

## RP: Laugh It Up



By [Negaduck](#) 474 days ago [Comments \(45\)](#)

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*OOO: Continuing on from [Good Night, Sweet Samaritan](#). Reserved for Malicia and Negs at the moment but deliberately whacked this in a blog so we can add more later so drop me a message if interested.*

The bartender had seen the ups and downs of every villain in the joint. When it came to the masked mallard whose drink he was silently refilling, however, he had no idea in what category this fitted.

The very fact the great Negaduck was slumped at the bar at all, rather than up and picking a fight or grilling some poor sod, was unusual in itself.

But what he did appear to be seriously fighting though, was a serious case of the.. giggles?

Weird. Very weird. Just keep him topped up, say nothing, don't for the love of grog set him off.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 473 days ago

The doors to the bar swung open and nearly slammed off their hinges as Mal sauntered in, head held high.

"Barkeep! Give me the finest tonight, because I am celebrating!"

She had yet to notice the giggling lump even as she passed him by on her thirst-quenching journey. Taking a seat at the bar, she slammed down a wad of bills and beamed proudly.

"You're looking at St. Canard's next Top Model!"



[Negaduck](#) 473 days ago

"BA HA HAH!"

Well that outburst was well timed.

"Y-you?" Were those tears of laughter Negaduck was wiping as he turned to mock her?

"The only thing you'd ever be a model for is a blimp!"

Good thing the out of control cackling worked in nicely with insults. Hades forbid the need to be nice to her. Or anyone, for that matter.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 471 days ago

She slammed her already-received-and-finished-drink on the table and turned to glower at the mallard.

"Oh, it's *you*. Decided to slither out of your moist hole and join us above ground, did you?" She sneered.

"Laugh it up all you like, but I'll be the one surrounded by riches and beautiful people."



[Negaduck](#) 471 days ago

Okay, that only made it worse.

As much as he tried to stifle it - only because he wanted to keep himself together enough for some more of those brilliantly witty barbs - in true Negaduck style, it escaped anyway.

"Snrrrhehee.." Man he wanted to PUNCH something so good! "Ha hah!" But the giggles got the better of him.

Soon enough he melted off the stool in laughter.

**"AAH HAH HAH!!"**

Honestly, it was a little funny.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 471 days ago

Her feathers bristled and her hair began to flicker and rise.

"It really is not that amusing! What is your issue?" Had he finally lost his mind? Did he ever really have a mind to begin with?

Standing from her chair she grabbed him by the front of his turtleneck and gave him a shake.

"It's about time I finish you off for good!"



[Negaduck](#) 471 days ago

"You'd-" Hah hah. "Love that-" Hee hee. "Wouldn't you?"

Glare or not, with all that chortling, it really didn't carry the intended punch.

"He's on the gas." The bartender, behind them, offered for all their sakes. "Been like this for hours."

Shake of the head. Poor sod. No wait, poor everyone else.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 471 days ago

"On the *what?*" She dropped the tittering tyrant like a sack of bricks. Was this some sort of trendy Normal vice?

Glowing down at Negaduck with a mixture of disdain and curiosity, the latter of which had gotten the better of her.

"Tell me more about this gas and how it has made him an even bigger idiot."



[Negaduck](#) 470 days ago

Indifferent shrug, running a rag around the glasses to really enhance the layer of grime. "I wouldn't ask too much about anyone's vices here."

Particularly his.

"All I knows is what they were showing on the teevee before." A click of the remote, and an outdated old set in the corner flicked to life.

Showing.. gloop? "*Get your own alien egg laying tube toy, only \$5.99! They're egg-cellent!*" Side eye. "Maybe the news channel."

Because in real life, news bulletins didn't magically occur whenever the issue in question was being discussed. What was this, a cartoon?

Switching stations, it looked like they had caught the end of a relevant segment after all. "If his pickle plundering wasn't enough-" A female newsreader was announcing. "Negaduck has been declared responsible for a nitrous oxide, or happy gas, explosion at Saint Canard General Hospital that left practitioners questioning whether laughter really was the best medicine."

Street footage showing an already evacuated hospital surrounded by patients and firefighting crews suddenly engulfed by a smoky blast that took out an entire corner of the building, then falling into fits of uncontrollable giggles. Looked fun, although there was a faintly discernible cry of 'haha ow my organs!' from presumably one of the bedridden.

The report continued, "With the theft of the Cassowary Virus threatening the city, authorities have pulled together an emergency task force to stop the criminal, offering a one-time limited offer of double the usual reward of two million dollars to any citizens brave - or foolish - enough to attempt his or the 'Fearsome Five's' capture."

The criminal in question was back to sitting, sludgy looking drink in hand, although he was having a hard time coordinating the hand to bill action. "They'll-" Hahaha. "Have more luck stopping a mass witzelsucht outbreak!"

Not that anyone was claiming they'd been behind such a thing. Yet.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 470 days ago

"Only 4 million? I guess they can put a price on talent." Nonchalant shrug. The Cassowary Virus part went straight over her head -- blahblahblah, technology, who *cares* about that. Turning back to the bartender, and Negaduck, with a smirk. "So you got caught up in your own scheme did you? How long until this laughing gas wears off?"

Because I could use the entertainment.



[Negaduck](#) 470 days ago

Technically an evasion more than a scheme, but like he was going to advertise that.

Technically too it should have worn off long ago, but like the laws of cartoon physics were going to advertise that.

"This tar-" Holding his glass of gunk to the light, which wouldn't have pierced through its slick surface even with the power of a hundred suns. "-is meant to have a deadening effect. That'll stop this-" Hahaha. "-*stupid* laughter once and for all!"

The safety handling instructions on the bar, which he had swiped on his explosive exit, confirmed as much.

Except, on closer inspection, the fire had fused the instructions under the First Aid heading, leaving it to run straight into the 'Do not mix with' directions.

Um, whoops?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 470 days ago

"And here I thought you were simply trying to become one with your primordial state." Bill twisted in disgust.

"*You know...* I could probably use a spell to counteract the remaining effects." She took a long swig of her drink.

"But then again... why would I?"



[Negaduck](#) 470 days ago

"Yo-haha-ou?" Titter. "You could actually do -behehee- *useful* magic?" It was a laughable idea, really.

"And heheheere I thought you were limited to cheap and shohohow." "

Just talking about magic then, was he?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 470 days ago

"I'd be more than happy to demonstrate my transfiguration skills. You'd be fitting as a cockroach!" How dare he insult her magical expertise! 'Cheap and showy' my fine-derriere!

Reaching into her cleavage she retrieved a massive leather-bound spellbook.

"Let's see here..." Flipping the pages as she continued sipping her drink. "Reversal spells..."



[Negaduck](#) 470 days ago

A glass of tar placed on the book interrupted her page turning.

"How about we skip the part where I show you how much more of a *pest* I can be," Giggling at his own jokes would be somehow fitting. "And you show me what how easily a true spellcasting professional can fix this."

A cock of a brow. "Unless.. you're no better a sharp shooter than Morgana?"

An underhanded effect minimised by his continuous chuckling but hey, had to work with what you had.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 470 days ago

**"I am better than Morgana in every way!"** Huffed indignantly.

Lifting the book back up -- and sending his tar drink flying in the process -- she flipped back a few pages.

"A simple antidote spell should do the trick!"



[Negaduck](#) 470 days ago

Catching the glass - just - he set it back down to set himself up.

"Fantastic! Good to hear. Go on then, hit me!"

Asking for it, literally?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 470 days ago

Glancing at the book momentarily, then back at him, she wiggled her fingers.

Then paused.

"...And what's in this for *me*? Hmmm?"



○

[Negaduck 470 days ago](#)

"What is this?! A--" Hehehee! "Joke?"

Outrage, you fail me.

"What could you *possibly* want from me?!"

Isn't doing a nice deed - to show off, or so I don't say kill your friends and family -- enough?!



○

[Malicia Macawber 470 days ago](#)

She crossed her arms and tsked. "Come now! You can't expect me to do this for free, do you? Especially given the truck-sized migraine you've caused me already."

Her eyes were gleaming now. "Why don't you be a darling and share a bit of your latest stash with me? Just a few bits and bobbles I'm sure you won't miss. Then I'll fix your gassy issue."



○

[Negaduck 469 days ago](#)

"S-share?!" Oh man, finally an appropriate place for the laughter to kick in.

Reaching into his cape. "Do you have any idea what I can do-ho-hO-HA-HAA!"

That particular burst send the spiked mace in his hand flying, bouncing off a ceiling fan, a billiards game, and straight at his head.

Which narrowly dodged, leaving it to lodge in a dartboard.

Baaack to Malicia.

"Okay, fine."

Glancing about. "But not here."

And guiding her out the door. Couldn't have folks thinking they were in *cahoots* or anything.



○

[Malicia Macawber 469 days ago](#)

She shot him a satisfied smirk. "Yes, that's what I thought."

Following along behind him, she tucked the spellbook back into its warm, pillowy home.

*If he even thinks of double-crossing me, I'll have that cockroach spell at the ready!*



[Negaduck 469 days ago](#)

And so they walked - slowly, because he had to stop every hundred paces to double over with laughter - through a twist, a turn and a tight spot or two.

Suddenly, they were in a club. No, not the Downy Dozen. A low profile jazz hotspot somewhere.

And nobody seemed to notice them at all, because St Canard.

"I don't think they'll press you for a cover charge," said as an aside as he pushed open a 'No Admittance' marked door and showed her through.

What, no blindfold?



[Malicia Macawber 469 days ago](#)

Not what she was expecting. Honestly, she thought he was going to lead her straight down to the sewers. It'd certainly be fitting.

This, on the other hand... was rather classy.

She stepped inside, slowly, hands at the ready to ignite a flame or two. She would not allow herself to get caught up in a trap!



[Negaduck 468 days ago](#)

Classy compared to the sewer - or him - it may have been, the stairway down was poorly lit and sort of creepy.

The typical villain cliches. Not helped at all by his bouts of cackling.

Finally, the door slammed open.

Revealing a meeting table covered in loot, a blackboard of plans, caches of weaponry and popcorn scattered about... and a strange looking rat asleep in a chair. Supposedly on guard duty.

"**MEGAVOLT.**" A moment to allow his lackey the electric boogaloo, before Negaduck gestured disgruntledly to Malicia. "We have - heh heh -company."  
Gathering himself and what remained of his mind. "Oh, er, um, good eve-nin-ng miss." Dropping into.. a rather pretty courtesy?

Ignoring that, in favour of offloading some supplies from the mighty depths of his cape. "Go get us some-" Ehehehee. "-Drinks, would you?"

"But.. you just came down from there.. and.. why are you laughing?"

Slowly coming over as if this would be a gentle explanation, in the same way you could have a gentle trepanning. "Go, you Megamoron, before I haHAHA *kill* you!"  
"Right-right-right!" And off he zipped. No sane person would want to be in that room anyway!  
(OOOC: NPCing Megs poorly but if anyone wants to take him over you're welcome!))



[Malicia Macawber 468 days ago](#)

"Charmed. Really." She responded dryly, clearly anything but.

No surprise that the biggest freak of them all hung out with other freaks.

"I'll pass on the drink, thank you." *That* was a first. But so was hanging out in an underground hovel with the same maniac who had tried to cleave her in two with a chainsaw. For once, sobriety was key to remaining in one piece.

Her eyes drifted to the table where she mentally picked over the 'loot'. Maybe there was something in there that would match her eyes...



[Negaduck 468 days ago](#)

"See something you like?" Kicked back on a chair, feet up, the masked menace was watching her. You didn't just invite anyone into a hideout, especially not a big a freak as her.

Back to the table...

"Anything that fits in your claws. Sound about *fair* for one tiny spell?"

Anyone more familiar with him would have picked the flash of spite at that very word. No, Negaduck didn't do fair.



[Malicia Macawber 468 days ago](#)

He didn't have to speak twice. She was already scooping up a number of gold and diamond-cut necklaces and fitting rings on the aforementioned claws.

"Yes, yes... of course." She admired her reflection in a nearby grimy mirror. "Very fair."



[Negaduck 468 days ago](#)

Aggravated throat clear.

"Ah-" HAHAH. Back to grumpy face. "-hem."  
Don't get too comfortable now.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

"Hmm? Oh, right."

She gave a wiggle of her fingers, and a bolt of lightning struck the duck.

There! Problem solved.

...That is, if one considered being turned into a laughing hamster much of a solution.



[Negaduck](#) 468 days ago

Or it would have been, had he not deflected the magic at the last second with that exact axe had been holding.

.. right at the poor unsuspecting Megavolt, who happened to be stepping through the door at that very moment with a tray of appletinis.

Negaduck looked at Megahamster, then at her, weighing the axe in his hand.

Care to explain?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

"Uh."

Innocent grin.

Cue mad dash for the door.



[Negaduck](#) 468 days ago

YOINK.

Even if it took go-go-Negadget-arms, he would catch her by the tail. Without moving from his spot, because badass.

"Now. Are you going to cooperate."

The delicate stroke around the base of said tail with his axe-wielding hand quickly sharpened into the most expertly applied hint of pain as Negaduck pressed the blade just enough against her flesh.

"Or-" Eh heh heh, chuckles still hadn't worn off apparently. "-Do I need to start removing appendages?"

A favourite past time of his, one he would so instantly indulge in should she have made the wrong move.

In the corner, meanwhile, Megahamster was having a curious nibble on some electrical cords. The blue sparks it sent through him and his miniature little battery pack only seemed to encourage him. Mmm, tingly!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

Holy Hades, he was fast. What kind of Normal was he?!

"Don't give me that look! You were going to double-cross me first, I was merely beating you to the punch!" She argued. "If you weren't such a treacherous worm, I'd have played nice!"

She squirmed uncomfortably. Pushing her luck right now given how close that blade was to her tail.

"But fine. You've given me a... convincing argument in your favour. I'll fix your little problem."



[Negaduck](#) 468 days ago

Met with a low, satisfied rumble,

"Who said I wanted you to play nice?"

The sharpness was eased but not removed entirely. He kept the pressure there, exploring the softness of her feather patterns like one might pet a pussy. With an axe edge. It was a *very* naughty pussy.

"Him first. Then me." Before she could assume any altruism on his part, not that anyone ever would, "So if you try anything funneeHEEHEE - ARGH I'm getting so TIRED of that - your end will meet 100,000 volts as well as my blade."

There was the pain again at the base, spreading out as warm and as evasive as his smugness. He knew exactly what he was doing. "Sound *fair*?"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

She shuddered. "*Fine.*" Lousy, rotten, no good...

Whipping open her spellbook in her arms -- careful not to make any sudden movements that might encourage his blade to 'slip' -- she flipped to the reversal page.

"Right... here we are then." Wiggle-wiggle went her fingers, and the little Megavolt-hamster was surrounded by sparkles as he reverted to his regular self.

"Happy now?" That was rhetorical, really. She suspected 'happy' did not exist in the Negaduck-range of emotions.



[Negaduck](#) 468 days ago

Megavolt blinked in confusion, went to speak, and spat out two cheek pouches full of insulation.

"Wha... what just happened?"

Never satisfied, particularly not when he had the giggles, Negaduck looked back to his captive.

"Good. And meEHEHEE?"

Tightening his grasp and twisting it, the non-verbal equivalent of *don't you even*.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

"Okay okay! I'm doing it, I just need..." Turning the pages. "The right spell."

Hmm. This one perhaps. Yes, it'd certainly work for the gas...

She snapped her fingers and a floating vacuum blinked into existence. It hummed to life and began suctioning around Negaduck, absorbing all of the remaining gas trapped within his feathers.

Unfortunately, all of his clothing went with it as well.

Mal coughed into her hands. "Well, at least you're... cured."



[Negaduck](#) 468 days ago

Of course that hadn't happened without a lot of shouting.

"WHAT THE-- HEY-- CUT IT OUT!!"

On the plus side he was now able to glower without the giggles. Through the mask, because that was superglued to his face or something.

Cue strategically placed money bags.

"You done?"

I think you're done.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 468 days ago

"Yes I... *ahem*. We're done here." Especially with that axe nice and far from my tail, thankyouverymuch.

"Gentleman, it's been a pleasure..." Not really. "But I do believe I should take my leave." She gathered up her selection of loot and once again, made for the door.

At least he couldn't hold the axe without dropping his money bags, right??



○

[Negaduck 468 days ago](#)

"Should've known.. this encounter wouldn't be free of charge."

Money bags or not, Megavolt knew his boss's attack punch lines, and was more than happy to return the zap Malicia gave him earlier.

With a two handed bolt out of the blue, strong enough to ground a person. Six feet under.. the ground.

Those puns. Watt could you do.



○

[Malicia Macawber 467 days ago](#)

She let out a yelp and raised her arms to counteract his bolt with one of her own, which created a small explosion as the two beams collided. She was pushed backward by the force, trying to keep her grip on the jewels around her neck and arms.

"You really think you two stand a chance against me?! I'm a accomplished sorcerer!" She barked.

Although... two against one was hardly an ideal situation. She needed to get out of there, and fast.



○

[Negaduck 467 days ago](#)

Roll of the eyes. At both her and Megavolt's struggle to stay in power.

"Oh please."

And with considerable force, considering the mass, lobbed one of those loot bags he was holding at her head.

Right on the money.



○

[Malicia Macawber 466 days ago](#)

**Thwack!**

"Gwa!"

She tumbled head over claws and hit the floor, flat on her back. Her eyes swirled with delirium.

"MmMmm.. Yes..... that IS a tasty banana..."



[Negaduck 466 days ago](#)

Tossing the money aside, Negaduck focused on locating a change of costume. Hard to look badass with a bare ass, after all (figuratively speaking, considering he wore no pants anyway).

Which gave Megavolt an opening to, very warily, approach the slumbering giant. "Geez, what a freak!" Irony. "Where do you find these ones, boss?"

A snort, doing up the last of his buttons. "Tell me about it."

For all his derision however, he too took a moment to lower down and study Snoring Beauty's face, brushing a lock of that fiery hair out of her eyes.

Damn, there was that déjà vu again.

Something unsettling ran up his spine. To Megavolt, he snapped, "Get rid of her."

"Uh, well, you see.."

"What is it?!"

"My forklift licence is outta date, and she's kinda..."

Shared look at Malicia, then each other.

"I'll get the truck."

And so Malicia, when presuming if she did awake, would do so in the tray of a monster truck parked in an alley, along with a shovel and various nasty looking paraphernalia.

Sure, he fully intended to finish her off. But with a Gizmo-rampage on the loose, his attention was elsewhere.

For the moment.



[Malicia Macawber 466 days ago](#)

When she did, in fact, wake up, and discovered that a.) She no longer had anything shiny on her person and b.) Her hair was somehow a mess, she immediately broke into a howling frenzy.

"I'm going to kill him!" She roared. "That psychotic no-good, double-crossing... **ARRRRRRGH!**" All frustration directed at the 'innocent' monster truck. MAL SMASH.