens.

Leaving his regular costume behind though, as it peeled off him as he wiggled into the pipe. For all the physics that allowed a shark to fit down a drain, apparently a caped jacket and fedora was too much of a squeeze.

((Insert all the many fun scenes of Negashark ambushes here! Good crimes, good times...))



[Malicia Macawber 289 days ago](#)

She spun around to shake a fist. "I WILL CUT OUT YOUR TONGUE, YOU WILL NEVER PUN AGAIN!"

Her words echoing down the manhole he had just escaped into.

Welp.

Not her problem now, right?



[Negaduck 288 days ago](#)

((Post the appearance at St Canard Pool))

Could sharks sulk?

Ones that turned up in old cans and bathtubs apparently could.

In 24 hours, he had gone from being the city's biggest underwater menace to its biggest tourist attraction.

Even little kids were posing in front of his enclosure like he was.. some sort of ridiculous cartoon character! The indignity! The outrage!

He quickly discovered the foot thick glass was jaws proof, headbutt proof and generally shark proof. And even had he had his usual escape kit tucked away behind a gill, how was he meant to use it with these stupid fins?!

As night fell and the crowds thinned, the shadow of the Negashark hung in the blue, with only schools of aquarium fish to glower at, and himself to blame.

... haha yeah, that was never going to happen.



[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

"Well, well well..." A voice crooned.

The silhouette in the doorway was leaning to one side, hand on her enormous hip. She stalked into the room, approaching the tank with a wolfish smile.

"Don't you just look right at home." Malicia said sweetly. "Why, they even gave you some little fish friends to play with!"

She leaned in, which resulted in her cleavage pressing against the glass.

"If *only* there was someone with the ability to reverse this spell and get you out of this mess..."



[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Just great. Perfect. Exactly what he needed.

If she thought it would be that easy to torment the great Negaduck, however, she had another thing coming.

"Bah! I don't need *you*."

How his voice was able to be heard clearly through the tank, nobody will ever know.

"The second this wears off, I'll be out of here faster than an eel in a bus full of Japanese schoolgirls."

Did Malicia really think he'd mess with magic without an exit plan? What'd he look like, stupid?



[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

"Mhmm...'Wears off'. Whatever gave you that silly idea?" She tapped her bill.

"I mean, if you *want* to risk waiting it out, that's your prerogative..." Shrug.

"Until then, you can enjoy the delightful company you're keeping. Why, I heard they're busing children from all of Calisota's surrounding schools tomorrow, and they're just so excited to see you! You're going to have so much fun, making their little faces light up and smile at the sight of you. Just what you've always wanted, right?"



[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Wasn't one of the first stages denial? Or for Negaduck was it simply various shades of anger?

"What're you talking about?! Of course it'll wear off!"

Her quiet smugness at this point spoke volumes.

"I mean, it has to! What kind of stupid, ill-considered concoction has no time expiry?"

On second thoughts, maybe he should've read the bottle a little more closely.

"If I have to hear one more giggle of 'ooo Jwimmy just wook at his big tweeth' I swear I'm going to... RGGHH!"

A collection of kelp paid the price for his aggravation, torn to sea confetti in moments.

It was not the same as a citizen.

Slowly, against the same glass he had nearly shattered his skull trying to break open all day, his gaze returned to Malicia.

"You.. can reverse this?"

If hypothetically I was hypothetically asking.



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) 287 days ago

She reached into her cleavage and retrieved a vial, which bore the label '**ANTIDOTE**' in large letters that even a shark could see.

"Easily." She bragged. "Why, if I were to just add this to your water tank, you'd be a back to your fluffy-tailed self in mere minutes."



○

[Negaduck](#) 287 days ago

CRACK.

Having not yet learned his lesson (on so many counts), he had powered reflexively into the glass.

Not that it did anything.

"So what're you waiting for?! Dump it in!"

And once I get my limbs back, I'll show this tank and your fluffy-imagining self what for.



○

[Malicia Macawber](#) 287 days ago

The vial vanished back down the depths whence it came.

"Why would I ever do that for you??" She scoffed. "After you broke into my warehouse to steal my magical artifacts? Then trashed the place! Not to mention that little 'incident' where you led a soul-sucking demon into my home last week..." Oh yes, I haven't forgotten about that one.

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't just sit back and watch you turn to sushi!"



○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Oohyeah. Dang it.

"Heh.. come on now sweet thing, don't be like that."

Shark-like smiles were so much easier as an actual shark.

"You wouldn't be here if there wasn't something in it for you."

Can see through you even easier than this glass.

"So what's it going to be, hot stuff? Want to strike another.. business deal?"

Because that's what we call it this side of the morality spectrum.

• [Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

"How about a deal where you stop being a pain in my beautiful hind end?" She snapped irritably. "Your existence has brought nothing but misfortune to my front door! Truly, I'd be better off with you living in this tank for the rest of your hideous life."

And yet...

"You want out? *Convince me why*"



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○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Not eyerolling would be a start. Wanted to play this game, did she?

"Oh yeah? How about I give you a--" Gulp gulp gulp. "-while you-" Bubble bubble. "-with a ooze-covered mace-" Splash splash. "-till next Tuesday?"

Water filter cutting in to save the censor.



•

○

[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

Eye narrowed, she glanced around. Ah, look, a nearby ladder.

Pushing it against the glass tank, she climbed to the very top of the tank and dipped a single finger in.

Bubbles began to form and ripple, and steam rose. Very soon, the entire tank would be heating up like a pot of water.

"I've always wanted to try shark-fin soup..." She murmured to herself.



•

○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Smugness turned to surprise and then scalding.

"OWW! HEY!" Leaping clear of the water barely helped - the steam was just as hot. "OKAY OKAY! I'll swipe you something! I'll -ARGH- fix up your damned shop of horrors!"

Turning red through to charred...

"I'LL GUARANTEE A SELL-OUT OF YOUR NEXT MAG!"

Anything, anything! Just make it stop!



○

[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

"Oh?" The boiling water came to a standstill.

"Come here and shake on it."

Yes, you heard me. With your fin.

"I need to make sure you keep your word."



○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Eyeing the outstretched claw as if tempted to simply drag her into the water and be done with it, he at least momentarily reconsidered.

"You try any funny business, you'd better remember I don't have to be a shark to *eat* you."
Power balance restored somewhat, in his mind anyway, fin placed on hers.



○

[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

No funny business, unless you counted the eerie glow that appeared between hand and fin as they grasped. The light split in two, one segment running up Mal's arm, the other up Negaduck's arm.

A magical oath. No take-backsies now!

She pulled away fast enough to prevent herself from getting caught in any sudden Negatantrums, and pulled out the antidote again.

"Bottoms up." She upturned the vial, allowing every last drop of liquid spill into the water.



○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

No tantrum, but he had jerked back, surprised. Something in that little lightshow made his scales crawl - otherworldly magic he didn't comprehend? Or was it the oath-keeping bit?

Yeeeah, probably the latter.

No time for panic though, as the potion flooded his gills. Causing him to expand, much like an overinflated shark balloon.

This was not what he was expecting.

"Whoaaa- WHHOOAA--"

POP!

NegaDUCK was back in the feathers!

The rather soaked feathers. And nothing else, save his ever-present black mask.

Censors saved once again by some strategically flowing kelp.

"Hey!" Holding onto the edge of the tank with his hands. Hands! "It worked!"

And I didn't end up in sewerage this time!



○

[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

Malicia had propped herself on her elbows, hands resting under her chin, watching him closely. "Did it ever."

Not that I had any doubts whatsoever about it going wrong or there being a 50/50 chance you might've exploded instead. No sirree.

"Now that you have hands, you can put them to work back at my warehouse." Long pause. "Cleaning up, that is."



○

[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Treading water was much easier with duck feet and limbs to grasp the enclosure wall. Bill to not-shark-snout-anymore but just as menacing.

"What's the hurry?"

Because you know I'd rather get you wet than clean.

"I--YEOUCH!"

Turtle on the tail. Apparently the mini hero in the half shell had assessed it the opportunity to strike back at the aquarium bully now he was far more chomp-able.

Okay, time to get out.

~~~

Back among the warehouse wares, another kind of shouting would ring out.

That of frustration.

Negaduck's efforts to ditch the sweeping of bits of incinerated toad and put his feet up instead had been met with-- the broom magically coming to life and bashing him over the head?

"OW! ARGH!" Having to use his arms again to protect his head, as his efforts to grab and splinter the cursed thing fell through.

"What in Hades is your problem?!"

Talking to flying household objects now. This day just went up and up.



[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

"Everything good in there?" Mal's voice rang out from the other room, where she was leaning back and sipping a martini. She would occasionally poke her head in, to enjoy the scenery that was Negaduck playing housemaid.

"Do be careful, the tentacles are still loose." And I'd just *love* to see that in motion. Ah... so this is what victory tasted like.



[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Catching sight of Malicia was a good prompt to finally catch hold of the wayward broom.

"Get your tools under control or I'll turn this entire place to kindling!"

Kicking a fallen box upright with much grumbling, mostly inaudible but something about Fantasia.

The kick however was a little too feisty and knocked onto the floor and swarm of mushrooms with.. legs?

"ARGH!" Alternating between trying to herd them and smoosh them.

HATING this. Hate hate hate.



[Malicia Macawber 287 days ago](#)

By this point Malicia had entered the room and was watching him in sheer amusement.

"You've..... never cleaned anything in your entire life, have you?" Assuming he had been born in, and perhaps created from pure filth.

"If you'd like, you could give me a foot rub instead." Clearly the best alternative.



[Negaduck 287 days ago](#)

Not even indignifying that with an answer. Instead a gritted, "I can *handle* this." Fingers in the bill, a sharp whistle and a tentacle lashed out at him from the shadows. Jumping clear, its lash knocked all the nearby runaway creatures back into their boxes.

On the down part of the leap, Negaduck grabbed the very same tentacle, fell onto his back, and neatly somersaulted the thing over his head and into its cage which, naturally, locked.

*Zip!*

Dashing over to the storm drain, some shattered metal gate, probably a portal to another beyond, dragged over the giant bitemark and some talking rat in a red kimono to fashion a sewer cover. A few quick blasts of a flamethrower and there, secure.

*Zip!*

Stomp on a loose board to flip a chest full of potions back onto their shelves. Maybe not with the correct labelling but hey, who cared.

*Zip!*

Cauldron righted, 'display' skeleton back inside.

*Zip!*

Cursed otamatones - which on the outer were not in any way different from regular otamatones - jammed under a pillow somewhere.

And *zip!*

Finally, with the help of a shoulder fired rocket and a length of chain, the dominoed shelf stack pulled back into being upright.

"There," he announced with some degree of satisfaction. Not at a cleaning job well done, hell no, but a successful bout of stubbornness. "Nothing bests *Negaduck*, not even--"

Rumble rumble. A tiny runaway shroom had collided with the last of the shelves, which wobbled precariously, and then-- BAM.

Huge casket of dried monkeys eyes.

All over his head.

What was that about an eye twitch?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 287 days ago

Funny how even the worst of cretins could do a decent cleaning with the right motivation.

Staring down at the villain who was now covered in balls, she could only grin. "On the bright side, those are very good for virility. No shark-changing magic there."

"Now then." Snapping her fingers, the eyes zipped back into place, as did every other fine detail Negaduck might have missed. The placed looked spotless in seconds.

"It's time we had a talk." She glowered. "About your *borrowing* my wares." She couldn't believe she was saying this but. "Perhaps we can... work out a deal."



[Negaduck](#) 287 days ago

Shaking a spare ball or two out of his hat.

"Oh yeah?"

Excuse me while I try to take in what is no doubt a ruse plus the fact you have undone all my fine destruction with a finger click what is happening here.

"If it involves any more 'cleaning'..."

Don't make me finish that sentence.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 287 days ago

".....only if you mess this place up again." Death glare.

"But no. I was thinking more along the lines of allowing you access to my wares... under provisional circumstances." She plucked the remaining balls from his hands and returned them to their sack.

"I do need to advertise, after all. If I lend you a few of my more deadly items, you can use them as you wish. And in exchange, you stop bringing *chaos*, literally, to my front doorstep."



[Negaduck](#) 286 days ago

Attention drifting to her bulging inventory. It would be a crime if such fine assets were left on the shelf... but an open invitation to have at them? For free?

Something had him wary. Call it a punch.

"The Negaduck name comes with a certain level of infamy."

And multiple enforcement agencies, a specialised task force, international media attention, a socially unstable fanbase and, just to add to the mix, a handful of heroes that brought more painful things than chaos to his door.

"Think you can handle that?"

Wouldn't want to land you.. in hot water now.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 286 days ago

She had to fight every muscle in her body to contain an eye roll.

"I think I'll be fine." Circling him now, she place one warm hand on his shoulder, to smooth out his cape.

"Unfettered access to my.... *wares*, comes with many *benefits*. I expect, however, that you keep this place tidy. Put things back where they came from, provided they can be returned." Because not all spells were reversible, as Negaduck had learned the hard way.

"The rest of my home is off limits. You do not wander past that doorway, unless I expressly invite you inside. My home is not your hide-out to do as you please. There will be no squatting."

A shrug. "Other than that, you are free to explore this area and find something to play with. Just don't get your feathers ruffled if it backfires on you. Magic is temperamental, and you Normals have about as much grace as an infant when handling it."



[Negaduck](#) 285 days ago

By the time she finished that little speech, perhaps she would notice Negaduck had not been so much actively listening as actively grabbing.

From behind the mountain of pilfered supplies piled way above fedora height in his arms, he leaned to look at her.

"Uh, you were saying something?"

Grace indeed.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 283 days ago

Deadpan stare. Well, if he killed himself in the process, it was no skin off her bill.

"If any law enforcement questions your magical source, you are to deny any connection to me. Not that I expect your Normals to really come sniffing around here. If they do, I will be introducing them to Pringles. He could use a new playmate or two."





[Negaduck 283 days ago](#)

Sounded good to him. Free weaponry with a serve of extra blackmail potential? Yes please.

What didn't sound so good was that name. Even as he dumped the purloined goods in a purloined cart, something about what Malicia said sent a weird chill down his spine.

Not that he would show it.

"Pringles? What is that, a fuzzy little neck charm?"



[Malicia Macawber 282 days ago](#)

".....Sure, you could call him that." Knowing smile.

I'll wait until you misbehave before I introduce you to Pringles.

"So tell me... what magical trinket intrigues you the most?"



[Negaduck 261 days ago](#)

Time to review the goody bag, was it?

"Let's start.. small..."

Only because I am not entirely convinced this isn't another trap to sucker punch me at the last second.

"Why don't we try this."

An engorgement potion, was it? How interesting.

---

The next day, a fancy shindig held in a high level penthouse. Hosted by the Mayor, in fact, in celebration of a whole 22 days without a major incident.

Lying in wait above the buffet table, Negaduck watched the proceedings through the vented ceiling boards. And he had his eyes on that fruit platter.

Any moment now. Just needed some sort of distraction.

Focus, focus...



[Malicia Macawber](#) 259 days ago

He would feel the warm, squishy weight of Mal behind him. Somehow, miraculously, she had managed to not fall through the ceiling, despite the creaking and shifting of the crossbeams.

"Remind me again what we're waiting for?" She hissed impatiently.

[Negaduck](#) 259 days ago

"Shut it."

The cramped space did nothing for his temper. At the same time, it meant he didn't really have the room to go off - like a psychotic fire deprived of oxygen.

Why she had insisted in tagging along was beyond him.

Conveniently, that was when over at the bar, the speeches commenced.

"Ladies and gentleducks-" How one person managed to cram so much pomp into one line was remarkable. "Maintaining peace and order in St Canard is always with its challenges - nay, impossibilities.."

With the crowd looking in the opposite direction, Negaduck pushed down on a ceiling tile to hinge it open.

"While there remains no causal evidence of exactly what is behind this highly unusual bout of stability, one thing is clear - *we* deserve the credit."

Pop went the lid of the potion bottle as the champagne was poured.

"So here's to the continued prosperity of our fair city. May this be the start of something really big."

And down the potion went, splashing all over the centre of the centrepiece - a huge, round watermelon.

Huge, of course, was an understatement to what it fast became.

Chaos and calamity as it swelled at a remarkable rate, smashing the table, sealing off the exits and, eventually, smushing the mayor and all his cronies, lawmakers and prominent city officers along the walls and walls of windows.

It did mean too it began to bulge into the ceiling, which Malicia may have questioned the ringmaster on the wisdom of.

Had he not already started to skedaddle.

But Negaduck was not fleeing. Oh no. There was way more to come than this.



[Malicia Macawber 259 days ago](#)

Sheer curiosity was the answer. She had to know exactly what his plans were for her wares, and whether he was using them efficiently. After all, like an artisan who sculpts their finest creations, each and every potion had the potential for something beautiful.

Mal had, perhaps, fixated on the size of the large, round growing object long enough to almost miss Negaduck's exit. "A *watermelon*? Really?" Turning only then to see he was already a few feet away, she took that as her cue to follow. Because if *he* was on the move, there was a reason behind it. That much she knew about the cretin.



[Negaduck 257 days ago](#)

"MMFFPHHBL!"

Mooshed against the sides, the cries of the guests were muffled into the melon.

Until a solitary dart arched down from above, and punctured the swollen skin.

**POP!**

Burst like a balloon. A squash court sized balloon, filled with pinky flesh. And pips.

The combination of oxygen deprivation and the force of the explosion left most of the party groaning with fruit-induced concussion. A shame, because they missed the arrival into the middle of the mess St Canard's most notorious felon and professional mess maker, Negaduck.

"Quite a do you've put on, Mr Mayor," loomed over the dazed dignitary in question. "Hope you don't mind my *crashing* it."



[Malicia Macawber 252 days ago](#)

Negaduck's dramatic entrance was instantaneously interrupted by a feminine, "Ew! It almost got in my hair!"

The voice in question belonging to his tag-along who was stepping over bits and pieces of roadkill-watermelon, trying to avoid piercing the chunks with her heels, like an incidental shoe-kabob.

Malicia recomposed herself long enough to direct her attention to Negaduck.

"You definitely just missed a good opportunity for a pun. I am experiencing a mixture of disappointment and relief right now."

She paused to count on her claws. "... 'Sorry to *drop in*', 'Hope you enjoy my *explosive* entrance', 'Here's a taste of my fruit salad', 'Hope you're not feeling too *meloncholy*'..." She tilted her head. "You really dropped the ball this time."



[Negaduck 252 days ago](#)

"Would you cram it, melons-for-brains?!"

That right there was why he preferred to work alone. The prattling of a woman was almost as bad as the Freaktarded Four!

Crouching down to match the level of the Mayor's still unfocused eyes.

"It would be such a shame to leave the party without a goodie bag. But what's this?"

Retrieving, from the other's suit pocket, something gold and shiny.

"A key to the city's defences? That you normally keep on your person at all times? Aww, you shouldn't have."

Really, really shouldn't have.

Turning to the windows which, conveniently, had been shattered by the juicy blast.

"Thanks for the fruitful meeting, Mayor. You're really one in a melon!"

Laughter, of the purely maniacal variety, as Negaduck stepped backwards into thin air, and disappeared from sight.

*Don't tell me how to pun, wench.*

\*\*\*

Deep under the St Canard Police Headquarters, a vault-like department, the armoury. It had been quiet, what with the majority of the force responding to the attack at the event, unaware yet of what had been stolen. The remaining officers were easily taken out with a couple of sleeping dust filled hand grenades.

They had time. Not a lot of time, but time enough.

Inserting the key into the appropriate slot, Negaduck stepped back as the doors swung open.

"Wooah."

Guns R Us. Shelves and shelves of weaponry, explosives, riot gear, freeze-dried donuts, the lot.

Where to begin?!

Tommy gun. Classic.

"Ohh *baby*."

Was he.. snuggling it?

Not right. Not right at all.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 248 days ago

"Shall I give you two some privacy?"

She wandered past him to explore the inner-sanctum, pausing to run her claws over a pair of handcuffs. Not much of value here, at least for her personal needs.

"I can't imagine you have any way of carrying all this out of here. Looks like you'll just have to pick a few favourites."



[Negaduck](#) 248 days ago

"Sure, we could do that. *Or--*"

A yank offscreen to produce.. a shopping cart!

Back to the guns. Pump-action shotgun. Held and admired entirely unlike the way he would hold a small baby.

"Weapons of death and destruction. You can't pick just one."

So he didn't. In the cart went the bombs, bazookas and ballistics until it was piled triple its own height, a wobbly mountain of doom. It looked about time to go.

Except, *gasp*.

"Look at that."

Behind a thick plate of glass, what appeared to be a combination of a giant searchlight.. with a flat pancake skillet instead of a bulb?

Judging from the signage - and the fact it was secured when the bazookas were not - it was either a museum piece.. or highly experimental.

"One of the first superstrength sonic weapons. Sure, they've been developing them for non-kinetic crowd control, for like when the kids at Catty Perry go nuts, but with a few modifications, do you know the sort of fun we could have with that..."

A fist didn't shatter the glass. A spray of bullets didn't either. Nor a sledgehammer.

"Come on, come on!"

They didn't have time to be wasting on one item. But supervillains needed superweapons! It was like the law!

... except you know, the opposite of that.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 242 days ago

"Allow me."

Elbowing Negaduck aside she stepped up to the plate. She wriggled her fingers at the sonic weapon, which triggered the 'on' switch.

This probably would've been a good time to tell him to stand back, wouldn't it? Oh well.



○

[Negaduck 242 days ago](#)

**ssssrrrrrrRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE**

The noise pulsed in an arc outwards, shattering the thick glass... and Negaduck's ear drums, as he was caught in its wake.

Powerful. Powerful enough to knock him onto his back, and leave him twitching.

Yeah. oW.

Hey though, at least it was unprotected from grabbygrabby hands now, right?



○

[Malicia Macawber 238 days ago](#)

She carelessly stepped over Nega-dying-cockroach, grabbing the weapon for herself.

Holding it up to inspect it, there was something in her eyes. Daresay, a maniacal gleam of mischief.

Think of what could be done with this baby...

Pause. What *could* be done with this? Why would she need it anyway? It wasn't like she couldn't cause chaos and mayhem all on her own volition. And yet...

She had a sudden urge to be bad. *Real* bad.



○

[Negaduck 237 days ago](#)

Whatever urges might have been had, they would be interrupted by the blaring of alarms and chaos breaking loose upstairs.

"LEG IT."

Nega-cockroach was up and off like a pie bazooka shot, pushing the trolley all the while.

Not that he *cared* about what happened to her, but she did have the superweapon.



○

[Malicia Macawber 237 days ago](#)

She was hot on his heels, not willing to let him leave her in the dust. Nobody ditches Malicia Macawber!

When they made it upstairs and rounded the corner to find themselves faced with a wall of police, the weapon of mass destruction was pointed at the police station wall. Mal flicked the switch, and the resounding noise crumbled bricks to dust, leaving a large hole in its wake. The perfect escape route.

This time it was Mal's turn to dive through the hole, leaving Negs to scramble after her with his trolley of goodies, all the way back to the warehouse.



[Negaduck 237 days ago](#)

Back at said warehouse, surrounded by the stacked and sorted crates of their success,

"Hah! Did you see their faces?"

Apparently being accosted with their own weapons was the last thing the law had expected. Which was kind of silly, in St Canard.

"Better be careful, or you're going to get a reputation for yourself, Macawber."

From the grin across Negaduck's bill, the last thing he was worried about was her reputation.



[Malicia Macawber 236 days ago](#)

For once, Mal didn't have any snide remarks for him. She was too busy admiring their haul. Not something that reflected her interests -- there was not *nearly* enough shiny happening. But there was something enjoyable about the whole robbing-a-police-station- debacle.

But what would Darkwing Duck think?... Why did it *matter* what he thought?

Shaking that thought away, she turned toward the other masked duck in her presence.

"You intend to test all of these out? On who?"

Dare I ask?



[Negaduck 236 days ago](#)

"Oh you know, crossing guards, store managers, the elderly."

The grenade launcher he was zeroing the scope of would certainly put the scoot in their scooters.

"Whoever gets in my way."

So most of the city.

Except for Malicia now.. right?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 232 days ago

"You like to experiment I see." How fun.

"But don't you ever aim for *more* than just... mindless wanton destruction?"



[Negaduck](#) 232 days ago

The question surprised him. Enough that he actually looked around the scope *at* her.

"Nah."

Back to shining the weapon. If he was going to do what he was planning to do with it, he would need a nice adhesive coating.

"If there's more to life than *that*, I don't want to know about it."

There was money, of course, power, fame... but sweet zombie jezuz, without some of that delicious destruction, it was all, well, boring.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 231 days ago

She rolled her eyes. Not sure why she even had to ask.

"Well unlike you, I have plans. *Life goals*. A future of success to look forward to. Starting with my modelling career and my side business in black market magick." She was talking more to herself than him now. Wasn't exactly expecting the likes of Negaduck to listen or care about her personal aspirations.

"But if you want to stay right where you are, leaving nothing of value behind when you die, go right on ahead."



[Negaduck](#) 231 days ago

"When *I* die?"

Paying attention only enough to burst into laughter.

"Bahaha!"

What planet was she on?

A question he let go for a more pressing query.

"...you got any insta-lava for this?"

Not seeing the connection in the slightest.





[Malicia Macawber 231 days ago](#)

Blank stare. "You realize lava would melt that, right? Unless of course it was enchanted..."

Hmm... that would certainly prove interesting. An enchanted weapon. Not a bad idea.



[Negaduck 231 days ago](#)

"That's exactly what I'm gunning for, hot stuff." In both senses.

"Just think about it - all that deadly hocus pocus you've got going on, melded into a conventional package your average criminal scumbag can use."

Tempting the devil; wasn't it meant to be the other way around?

"You'll make a *mint*."

And if you're all about spreading destruction, well...



[Malicia Macawber 231 days ago](#)

She wasn't inclined to take his encouragement seriously. Everything was done for Negaduck's advantage. This was no exception. He certainly wasn't going to hand over his hard-stolen cash, that much she knew.

"Hand it over and I'll see what I can do." She said.

Because there's nothing wrong with experimenting. And there was, perhaps, a sudden need to prove her mighty magical ingenuity.



[Negaduck 231 days ago](#)

The launcher offered, then retracted.

"Sure you know how to *handle* it?"

Despite the smirk, it was not all euphemism. What experience did she have with 'Normal' weaponry anyway? The last thing he wanted was a demonic hothead snapping off his cocking mechanism.



[Malicia Macawber 231 days ago](#)

Eschewing the usual eye roll, she leaned in, the tips of their bills barely touching. Her breath hot on his face.

Her hands slowly wrapped around the long, hard barrel.

"I am very adept at handling anything this large." She said through half-lidded eyes.



[Negaduck 231 days ago](#)

Leaning in, matching her expression and doubling it for lecherousness.

"Go on then."

Releasing it to her care.

"But don't blame me if it goes off in your face."

[Malicia Macawber 231 days ago](#)

Wordlessly, she took it in her hands, and beckoned for him to follow to her 'workshop' -- a makeshift room in the connected adjacent warehouse. It was largely empty for the time being, but she had set up a space in there for some of her more experimental spells.

Placing the grenade launcher on the workbench, she ran her hands up and down the shaft slowly, methodically. As she did so, it began to heat up, until finally the metal was searing orange in temperature.

Yet it didn't melt as she continued speaking in an indecipherable tongue. Stroking and gesturing repeatedly until finally, there was a small explosion.

Nothing large enough to injure the two felons, mind. More of a 'poof' that sent Mal's long tresses fluttering over her shoulders.

She waved a free hand, and a number of lava rocks emerged from somewhere deep within the warehouse interior. Placing them on the table, she popped them into the barrel.

"These should be converted into lava when the trigger is pulled." She explained. "The launcher should have enough force to lob the balls of molten liquid at high velocity. It'll melt the flesh off anyone standing in the cross-hairs."



[Negaduck 231 days ago](#)

"Aaaawwwyeah."

Scooping it up, admiring every little change, every hint at its hidden potency.

Malicia had, however, made one or two misspells in the past. How could he be sure the damn thing wouldn't shoot flowers or something mid-battle?

By bringing it to his shoulder and firing a round through the warehouse, two brick walls and straight into a passing icecream truck.

Lava-sposion as promised. Not only was the icecream melted, the entire rear end of the vehicle was gone too. Leaving one confused vendor to peddle the remaining cab like a bike quickly out of there.

"Yes! YES. Do you realise what this means? We are going to destroy this town."

A sweep of his arm and he knocked everything clean off a patch of workspace. Resulting in a few bursts of smoke and rain of eyeballs, but who cared? He was more set on depositing *her* rear end onto the bench.

That grin. Oh that grin.

"Let's see what else we can make."