

## [RP: Summon Get It \(Completed RP\)](#)

Published by: [Trevor Mallard](#) on 12th May 2014 | View all blogs by [Trevor Mallard](#)  
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((OOC: Reserved for Trevor, Malicia, Darkwing, Negaduck, Morogh, and Morgana. Completed RP))

After a threat by Malicia, Trevor is forced to seek help from the Ancient One (an ancestor of the Macawber Clan) in order to find a cure for the vampire curse. Both Darkwing and Negaduck have been bitten by Baron Morogh MacDuckgall and time is running out before they both turn. However, the Baron is on his way with Negaduck in toll in hopes of preventing the cure from being found as he has plans of his own.

## Comments

### 96 Comments



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor's words seemed to die at the same time as the wind did. There was a feeling as if everything around them was holding their breath in anticipation for whatever was coming. It was so still and quiet suddenly. Even Darkwing's heavy wheezing had gone silent. The area grew darker as black clouds covered the moon to shut out all light.

She appeared from out of the shadows, moving towards them like a mist drifting in the breeze. Her dark feathers matched her ebony hair and her eyes blazed like the light of the moon. The Ancient One landed in front of Trevor and the ill Darkwing that was laying at his feet. There was a crunch as her clawed feet stepped on old bleached bones that were scattered about the place.

"So. We meet again, Trevor Mallard." She said in a silky soft voice.

Trevor kneeled before her. "I am in great need of help. The situation has become dire and I do not know what to do. I have very little time. I am desperate." He looks at Darkwing. "My nephew is dying and when he succumbs to death he will become a monster. There are also other forces working against me."

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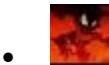
by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

Morogh was flying back from his castle after having fetched a few items as he knew a fight was going to break out and he needed to be prepared to deal with Trevor. He had Negaduck in his talons again when he shifted back into his great flying beast form. He noticed the moon being covered by the clouds that appeared from thin air as he flew.

"So the time has come. Are you ready to see what true power is, Negaduck?" He tighten his grip on the foul drake.

He had promised Malicia he would find Negaduck. But what she didn't know, was that he was planning to use him against her. Negaduck was his ticket to getting what he wanted. And Morogh always got what he wanted.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"When does the in-flight drink service start?" Not happy with the situation at all, and definitely not happy with being unable to make any progress on that little escape plan during their brief stopover. "You'd better have black label single malts, or I'm handing in my Frequent Freak Flying membership."

Snarky, yes, but spoken with far less venom/death threats than Negaduck would commonly make in such a scenario. He didn't have the energy. On the plus side, the night sky was cooling, helping to ease the fever.

Not that it would help ease the cause.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

"Hold your tongue!" Morogh hissed and squeezed Negaduck in response. "If you don't I will silence you!" He was beginning to wonder if he should cut out the drake's tongue since Negaduck didn't seem to know when to shut his beak.

The temptation of just dropping him so that he would plummet to his death was growing.



Fwwoop. Caught, right before duck pancake time. The shakes that had overtaken him though were purely as a result of the virus. Really.

"R-real funny." Glared, one villain to another, through his trembling. Nothing more was said, however. He was not suicidal. Mostly.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

Morogh flew on in silence satisfied that he had shut the duck up for now. He honestly hoped that Negaduck would fall into the coma so he could have some peace and quiet.

It seemed like they were flying for quite a long time in the darkness. Morogh was following the energy generated from the magic of the summoning. He figured that's where the others were. And he was right when he finally spotted several figures standing in the middle of a small group of trees below them.

"Well. I can finally set you down." Morogh grinned. He flew down low and deposited Negaduck into a thorn bush before landing several feet away himself. He didn't say he would give him a soft landing.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

So much for hopes of a coma. So much for the eerily serene atmosphere of the summoning.

**"AAAAAAAAARRRRHHH YOU MOULDY OLD"-Incoherent-"I'M GONNA DRIVE A STAKE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR"-Unprintable-"SO YOUR"-Indecipherable-"HITS YOU IN THE"-Unmentionable-"WHEN YOU"-Unimaginable, really-"!!!!"**

The boomed curse that exploded through the night like a shockwave jarred, not only the curser, but seemingly the entire forest awake.

In other words... guess who had arrived.

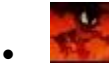
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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

"I should have cut out your tongue when I had the chance!" Morogh growled. No matter. Maybe the Ancient One would do that for him for being disturbed. Stalking over he grabbed the tangled duck by the neck, ripping him from the thorns, so he could toss him into the summoning circle. "You will be the sacrifice to the Raven Goddess."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Skidding across the ground on a freshly pin-cushioned back did nothing for Negaduck's pain levels, and it took him a moment of teeth gritting and further breathless insults before he finally focused on the dark figure standing over him.

Well, this was unexpected.

"The... what?"

'Sacrifice' sounded ominous, but it had to be better than putting up with any lecturing from any demonic partners that surely couldn't be there at the same time.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

The skulls and the bones that lay scattered about in piles around them made it clear what 'sacrifice' meant. In fact one could smell fresh blood and death here.

The dark Ancient One stared down at the duck that had been thrown to her feet after he stopped skidding blinking in confusion from his sudden appearance.

"You are a dark one." She spoke. "You have no soul. Yet you suffer greatly. I can ease that pain."

Morogh stayed hidden in hopes no one had seen him and would be too busy with the sudden appearance of Negaduck to notice him.

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• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Seemed like a friendly place. What with the helpful female and rather tempting looking skulls strewn around the place.

Still, there was that stubbornness again.

"Unless you're offering a special kind of massage, there's no need, sweetcheeks," insisted the caped criminal civilly enough - by his standards - pushing up to a seated position. Geez, why was everyone so set on this soul thing? "I'm not in any--"

COUGH COUGH HACK HACK WRETCH WHEEZE.

--pain."

Any sort of crestfallenness that display of weakness caused was reversed as soon as he realised he had spluttered, not all over a randomly purple patch of ground, but a very familiar someone.

"Hey," No hiding the delight that came with seeing his archenemy in such a dismal condition. "What's he doing here?"

Too, too convenient, the malicious gleam in his eyes said...

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• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Before the untimely arrival of her Partner in Crime, Malicia had been shuffling impatiently as she watched her ancestor arise, and rolled her eyes when Trevor mentioned 'other forces'.

So when the eerie silence was cut short by the surprise crash landing and Negaduck-style poetry, it was a wonder how her eyes didn't roll a full 360 degrees. Typical.

Well, she *did* tell Morogh to find him; at least the bloodsucker did something right. But Malicia wasn't that foolish. There was no way the Baron would obey her unless it was to his advantage.

And as her ancestor rounded on Negaduck, she quickly made the connection as to what that advantage might be.

...all the bones and freshly slain sacrifices may have provided a hint or two. Just a little bit.

*FWOOSH* That was the sound of a crackling fireball colliding directly between the Ancient One and Negaduck.

"He has a soul." She rumbled darkly. "It's simply in more capable hands."

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

The fireball didn't even faze the Raven Goddess. The flames made her appearance even more unsettling as the soft orange glow reflected off her shadowy body and bright eyes.

"Soul or no soul. It does not matter to me. He will join the Many. He will become apart of the shadows. What Trevor asks requires a price to pay. A sacrifice."

Trevor's eyes widen when he realized that the Ancient One had mistaken Negaduck as the thing he was to sacrifice as she had not seen the vampire. "No! Wait!" Although the ground was still hot from the fireball, he got between Negaduck and the Ancient One. "My lady, he is not what I'm going to offer. This drake is also ill and close to death because of the curse. "

It seemed strange that he was protecting Negaduck considering he didn't like the drake nor cared what happened to him, but Trevor had made a promise to help Malicia because of the threat so he would keep to his word. Looking down at Darkwing who was deteriorating rapidly as time went on, Trevor sighed deeply and shut his eyes as a pained expression came to his face because of what he said next.

Balling up his fists as he thought about the choice he made, he says. "If you remove the curse from these two, I will give you the other half of my soul as the sacrifice."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia had been ready to intervene when Trevor spoke up. Well, at least these heroic types saved her the effort of all doing all the footwork.

"That works for me." She shrugged nonchalantly.

Then she nudged Darkwing's body forward so that it was situated next to Negaduck.

"Or take him. He's not all that 'dark' or anything, despite what the name suggests. But I'm sure he's worth half a soul, or what have you. Maybe a quarter. The constant non-stop alliteration cheapens his value somewhat."

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

The movement from being nudged only made the pain worse. It was enough to stir Darkwing awake. As his eyes fluttered open, he could only make out the blurry shape of his evil twin next to him.

"Negaduck?" He coughs out and groans. He had no idea what was going on. He only assumed he was being held captive and that he didn't have any fight left in him. Darkwing whimpered as he started to shiver again from the chill he had.

He heard Malicia voice's nearby. What did she mean by take him? Did that mean he was going to die soon? Trevor was right. He should have stayed away when the old drake told him to. Then he wouldn't be in this mess.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The commotion was very dramatic and all, but nothing could entertain Negaduck more than the sight of his dying doppelgänger. That was beautiful, that was.

"Hah! You look terrible." Noting the painful effect nudging had, he prodded the suffering superhero again, only to torment him further. "Like something an alleycat half-gnawed then spat back out--"

Interrupted, ironically, by another burst of his own pathetic coughing. Not pleasant. As shaky as he felt, however, at least he was doing better than Darkwing.



Oblivious to the fact he would catch up soon enough.

Taking a moment to rally what remained of his strength did give him pause to silently take stock of the situation. One Malicia, acting.. weird, but at least not focused on him for the time being; check. One formerly thong-wearing martyr-type, check. One oddly hot ebony chick, check. One dying do-gooder.. hah hah.. check. One was missing.

Gears turned fast and, picking the right time, he interrupted.

"You want dark? Not that I object to the slaughter of either of these two sissies-" Aside from preferring it be by my own hand. "But if you want a *real* shadowy type, why not have the goddamn vampire?"

Gesturing to where he knew Morogh to be. Vicious vengeful streak he had. Nobody dropped him to a promised doom and got away with it!

"If it wasn't for him, we wouldn't be in this stupid mess to begin with!"

Totally the Baron's fault. Nothing of his own cause.

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor looked over his shoulder when he heard Darkwing in pain and Negaduck's taunting of him. "Keep in mind that I am trying to spare you from the same fate as him. Leave him alone." He couldn't believe he was going to save that cruel duck when he could just let him die.

"You are right though. Morogh is the cause of all this!"

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"While you're at it." Malicia said to the Ancient One, her eyes settling on the hunter.

"Why don't you tell me how exactly Trevor has managed to slip out of obeying my every command? I'd like my personal man slave back, *s'il vous plait*."

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

The Ancient One looked at Malicia. "There was magic at work here that is protecting him from you. However, he is no longer yours to command." She stepped towards Trevor. "You know what it means if you sacrifice what's left of your soul."

Trevor nodded. "I know. I will be forever bound to you. If I should pass I will not see my family or friends in the heavens. But I must stop all of this. That was the oath I took."

"I see." The raven leaned down and kissed his forehead. "You have taken a burden you shouldn't have to take. I know you are tired and stretched from living longer than you should. But you willing to sacrifice yourself even for your enemy means there is some hope left in this world. "

Then she stepped back. Flexing her claws, she swiped at his chest with one stroke. Although he cried out in the pain, the wounds were not physical, and he fell to his knees clutching his chest. In the Ancient One's hand was the glowing essence of the last piece of Trevor's soul. She made the other piece appear so that she could make it whole again.

"There. It is done. Now I will do my part of the deal."

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

That was just the right moment for him to strike. Morogh appeared out of the shadows, a sword in his hand that he had fetched from his castle, and slashed at the Ancient One. This caused her to shriek as her body disorporated back into shadows as well as drop Trevor's soul in the process.

"What are you going to do now Trevor? She isn't here anymore to save you little friends." Morogh laughed in victory. "They will turn and then they will be mine!"

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Ooh! Free soul!

Like a beggar diving after a bursting bag of pennies, Malicia went straight for his soul. Really, how could she not pass up the opportunity to add a shiny new piece to her collection?

Y'know, even though Negs and Darkwing were probably writhing in agony in the background and all.

*Eh.* They're big boys, they can handle themselves.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Literally, as it turned out, as a merciless grasp seized the back of Darkwing's neck. Another hand around his bill if required, too.

"Friends? We'll see about that..."

Evil did always pick the most inopportune time to strike. And taking advantage of the vulnerability of a long time foe was too good an opportunity to miss.

Even as the virus took greater hold, Negaduck managed to drag his nemesis out of the clearing. With all the fighting and soul grabbing going on, they would barely be noticed...

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing couldn't walk so he just hung there limply in Negaduck's grasp as he was dragged away. He gagged from pretty much being choked.

"Why?"

He wasn't sure what Negaduck was planning to do with him.

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Damn you, Morogh!" Trevor then launched himself at Morogh, dagger in hand. He didn't notice that DW and Negaduck had disappeared nor that Malicia was going after his soul. He felt nothing but rage and it was fueled by the lack of a soul now.

It was time to deal death to the vampire. And that was the only thing on his mind....

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Reaching the base of the hill, Negaduck withdrew a grappling hook launcher from his cape. Morogh hadn't seen a need to disarm him - not figuratively, anyway - which was perfectly fine by him.

"Figured you could use a nap."

Keeping his voice low as he fired the gun, sending the hook spiralling upward and anchoring between a rocky crevice above.

"A long, long nap..."

Looping the base of the rope around Darkwing so he wouldn't have to take his weight, the felon triggered the recoil. No effort at all, aside from hanging on, and both went sailing out of the valley.

Wouldn't have to get far... just a little distance...

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"A nap..." Darkwing muttered in response. "I..could use one...I'm so tired.." He shut his eyes and just dangled there from the rope that was tied around him. He didn't even react when they went sailing through the air.

He didn't realize that "nap" meant something else.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Trevor's soul was stored away in the same place Mal kept everything for safe-keeping: Her ample bosom.

"So much for the all-powerful Macawber ancestor..." She shrugged nonchalantly, a bit disappointed. Did one sword stab *really* manage to take her out?

No matter, because this led to an even greater issue: The fact that Negs had yet to be cured of his vampirism. Without the Ancient One, there wasn't much else that could be done.

As the fighting continued behind her, she circled the area where Trevor had summoned her. Surely, there had to be another way to get her back here...

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

The summoning ground was littered with the bones of hundreds sacrifices. Whoever had been worshipping the Ancient One had been doing this for a long time as the bones appeared to be from different years judging from their appearance. It seemed like their presence was still there since their energy could be felt all around them as if they were watching the events unfold.

When the clash came there was metal on flesh as Trevor scored a hit to one of Morogh's arms when he sailed by him in his lunge. The vampire snarled from anger and pain. The hunter had to dodge to avoid being cleaved in half by Morogh's sword.

To make matters worse, the dark clouds that were covering the moon unleashed rain down on them. The ground was becoming slippery with water and mud making dodging more difficult. Trevor was up to his ankles in mud and rain was blurring his vision as it streaked down his face.

He was panting heavily from exhaustion. He caught Malicia out of the corner of his eye circling the area. He hoped she wasn't going to join into the attack. He couldn't handle two at once.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Luckily for Trevor, the demonness was far more concerned by the effect this rain was having on her hair.

"Ugh, I *hate* dramatic rainfall." Her eyes slid over to the ensuing battle, and she recalled how Trevor had summoned the Ancient One.

Her eyes were locked on the hunter now. She waited for a pause in the battle before advancing on him, taking a swipe with her massive claws. It was not meant to be a deadly blow, however, but rather an attempt to get a bit of his blood. A few drops would suffice.

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor was about to lunge at Morogh again when he felt those claws rack his back. He cried out in pain as blood spilled out onto the ground from the wounds that opened up on his back.

It distracted him enough that he had barely enough time to dodge out of the way when Morogh came charging at him with the sword. He jumped back and felt his feet sink into the mud again when he landed. He was trembling from pain.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

"You can't keep dodging forever!" Morogh swung the sword again at the hunter who had been distracted by the swipe by Malicia only to watch him dodge yet again. "Why can't you just die? You're a pest I can't seem to get rid of!"

He needed Trevor to become unfocused and sloppy if he was going to have any hope in defeating him. When the hunter was focused in battle, he was a force to be reckon with. While Morogh was much stronger in the terms of power, he knew not to underestimate Trevor, and did in fact fear him succeeding.

A grin spreads across Morogh's bill when the two had jumped back from each other after

another attack. "I'm sure you won't care now since you're now soulless but there is something you should know before you die. When I drained the life out of that precious mate of yours I noticed she was egg laden. I stamped out your bloodline before it even had a chance to grow. I'm so very sorry."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Thanks darling!" Malicia called to Trevor, her hands dripping with a good amount of blood.

Alrighty, now for the fun part.

Having wandered away from the ensuing battle she returned to the central area where the initial summoning took place.

Well, she might not be Trevor, but she *was* a world-class sorcerer.

She sprinkled the blood across the ground. "Hello? Paging my mysterious ancient relative. Fellow Macawber here, in need of your assistance."

Okay, so it wasn't exactly an summoning of ancient tongues but it was close enough!

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"The number you have reached is not in service. Please dial again" Was the only response Malicia got. However, she attracted the attention of the shadowy figures that were watching from the shadows all around the summoning ground.

Trevor stared at Morogh in shock. "What?" It had to be a trick. It couldn't be true. "No! It's not true! It can't be!" That horror only made him rage more and he charged at Morogh. He didn't care at this point that he was now blind with anger. Morogh had taken everything from him and now it was time to end the centuries of pain he caused.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"ARGH!" She kicked a skull in frustration, sending it sailing across the clearing.

"I am NOT letting that idiot turn into a vampire! I still need to squeeze a few litters out of him!"

Rounding again on the two bitter enemies currently duking it out in the background, she decided now might be a good time to ask Trevor how to get the Ancient One to reappear.

Or maybe not the best time, based on the maniacal rage-frothing expression Trevor was wearing.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

"Oh? You didn't know? How sad." Morogh planted his feet in preparation to meet Trevor's charge. "Now you can join them!" When the hunter was in range he swung again this time making contact with Trevor's side with his blade. Blood and feathers flew as Trevor hit the ground in a crash mid way through his charge several feet from the vampire.

There was no way the hunter could get up after that, Morogh thought. Dropping his sword, the vampire leapt after Trevor as he planned to choke the life out of his age old enemy with his bare hands this time.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Malicia was growing rather impatient with the lack of actual dying happening. Particularly when it was more in her favor for Trevor to live. She DID have his soul now, which meant she had even more power over him than before. Or so she hoped.

"Hold off, Morogh." She stepped in.

"Do you REALLY want to finish him now? Wouldn't you rather savor the moment?"

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"No!" Trevor heard Morogh scream. "He dies now!"

Trevor couldn't move nor get up after feeling the blade bite into his side. He had to react quickly as the vampire was rapidly closing in on him. "If I'm going to die, I'm taking you to Hell with me!" Trevor grabbed his dagger that he had dropped when he fell and rolled over onto his back holding it upwards.

Moments later he felt the vampire's weight on top of him and heard a gurgling noise.

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by [Baron Morogh MacDuckgall](#) 1 year ago

The Baron hadn't felt agony in centuries but he was feeling it now as a terrible pain shot through his body. It took several minutes for him to realize what had happen and when he looked down he found Trevor's dagger buried into his chest. "Wh...What?" He sputtered.

Morogh slumped back into the mud as Trevor sat up to remove the blade from him. In his last dying breaths, he had taken on his mortal form before his turning.

"I..I am so sorry...Trevor..I..never asked for this to happen. I..was good..once..But..now all you..see is..a monster."

There was a shudder and a deep sigh that followed before the vampire became ash that blew into the wind.

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor felt all of the anger and energy drain from him as he sat there feeling like a weight had finally lifted. He drew his cloak around himself as he shivered from both the cold rain and the pain from his wounds. His blood stained his white feathers red.

After several minutes of resting he used the last bit of his strength to get up and search for Darkwing only to find him missing. He was not laying in the spot where Trevor had left

him. "Oh no...Where's Darkwing?" He noticed Negaduck was gone too. "And where is Negaduck as well?"

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• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well that's one problem down." Malicia said as the last remnants of Morogh vanished.

"I have dibs on his castle, by the way." Surely all those servants and books couldn't go to waste, no?

But now Trevor's question caught her attention, and indeed he was correct: Both masked mallards had vanished.

"They couldn't have gone far in their state." She glanced around. "Let's just follow the sound of punching and strained alliteration."

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• by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"There's only one way in here and that's the way we came in." Trevor frowned. That meant having to climb up the hill which seemed like a task that would take some effort considering the state he was in. "It seems quiet though."

Climbing the hill was difficult since the heavy bleeding made Trevor weak. It didn't help that the rain which had finally stopped had made the grass slippery and muddy. He stumbled several times until he ended up sliding back down into a puddle of mud.

"I can't do it. Just leave me here." Trevor let out a deep sigh and just laid there not wanting to try again. It hurt too much.

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• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Ugh. Can you act anymore pathetic?" She rolled her eyes.

"Here." Leaning down she plucked up Trevor and carried him in her arms.

Like the groomsman carrying his (er... her?) bride across the threshold -- or in this case, up a muddy hill -- they continued their trek. Having clawed feet certainly made it easier to dig into the ground, although she kicked up plenty of dirt in the process. By the time they had reached the top, her legs were caked in mud, and her dress was wet and dripping.

"When I get my hands on that idiot, I'm going to put him in a special coma of my own making." She muttered to herself.

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Sorry." Trevor sighed. "Both you and Morogh tore me apart." He felt rather embarrassed to be carried like that but what choice did he have. He had to wonder where the two went. They didn't seem to be right at the top.

"They're not here. I didn't think they could get that far."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Suitably dramatic choices for a final showdown were limited in this particular spooky forest. Even with the aid of the aforementioned dramatic rain.

Besides, in Negaduck's worsening condition, carrying his counterpart was akin to hauling an overfed elephant. Or Malicia.

So clifftop precipice it was.

With a grunt, Darkwing was deposited on his back. Roughly, because his assailant near collapsed himself as he did so.

Also when you hate a guy, you don't exactly break out the feather mattresses.

"This is how it's going to be, is it? Without a fight, without a word?"

A dagger withdrawn from his cape.

"Fine by me."

Coming right up, stabbing number two...

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing didn't realize that the curse had been lifted from the way he was feeling. He was so ill and weak he just laid there where Negaduck had deposited him.

"You'd...be..doing..me a favor." He panted and looked up at Negaduck. "I..I..rather..be dead..than a monster..like Morogh."

He wasn't making it as satisfying as it should be if he was begging for death. Darkwing shut his eyes. "Make it quick..."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well I was trying to summon my ancestor by repeating your blood-letting ritual." She explained.

"It didn't work, I suppose. I find it hard to believe that any blood relative of mine would be defeated by a vampire that easily. At least I got a little gift out of the process." She paused, squinting at the figures in the distance.

"Ah, there they are."

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"You didn't say the right words. Besides. She is not dead. Far from it. We'd be best to fetch those two and get as far as away as possible as she might come for us in her wrath. " Trevor looked behind him. "Her followers are following us."

Then he eyes her. "What gift?"

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Followers? You mean those dark beings?" Evidently Malicia had noticed and either wasn't worried or didn't care.

"Hey, I'M not the one who stabbed her. If anything, she should be pleased that you took out the one who did." She made her way towards Negaduck and Darkwing which involved, yet again, another hill. Sheesh, she was going to have buns of steel after all this uphill walking.

In response to his final question she merely flitted her eyes. "Never you mind that. I think you should be more worried about Darkwing right now."

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"They're coming for their sacrifice I'm assuming." Trevor didn't like it one bit. The dark beings were still following them up the hill.

He was worried about Darkwing. Especially since he was alone with Negaduck and still very ill. He got a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach as they neared the two. "What are they doing way out here?"

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Just a little heart-to-heart. Or a knife-to-heart, as it were...

Unaware they were being approached, a scoff could not adequately capture the level of contempt Negaduck held for his double at that moment.

"Pathetic."

Kneeled beside the stricken hero, it took a moment to catch his breath. Somehow, however, he felt his strength lifting.. must be the anticipation of all that killing.

"I should've known to expect better from *you*. You've never been anything but a weak, pathetic bumbler."

Blade glinted as it raised.

"And now you get to enjoy being a weak, pathetic corpse."

A dark, menacing chuckle. Because he couldn't help it.

"Arrivederci, Darkwing."

And, on the final word, he brought the point down. A sacrifice of his own.

It would be fast, but it would not be painless.

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• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Well, it looks like they're about to get it." Motioning to the duo, and in particular the glinting piece of metal in the evil doppelganger's hands.

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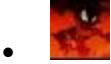


• by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

And that was exactly when lightning struck down at Negaduck. What were the chances of that?

Pretty high when Morgana was in the area. The sorceress was standing on the opposite side of the craggy rocks, the electricity dancing across her fingers.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Recoiling, the bolt missed by mere centimetres, leaving a scorch mark on the ground beside. More than aware that witch could pack a punch - literally, too - but Negaduck was not prepared to give up victory so easily.

"Nice shot, sweet stuff!" Really, her aim was nearly as sad as her intention. "Too bad you can't stop this..."

Not that he believed all this vampire malarkey, but he sure as Hades believed Darkwing's splendidly sorry and tragic end was inevitable.

It was just a matter of ensuring it was by his hand.

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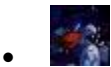


by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Like a cat, Trevor squirmed out of Malicia's arms, and flipped out of them. He was between Negs and Darkwing the moment he was on his feet.

"You touch even a single feather on him I will gut you like the rotten fish you are." Trevor hissed as he bristled his feathers in anger. He had lost enough family already. He wasn't about to lose the only member he had left.

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Morgana..." Darkwing groaned and tried to sit up. "You leave her alone." He threatens Negaduck but it wasn't all that much of an impressive threat because of his poor condition.

What he wasn't expecting was Trevor suddenly standing over him and guarding him like an angry mother bird defending her young. He certainly didn't want to get on the hunter's bad side considering the expression on the drake's face.

"Trevor...Don't hurt him. Or Malicia will burn you."

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• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Too bad Trevor's sudden appearance, while not anticipated, was welcome. Or more precisely, the opportunity to finally thrash the life out of the older drake's warehouse-invading body was.

"Bring it, Thong Boy!"

With that vicious snarl, Negaduck launched at the mother bird. Granted the timing was awful, given the drain the curse had on him, but the black-masked bandit still had plenty of fight in him. Particularly the nasty, ruthless sort of fight that would see him taking every cheap shot, every vile attack that became available.

At least stabby-time had moved away from the most vulnerable of the group. For the moment.

[Delete](#)



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Mal held back this time. As far as she was concerned, Negs could use a whooping after the stunt he pulled getting himself bitten in the first place.

Instead she drew her attention to Morgana, on the other side of the group.

"Oh, look who finally came to the party. Now *you* would make a good sacrifice."

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• by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"I see you're looking for a fight then. Well then you're getting one!" Trevor leaped at him to meet him halfway.

The resulting fight was like two roosters at a fighting ring complete with feathers flying and the sound of two angry birds trying to tear each other apart. In fact Trevor chomped



down on the other drake's wrist in an attempt to make him drop his weapon while at the same time kicking with his feet.

Trevor ignored Darkwing's protests to stop as he was too filled with rage to care whether or not he would be punished for hurting Mal's sadistic mate.

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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Trevor! Stop please!" Darkwing continued to plead. Not only did he see Malicia as a threat to Trevor if he continued his assault on Negaduck, but he saw that the drake was wounded and was still losing blood. But even if he could stop them, the vicious look Trevor gave him told him otherwise.

*He's not in his head right now..*

Then Darkwing heard Malicia after she had turned her attention to Morgana. "Morgana! Look out! She's going to attack you!"

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

Fortunately, Morgana was already a step ahead and had zapped herself over to Darkwing's location.

"I think it's time we leave, Dark." She said gently.

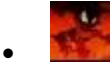
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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"What about Trevor?" Darkwing looks at her with worry. "We can't leave him behind." Although he had no idea how they could even break up that fight without getting hurt. He felt powerless for once since he was feeling too sick to help anyone. He was also feeling guilty for getting them into this mess in the first place.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"ARGHH!" The good news was his grasp on the blade released; the bad news was that it gave him a free extra hand to grab at Trevor. "YOU LONG-HAIRED SCHMUCK, I'LL END YOU!"

But the older mallard had been accurate in his assessment of fiend's weakness. While a shot of fury was handy for bursts of white-feathered Hulk like force, it did make him prone to error.

Particularly when his reserves were already low.

Particularly when they had edged so close to the creepy creepy forest...

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by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

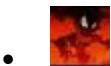
"End me? Ha!" That deadly look in his soulless eyes spelled death. "You should be the one worried about being ended." Trevor shifted so that Negs would become unbalanced. Lifting the drake up, he flipped him over his shoulder, so that Negs would end up at the bottom of the hill.

Where the shadows were waiting....

"Join us. Join us in the shadows."

Trevor watched from the top of the hill in delight with his victory.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Face down in the wet, rocky muck. Fantastic.

Coming in such a place was never pleasant. Granted it had happened on more than one

occasion, and the dank darkness would normally have provided comfort.

Except for.. whatever those things were. Their collective persistence was highly unsettling, worse than a zombie apocalypse, or a gaggle of fangirls.

Now.. where did he put that torch...?

[Delete](#)



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Fortunately for Morgana and DW, the demonness' attention was quickly drawn to the shadows that were threatening to abduct her psychotic partner.

"*Ahem.*" A fierce chain of fire splayed in the direction of the shadows -- and the forest.

"Excuse me, but the only person with the honor of bringing his demise is moi. Shoo, you little pests! Shoo shoo!"

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



• by [Morgana](#) [\[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

"I can't say I'm too worried about Trevor, because he's quite capable of caring for himself." Her point quickly proven when Negs soared over her head and down the hill.

Grabbing DW's wrist with one hand, and Trevor's with the other, she pulled them in the opposite direction.

"This may be a good time to move far, far away."

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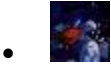
• by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

The shadows scattered at the fire but didn't go very far. They were still doing their creepy chant from the shadows they hid in. But they weren't alone. Their mistress had returned.

"You have something that belongs to me, Malicia." The Ancient One reappeared and places a clawed foot on Negaduck. "I want it back or I'll be taking him instead."

"I told you she wasn't dead." Trevor muttered from where he was on the hill.

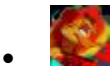
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by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Very far away. I don't like the look of those shadowy guys nor that scary lady." Darkwing was shaky on his feet but he tried his best to follow Morgana. If those two were busy with those dark creepy people then now was the chance to slip off. He didn't want to find out what they would do to them if they caught them too.

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"I don't know what you're talking about." She sniffed indignantly. Because when in doubt, denial is always your best friend.

"Besides, you don't want *him*. Not as much bang for your buck. Why not take Morgana instead? Or Darkwing? Heck, take them both. I'm sure you can get some use out of them."

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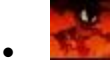


by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"You know very well what it is. Trevor's soul or your mate is mine." The Ancient One glared at Malicia. "Make your choice." Just to make it clear she gave Negs a nick with her claws.

Trevor caught what was being said. "What? My soul?" That explained the emptiness still and the fury he had felt that made him attack Negaduck without remorse.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

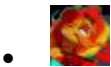
Ever the coward, Negaduck had not managed to backpeddle far before being stomped into submission.

Damn Macawbers, always treating him like some kind of footstool...

"Oh for cripe's sake-- Mal, what did you take?! If this is anything like the time you stole jewellery from that Circe wench, we already know--" Attempting to claw his way out from under the claw, unsuccessfully. "I'm not wearing a flea collar!"

Even if it DID come in his colours.

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Ever the stubborn and hating-to-lose sort, Mal snapped back at her.

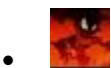
"Just who the hell do you think you are, you crusty hag? If you wanted his soul so badly, perhaps you shouldn't have allowed a lowly vampire to get the best of you. It's MINE. I found it fair and square."

Advancing forward, her own claws outstretched, another flame appeared in her fingers which she juggled carefully.

"Now you can hand back the idiot Normal, or I can *make* you hand him back."

Because I don't just have my cake and eat it. I take all the cupcakes and cookies as well.

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"Ah geez..."

Sure, he could get pissy about Malicia hoarding another drake's soul. But on a villainous level, Negaduck understood one never simply handed over fairly-stolen loot, particularly

if was for the supposed good.

Besides, there was no point arguing with her once stubborn mode had activated.

Which was practically always...

Propped up on elbows, lodging a cigarette into his bill and a flask in one hand. "And me without a camera for another instalment of Wanton Wild Witches."

At least he had the addict's version of popcorn.

[Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Make me?" The raven laughed a laugh that echoed over the hills. "I gave Trevor life when he was dying. Gave him power beyond those of a mortal. I can easily take away life as well."

Motioning to the shadows that were all around them watching them and still chanting away. They were more clearer now. The shapes of former living beings who were now just shadows of themselves.

"You ask who am I? The mortals called me the creator. But they also called me the reaper." Flexing her claws she dug them deeper into Negaduck. "Give me Trevor's soul or Negaduck joins the Many. All I have to do is wave one claw and it's over."

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Unflinchingly, the demonness retorted rather calmly.

"If memory serves me correct, Trevor gave you the other half of his soul in exchange for you curing Negaduck and Darkwing. They are cured, but it was by Trevor's hand alone when he killed Morogh."

She jabbed an accusing claw at the reaper, Phoenix Wright style.

"Therefore, you didn't complete your half of the bargain! You only have rights to *half* his soul!"

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

For one with a rather high pain threshold, a bit of clawing wasn't entirely unwelcome.

Mumbled around the cigarette, "Ohhh yeah, a little to the right.. URK!"

A little too deep perhaps.

[Delete](#)



• by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor left Morgana and Darkwing on the hill. It seemed the two ladies were in a stale mate since neither of them were willing to come to some sort of an agreement.

"Malicia. Give her back my soul. Is Negaduck's life worth it? Is it worth more blood shed?" He got between her and the raven. Trevor looked straight at Malicia. "The way you reacted to some of the things I said suggested you loved him. But maybe I was wrong since you are willing to let him die just so you can have a servant to command."

[Delete](#)



• by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

GYAH.

It was like Malicia had been punted in the face with an invisible tennis ball. Head now tilting back from the invisible *thwack*, she slowly regained her composure.

This reaction brought to you by Trevor's liberal usage of the dreaded 'L-word'. And in front of Negaduck no less!

"B... whuh... WOULD YOU GET OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE, YOU FOOL?" She spluttered, in a seeming attempt to brush off his claims of any deep forbidden feelings whatsoever.

Not to mention that Trevor had just made things more complicated: Now if she were to surrender the hunter's soul to her elder, it would suddenly appear to everyone as though she did so out of some sort of... ugh... *love* for Negaduck.

But if she didn't give in soon...

Shaking her head she continued to bargain with the Ancient One. "I'll return *half* his soul, since that it the only part you officially own.

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Very well then." But the Ancient One made sure to keep her claws on Negaduck. "Give me the other half and I'll let him go."

Trevor sighed deeply and kind of felt embarrassed that two supernatural maidens were fighting over the ownership of his soul. He had to hope that the magic Morgana put on the cross would keep him from becoming Malicia's slave again. He wasn't really wanting to end up in that warehouse in a thong again this time with Negaduck around.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

No such shame on Negaduck's part, and no surprise there either. He was far too busy anyway choking down a very severe case of acid reflux thanks to Trevor's plea on his behalf.

"Are you trying to make me vomit to death, you hypocritical sap?" As if he wasn't scornful enough towards the hunter before. "You were the one who chucked me down here in the first place! And to be now harping on about... blerrgh..."

Words failed where only shudders of revolution could do.

"Come on, dollface." Not to Malicia, but to the Goddess, whom he rolled onto his back to properly address. Or undress, as it were... "Let's leave these losers to their pitiful display and go find some nice, bloody skulls to enjoy, if you know what I mean..."

That might make the negotiation process a little easier, in more ways than one.



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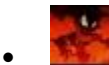
by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"I'm only defending you because I want my soul back." Trevor huffed. "Do you really think I care about you?"

The raven Goddess leans down to eye Negaduck. "You're close to death and you want to do that? You are an interesting drake." She taps the end of his bill. "Trying to charm me with your viper charm?"

Trevor groans and facepalms at the whole scene playing out in front of him. "Oh lord." He wish it would be over with already. "Viper is about right."

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by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

A 'shut it' glare sideways at Trevor before focusing back on the raven. Only he could go that quickly from murderous to bedroom eyes.

"With a beautiful reaper like yourself?" Overlaying her hand with his, practically purring. "How could I resist."

Had to take matters into his own hands, didn't he. Leaving his recovery to Trevor's emotive appeals and Malicia's supposed 'logic and negotiation' was sure fire doom.

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Within seconds Malicia was at Negaduck's side, hands wrapped in an iron grip around his neck and squeezing hard enough to make his eyeballs bulge like a novelty dollar-store toy.

**"I'll show YOU a bloody skull, you ungrateful little twit!"**

Somehow within that millisecond time-frame half of Trevor's soul had been tossed

haphazardly in the Ancient One's direction like a cobbled penny, and the Ancient One herself had been pulled from the Casanova Criminal's arms and dismissed aside.

Hahahaha, logic and negotiation. Cute.

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

All the Ancient One could do was laugh at the situation. "You have a very strange taste in drakes. I like that. Take care of him. It looks like he needs it." Then waving a claw. "Trevor come here."

Trevor wasn't sure what she wanted of him so he reluctantly went to her with his head down. "What is it?"

"The contract was you got this back when you killed Morogh. This belongs to you." Placing a hand on the old drake's chest, the soul vanished, and the raven returned it to him. "I will leave the powers in place until you can get the other half back so that when the time comes you can have a proper rest." She kisses Trevor again. "I'm sorry that you have to wait a little longer."

"I suppose I've lived this long, what's another few more centuries then?" Trevor sighed. "But my other half."

"I've made the spell Morgana placed on you stronger. Malicia cannot command you like before. Now go live your life." Then the Ancient One and her shadows disappeared.

[Delete](#)



by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Malicia appeared to be taking care of him alright. Not in a good way.

"Blwck... hey! You're--GAK!" Scrambling every which way to claw free of her patented choke hold. "You're lucky I'm not in the mood to hurt you right nooOOW!" On account of already having been beaten plenty already. "Or I'd give you a real pounding..!"

Empty threats were empty. For the time being, anyway.

At least it was a distraction from the happy conclusion for Trevor.

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Finally releasing her grip on the masked mallard, she allowed him to flop to the ground before turning to grin slyly at Trevor.

"So it looks like you won't be back in your thong anytime soon then? A pity. But then again, I *do* like this other side of yours... when you get that delightful homicidal gleam in your eyes. I look forward to seeing you again soon, Trevor Mallard."

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"My delightful what?" Trevor generally blacked out during his soulless rampages. What he only knew was the results from them. "I can't say that I feel the same." In response about seeing her again.

Turning he went back up the hill to meet up with Morgana and Darkwing. "Take care of that mate of yours, Mal. He's still sick and it will take a few days for the virus get out of his system."

[Delete](#)



by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"*Hmph*, what do I look like, his mother?" Obviously displeased with Trevor's blunt response. So this one wants to play hard to get, does he?

"Speaking of viruses..." She rounded on Negaduck darkly. "Now that everyone is leaving, I think it's time you and I had a little 'chat' about doing the **COMPLETE BLOODY OPPOSITE OF WHAT I SAY.**"

[Edit](#) | [Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

"Or you can just leave him in the mud to fend for himself." Trevor shook his head. "Good bye. I hope you can find your way home then." Then he resumed his climb up the hill. What he could use right now was a nice long soak in the tub to get rid of all the mud and blood and then sleep.

Sleep. Something he properly hadn't had in a long time.

[Delete](#)



by [Morgana \[\[On Hiatus\]\]](#) 1 year ago

When Trevor would reach his cottage, he would discover Morgana had cooked up an entire buffet of food for him and Darkwing.

The sorceress in question was fussing over Darkwing, who was still recovering from his near-death-vampire-re-birth experience.

"Come on honeywompus, just take one bite." She was cooing. "The tentacles are good for the fever!"

[Delete](#)



by [Drake Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing just stares at the tentacles with a disgusted look on his face. "How are tentacles good for a fever?" He heard the door to the cottage creak open. "Boy. We both look like something the cat dragged in don't we?" When Trevor came in. Not that Darkwing looked any better. In fact he had a blanket wrapped around himself to keep warm since he was shivering from the chills again.

[Delete](#)



by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor just smiled weakly. "I suppose we do." He looks at Morgana. "I'm going to get cleaned up first before eating." He looked at himself. He was pretty much covered in mud

and blood. "There's some herbs drying on the window sill in the kitchen if you need something to help with the fever."

[Delete](#)



• by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Rolling back over to face the tower of boobs and doom with the aura of one who had been run over by a few dozen fully loaded trucks. Not that he had a virus, or a mate, or a problem with controlling the latter.

And dared to cough out, sincerely, "Worked out pretty well, didn't it?"

ALL PART OF THE PLAN.

[Delete](#)



• by [Trevor Mallard](#) 1 year ago

Trevor noted that he was most likely going to have more scars added to his collection after he dealt with his wounds after taking a nice soak in the tub. He returned to the kitchen now dressed more modestly and his hair was down.

"You really should eat something, Drake." Since Darkwing was still refusing to eat even a bite of food. Apparently tentacles didn't bother Trevor as he taste tested one.

"Interesting. A little chewy though."

Trevor sat down and furrowed his brow. "Although my fight with Morogh is over and I have my half of the soul from the Ancient One back there's another problem. Malicia has the other half of my soul. I don't know what she plans on doing with it. "