

## Sole Heeling



By [Negaduck](#) 587 days ago [Comments \(62\)](#)

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*OOO: Follow on from Gold Digger. Reserved for Malicia and Negaduck at this point but mail me if you have any queries or better shoe puns.*

A few weeks had passed since a not-fateful-at-all run-in/over involving a bag of fake gold and a supervillain hood ornament.

Remarkably, the city remained standing, as did one demoness, and things were overall quite peaceful.

As peaceful as St Canard ever got anyway.

Therefore there was no reason involving, say, a supernatural flood or hordes of giant invading spiderbots to prevent a nice bout of shoe shopping one calm spring afternoon.



• [Malicia Macawber](#) 584 days ago

"Hmm..." Carefully turning over a 6-inch heel in her hands, like one might when inspecting a rather priceless antique.

Truly, it was an important ritual if the shoe was to earn its place in her brand new walk-in closet.

There was only one problem...

"Excuse me? Does this come in a size 20?"



• [Negaduck](#) 584 days ago

The assistant, a white haired canine lady with her nose so far in the air it was a wonder she could see where she was walking, had been scanning her gaze over Malicia with disdain.

This was not their *usual* class of customer. But there was no reason to doubt she could afford their particularly hefty price tag, so...

"Of course." Mask of professionalism snapped back on the moment attention turned to her. "One moment please."

And she shuffled off with a wiggle of her own ridiculously impractical footwear to go fetch.

How fortunate she had passed her forklift licence.

"These are incredibly exclusive," she said as she carried in the box like it was some five star platter. "We only have one pair."

Of this size. In the state.

With some ceremony she lifted off the lid. To reveal one Size Elephant hoof.

But the left was missing.

"Oh." Momentarily stunned. "How peculiar..."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 583 days ago

"Well? Where is it?" Clearly unimpressed. Perhaps it had been placed on display and they had simply forgotten it?

"Go find me the other one then." She demanded as she wrapped her eager claws around the one, remaining shoe so she could slide it on her foot.

It was a perfect fit. And it looked *fantastic*. She had to have these shoes!



[Negaduck](#) 583 days ago

"Uh... right. Straight away."

Rushing off Mrs White was gone for a short while - desperately searching a shoe or a solution - before she reappeared with yet another box.

"I'm afraid that the other shoe is.. not available for the moment. But!"

A clever chicken she was, prepared with an alternative.

"These-" Withdrawing a different heel, dripping with gold and ebony detailing. "-are in your size, and are even more *exclusive*."

In fact, we normally only offer them to our Gold Member VIP Club elephants.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 581 days ago

Her eyes widened and she made grabby-hands at the pretty, shiny shoes. Was that a bit of drool pooling at the corner of her bill?

"I must have them." She concluded.

Pointing at her feet expectantly. "Let's try them on, then!"

You get the honor of handling my flawless footsies.



[Negaduck](#) 581 days ago

Everything in the line of duty.

"Here we are then."

Wrapping the packaging fully, however, the assistant came to an abrupt stop.

"Oh!"

Again, the right shoe was *missing*.

"What- but- my word, this sort of thing never happens!"

Even in her rush, she had already swept the storage for the last runaway. There was nowhere it could be.

Keen to offer an acceptable alternative, she flurried over to the white marbled desk.

"We should be able to order it in for you." Manicured nails a blur on the keyboard, squinting down her snout at the screen.

"Ah yes indeed. It will only take another two to five..."

Days? Weeks?

"Years."

Well that was the cost of being so *exclusive*.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 580 days ago

Thunk.

The other (literal) shoe, dropped. To the floor, that is.

"Is this some sort of a joke? What type of establishment are you running here?!" Her fiery hair was becoming more than a metaphor as steam elevated from her feathers.

"I demand to speak to your manager!"



[Negaduck](#) 580 days ago

"I *am* the manager."

Always awkward when that happened, wasn't it.

Mirroring Malicia's growing irritation, Mrs White had had about enough. Granted there had been some hiccups, but she had done everything possible to appease her.

Who did this woman think she was?!

"I think you'll find you are lucky to get any service at all considering your.. girth."

And those ridiculous electric highlights! What the the young supposed ladies considered fashionable these days. How crass!



[Malicia Macawber 579 days ago](#)

"My *what*."

Barely-controlled rage had begun to spill over as she clenched her hands into fists and spoke through gritted fangs.

"Where do you, a Normal, get off speaking to me in such a manner?!" Her temperature rose.

"I will have you know that that my feet are perfect in every way, as is the rest of me! The problem is not my 'girth' being too large, it is that your inferior stock is **too small!**"

At that last statement, she pointed an accusatory claw in the woman's direction, and a burst of flame sprung forth.

Hopefully Mrs. White wasn't wearing any hair spray because this was about to get messy.



[Negaduck 579 days ago](#)

"AIEEEE!!" Shrieking she threw herself to the floor, leaving the stream of flame to collide with the wall display of the HOTTEST styles this season.

And so began a montage - a Maltage? - of the same situation repeating at every shoe store in the city. It seemed like there was a curse upon the sexy stilettos, a Cinderella story if ever there was one!

Except the slipper was Gucci rather than glass and could bear 200 pounds.

Poor Malicia, couldn't put a foot (in the) right!



[Malicia Macawber 579 days ago](#)

It hadn't occurred to her how... flammable, Normals were. Combined with her explosive temper, nearly every high-end shoe store in the city had met the same, blazing fate.

Really, she hadn't *intended* to put St. Canard's Fire Emergency Crew to task. She just wanted her shoes, dammit! And each store employee seemed incapable of withholding comments about her immeasurable size.

"Just what is going on?! Is somebody hoarding the other shoe to each pair?!"

Who would be so insane? So... so... *maniacal*?



[Negaduck](#) *579 days ago*

Watching the chaos from the rooftops above, a red hatted hooligan was enjoying her torment.

"I do have better things to do with my time." Including breaking fourth walls everywhere.

"But life's too short to let go of grudges!"

What he could let go of, however, was an iridescent emerald heel. The right one to the last pair Malicia had been trying! It was finally hers!

Except it stopped, metres from her face, caught on a fishing line. There it would bob until it had her red hot attention, then tear off down the street, always just slightly out of reach.

Bringing knew meaning to the phrase 'foot chase'.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *577 days ago*

Mysterious levitating objects were not a foreign concept to the Transylvanian-born Malicia, and so she was not the least bit suspicious when the object of her desires had appeared within her reach. Her pupils constricted and she swatted at it, narrowly missing as it jumped away from her.

"Playing hard to get are we?" Following a few paces behind -- though not at the fastest pace.

"Come here my little pretty, come to Mommy~" she coaxed it. "You'll be *so* happy in your new home."



[Negaduck](#) *577 days ago*

*We're going on a shoe hunt!*

*We're going to catch a bigggg one.*

*We've come to a tall chain fence.*

*We can't go over it.*

*We can't go under it.*

*We'll have to go-SMASH- through it?*

And so on until the heel hoofed it over muddy puddles into the St Canard dump.

Assuming Malicia was able to get over the smell and the wasteland of, uh, waste, she would see the levitating little pretty select its new home upon a pile of the Lost Beauties - the entire collection of those demon-sized darlings, glittering, gleaming, golden upon the garbage belt... of a industrial material recovery facility.

Clumped together and ready for the crusher.

Upon the top of which was perched one Negaduck with - here's the real shock - a bright red remote control.

"Hey gorgeous."

Sarcasm? Never.

"Want to see what happens when you push my buttons?"



○

[Malicia Macawber 575 days ago](#)

"You deposit yourself in the trash where you belong?" She waved her hand in front of her bill.

"I *thought* I smelled you in the area. This is your home, I take it?"

She settled her sights on the shoe pile. It didn't take a genius to figure out where this was going. Now, she just needed a way to solve this dilemma...

"Did you truly go to all this trouble." A motion at his tantalizing treasures. "For *moi*? How long did it even take you to hunt down every shoe my size in this city?"

Like does this guy ever sleep or.



○

[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

"It was like searching for a needle in a haystack." More than bemused than bothered. "If the needle was, say, a cow."

Was that a stab at her foot girth or other bovine attributes?

"Don't worry, I'm sure you'll find suitable alternatives.. maybe one of those derelict cars for each hoof?"

Bit of a laugh - oh he was always so hilarious - and immediately went to bam down on the button. No mucking around here.



○

[Malicia Macawber 575 days ago](#)

"Gh--!" Glancing left and right in a hurry, trying to find some way to stop this madness.

She spied a car bumper hanging off the remains of a junky car. Perfect!

She grabbed the car, leaving the bumper behind. Lifting the rusting vehicle over her head, she tossed it in the direction of the crusher. Surely throwing big metal things at machines worked to stop them, yes?

Or, at the very least, might slow the movement of the shoes down the conveyor belt. If she could have just enough time to get to them...



[Negaduck](#) *575 days ago*

Hitherto unaware of her superstrength - although that certainly explained a lot - realisation came crashing into him just as the vehicle nearly did.

Ducking, barely, Negaduck straightened with a smirk and the assumption he had been the target.

"Neener neener!" Oh very mature. "Ought to work on your aim, She-HulkKAAACK!"

The car hitting the machine set a huge vibration through the entire structure which had eventually caught up to the caped criminal, shaking him to his core.. and off his perch.

Catching, with the very tips of his fingers, the hood of the component he had been standing on. Damn it, why were the coolest places to gloat always the most dangerous?!

"Is trash the only thing you toss?" Sniped even as he dangled, because he wouldn't be hanging there for long. Oh no, he had experiences with conveyer belts, ones he was keen to not repeat.

Once he got a grip...



[Malicia Macawber](#) *575 days ago*

"You're about to find out, aren't you?" She was picking up discarded items -- toilet seats, musty shoes, paper weights -- anything heavy enough to lob directly at his hands to break his grip on the machine's edge.

"I'm going to turn you into the world's tackiest wallpaper!" She chortled.

That was, until a voice rang out behind them.

"Alright Miss, place your hands behind your head and step away from the machine!"

Surprised by the sudden interruption she spun around and dropped the car battery she was holding. Three police cars had pulled up to the dump, and a small army of officers were blocking off the exit.

Evidently, one does not spend a day setting fire to storefronts without there being consequences.

"Hey." One of officers nudged his partner. "Look, it's Negaduck! The two must be in kahoots."

There was a distinct clicking noise as guns were drawn and pointed at supervillain and incidental-supervillain.

"Alright Negaduck! Put your uh... well... I guess don't put your hands up. Just stay where you are!" The Officer commanded. "And you, step forward." Spoken to Malicia.

Ugh, Normals. Idiots the lot of them. But surely she would clear this up momentarily. She smiled demurely. "Now, I do believe there's been a misunderstanding. You see, I'm not--"

"I said step forward, **now** or we will not hesitate to shoot. You are under arrest for arson, assault, property damage, and theft!"

Evidently, the St. Canard police force didn't play around when it came to all things supervillain. Gee, wonder who was the cause of that..



[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

Roll of the eyes. Like that didn't happen every day.

"Ngh.." Fighting for a hold, no thanks to someone bruising his fingers. "If I could say a few words in defence..."

Dropping his aversions to drop onto the belt and withdraw a bazooka.

**"SUCK IT!"**

He fired multiple rounds, a couple into squad cars, one into a trash pile near the fence line to clear up an alternative escape. All the while zipping down the belt, dodging mechanical sorts and mills, sometimes travelling with the direction of the conveyer, sometimes against it. Which made actually hitting him with any sort of return fire rather tricky.

Insert video game jump noises here.

The shoes were skittering down the sorter, and Malicia was suddenly on the Most Wanted list; not a bad day's work!

Time to get *himself* out of there.



[Malicia Macawber 575 days ago](#)

The police scattered like bugs moving in all directions. Bullets tore through the air until their head officer called a ceasefire in order to take cover and call for back-up.

Clearly this was the best time for Malicia to make an escape.

But... the shoes! She glanced back at the conveyor belt, watching them get closer and closer to the crusher...

Oh, surely she could grab just one or two of them! She could even make out the pair of diamond-crusted slingbacks that made her mouth water.

And so she took off in the direction of the shoes, choosing to ignore Negaduck in the process.

I'll have my cake and eat it too...





[Negaduck 575 days ago](#)

Negaduck had been about to exit stage right (getit because the shoes are all right ah nevermind) when he noticed the demoness was about to close on her precious pile.

"Oh no you don't!"

Bazooka back in the shoulder, he lined up on her and -click- that's right, out of rounds. Curse it!

No other choice then to, rather than jump off the belt, speed up along it, and beat her to the catch. On his way through snagging a biological treatment hose, which essentially sprayed thick muddy water at biodegradable waste to break it down, and redirecting the spray at her.

"Watch out, don't want to get your hands dirty!"

If by hands he meant torso and by don't he meant this is totally hilarious.



[Malicia Macawber 574 days ago](#)

The spray was dense and heavy enough to push her back into the conveyor belt and, more importantly, right into the shoe pile.

Like a panicked water-logged cat she flailed her arms and claws every which way, grasping onto any piece of precious footwear she could reach.

More bullets rang out. It seemed the police had re-positioned themselves, and a rumbling noise in the distance -- was that a *tank?* -- indicated back-up had arrived.

Grasping two of the shoes in her hands she glanced around desperately, spying Negaduck's makeshift exit. The police had also noticed it and were beginning to close in, an obvious attempt to head off their only escape route.

It was time to go. And, regretfully, the shoes would have to stay behind, like diamond-studded pigs to the slaughter. Oh, the cruelty!

Eyes narrowed at Negaduck she somersaulted off the conveyor belt, landing on the other side and made her escape.

Oh, he would pay for this!



[Negaduck 574 days ago](#)

Okay. It was well established a bout of cackling never came at a good time. But he couldn't help himself.

So the reestablishment of a police firing line went unnoticed. Until a bullet whizzed centimetres below his wrist and pierced the hose.

Sending high pressure filth into his face.

"MBBRFBLLPBBBLGGGTHGGGGBLLL!"

Yelling, in one of those rare occasions, would not help.

Toppling flat onto his back, Negaduck would shake his senses clear in time to see a ground level vision of Malicia making a break for it.

Reaching back, he just so happened to locate a large flat bed trolley in pushing distance, and hurled it along after her. With any luck it would get under her feet and make things wheely difficult.

"This isn't a shoe-in yet, honey!"

A distraction of which was hopefully enough to give him enough cover to beat a path to *his* getaway. As much as it was a pity leaving behind that delicious stench.

At least Malicia would be able to take it with her!



[Malicia Macawber](#) 574 days ago

The trolley tangled up in her legs, sending her into a flying roll which, in a timely fashion, allowed her to dodge a bullet that would have otherwise hit her point-blank from behind.

Awww, what a hero!

Falling face-first in a puddle of muck, she cursed under her breath. Rolling over, she gripped the flat bed in her hands and hurled it back at the fleeing criminal.

"Here, I think you **lost** this! A pity, you were on such a roll, too!"

[Negaduck](#) 574 days ago

Only a few feet and he was on the final leg to freedom! Making good speed too.

Even better speed when the flat of the trolley hit the flat of his back.

Suddenly accelerated off the ground, Negaduck scarcely had time for a yelp before he came crashing back down to Earth. And there was shattered glass everywhere too - must have collected the recycling bins on the way through.

From somewhere under the twisted remains of the trolley, "Ow."

Then the tank drove in and took its position. Right over the top of him.

Even more muffled this time, "Yeah, **ow**."

When he had hoped to catch a break he didn't mean of his spine.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 574 days ago

As if Negaduck's day couldn't get any worse, a cloud of blue smoke appeared atop the newly-arrived tank.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night! I am the pebble in the boot of crime! I am...Darkwiiiiing Duck!" The purple clad hero thrashed his cape back dramatically and surveyed the junkyard, having missed the part where his arch enemy was underfoot - er - tank.

But there *was* still a fleeing demoness to tackle.

"Hold it right there, you fiery-fingered fugitive!" He took off like a shot, surprisingly agile, and was on Malicia's heels in no time.

At least the police had the decency to hold their fire while he pursued - even if most of them thought of him as an annoyance more than anything.



[Malicia Macawber 573 days ago](#)

It wouldn't take long for Darkwing to catch up to her, as she wasn't the most agile of creatures. But it did take her a moment to realize he was addressing her.

"Wait." Slamming on the perpetual breaks, she came to a skidding halt. "A fugitive? *Moi?*"



[Darkwing Duck 573 days ago](#)

Unfortunately, she stopped so quickly the crimefighter couldn't stop his momentum. CRASH. But she was such a pillar of muscle, he practically bounced right off of her. From flat on his back he glared up at her, trying not to wince too much from the jarring his body had just taken.

"That's right, *you*. Thought you could get away with it, didn't you? Well, your perilous path of pyres pointed me straight to you!" He leapt up onto his feet and pointed at her. "Now come quietly, or I'll be forced to use - er - force!"



[Malicia Macawber 573 days ago](#)

"Are... you speaking English right now? Because I don't--" Helpless shrug. *Normals*. What a peculiar bunch.

"Why are you going after me? It was Negaduck who committed the most atrocious crime of all! He's a heartless animal! A psychopath! A downright scoundrel!"

She shook her head forlornly. Those shoes deserved *so* much better.



[Darkwing Duck 573 days ago](#)

"Negaduck?" Darkwing scratched his head, looking around. Then he narrowed his eyes. "Don't change the subject!" He grabbed her wrist and started dragging her toward the cop cars. "You've got some explaining to do downtown!"



[Negaduck 573 days ago](#)

**BOOM!**

That was the sound of a tank shell discharging and hurtling straight for Darkwing's torso.

So much for a ceasefire! And they were meant to be on the same side too!



[Malicia Macawber 573 days ago](#)

"B-b-but I'm innocent I tell you! Why aren't you arresting those sales ladies for their poor manners instead?" She yanked back to break the grasp he held on her wrist.

The explosion shifted her attention, and instinctively she made a running dive. Evidently her short time around Negaduck had taught her that *any* explosion meant something painful was soon to follow.



[Darkwing Duck 572 days ago](#)

"*Innocent?!*" Darkwing repeated, pausing since he couldn't drag her anymore. "Ha! I *personally* --!" Suddenly something large careened into his midsection, hurtling him right into a pile of old tires. The resulting explosion was massive, and left a smoking Darkwing to flop painfully out of one of the rubber rings.

"Ouchie..."



[Negaduck 572 days ago](#)

Ouchie nothing, that tank was still on a roll, a la Malicia's terrible pun.

It rolled over right over the squad cars, crushed a Beetle, then lined up on the tires... and Darkwing Duck.

"Man, this never gets old," Negaduck chortled to himself, before addressing his rival from the hatch. "Feeling a little *run down*, Darkwing?"  
What was that about terrible puns?

"Maybe a permanent nap would help!"

And there it was again. BOOM! Another round, straight into the centre of the pile. Whether or not Darkwing was caught in that, the blast conveniently cleared the way out of the dump, and the tank rolled off down the street. The only thing louder than all that destruction was his laughter. This was going even better than he had planned!

Seriously, who brings a tank to a Negaduck fight? That was bound to end poorly, particularly so for the structural integrity of the city.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 572 days ago

The now doubly charred and flattened vigilante lifted a single finger from his position on the ground as a hero pancake.

"Singed...but triumphant!" he declared before popping back up on his feet and brushing off the grime. He looked around for the redhead he'd been pursuing earlier. He spotted her trying to make a getaway through the same hole Negaduck had blasted through the junkyard and sprinted after her.

"Okay," he panted as he ran next to her, "so you were right about Negaduck, but that *still* doesn't explain why you burned down those stores. It can't have just been the snooty customer service."



[Malicia Macawber](#) 572 days ago

"Well, I *did* sneeze at one point... the sales clerk was doused in way too much perfume!" Fire and chemicals do not mix, no they do not.

Tilting her head, she assessed the damage around them -- the entire police force was down and out, their vehicles flattened like pancakes or blown to pieces. The screams of terrified citizens accented by explosions echoed far off in the direction Negaduck had headed.

"How does one lone Normal cause this much destruction?" There was a hint of awe in her voice.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 571 days ago

"Did you say 'Normal'?" he repeated. The only person he knew to use that term was...

Another bout of screams and explosions met his ears, and he changed topics fast.

"Come on. Let's put those combustible claws to good use!"



[Malicia Macawber](#) 571 days ago

"Wait, what? You want me to do something about this cacophony?" A motion to the rising smoke in the distance.

"I make it a point not to get involved in these matters. Even when psychopathic shoe murderers drag me into it."

Because let's face it: Negaduck is the only reason I am here and not at home soaking in the hot tub.



[Negaduck](#) 571 days ago

Screaming civilians ran past them, yelling various things, but one could be very clearly heard above all others.

**"AAAAAH!! HE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BOUTIQUES!"**

Yup, don't get involved. Good plan.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 571 days ago

"Okay let's go stop him." Now her turn to yank Darkwing with her surprising strength.

NOBODY MESSES WITH THE BOUTIQUES.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 570 days ago

"Whoa - hey!" Darkwing yelped as he was dragged off by the demoness.

Once they made it - surprisingly quickly - to the upscale shopping district, Darkwing surveyed the ongoing damage. "I've heard of mall madness, but this is ridiculous!"

He leaped atop the tank, right in front of the anterior windows. "Doing a bit of shopping, Negaduck? Well, I don't think they carry cheap polyester capes in THIS part of town!"



[Negaduck](#) 570 days ago

"Buy them out, did you?" snapped the supervillain.

Seriously, what did it take to smooch this pest?!

"Here's hoping the ones *you* own aren't dry-clean only..."

Because Negaduck then took the tank... straight through an auto car wash.

Foam and big tumbling rollers and high pressure hoses everywhere!

That was one way to clean a windshield.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 569 days ago

When Negaduck would inevitably reappear on the other side of the car wash, Mal was waiting. With an industrial-sized rubber bath plug in hand.

The reason for (or *who*, must be a bathtub for elephants) they would soon find out as she swung it around on the end of the metal chain like one might wield a pair of nun-chucks.

"Are we having fun up there?" She chimed.



[Darkwing Duck](#) *569 days ago*

There were a lot of bubbly soap-infested shouts as the hero went through, but he wasn't quite washed up yet. He'd managed to cling to the back of the vehicle despite the cascade of suds.

"All right, Negaduck," he sputtered, "we're about to pull the *plug* on your pathetic plot!"



[Negaduck](#) *569 days ago*

"Who has ever really enjoyed a good, *clean* fight?"

Swinging the turret around, Negaduck lined up on the teetering tower of a heritage building that would have been sure to make a lovely squish of the civilians still fleeing about them... except the ammunition came out encased in a giant bubble.

"What?!" That wasn't strictly intended.

So he mushed the FIRE button again. And again! And again! But they were all in bubbles!

On the plus side, when they came back to Earth... it would be more than just a soapy circle that would go POP!



[Malicia Macawber](#) *569 days ago*

*Clang!*

During his firing frenzy, Malicia had managed to clumsily scale the tank up to the turret, and had begun to scoot herself along the massive barrel, her legs wrapped tightly along the length of metal. The plug dangled from her mouth as she neared the muzzle.

Just a little bit closer now...



[Darkwing Duck](#) *568 days ago*

Darkwing was a bit preoccupied with trying to control the direction of the explosive bubbles. He pulled a sizeable fan out of his handy-dandy suit pocket and aimed it at the floating bombs, trying to steer them away from creating collateral damage.



[Negaduck](#) *568 days ago*

Negaduck, having popped out of the hatch to shoot down the bubbles *to* create collateral damage, realised that wash hadn't left the tank as spotless as he had hoped.

"GAH!" At least he had a machine gun already at hand. "Didn't anyone tell you hitchhiking is dangerous?!"

Dangerous indeed, particularly when one was getting sprayed with bursts of automatic fire.

**RAT-A-TAT-TATATATAATATATAA!**

Which unfortunately meant he was too distracted to notice the demoness doing her Tina Turnbill impersonation up front. On the plus side however, how nice did all those ricochets off the armour sound, like deadly deadly rain on a tin roof.



[Malicia Macawber 568 days ago](#)

Shimmying straight to the end, she managed to straddle the main gun, balancing herself precariously. With her free hand she conjured up a rather large fireball that danced and wiggled like a small burning sun.

Gripping the end of the gun she rammed the fireball straight down the muzzle, then jammed the plug in tight.

Unfortunately, her weight also played against her, and in leaning forward she lost her balance and made a graceless fall to the cement below. Not a long fall mind you, but far enough to leave a dent in the sidewalk for sure.

**FIRE IN THE HOLE!**

[Darkwing Duck 568 days ago](#)

"Da-hah!" Darkwing yelped as he ducked, dodged, and danced his way through the shower of small bullets. One particular webflip landed him on the other side of the tank, at which point he noticed Malicia in the tank's path.

"Come on!" he exclaimed, grabbing her wrist yet again to pull her to safety before the tank could implode. "Hey Negs!" he added over his shoulder. "*Tanks* for the memories!"



[Negaduck 568 days ago](#)

((OOC: YOU STOLE MY PUN I'LL KEEL U))

No sassy remarks or amazing puns as Negaduck was gritting his teeth in concentration trying to hit the manoeuvring mallard. Until--

**BONK!**

That was a billboard advertising WRITE TO US FOR HELP WITH YOUR SCRIPTOPHOBIA which, having its foundations weakened in a freak traffic accident not long ago, toppled over with stray bullet fire.

And jammed Negaduck back in the tank.

The act of which must have caused him to slip, for the whole thing careened backwards wildly, straight through the front of a men's designer jocks shop.



Just in time for the blast to make it through the main cabin. And the fuel tank. And the munition stores.

### **BOOM!**

In a flutter of fiery underthings, both the building and Negaduck's impromptu rampage came crashing to an end.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *568 days ago*

Malicia stood back and watched the explosion and fallout with a maniacal glee. "Oh, that's *nice*." Look at all the pretty flames! Tsking she shook her head. "And all this, over a little bit of fake gold. What a pitiful creature."



[Darkwing Duck](#) *567 days ago*

((OOC: :D ))

"Fake gold?" Darkwing repeated curiously. "You mean to tell me YOU tricked Negaduck into buying some fake gold and this was all a revenge plot to get back at you?"

Don't ask the writer how he reached this conclusion - because cartoons.



[Negaduck](#) *567 days ago*

Speaking of miraculous discoveries, Negaduck was discovering what it felt like to survive a 70 tonne pressure cooker.

Half creeping, half crawling, all char, he pulled himself clear of the debris and started in the opposite direction of the chatter.

"Oh goodie, 50 per cent off fourth degree burns..."

But that's a 50 per cent saving! You're practically MAKING money!

Now it was simply a matter of saving his skin and getting out of there.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *567 days ago*

"Hey! I'll have you know he started it by cheaping out with his little gold stand. I was simply giving him a taste of his own medicine." And profiting from it.

Shrugging nonchalantly she added. "Who knew the guy could hold such a deep grudge?"

Not quite aware of who she was talking to here.



[Darkwing Duck](#) 566 days ago

Darkwing raised a brow. "This *is* Negaduck we're talking about here." Of course, he didn't know she hadn't been in town long and had only just met the supervillain. He moved toward his diabolical double with a set of handcuffs. "That's another courageously cunning collar by the crafty caped crusader!" He DID have a tendency for congratulating himself a bit too early.



[Negaduck](#) 565 days ago

No, no no no. He was not going in like this. Not over something so stupid.

... that tank ride had been totally worth it though. Heh heh.

"Hey Darkwing." Could barely wheeze that out but, as Malicia had been learning, there was a thin line between determined and stubborn. "Catch."

With his last remaining strength, reaching into his now soot blackened suit and tossing to his twin... a sparkly-specked high heel?

Why had he been saving that anyway?

Had been hoping to unlock its height-boosting secrets? Or simply pure genius?

Yeah, let's go with that.



[Malicia Macawber](#) 565 days ago

Head snapped to attention, her pupils constricted and she made a diving leap for the shoe, which resulted in her colliding with Darkwing.

"YES!" She cried perhaps a little too enthusiastically as she made swiping motions at the shoe. "Oh Hades, yes! Hand it here! My sweet, precious baby. You're reunited with mama now!"



[Darkwing Duck](#) 564 days ago

Darkwing caught the shoe, brow furrowed. "What the --" Then suddenly a freight train collided with him. From beneath the behemoth he grunted, and waved the shoe frantically toward her. "Take it, take it!!"



[Negaduck](#) *564 days ago*

Of course by the time that trouble was untangled, Negaduck was long gone.

But at LEAST Malicia got ONE SHOE.

Maybe then she would realise it wasn't even her size.

And that he was an evil, evil SOB.



[Malicia Macawber](#) *563 days ago*

Even being 'long gone' he would hear the furious shriek from miles away.

**"I AM GOING TO SKIN HIM AND FEED HIM TO MY FAMILIAR!"**