

## RP: Red Pickled Herrings



By [Negaduck](#) 533 days ago [Comments \(49\)](#)

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((Continuing on from the Fearsome Five's Loosing the Plot. Reserved for Negs n Mal at the moment but drop me a line if interested!))

A dark night in St Canard because nights were rarely bright. The street lamps glinted off the white clean exterior of one of the most significant food manufacturing centres in the city.

The McDuck Pickle Processing Plant Factory Terminus - or PPPFT for short.

Negaduck surveilled it smugly. Oh there was some level of security - mostly to prevent the anyone ducking in for a quick snack - but nobody could have anticipated *him*.  
Out came the bolt cutters. "This is going to put them into a real pickle."

Open with the worst pun possible, why not. It wasn't like anyone was around to hear it.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 533 days ago

The clanging gate signaled the arrival of a security guard, who was making his way to the rear of the factory. Judging by his low chuckle, he was talking to a second person. This was confirmed moments later by a sugary-sweet laugh.

"Why, I cannot thank you enough for doing this big favor for me." A silky feminine voice carried across the grounds. "Why, I'd be in a real *pickle* otherwise."

"Think nothing of it, ma'am. An awful shame about that rampaging rhinoceros destroying all yer decorative jars right before your big day."

"You're certain you won't get in trouble for this...?"

"Ah, heck! These are the duds -- all tossed aside and ready to be trashed anywhoo. An awful waste really. At least this way, they'll be going somewhere worthwhile."

"Oh, you are *too sweet*. If I wasn't already engaged, I'd wonder why somebody hadn't snapped you up yet!"

"Aw, shucks... yer making me blush."



[Negaduck 533 days ago](#)

Zippering behind a pillar at the first unexpected noise, only to nearly faceplant the pillar at the first unexpected sight.

Really. What had he done to deserve this.

"Not this one again..."

What did she want in a pickle factory anyway?

He could guess...

"Hmph. This is going to require a different approach..."

Not long after, one of those big factory doors slid silently open.

And sent an entire factory's worth of barrels tumbling straight out in the direction of Malicia and her jars.

Knew how to bowl a lady off her feet, didn't he.



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[Malicia Macawber 533 days ago](#)

The guard had left Malicia to her own devices, having returned to his post. She sifted through the jars, eagerly placing them in a sack she had brought with her. "Yes, these will do quite nicely." She mused to herself.

Her attention jarred from the jars when she caught on to a fast-approaching rumble. Turning around to locate the source, which, unfortunately, collided with her.

She let out a surprised screech as the barrels slammed into her and the jars, causing them to topple over and smash onto the floor. Raising her arms to shield herself, she held her ground until finally, the avalanche came to a stop, with the demonness buried beneath the pile.



o

[Negaduck 533 days ago](#)

Standing at the cause of the chaos was, of course, Negaduck.

"Sorry to *crash* the party but we do really need to get this show on a *roll*."

So many mixed metaphors! Argh! It was almost as if he delighted in causing physical pain.

... wait that's exactly what it was.

Wasting no time, he slipped inside with one enormous pickle in hand to go do more of just that.



[Malicia Macawber 533 days ago](#)

That voice. Those horrible, horrible --*argh*-- puns.  
Why, why, **why** did Negaduck always seem to appear when she was trying to do something productive? What corporeal entity did she piss off to deserve this punishment?  
Don't answer that.

The pile of barrels shattered into splinters with one, swift, rage-induced punch. Chest heaving with barely-contained rage, Malicia rose from battered pile of wood. Glancing around, she caught sight of the broken jars and bit her tongue to suppress a shriek.

Deep breaths, Mal. Deep. breaths.

Cracking her knuckles, she headed inside the factory to tail the pickle-pounding crook.

Things were about to get bitter.



[Negaduck 533 days ago](#)

There was no way he expected her to follow him inside. At worse, he assumed her incapacitated - or dead, whatever; at best she should have had the sense to hightail it out of there as soon as he arrived on the scene.

It would be *Darkwing* level stupidity to charge straight into a Negaduck hot zone.  
"Where is that damn main supply chute?" Bent over examining the bowels of the automated machinery. "Don't tell me those Quackapedia schematics were a total gherkin."

The things you could find on the internet these days.



[Malicia Macawber 533 days ago](#)

He would suddenly feel a pair of clawed hands shove him forward with that extra dose of super-powered strength.

"One more pun out of that oversized bill of yours and I'll leave you to brine in the pickle juicer!" She howled.



[Negaduck 533 days ago](#)

Missed ending up in the vat by thhhaat much as his head with that oversized hat clipped the steel canopy good.

**DOOOOOOONNNGGGGGG!!!**

Negaduck should've known better. Really, standing over machinery was probably prohibited in the Evil Overlord's rule book somewhere.

The only thing on his mind though, as he stumbled backwards in a reverberating daze, was the multitude of tiny pickles dancing around in circles about his temples.

"Nn-nn-ngghh..!"

No puns at least!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 533 days ago

"You broke my jars, and now I'm going to break **you**." She had advanced on him again, cracking her knuckles.

"Just what is your deal anyway? Are you *stalking* me now? Not satisfied after your little shoe tirade?" She towered over him, demanding an answer.

"You're *persistent*, I'll give you that..."



[Negaduck](#) 532 days ago

Whether it was the word 'break' or the looming figure large enough to block out the light, Negaduck came to his senses in time to hear her questions. And to have the sense to back away.

Oh a wall. Fantastic.

"Stalking *you*? Please. You're nothing but a thorn in my side." Said the guy who must've enjoyed rolling around in rose bushes judging from how thorny he was. "This raid is part of a bigger plan which has been in the works for weeks."

What? Raising a pickle army? Finding a canned audience?

"You may be the size of a planet, honey, but we don't all revolve around you."

Ready to dodge in three, two, one...



[Malicia Macawber](#) 526 days ago

She took another swipe at him with those massive claws, like a slow-moving grizzly bear out for blood.

"Consider your plans rescheduled!" She snarled. "**Permanently.**"



[Negaduck](#) 526 days ago

Duck. Or was that drake? Either way, his skull avoided a shredding, but his hat wasn't so lucky.

Thanks to cartoon physics however, the paper chain cut out effect didn't long, dissolving into only a slightly ruffled look as he tumbled away.

"Oh yeah?"

Recovering his footing to recover a pickle pipeline and direct its contents machine-gun style at Malicia.

"Well dill with it!"

Dear gods, it was getting worse.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *526 days ago*

His hard pickles splattered across her face, the force pushing her back somewhat. So he wanted to play dirty did he?

*FWOOSH.* A spiral of flames sent in his direction -- and the make-shift pickle gun. Hopefully he had forgotten about the burny part of Mal's repertoire.



[Negaduck](#) *526 days ago*

He had indeed, and was so shocked by the awesome power - that was, cheap showy effect - that he nearly forgot to dodge, and the blast successfully collided with the pickley vats.

Resulting in a huge, dramatic... nothing.

Aaaand back to smug. "Talk about a misfi--" **BOOOM!** "--REEEEEE!!"  
Somehow, despite all probability, the flame had triggered an explosion post comedically timed delay and sent burning brine everywhere.

And somewhere, in amongst the flying flaming pickles and indecipherable yelling, Negaduck was running slash rolling about in a vain attempt to beat the fire off his costume.

"HOW IS THIS HAPPENING PICKLES AREN'T EVEN FLAMMABLE."

Touche?



[Malicia Macawber](#) *526 days ago*

Which only caused Malicia to cackle maniacally, all the while the entire factory quickly catching fire and beginning its descent into burning rubble.

"That'll teach you to call me fat!"



[Negaduck 525 days ago](#)

Maniacally? Anyone would think she was a *villain*.  
Props for doing his work for him though.

"What is it with you Macawber women?!" Not entirely grateful for needing to wring mysteriously explosive brine out of his cape as everything came crashing down around him. "At least the other two are worth the trouble!"

Malicia had no excuse. What use could he possibly have for a fire powered, hot tempered, self centred demoness anyway? He already had a flamethrower and it wasn't in the habit of crushing his spleen with a tank!



[Malicia Macawber 525 days ago](#)

"Other *two*?" She knew Morgana was in town but who was the second...?  
Swooping in on him curiously, her fangs gleamed as she flashed a devilish smile.

"Aw, now don't tell me you've been sharing yourself with *other women*. And here I thought you only had it out for little 'ol me~"



[Negaduck 525 days ago](#)

Aside from the brief shock realisation she had been listening to his grumblings, Negaduck took that in his stride.

When his stride wasn't involving dodging bits of burning building, that was.

"I want to stab lots of things. Mostly for business reasons."

And he took his business very seriously.

"But you I'd do-" A flash of steel, something sharp to pin her against somewhere convenient.

"-off the clock."

A compliment, really. Although being on the receiving end of that killer smile may not have felt that way.



[Malicia Macawber 525 days ago](#)

She ran her claw down the blade and pouted. "But it's so..... *small*."  
Really, not the best time to be making size jokes. What with the surrounding fire, crumbling beams, and sharp implement dangerously close to her body.

With Negaduck however, she simply couldn't resist.

"I'm sure it's suits Morgana just perfectly, though. Or..." Trailing off, hoping he might finish that sentence with a name. I've got a massive family, you gotta be specific with Macawbers!



[Negaduck 525 days ago](#)

"Ari -whats her face- Ariana," he helpfully concluded. "And who cares what suits them!"

Drawing low to let her in on a little not-so-secret.

"Once my fun is done, they'll be dumped in the garbage like a bag of old pickle peelings."

Tracing a line around the curve of her hip because he could, not because the phrase pickle peelings naturally lent itself to seduction.

No, evil did that fine.

But speaking of evil...

"Just like where you're going now!"

Another flash of steel as his spare hand thrust to gut her up the middle like.. a pickle? Because he was using a pickle cutter?

Points for improvisation, surely.



[Malicia Macawber 525 days ago](#)

She managed to dodge -- just barely -- his tiny but mighty stabbing implement.

All the while her mind elsewhere. *Ariana?! Here? In St. Canard?* And why in the world would she ever be caught up working with this nut-job? At least, the Ariana she had known, years ago, would never be the type to align herself with someone so... so...

No description needed as she made to dodge him again. "And here I thought you enjoyed spending all this quality time with me!"

She paused realizing her dodge had not been fast enough and his swipe down the middle had claimed a casualty: The front of her dress was torn wide open. She frowned at the shredded piece of fabric.

"If you wanted me out of my clothes so badly the least you could do is buy me dinner first. So *rude*."



[Negaduck 524 days ago](#)

Snarling like a pickle slicer wielding beast.

"I would have but we're trying to bankrupt McDuck, not the buffet bars!"

Expository and insulting, double whammy!

That would probably be the last of those though. His frustration was rising to a climax, to the extent his decision to make a low lunge to knock her into a wrestle had likely been made without due consideration for certain powers, say, superstrength, or the ability to spontaneously combust into flame.

Not that a little thing like that could stop Negaduck!



[Malicia Macawber 524 days ago](#)

She let out surprised yelp as she hit the ground. For such a short guy, he could throw a lot of force behind him. It had taken the wind out of her, and it took her a few seconds to catch her bearings.

Flat on her back now, hair splayed out like the burning wreckage around them, she tried to take hold of his arms to stop his flailing and punching, like one might grab a toddler throwing a tantrum.

"Your insults are as bad as your puns!" She snapped. "Do you really believe that you can beat me? You're just a Normal! I am superior to you in every way!"



[Negaduck 523 days ago](#)

((OOC: Okay this is going to sound worse than it is, rather than vice versa. Stay with me! Or don't, this could get messy.))

That he could not conduct grievous bodily harm did nothing for his mood. The fact that he could not because a mere female, 'Normal' or otherwise, was holding him back made it infinitely worse.

Superior. What a laugh. Lying there, trying to get a leg over him, her costume all ripped up like that...

Maybe that could give him an opening.

"Except-" Glare burning into her own. "I know your weakness."

And faster than anyone could say 'shoes', he pressed his bill against hers.

Assuming Negaduck was not immediately set on fire, it would be a savage embrace, hate and anger and a little bit of lust rolled into one. A kiss.. attack.

And assuming Malicia would either permit or be shocked into releasing his hands to explore her curves, soon enough something long and hard would be pressing against her inner thigh.

What? There was a burning building collapsing around them, couldn't afford to waste time!





[Malicia Macawber](#) 521 days ago

Her eyes widened and her grip tightened on him. But so did her mouth as she deepened the kiss.

Too deep, perhaps. Her fangs were digging into his lower lip and she was slowly, but surely, biting down. Soft and gentle she was not.

Her claws raked themselves down his arms and then snaked themselves behind his back, leaving heat marks.

Her jaw tightened, just *daring* him to try something. One wrong move and you'll lose that silver tongue of yours, you egotistical jack-ass.

[Negaduck](#) 521 days ago

It was as this fact was dawning on Negaduck that the true nature of the thing pressed between their bodies was revealed.

*Ffssssssssssssssssss*

A lit stick of TNT. In a pickle.

Clearly someone had made the most of having their hands free for that split second, but hadn't counted on Malicia being so.. so.. ruthless.

Maybe, just maybe, she hadn't heard the hiss?

In what would've been an attempt at a winsome smile, had he not been fighting panic with a demon chomped onto his lower bill, Negaduck attempted a subtle pull away. Then a not so subtle. Then repeated rapid fire jerks, until it was a wonder he could feel anymore. But she was still clamped on solid!

What the hell was she, part pitbull?!

"Mffphb bblfth mmffrhh!!" Eyes wide and desperate. That fuse was nearly done! And he was too handsome to have his crotch blown off! Surely she didn't want that?



[Malicia Macawber](#) 521 days ago

As if to prove her point, she wrapped her hands tightly around the hard, long, piece of dynamite and stroked it back and forth.

Her hand snaked its way atop where his hand grasped the lit stick, and using sheer force she pressed it flat against his groin.

Even with her teeth clamped tightly on his bill, he would feel her own mouth curl into a wicked smile.

Like I said: You broke my jars and now I'll break *you*.



[Negaduck 521 days ago](#)

Being so.. intimately close, Malicia wouldn't miss the shock set into his gaze, or the tenfold increase in urgency to his yanking. No, NO! He had to get off!

Didn't she get it? If he didn't get off, they would *both* go--  
~~**BOOOOOM!!**~~

Intense agony swept across him like wildfire before the world spun before Negaduck would feel was the cold, pickle-strewn concrete against his back.

"Arghhh..." murmured through a daze. "Hot. So.. hot..."

The burny kind of hot, that had to be. Couldn't be referring to the kind associated with a voluptuous she-devil conducting calculated evil, oh no.



[Darkwing Duck 520 days ago](#)

It was at that moment that Negaduck's most hated enemy found him in the most embarrassing of predicaments.

"That was quite the *crotch rocket*," Darkwing said with some measure of amusement. "I knew some pickle-pilfering person was around, but color me surprised to find that the *purloiner* was you! Whatever plot you've planned, consider it *kaput!*"



[Malicia Macawber 520 days ago](#)

Malicia had been thrown back through a wall, leaving a curvy hole in her wake. Slowly, she clambered back through it, shaking dust and debris from her feathers.

"Oh, Darkwing." Seemingly unsurprised by his appearance. Or the long-winded alliteration.

"Do watch your step, you might step in burning inferno." She warned him.

A pause as she scratched her chin thoughtfully.

"Really, who knew pickles were so flammable?"



[Negaduck 519 days ago](#)

Why. Why couldn't he just lie there in peace. The crackling of the destruction all around them was such a soothing distraction from the crackling downstairs.

Sitting up, Negaduck massaged the head that wasn't crackling.

"Right when I thought this moment couldn't get any more excruciating..."

Okay, time to stand and finish the job, before the collapsing factory finished him, since Malicia hadn't managed to.

"What, precisely, were you going to do about it, Duck?" A wave of a hand to indicate their surrounds, as if the blazing building was possible to miss. "This place is already a write-off, thanks to *myhandiwork*."

Couldn't be giving the demoness any credit now.

"And thanks to the Fearsome Five, almost all of Scrooge's St Canard assets will also be up in smoke." A smug tilt of the head. "Do you know what that means?"

Aside from the fact I really like fiery turns of phrase.

"None of the back-up McDuck servers will be operational by the time I reach the one remaining network hub at the local headquarters, and plug in..."

Come on Darkwing. Surely SHUSH briefed you on this, since you failed to stop it...



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

...but he hadn't been. He'd been too busy chasing Negaduck around then stewing over the bad press he'd received. He hadn't been to SHUSH in a long while, and if it didn't involve him personally, he rarely watched the local news. Which, in retrospect, was probably not good for a vigilante.

"...plug in? What are you *talking* about? If you're referring to your electron-riddled lackey and his lunatic cohort, I've already stopped them."

Well, stopped them from stealing bulbs and toys, anyway. Darkwing had never been very good at guessing the obvious until it was too late...



[Negaduck 519 days ago](#)

Facepalm.

"The Cassowary Virus, you dolt! Which I, Negaduck, raided from a moving SHUSH convoy myself."

Couldn't be giving Jade any credit now.

"Look, whatever. You weren't around to stop that ambush, and you won't be around to stop the McDuck's entire network from going destructo-mode into a total *fire sale!*"

Picking up a pickle, he flung it with perfect aim to an arm of the machinery. Being wobbly, thanks

to *someone* throwing their weight around and, you know, the huge inferno, it spun.. and dropped a LIMITED EDITION TONNE OF PICKLE jar straight atop Darkwing.

Which, thanks to computer automation, would hopefully see the crimefighter trapped in glass along a conveyer belt which would very rapidly be filled to the brim with brine.. and sealed. For freshness!

"Talk about leaving the door a-jar for crime!" Negaduck cackled, a full glorious Negaduck cackle, really more than that line was worth.

But if the quip left a foul taste in one's mouth, it was nothing compared to murder.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *519 days ago*

"Why are you revealing your entire plot to Darkwing before you've even accomplished it?" Malicia's voice murmured from behind the cackling maniac.

Forgetting someone?

A pair of hands reached for his neck.

"Not that it matters. You won't be alive much longer to see it to completion."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *519 days ago*

Now drowning in brine, Darkwing clawed at the glass, then tried to kick off the lid. Unsuccessful, he did the next best thing, which was to begin to rock the jar back and forth. It took quite a few strokes, but it finally teetered over and smashed on the fiery floor - unfortunately catching fire with the rest of the apparently flammable pickles. Flames quickly licked the hero's cape, and he gallantly leaped to the floor with a cry of alarm and stop, dropped, and rolled.

Once he had extinguished the fire, he jumped back onto his feet only to see Malicia strangling the life out of his double. Her strength was impressive; it seemed she was full of surprises.

"We'd better get out of here before the whole building collapses!" he said urgently to the demoness.



[Negaduck](#) *519 days ago*

"**HURRRK!**" Negaduck, uh, concurred?

If by concur we mean focussed on beating Malicia's skull with a long pickle in an attempt to get his release, sure.

Nevermind the building. Getting out of there before all the pickle jokes went rotten would be great.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *519 days ago*

"But I haven't finished squeezing all the oxygen out of his body yet!" She pouted and released Negaduck, leaving him to fend off the flames for himself.

But not before grabbing the long pickle.

And made direct eye contact with the villain as she sunk her teeth into its lengthy girth.

*Chomp.*



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

Darkwing paled, but didn't have time to think on it as he grabbed Malicia's wrist and heroically led her to safety just as the structure collapsed.

"Looks like Negaduck's *dill* isn't going down today!" he quipped, although technically he hadn't stopped Negaduck from anything. It had been Malicia.

He turned to look at her. "What were you doing in there, anyway?"



[Malicia Macawber 519 days ago](#)

Eye-twitch. What was with these Normals and their puns?!

"I was collecting empty jars for a personal project. Then *he* came out of nowhere and attacked me!" Among other things, but let's not get into the details.

"And what kind of sibling is he, trying to murder you all the time?!"



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

It was then that Darkwing noticed Malicia's - ahem - exposure to the elements. He took off his sined cape and draped it across her front, looking embarrassed and a bit red. "Uh, here. You might need this."

Once his mind was off of her *assets*, Darkwing frowned and crossed his arms. "He's no sibling of mine! An evil, twisted twin from an alternate dimension, *that's* what he is. I'm surprised he managed to slither his way back here after being trapped in that stupid portal cake."



[Malicia Macawber 519 days ago](#)

She had nearly forgotten about her dress. "Thank you. At least one of you is a gentleman. That lousy dress-ripping, french-kissing..." She trailed off, muttering to herself.

That was until Darkwing corrected her on her assumption. "Alternate dimension? Yes... that does explain the unusual energy surrounding him, doesn't it."

And here she thought it was just because he was a huge jack-ass.

"He's tenacious, I'll give him that."



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

"Yeah, like a cockroach," Darkwing added sourly. "That won't be the last we see of him. How is it that whenever he *does* show up lately, *you're* around? Some kind of personal vendetta against you?"



[Malicia Macawber 519 days ago](#)

"That's what I thought, but he denies it! Was rambling something about his 'bigger plan', which, evidently, he has foolishly revealed. Works in your favor I suppose, because now you can use it against him."

And anything that could be used to make Negaduck miserable was a-okay in her books.



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

"Yes...some kind of 'virus' aimed to destroy McDuck Enterprises," he mused thoughtfully. Tech wasn't generally Negaduck's forte. "Why would he go after a computer virus when he prefers warheads?"

He thought for a few moments, then shrugged. "I assume you can make your way home unmolested?" he questioned the demoness. "You can keep the cape, I have more."



[Malicia Macawber 519 days ago](#)

"Oh good." Because I probably wasn't going to give it back.

"Well, good luck on ruining his evil plans. When you save the day, do take a photo of his face when it's contorted into that lovely combination of rage and despair I enjoy so much. Perhaps frame it, even."



[Darkwing Duck 519 days ago](#)

He smirked. "I'll do that." Why hadn't *he* thought of that? "Maybe I'll...see you around?"



[Malicia Macawber 519 days ago](#)

"I'm sure you will." She gave him a playful wink. "Till next time."

And just to add to the mystery of it all, she disappeared in a burst of flame. Gotta show off just a *little* after all.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *518 days ago*

His eyes widened. "Whoa..." He took off his fedora and fidgeted with it as he stared at the spot Malicia had vacated. Then he slapped it back on his head and turned on his heels. "Whatta woman..."



[Negaduck](#) *518 days ago*

That sentiment not entirely shared by the mallard watching the scene from a hill nearby, masked features illuminated by the orange glow of hot fiery pickles.

For all the *aggravation* she caused, however, Malicia had not stopped him doing what he set out to do. So technically it was:

"Exactly according to plan."

Indudging in a smug moment, Negaduck spun to leave.

"Now to round up the rest of those bozos."

Stalking dramatically away proved more.. uncomfortable than he was expecting.

"... and some ice."

Oh she'd pay for that one. Everyone would.