

by Kachka 1 year ago

When people think about supervillainy and shadowy organizations bent on world domination, usually doomsday devices, fancy dinners and ridiculously convoluted ways of execution come to mind. They tend to forget that these things don't just happen. They take application, preparation and attention to detail.

On the way to deal with one such detail a certain one-eyed duck was making her way from a nearby bus-stop to a little shop wedged between a grocery store and a drug store with two carrier bags.

"Take one for the team, Patches," she was muttering to herself. "Not like you're busy, Patches." For some reason she was affecting a thick Brooklyn accent as she ranted, which made for a strange combination with her usual Slavic accent. "Remember, you still owe me for running over that runt for you, Patches."

Perhaps she was making a big deal out of nothing. Not like she hadn't had worse jobs. But the fact remained, she hated taking Steelbeak's tuxedos to the dry-cleaner.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Unfortunately for Kachka, something even more irritating than being roped into demeaning errands by an ungrateful chief agent had beaten her to the shopfront.

"What am I paying you people for?!" groaned Negaduck, rubbing his masked forehead in exasperation.

"That's the problem. You no pay," explained the young girl behind the counter, incredibly forcefully for such a little thing fronting up to a supervillain. "We can fix everything. Rips, stains, titanium-infused radioactive marmalade. But these things cost money."

"Money that seems to be exponentially increasing every time I come here." The growl and the intensity with which he gripped the bench edge indicated the mallard had no patience for being ripped off.

It was only a couple of dollars. So what.

by Kachka 1 year ago

At the sight of the familiar red fedora the duck stopped in her tracks for a second before putting on a scowl and slipping into the store. So what if their last encounter had been anything but friendly?

Alright, so there had been minor wars fought with less hostility. Still, she had no intention of tip-toeing around this guy for the rest of her stay in this blasted

city. Especially since with his ego there would be a lot to tiptoe around.

...besides, chances were he wouldn't remember it anyway.

Muttering a vague greeting at the girl behind the counter she went to lean against the wall behind the supervillain, waiting for her turn.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

But the girl had the steely resolve of a steel thing, and even the most fearsome villain in the city could not win that staring match. With an irritated groan, Negaduck pushed the extra few dollars across the bench.

The suddenly smiling shopkeeper scooped up his packed duffle bag and bounded away to fetch the cleanly laundered suits, leaving the two waiting customers in silence.

Well, silence if you ignored the infuriating drumming of his fingers on the countertop. Not even thinking to move aside, because that's what being a jerk meant.

It also meant turning around, casting a disparaging look up and down the female behind him, and concluding with a lazy,

"Nice face, No-Eye."

No trace of recognition whatsoever.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Only years of practice allowed Kachka to keep a straight face at the realization that to all appearances the supervillain had indeed forgotten about her and their little bit of history. While she herself remembered perfectly. This would be the opportunity to learn from past mistakes, to not rise to the mallard's insults. To be noncommittal and remember that words were only words.

And let that insufferable self-important jerk think she was a meek little thing with no backbone, to be shoved around. No way in hell.

"I think you mean one-eye. But don't feel bad, it's very easy to lose count there, ah..."

Tilting her head she looked the mallard up and down.

"...I'm sorry, what was your name again?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Predictably, he flared up. With a nice flash of rage red. A little steam shooting

from the ears too.

"You won't have ANYthing to count in a second, you..."

Like somebody had hit pause on the murderous rampage remote, he suddenly froze mid-threat. Then he smiled. A half appreciative, half I-will-eat-that-other-eye-for-breakfast-you-know kind of smile.

"Cute." No need to understate the sarcasm here. "I bet you have the guys crawling all over you with a sense of humour like that."

This was, of course, presuming two key things. One, that she had in fact been joking. Really, who didn't know HIM?

And two, that his sense of 'humour' would affect her in the slightest.

by Kachka 1 year ago

To say that his outburst left her unimpressed would be overstating it, but at least she managed to mostly look the part.

"Guys? Sure. Swarms of them," she replied flatly, her expression one of mild boredom. "Only it seems right now they are being distracted by your gaggle of fangirls with a pathological desire for delinquents."

A pointed glance at the counter and the price-list (extra charge removing chemical waste and industrial oil).

"Too bad none of them can do laundry."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Have you ever MET a fangirl? They can't do squat. Except drown under their own drool and quaking mass of uncontrolled hormones. Argh." A shudder. Evidently he held his fan club in the same manner he did everything else - with contempt.

That said, on occasion, when the cocktail of bourbon and children's tears got to his head...

A pause, and he tilted his head to regard the short-haired female, albeit more astutely than he had the first time.

"So... what's the pay like for a FOWL errand minion?"

That shrewd observation, delivered with the touch of a smirk, may have come as a shock to one who had assumed they were in the clear.

On the other hand, it was also possible that while he had forgotten her, he had

not forgotten the habit of being irritatingly perceptive when it suited him.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"That is for me and Herrn Gemütlich from the Zwingli Bank to know and for you to... eh, probably not give a damn about," she replied, shrugging to mask all involuntary reactions she might have displayed at Negaduck pinpointing her employers like that - and all annoyance at his classification of her as an errand-girl.

"What gave it away? Was it the suits?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

A light shrug on his part too.

"The eyepatch, the tie, the crushed, soul-raped demeanour..."

And the touch of a smirk transformed into an all out wise-ass grin.

"And the fact that rubbish Steelbeak calls cologne is strong enough to knock out a small army across the other side of the city." A gesture to the contents of her bag. Well, that'd do it. "Honestly, I'm surprised they don't issue you with Class A gas masks."

As if the indignity of dealing with your colleague's literal dirty laundry wasn't enough, she had to smell like it too.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"It's always the tie," Kachka sighed with a mournful shake of her head but she quickly dropped the act and her beak turned into a frown instead.

"And I'm afraid I cannot comment on Steelbeak's choice of cologne. Any more than I can comment on his choice of clothing, female companionship or doomsday devices. Sorry - company policy."

It was true. They'd made her sign a little waiver.

"So, why don't we talk about you?"

You love doing that, don't you?

"Kill anyone interesting lately?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Nice segue. Thankfully any topic was better than that of Steelbeak's unique stench. From the sly smile that crossed his bill, Negaduck particularly approved of this one.

"Please." Lazy lean against the counter. "You say that as if I'm some sort of heartless, bloodthirsty maniac."

In other words - yes, yes he did like talking about himself. How perceptive of her. Keep the flattery coming.

On another topic, where was that damn laundry?

by Kachka 1 year ago

"Oh please, don't play coy," the duck groaned with a roll of her good eye. "Maybe that works for virgins and wrinkly old divas, but it doesn't suit you."

And it was annoying like hell.

"Look, if it was a slow week, I get it. That happens, with the state of economy..."

So don't feel bad for having nothing noteworthy to tell me. We can chat about laundry. Fascinating subject, laundry...

by Negaduck 1 year ago

What, he didn't count as a virgin? Or a wrinkly old... okay, let's not go there.

In any case, her patronising suggestions prompted him to relent.

"Don't be stupid." Leaning in conspiratorially, with a few shifty glances around for effect, Negaduck began, "There was this huge technology billionaire, a big geek, see, but it looked like he was beginning to angle for world domination, so I..."

The story was promptly interrupted by the sudden re-appearance of the store girl.

"Here we go!" she chirped, brandishing an arm-full of non-ooze encrusted costumes.

To which he brandished the ultimate in vein-popping glares.

"Those AREN'T mine."

"Course they are!" she still chirped insistently. "You wearing the same thing!"

"I am NOT," came the equally insistent response, growled in warning.

"Are too!" Stubbornly oblivious.

"Are NOT."

"Are TOO!"

"ARE NOT!"

Who would have ever guessed the dry-cleaner was colour-blind.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Not wishing to disturb this very mature discussion Kachka discreetly peered over Negaduck's shoulder - and we won't make any jokes about how very easy that was with someone his size.

"Huh," she made and turned to the girl. "You know, now I feel rather silly for bribing you to throw in that red slip with the tux-jackets that one time..."

She should have just saved herself the money and slipped it into one of his pockets herself.

Trying her very hardest not to laugh she turned to the enraged supervillain. "So, does that mean the other guy has your stuff now? Better hope you remembered to clear your pockets before..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Distinctly ignoring Kachka and her gleeful prodding, a very unimpressed fiend locked eyes with the assistant.

"I am -not- accepting these."

There was no room for argument in that statement. The girl shrugged and argued regardless.

"You already pay. Take them or leave them."

Cue minor stand off. Eventually however he let out a noise that was a cross between a growl and a roar and, furious, he swept up the suits, and stomped out.

Sure, he was armed and dangerous. But they were one of the only places in town that knew how to get out the variety of stains that they did, and without asking questions. Even Negaduck knew it would have been counterproductive to start spraying bullets.

Outside the store, he threw the clean costumes over a hobo crouched nearby as if the poor creature was a coat rack, and lit a smoke. Such a mundane way of calming oneself, but he couldn't release his pent-up anger by tearing down buildings.

Not yet, anyway.

by Kachka 1 year ago

By the time Kachka followed the mallard out of the store - not too long, since handing over two carrier-bags and ordering the usual wasn't exactly complicated - the hobo was already scuffling away, discarded costume and all. Who could blame him, really. Being bedecked in the clothing of a psychopath's sworn enemy while said psychopath was lighting himself a cigarette is not a healthy place to be.

After all, the dangers of second hand smoke have been well documented.

"Cute," the duck commented absent-mindedly as she sniffed the smoke, then proceeded to light herself her own cigarette. If she had to walk around smelling like something foul she would prefer Belomorkanal to English Feather.

Granted, her scoffing at Negaduck's preferred brand of cigarettes was like scoffing at people for choosing fine whiskey over one-ninety-prove moonshine, but dammit, that wouldn't stop her.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

That word. The beginnings of a relaxing moment came to a crashing halt. Dark, narrowed eyes slid over to hers, hard and humourless. Eventually he turned to glare at the agent in full, once he decided he hadn't imagined it.

"What did you say?"

Perhaps he had imagined it. There was no way anybody in their right mind would use that word within 20 miles of him, much less in reference to one of the only things on the planet he was actually fond of.

Much less when he was clearly in a bad mood, even by his standards.

Who knew. Perhaps Kachka was collecting disfigurements?

by Kachka 1 year ago

"Hm? Oh sorry, did I use that wrong?" Kachka inquired with as much innocence as was possible with an eyepatch, a Slavic accent and a confirmed membership in a criminal organisation.

"Pleasant in a mild, harmless manner, cute isn't the right word for that?" Her sense of self-preservation kicking in - somewhat belatedly, one might argue - she quickly added, "Not you, obviously, you're terrifying. Just your choice of tobacco. I didn't think you like it that bland."

A shrug that a benevolent observer might call apologetic.

"Eh, guess it's a question of personal taste..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Much choking and spluttering. Not from the smoke. From pure outage.

"Is your sense of smell as bad as your sight?!" he eventually burst out when he reacquired the ability to speak. "These are the strongest, filthiest, most tar-drenched smokes available on this side of the planet!"

It appeared Kachka had struck a nerve. But how was she to appreciate his frustration, without knowing everything he had been through to come to that conclusion? He could level a building with a banana and a button collection, and yet chemically altering tobacco so it produced exactly the right blend of toxins had him stumped.

Alas, nothing was quite like home.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"If you say so," Kachka commented with a little shrug. "Then I suppose you are not interested in trying something from the other side of the planet..?"

A somewhat crumpled box was vaguely waved at the mallard in a way one carefully offers a bit of bone to an ill-tempered guard dog.

"No blades, bombs or springtraps included," she added cheerfully. "And no more poison than usual."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Forget it." Snarled like he meant it. "I don't need your crummy fourth-world prison rolls."

Yet the felon's eyes were tracing every moment, every twitch of the offered packet like it was made of pure gold.

"... even if I can feel the delicious stench burn my nostrils from here."

Oh that was it, he was gone. Without care or dignity, he made a grab for the goods. Being the greedy bastard he was, however, it was not his intention to take a single smoke, but mindlessly swipe them all for himself.

Addiction was an ugly beast, wasn't it?

by Kachka 1 year ago

"You're welcome," the duck sighed with an ironic quirk of her beak. "Isn't broadening horizons fun?"

Taking another drag from her own cigarette she briefly wondered if getting Negaduck addicted to even more filthy tobacco would make her eligible for some kind of bonus at work - technically speaking it was a harmful substance - but if she tried that, chances were the bosses would take that as a cue to make her stop smoking herself. Best not risk it.

"By the way, in case you end up coughing your lung out, there is no reason to eliminate witnesses," she pointed out helpfully. "I am the soul of discretion."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Pausing mid-light up, he shot her a deadpan glare. One that clearly did not take even the mere suggestion of him so much as spluttering as anything like a joke. Negaduck lived and breathed pollution and decay. He did not choke on it.

Unless that pollution came from a lungful of Soviet-era papirosa cigarettes, in which case he choked most thoroughly.

Really, his utter surprise at doing so probably made it worse. It was like so many things. Fighting it did not help.

Strangely, the experience was not followed by the anticipated witness slaughter. Instead, it was followed by a laugh, deep and throaty, that developed naturally out of the coughing.

All the same, the somewhat congratulatory slap Kachka received to the shoulder may have given her cause to jump.

"Not bad," he conceded, grinning through the understatement. Dear Lord, was he actually pleased about something? "Double the hydrogen cyanide and we might have something here."

A rare quiet moment as the felon savoured the taste, the putrid fumes calming nerves and allowing his mind to drift. The choking had ceased almost immediately - Negaversian lungs were more than capable of adapting quickly. He was just out of practice.

"What's your name?" Asked suddenly, with an overall aura of indifference.

His agenda this time around may not have been malicious, but one could assume he was not asking simply to be able to send her a thank you card.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"Name's Kachka," she muttered and tapped some ash off her cigarette to mask the fact she had been about to stab its burning tip into the hand that had so suddenly appeared in her comfort zone. Luckily for future relations she'd

stopped herself when it became clear that it wasn't aimed at her throat.

"I hope you don't expect me to tell you where I live."

Not that she had to, if past experience was any indication. But still, no point in tempting fate. Or rather, no point in tempting Negaduck.

"Why are you caring?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

If he was aware he was venturing into anybody's zone, he didn't show it. No, relaxed Negaduck all about casual arrogance. Not that it made his manner any less unsettling.

"Isn't it obvious?" Unsettling included that dark half smile and the way he naturally avoided a straight answer. "I need to know what to call my new supplier."

Taking his merry time to exhale a cloud of dirty smoke in the shape of a skull and crossbones - however he managed THAT - he added as if upon reflection,

"If you're not too busy with dry-cleaning..."

He didn't even have to add a condescending tone. The words themselves were plenty.

by Kachka 1 year ago

The duck's bill turned into something that was not a smile as much as a cautionary flashing of teeth. "You wouldn't believe how busy I am," she retorted and took a last deep drag on her cigarette.

"Soo," she continued, the word almost a sigh as she exhaled the smoke. "while we are broadening your horizons, why don't we provide you with another brand-new experience, yes? That little proposal of yours..?"

Tapping some leftover ash from her cigarette she gave him an almost lascivious smile, then brought the still smoldering stud to her tongue where she put it out with a soft sizzle. Still smiling she dropped the butt.

"No."

Yep, those painful hours with her cigarettes, a lighter, a mirror and a few huge buckets of ice cream had definitely been well-spent.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"No'?" the felon started, not expecting it no matter how much she had

prepared him for this new experience. A wide-eyed stare of disbelief watched the tongue extinguisher trick, not out of fear or anything of the sort so much as horrified astonishment at what terrible habits FOWL seemed to be teaching their lowly minions.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he was slowly picking up on the fact that the one-eyed woman was not as lowly as she seemed... This was not typical underling behaviour. Nevermind the cigarette; what sort of laundry minion said no?

"What's the problem, sweetheart?" he eventually managed, apparently deciding that all that was needed was a little charm. "It's easy enough. You're clearly a fan of these fantastically filthy things yourself -" Cue gesture to his own 'borrowed' cigarette. "- Just order double next time you get some in. What's another errand?"

No matter how good it was for business - or life on earth - there was no way 'charm' was going to be an effective ploy. Not on Kachka. Not from him.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Indeed, not only was that dangerous charm of his very much wasted on her, if anything it had the effect of deploying a chiller on a glacier.

"It's another errand for you," she pointed out with a sneer. "What the hell makes you think, just because I play laundry-lackey for Steelbeak, I would jump for you the moment you feel like it?"

Without as much as offering compensation or even asking her opinion on the matter? With an attitude like that she wouldn't get him cigarettes even if she didn't hate his guts.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

By this stage, the non-compliance was being to get to him. Why taunt him with an addiction that was exactly to his tastes then not deliver the goods?

Perhaps she needed the circumstances spelt out more clearly.

"Because I would have assumed that, regardless of what toxic smog you did it through, you liked breathing!"

An irritated sigh, and he flicked the remnants of his cigarette into the street. Which, as luck would have it, flew through the window of a passing family car, and caused a five car pile up. No acknowledgement of that; it was only small scale destruction. Not that there was such a thing as bad destruction, not in his books.

"I don't know who you think you are, but if you're lunging dirties around for FoulBeak it can't be that high up the food chain. I, on the other hand, am the

biggest badass in this town. A small 'favour' like this and I can have whatever you like thrown your way - which I am guessing is something other than laundry." Like that should've come as a surprise to her. "Conversely, I can make your life very uncomfortable." Even less of a surprise. "So why wouldn't you jump when I tell you to?!" he concluded, a little snap of temper in his body language, sort of like a child storming about why dinner had to come before dessert. To bad the answer was likely to come as a complete surprise to him.

by Kachka 1 year ago

While the supervillain's ranting washed over her Kachka glanced at the pile-up with a look of mild curiosity. Shock and confusion on the drivers' part quickly turned to undirected rage - which in turn turned to almost apologetic serenity when they recognized Negaduck as the person responsible for the accident.

Wrecked cars? Oh, these wrecked cars. Well, these things happen. It's not like we really needed them. No need to make a fuss...

"Hm? Oh, why indeed," she mused at the mallard's last question while the drivers walked (or limped) away, all but whistling innocently.

"Dignity? Self-respect?" A wry half-smile. "No, not really. How about one of the perks of lunging dirties is not having to put up with being bullied for cigarettes by random people I meet at the drycleaner."

Incidentally, Negaduck didn't really have much ground to stand on when it came to judging people for dealing with laundry.

"As for my place in the foodchain - let's say I had people try and make my life uncomfortable for me before. Maybe not quite as nasty as you, I will give you that. But definitely with longer attention spans."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

As if to perfectly demonstrate her point, the malicious mallard had already grown bored of the conversation and was strolling away. Pausing only to snatch a set of dry-cleaning off a not-too-cleverly hidden hobo and kick the unlucky fellow back to the ground.

"Whatever," came the incredibly witty response to Kachka's eloquent dialogue. "I'll get 'em myself if I have to. I don't need you."

And, with the result that she had probably been angling for, he was gone.

Until three days later, when he unexpectedly turned up on her doorstep.

That's right, her own personal doorstep. How had he found that? Who knew, but it was perhaps mildly disconcerting. Fortunately, he didn't appear to be there to storm the place.

Instead, he looked a wreck.

"It's killing me!" Should Kachka have opened the door unawares, she would be greeted by the unlikely sight of the fearsome criminal down on his knees, shaking and jittering. "I've done everything, but I can't find those cigarettes anywhere! I... I can't get the stench out of my head! I NEED it!"

Finally, wracked with addiction and eyes gleaming with desperation, he implored, "You've got to help me!"

Well, he certainly won points for drama.

by Kachka 1 year ago

For a moment the duck just stared at the desperate desperado, her bill slightly hanging open at this odd sight - although to be fair, barefoot, in sweatpants and an oversized muscle shirt she didn't make for a too impressive figure either.

"Will you come in!" she snapped, simultaneously snapping out of her shock, and dragged the mallard inside. Notorious supervillains on ones doorstep did not help with the low profile she tried to keep here.

"I really hate this city," she informed the world in general as she slammed the door shut. "Somehow everyone and their uncles always know where I live!"

In this case 'where she lived' meant a snug little apartment, slightly underfurnished and mostly lacking personal touches. A place perfectly suited to being abandoned in a hurry.

With a resigned sigh Kachka crossed her arms and eyed the addiction-wrecked villain warily. "...can I get you a drink or something?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

The offer, the surroundings, the unfashionable sleepwear, all went uncommented on and largely ignored. He allowed himself to be dragged inside, but remained... twitchy.

"Where do you keep them?" Randomly peering under a nearby pot, the question was clearly not referencing drinks. "I'll take whatever you've got. I can't breath in this ridiculously clean air."

The very thought of it seemed to send him panting. Combined with the sweating and the jittering, it was all in all not a good - or dignified - look.

But he could trust Kachka, right? One filthy smoker to another?

by Kachka 1 year ago

For a moment Kachka looked at the suffering drake almost wistfully, wondering whether she could get away with gutting him right on the spot. Unfortunately his cockroach-like ability to survive about anything made the attempt a risky gambit at best. Besides, she refused to believe he was really as hard up as he acted. He was probably just being a big baby about it.

Ah well, a girl can dream...

"Oh, pull yourself together," she muttered with a roll of her good eye. "If you want them that bad you have to make it worth my while. Simple as that."

A warning forefinger was raised before the mallard could answer.

"And you permitting me to breathe will not do."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Well, what'd you want then?!" The impatience was standard Negaduck. The torment behind it was not.

Only emphasised further by the obscenely large wad of money he withdrew from his jacket. That's right, he was actually accepting the need for incentives rather than relying on scaring the daylights out of someone. Given what a greedy, selfish SOB he was, that was unusual to say the least.

"I can get you anything - jewels, weapons, the latest in glass eye fashions - but money's easy... you'll take money, yeah?"

Gaze darting between hers and the cash in his hands, as if checking hurriedly for confirmation, he had already started counting out an amount. Granted he was starting at the small end; why offer her a few thousand when she might happily take a few hundred?

Maybe his greed hadn't been completely pushed aside by addiction after all...

by Kachka 1 year ago

"I bet you say that to all the girls," she commented dryly. With an impatient sigh she gestured at the growing heap of bills. "Oh put that away. Like you say, money is easy."

Some people went into negotiations to gain as much as possible. It seemed Kachka was going into this negotiation to make sure Negaduck lost as much as possible. Or as much as she could get away with in the long run.

"Besides, let us not go crazy. It's only cigarettes. A little personal token of appreciation will do fine." A wry little grin. "I'm sure you can think of something appropriate..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Strangely, Negaduck recoiled, staring at her in a mixture of disbelief and disgust. Personal token of appreciation sounded harmless enough, right? To a villain whose gift repertoire was limited, however, it could only mean one thing.

"What.. what do you think I am?! Some kind of.. manwhore?"

Before she had even had the chance to comment on that, he had sighed, rubbed his forehead, and gathered himself. Not mention gathering his objections to the label and promptly setting fire to them.

"Fine..." In a resigned and businesslike manner, he took Kachka's hand and made to lead her to - where? The bedroom? The location, in a way, mattered little. It was the intent.

Geez, the things a guy had to do to get some cigarettes.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Before the mallard could start leading her anywhere the commandeered hand was snatched away, only to connect with the back of his head in a heartfelt smack.

"What do you think I am? Desperate?" Kachka snapped, unconsciously rubbing her hand against her pants as if she was trying to wipe something disgusting off it.

"I am talking about material token of appreciation, you dolt! Something I can look at while talking to my cigarette supplying person, to remind myself why the hell I am even bothering to help you out!"

Here was hoping they would come to an agreement soon, because the gutting-option was starting to look friendlier and friendlier...

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Rubbing the back of his head, the felon scowled, annoyed at being abused for what was a genuine misunderstanding. Not that he would push the point. He had his standards too. Based almost solely on cup size, sure, but they were standards nonetheless.

"I offered you money, jewels and ammo, what else is there?!" Aside from an off-screen romp, which she apparently didn't want either. "Doesn't matter if I steal you something or if it's something I'm carrying, it's going to fit into one of those three categories!"

If the discussion continued in such a manner, it would soon be a matter of who would gut who first. Killing her for her stash wouldn't be good for his long-term

supply arrangements, but since when did he think in the long-term?

by Kachka 1 year ago

"Oh for the love of- Right. You go and sit down over there. Go on, sit."

Whether or not the mallard followed this polite invitation and sat on the indicated kitchen chair, Kachka went to fill two mugs with what might be either liquid tar or coffee and took a seat on the other side of the table.

"Now," she began as she heaped spoonful after spoonful of sugar into her pot. "Let me tell you about this grand thing we call decadent capitalism. The idea is to exchange goods or services of equal value for mutual benefit."

A brief pause to let that sink in, and to take a tentative sip from her coffee. Nah, could use a bit more sugar.

"That is not what we are doing here," she said flatly. "Instead of trading value, we are trading face. I do you a personal favor. So you return a favor of equal value. Like some caviar out of that obscenely expensive delicatessen with the two machine-gun wearing guards at the door."

Usually the police had views of displaying automatic weaponry openly in the street, but this was St Canard. Who would argue?

"Or you could help me with the dishes. Something like that."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

And yet this was probably the most revolting suggestion yet.

"You want me to clean?!" Negaduck balked, bill crinkling in distaste. He didn't do cleaning. Or scrubbing. Or generally being helpful in any way, shape or form. Honestly, mechanical sex with a female he was completely unattracted to looked a thousand times better in comparison.

"No, that's not going to happen." Leaving his coffee largely untouched - the nicotine had to be powerful if it was interfering with one of his other great addictions - he stood. "I'll get you your stinking fish eggs. But that's it."

And with that, he made for the door.

Such assertiveness. It almost made it seem like he was the one in control.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"In closed cans," she added as she rose to show him out like a good hostess. "With all vacuum seals still intact!"

Not because she was too worried Negaduck would try and poison her, mind.

But even if he wanted to keep his personal cigarette supplier in one (breathing) piece, she wouldn't put it past him at all to spit in her food just for the heck of it.

"And if you have to bring them here, don't come by main entrance. We can meet outside, on fire-exit-stairs, or people will talk."

It wasn't innuendo as much as a valid concern, as was illustrated by the fact that the door that led to the other flat on this floor was not-so-discreetly left ajar.

"Please don't be alarmed," Kachka informed the world in general, and the parts of the world peering through doors in particular. "This is not really the dangerous criminal Negaduck. He is in fact a very handsome stripper-gram sent to me by girlfriends with odd senses of humor."

Brilliant cover-story thus delivered, she gave the mallard a wry grin.

"See you later."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Scowl deepening, an unimpressed growl rolled out of him, but he went all the same.

Time seemed to zoom by and, in a flash, the yellow-jacketed villain was standing outside her home again, albeit on the fire stairs, as instructed.

And, as instructed, he had the caviar with him. A medium sized sack full, in fact, of cans apparently unmessed with.

Negaduck, on the other hand, had been messed up significantly. Large claw marks shredded through his sleeves and down to the feathers beneath, his hat was in tatters, and one eye appeared to be having difficulty opening. Kind of ironic, when you thought about it.

"They had cats," he uttered shakily in by way of explanation. "Big, BIG cats."

Cats to rival Pringles, it could be said.

As cut up as he was, it seemed to be the least of his concerns. Eyes bore into Kachka, scrutinising every moment, every expression, searching for any sign that her side of the bargain was finally on its way.

"Well?"

Can you give me a bloody cigarette already?!

by Kachka 1 year ago

After satisfying herself that the sack did indeed contain the desired caviar rather than cat food, booby traps or a pack of ill-tempered hedgehogs Kachka did indeed produce two cartons of the promised cigarettes.

"You will forgive me for not making puns with Derek Blunt movie titles, yes?"

Because 'From Russia with Love' would have been an utter lie and 'From Belarus with Heartfelt Loathing' just didn't have the same ring to it.

"So, you want a drink now?" she inquired as she pulled a crumpled box out of her pants to fumble for a cigarette of her own. "After all that trouble with nasty nasty cats..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Without a word, Negaduck snatched up the cartons greedily. GIMME GIMME GIMME. Like a - rather disturbed - child on Christmas morn, he tore through the packaging, shaky with need.

Not a second wasted, the cigarette was in his bill, the blowtorch lit, and PUFF, in went the first breath.

Cue instant calm.

In fact, the mallard inhaled so deeply in the first instance, that his exhale sent a filthy brown cloud up around him, near blacking out the balcony. When it dispersed, he was in a wholly different state. Cool and collected, not a feather out of place, eyes clear and sharp rather than bleary, and - how was this even possible - his outfit back to its original crisp and untornd condition.

As if this was not even remotely unusual, Negaduck took another inhale, much more lazily than the first, and accepted nonchalantly.

"Sure, why the hell not."

No sense wasting another good addiction.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Trying not to look too disappointed at the drake's miraculous recovery - she liked him much better when he was chewed up and miserable - Kachka disappeared for a moment to return with an unlabelled bottle - Siberian vodka, almost two-hundred-proof - and two glasses.

"Let's try with the civilized thing for once," she muttered as she filled two glasses to the brink and screwed the bottle up again.

"Za vashe smert, eh?" she said with a grin and knocked her glass back in one gulp.

It has to be said, she really meant it.

"Say, out of curiosity, did you beat up anyone important to find my place?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Tipping his glass all civilised like, Negaduck knocked it back, not even remotely curious as to the translation. Clearly it was something to the effect of hailing him for his incredibly awesome godlike ways. The alcohol drew no comment either, presumably because it was the equivalent of petrol, and therefor had his approval.

Kachka's question, however, drew a thoughtful pause, concluded with a light shrug.

"Nah," he drawled, helping himself to another glass. "Don't think so."

Yet somewhere, far on the other side of town, a scrawny duck, a tattooed pitbull and a rather chubby landlady were suspended upside-down over a pool of circling mutant crocodiles, which they were eying with silent terror. Oh yeah, he had 'forgotten' about those guys.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Before Negaduck's glass was even half full (or half empty, depending on your philosophical view) a second empty glass appeared next to it, held out by a duck with a prompting look on her one-eyed face. If the mallard insisted on helping himself to her booze unasked he'd better pour her a drink, too.

"By the way, if you want to make this a permanent thing, getting those cigarettes from me, don't go and advertise it," she remarked. "I don't need any more people nagging at me for smoke."

And it wasn't like she was asking for the impossible here - she didn't want him to be polite or anything.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Thankfully not, as his capacity for politeness was stretched as it was - the prompting look received a challenging stare, as if Kachka had asked him to climb Everest for her. With a put upon sigh, he finally splashed a little liquid in the proffered glass.

Not to the same level as he had filled his own, however. Not that was a deliberate attempt to insult her. Generosity was simply not in Negaduck's character - even generosity with other people's things.

Which made it all the more ironic when his next sentence started with, "I suppose, since I'm feeling generous..."

Putting down the bottle enabled enough hands to tip the ash of his cigarette and drink at the same time. It also enabled the sort of tortuous pause which he was fond of employing in negotiations.

"... I'll never speak a word of this to anyone, if you swear to doing the same."

How generous indeed. It surely had nothing to do with the possible humiliation that would have followed had Kachka made public his little episode of withdrawal. Nothing at all to do with his intention to make her swear to silence anyway, had she not brought up the topic first. Nothing of the sort. Just pure generosity on his part.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"How lucky I am, then, to be dealing with such a generous person," Kachka commented sardonically and knocked back her own drink.

The fact that it came in a rather small portion didn't bother her too much; nothing like a drinking competition where the opponent willingly stacked the deck against himself. For a brief moment she wondered whether she could get him drunk enough to tragically fall and break his neck on his way home but she didn't think it likely. Just like gutting him on the spot it was just likely enough to merit wistful speculation.

Damn, that guy was a tease...

"So, let's see," she mused, taking a thoughtful drag on her own cigarette. "We could be sitting here, exchanging pleasantries, get to know each other better and build trust for this little enterprise..."

With a bored shrug she rose, flicking some ash away.

"...or I get back to the important business I have inside and you get back to the important business you have some place other than here. Any preferences?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

What, did she actually expect him to take a polite hint?

"Why, what 'important' business do you have inside?" the felon snorted, carelessly flicking the stub of his cigarette off the balcony - probably to cause another major catastrophe without really trying - and stubbornly refusing to move.

Stubbornly refusing to have any manners too, he peered around the gaunt

female to see what this thing supposedly important business could be.

Then a sly, all-too-knowing grin crossed his bill, and his eyes slid back to hers. It was the expression a nosey aunty would wear upon detecting the scent of juicy gossip, if said aunt were a bloodthirsty psychopath with enough knowledge of the depraved and the deviant to put the porn industry to shame, and was also not an aunty.

"... am I interrupting something?"

Who knew what wild scenarios he was concocting, but it was undoubtedly more interesting than her wanting him to leave because a rusty timber buzzsaw would make less grating company.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Since Kachka was rather attached to her privacy, thank you very much, she moved to block the pecking drake's line of sight. Unfortunately, with him still being seated, that put his face on the same level as her crotch, but needs must.

"Oh yes," she informed him calmly. "You are interrupting my important hair-washing and laundry-doing. And whatever popular excuse there is that translates as 'none of your business'."

Well, at least this time it was a polite hint that came with a translation.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Fortunately, with him not being particularly interested in that view, the placement of her hips did not draw a single comment. Back on the unfortunate side of the spectrum, it did not provide a subject-changing distraction either.

"Oooh, I see how it is." And before Kachka could hope to dream that 'how it was' included realising it was in his own best interests to drop the topic, he looked her in the eye and smiled that irritatingly smooth smile. "But you don't have to be embarrassed about the fact you like to get down and dirty with the ladies. Your having women friends over doesn't shock me in the slightest."

Before she could dispute this conclusion, he was already raising the last the drink to his beak, a teasingly mischievous gleam in his masked eyes. As always, 'mischievous' being rather an understatement when it came to Negaduck.

"I have already heard a few interesting stories while tracking you down, you know..."

Because why leave to attend to important business, when the important business of winding her up remained?

by Kachka 1 year ago

"...should I leave you alone for a moment, so you can be not shocked in private?"

Her tone indicated that she would even donate a few tissues to the cause if it would make him go away.

"Now, much as I hate to shatter your dreams, there is not anybody over. Except for a cigarette-addict who keeps sitting on my fire escape."

Folding her arms she glared down on her unwanted visitor with enough contempt to fill two eyes.

"And if you want to listen to silly gossip, that is your funeral. But, for the record, I'm not into ladies. And, because that one is bound to pop up sooner or later, I'm not doing Steelbeak, either."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Pfff, Steelbeak wouldn't be doing you for the same reasons I don't find the thought of you doing anything particularly titillating," came the flat - pun intended - retort, with the same level of bored impatience that one would use on a smarmy teenager.

Nevermind the fact Kachka was slightly older, and he was the one immaturely refusing to vacate the premises.

"But if you're keeping secrets from not just me, but yourself too... why, that's interesting." As a matter of pure academic curiosity, surely. "Come on, you can't dress like that and call yourself straight, can you? You even smell like lady!"

Wait, she was a 'lady', but Negaduck did not appear to be referring to her. Leaning forward, enough to be in her vicinity but not creepily close, he inhaled and paused reflectively.

"Oh yeah, there's definitely another woman on you. And... old books?" A grin and his gaze was cast back up at her. "How'd you come across that combination?"

His senses must have been more attuned to detecting young, stupidly fertile she-ducks, for there was no mention of cat hair whatsoever.

by Kachka 11 months ago

Just in case the drake decided to get even more thorough with his sniff-testing Kachka swatted a hand in the general direction of his oversized beak, not unlike someone shooing off an annoying fly.

"Stop that," she snapped irritably. "Besides, you claim I don't do it for you and at the same time ask nosy questions about who does it for me. So you really don't want to bring up repressed fantasies here."

Although it seemed she preferred the subject of repressed fantasies to discussing any kind of book-smell on herself. Clearly it was a very very boring subject.

by Negaduck 11 months ago

Honestly, was there any way her discouragement could not encourage him?

Judging from how that grin widened, probably not.

"You're talking but all I can hear is 'boobs boobs boobs, how I love boobs, la la la'..."

Perhaps through the power of pure aggravation and total immaturity he could turn her off males forever.

Having grown tired of that particular line of torment - at least for that particular meeting - Negaduck stretched and rose lazily.

"You can repress that little fantasy on your lonesome. I'm going to unrepress mine by pressing into..."

Now he was being ridiculous. Aside from that line of thought being so filthy the censors would be begging for some way to cut him off or push him down the stairs, it wasn't like Negaduck had ever repressed anything. It was one of those things he simply couldn't do, like affection or Christmas.

by Kachka 11 months ago

"While you press into whatever, try not to imagine me doing the naughty with stern librarians with bunned-up hair, alright?" Kachka interrupted the mallard, taking pity on the censors.

It wasn't so much to avoid being shocked - she didn't blush easy - but to speed up the conversation and finally be rid of him.

"Now, don't let me stop you from humping whoever is biting that bullet these days."

by Negaduck 11 months ago

"Just for you, I'll think of exactly that."

It was difficult to tell whether Negaduck was trying to rile his reluctant helper further, or whether he genuinely thought she was such a sexual charity case

the only way anybody would be fantasising about her was out of sympathy. Was that a true deviant's equivalent of 'I'll pray for you'? 'I'll think of you while I'm with a far more attractive mate so you can know that somebody does'? In any case, the only chance Kachka had for preventing it was utilising what little depth perception she had to put a bullet through his perverted head.

No time for that though, the malicious mallard had smiled a parting smile, waved a sardonic wave, and stepped backwards off the ledge.

Really, was it so impossible for him to exit like a normal crook?

Beneath the fire escape, had the one eyed duck cared to check, there was no trace of him. Not a mangled body below, not the crack of a spine against a wayward pole.

How disappointing.

by Kachka 11 months ago

One can assume that the one-eyed duck had managed to somehow overcome her disappointment on that count. At least she seemed in good enough spirits a few days later as she was sitting cross-legged on a flat roof in St Canard's business district, smoking yet another of her filthy papirosas and staring down on the empty street below.

The building that held such interest for her was a very private diamond broker on the other side of the road. Just another closed-up store - except this place was secured with enough locks, bolts and steel-doors to make Fort Knox look like a hippy-den by comparison.

While that little fact had not exactly made her work easier, Kachka consoled herself with the fact that at least she would be able to get this job done in some peace and quiet. Surely nobody would be mad enough to try and break in here...

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Surely...

Confidence in that assessment dissipated in inverse proportion to the increasing rumble of an approaching engine. An engine belonging to a motorcycle Kachka of all ducks was familiar with.

It came to a stop opposite the shop, and Negaduck jumped off, attention fully on his target. That's right, his. He was there first, after all. If you define 'there' as 'most important and likely to proceed on killing spree'.

"So they thought they could keep me out, huh?" Surveying the property, he let out a scornful chuckle. "Not going to happen."

Did he really have to talk to himself like that? Wasn't talking to oneself the first sign of madne... oh right.

In any case, he reached back to the motorcycle and retrieved.. a single axe? Against that security system? Really, he must have had something amazing planned, or he had utterly lost the plot. Not that those two were mutually exclusive.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

In addition to heralding the entrance of the crazy pers- eh, the fearsome Negaduck those engines had the advantages to drown out the sound of a very silent facepalm.

After a brief internal back and forth - the potential damage he could do to her job as opposed to the potential damage her job could do to him - she took a last fortifying drag on her cigarette and let it drop down onto the street.

Should some fickle wind blow it in the general direction of a certain wide-brimmed red hat, surely she couldn't be held accountable.

"Hey you," she called down. "You do not want to go in there."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Since villains have all the worse luck - or was that masked mallards in general - the stub was blow not onto his hat but into his collar. Letting out a yelp that was much surprise as pain, Negaduck quickly retrieved it and flicked it out, flicking his glare up to the gaunt duck above.

Needless to say, that introduction, combined with the odd position that put her even higher than normal, did not put him in a listening mood. That said, the only really to get him into a listening mood was a full frontal lobotomy.

"Into the store called 'Diamonds Diamonds Diamonds'?" he spat, incredulous. "And why the hell would that be? It has 'loot me' written all over it!"

In his mind, what didn't have 'loot me' written all over it?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Given Negaduck's general preferences when it came to listening to explanations, maybe it was just as well that none was forthcoming.

"Just believe me when I tell you, you do not want to go in there," the duck called down. Glancing at her wristwatch she added, "Actually, right now you don't want to be standing there! Excuse me..."

Of course Kachka didn't stay to enjoy the view but instead climbed down the fire escape to get the hell away from the scene before the police arrived - or worse, upstanding citizens prepared to wrestle in the dirt for the chance of scoring a free jewel.

"Ah... hello?" she called into the conveniently duck-shaped holes. "You still alive?"

Sighing inwardly she glanced over at a rather large pile of rubble that had half buried a certain characteristic motorbike. Oh, he was bound to be bitchy over this. Maybe it would be wiser to try and be diplomatic.

"...you want a cigarette?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Pushing himself to his feet, Negacrisp stumbled forward, did a neat little pirouette, and nearly collided with a wall. Severely concussed, it seemed.

Still, he was alive enough to answer her query. With a long, drawn out groan. But it was a groan that sounded like it was intoned as a positive, so that was a start.

Then again, he was coated in propellant, so maybe that wasn't the best idea.

Or maybe it was the best idea ever.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"That's the spirit," Kachka announced with as much fake cheer as she could muster and ducked through the villain-shaped hole in search of its originator.

"You know, I'm glad you are taking this so well," she continued, her voice still a mixture of fake cheer and resignation - somehow she doubted he would take it that well after all.

"Sometimes life just gets in the way with wacky coincidences. What can one do..."

A few buildings and Negaduck-shaped holes later she finally spotted the concussed drake who might or might not be taking things well.

"...you are kinda covered in petrol, you know."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

A cough, which produced a thick cloud of black that was unhealthy even for a smoker, and the concussion eased enough for the charred villain to find his balance properly.

Which eased him immediately into fury.

Not to be an unreasonable foul-tempered lunatic, however, Negaduck would permit her the opportunity for explanation. An explanation she would be forced to give in a rather awkward stance, for the felon reached up to snag her by her tie and drag him down to his eye level.

An eye that was unusually dilated in an unhinged, pre-tantrum manner.

"What. The hell. Was THAT."

For what appeared in his paranoid psyche to be an assassination attempt, she would need to do a lot better than 'wacky coincidences'. Or feigned concern over the fuel leak. As if that could somehow endanger her seriously at all!

by Kachka 1 year ago

The duck's smile remained frozen in place, not so much out of cheer, fake or no, but because she really didn't feel like thinking about which expression to put on instead.

"Ten pounds of Semtex-F, give or take," she replied tugging at the tie around her neck to keep it from closing too tight. "Hidden in the fire extinguishers, in case you wondered. One of life's little ironies, eh?"

Somehow she wasn't too sure he felt like appreciating the joke, but it never hurt to try.

"I did try to warn you..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

If anything, his grip appeared to tighten. It also had started to tremble. Not a good sign either.

"WHY." It rolled out of him as a savage growl, the damage sustained adding an even throatier than usual edge but its impact on his ability to produce earthquake inducing volume already dissipated. Clearly it would take more than ten pounds of anything to destroy those lungs.

Back to the question: why. Because the target made no sense to him. The timing made even less.

But most confusing of all was why a laundry monkey was toying around with commercial grade explosives.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"Why do you think?" Kachka asked impatiently, visibly biting back the urge to end that sentence with the word 'moron'. "Because High Command told me to."

I'm not being paid to ask questions. Not my fault you waltzed right into my bomb-site!"

Since that grip around her tie didn't seem like it would loosen any time soon the duck decided to end the tug-of-war - by snapping her tie with an unusually sharp box-cutter.

"Dammit!" she snapped and stepped backwards, leaving Negaduck with the ruined accessory in hand. "I liked that tie!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Shaking the ash off his hat, his outfit miraculously uncharred with the exception of a few tears here and there, Negaduck struggled with a concept bigger than unquestioning loyalty.

"A bomb-site?" he scoffed. "But you're a chick. Albeit not a very good one..."

Scornful glance in the direction of the damaged tie, as if it alone was somehow responsible for her lack of feminine attractiveness in his eyes.

Unable to glare at it any longer, he gave a rueful snort. The entire concept was horrible. The fact he had been so violently subjected to it in action was horrible. To make up for all that horribleness, he snuck a horrible cigarette - which somehow hadn't been entirely vaporised in the blast - in his bill, and flicked open a lighter.

"It's a wonder you haven't blown yourself up!"

Ironic, really. Considering the small matter of the..

PETROL.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Oh ho, so you are the supreme expert on explosives?" the duck snarled venomously. "Because all I have seen you do with bombs is, what, throwing them at stuff? A five-year-old can do that!"

Oddly enough, while a rant like that would usually involve the ranter moving in on the rantee, Kachka slowly stepped away from the drake.

"And don't get me started on the amounts you throw around. I get that you can afford it, because you are screwing your arms dealer and getting things cheap, but haven't you heard of aiming?"

Without interrupting her barking at him Kachka stepped behind a likely box, ready to dive for cover the moment flame and petrol decided to get intimate.

"So don't you dare patronize me, Mr. Blunt-Instrument!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

In what had to be the most aggravating kind of response to a heartfelt outburst, he simply increased the patronisation.

"Feh, you wouldn't know where to begin with a blunt instrument, would you?" Because that was totally an insult to her intelligence and not an euphemism.

Not to disappoint by letting her very cutting remarks go unchallenged, however, the amazing and unparalleled Negaduck retorted dismissively, "Others may humour you into thinking you play with the big boys, but you know what the truth is? My lethal targeting capability makes what you do look like a fun game for kindergarteners."

Casually, he moved to light the cigarette, fingers precariously close to the trigger. But then he stopped and frowned at the girl behind the box. Suspicion and alarm flicked across his features too fast to hide.

"Waitaminute, how do you know who I'm screwing?!"

The fun of memory wipes.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Oops...

"Oh yes, how have I worked that out," Kachka scoffed, defensively folding her arms. "After all a gentlebird like you would never screw and tell."

Attempting to distract him from her little slip of the tongue - not to mention, she wasn't done ranting yet - she didn't wait for his reply but continued to growl at the mallard.

"And I have seen deadlier targeting capabilities coming from an alcoholic on turkey, you self-important selezen!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

That explanation seemed to be accepted without much second thought. As paranoid as he was, there was indeed a high probability that he had made a few passing and potentially crude references to the demoness down at the Old Haunt. And there were those CCTV tapes of their last bank robbery that had led to a week long strike of cleaning staff. And there was the fact that most males in the criminal world were too terrified to go anywhere near her lest they meet the same grisly end as the others who had been on the receiving end of flirtation from Malicia MaCawber. So, yes, it was feasibly public knowledge that their business together extended to screwing.

Screwing. Just screwing. That was all.

Kachka's other assertion, however, would never be accepted even if it won him a lifetime of papirosa.

"I have no idea what you said but it's **WRONG!**" bellowed with the uncontrolled, murderous outrage he hadn't got around to displaying about being blown up. "If you think I could ever be outdone by a tranny in a mangled tie, you have another thing coming!"

Granted, that insult was a touch unfair.

Her tie hadn't been mangled until after he had come along.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Since the duck was fairly used to being around literal explosions, this metaphorical one didn't impress her too much. There wasn't even shrapnel flying about.

Besides, she was just one dive away from cover.

"Please, there is no need to feel threatened," she informed him in a tone of mock-reassurance. "I am certain you excel in any number of other things. Like mindless destruction. Or being very very scary. Or, you know, throwing large numbers of explosives at very big targets and hoping for the best."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Nevermind the propellant and the yet unlit cigarette. Negaduck could blow his top of his own accord.

"I'LL THREATEN YOUR FACE IN!" he howled, taking a wild swing at her, although thankfully the crate was in the way.

Snarling, the drake stood over Kachka - or would have, had height not been a minor issue - seething lividly.

"Anything you can explode, I can explode better!"

Yes, he was that furious, he said that without intending the throw back.

"You talk a big game, are you are willing to prove it?" Calmer, relatively speaking, his eyes narrowed. "How about a little challenge. You pick a target that requires precision and skill, and I'll vaporise it. I'll select one for you.. and I'll hold my disappointment when I find it's still standing."

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

The mallard's red-hot fury was met with a sneer as cold as the Siberian tundra

on a particularly chilly winter-morning.

"Yeah, sure," the duck said in a perceptively soft voice. "Why the hell not."

Seemingly out of nowhere a cigarette appeared in her hand and was clenched into the corner of her bill.

"The thirteenth floor of Aquila Tower. You know, that little thing near Middle Park. And only the thirteenth. Not the fourteenth, not the twelfth, not the whole building. Just the lucky number."

A match was lit by running it over the crate's rough surface and the flame was slowly brought to the tip of her papirosa.

"Now name yours. And make it something neutral, yeah? This is about proving you're the best. Not about you tricking someone else into doing your killing like a squeamy little bitch."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Believe me, I'm happy to leave the 'squeamy little bitch' business up to FOWL," he drawled with sardonic superiority.

Yeah, because he totally hadn't been in the process of considering that at all.

"Fine. Let's see whether you can turn Lady Justice to dust." Aside from the fitting symbolism, Negaduck had recently found himself hating that two storey high statue with more passion than would have even been expected - he oddly couldn't put a finger on why.

Thankfully the monument had recently been restored to its historical position outside the courthouse, following some sort of accident which had knocked it off its base. Also odd he couldn't remember a thing about that either, but it didn't matter. It was there now. For how much longer was another matter.

As tempting as the waft of cigarette was, the scorned supervillain was too riled up to do anything with his except gesticulate with it.

"Except leave that sword of hers untouched. I wouldn't mind plunging it into the middle of somebody ironic." Low growl. "Assuming that won't be too difficult for you."

Too difficult? Really, as challenges went, it was really quite reasonable.

Except for the conveniently constant presence of law enforcement through the entire target area.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Nice," the duck commented with a little smirk. "You're on."

With a rueful little smile - not unlike that of somebody declining an exceptionally tasty crêpe suzette for reasons of health - she extinguished her match and took a step backwards.

"Now if you excuse me - I think people are getting curious about my bomb-site. I want to be away before it is getting too crowded."

No doubt the outcome of their little bet would make the papers one way or another.

"And by the way... I don't think you want to smoke that cigarette after all."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Negaduck took that last piece of advice the same way he took her last helpful, comradely warning... and jeered at it.

"What are you worried about the health implications now?" Really, if she were going to try and torture him by introducing the most deliciously noxious tobacco in existence and then warning it could kill him, she should have thought it through.

"Go then, and prepare for having your quaint ideas about somehow being an 'expert' in my profession blown out of the water." It was as if he was trying to achieve new levels of ass-faced arrogance. "But don't come crying to me when you find that I, Negaduck, am the true blast master."

To demonstrate how cool and superior he was, the smug supervillain chose to conclude that speech with the casual lighting of the very cigarette she had told him not to.

Which led very quickly to demonstrating how much of a blast he could make, when covered in flammable goods.

"...ow," squeaked the blackened husk of a drake, somehow held upright by sheer pain.

Blast master he was alright.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

While the true blast master digested his latest blast Kachka hurriedly snuck out to disappear through the nearest back yard, leaving the supervillain and the sounds of citizens brawling for whatever diamonds could be found in the leftovers of the store behind her.

What followed was a rather uneventful week - or as uneventful as things ever

got for a FOWL agent in St Canard.

Monday - An attempt to hold the city hostage using a pudding of mass destruction (vanilla flavored) was foiled by Darkwing Duck, leaving Steelbeak in a very rotten mood and Kachka with yet another bag of laundry.

Tuesday - After a little incident in the labs (something about spawning eels) the whole building was put on lockdown for the rest of the day, leaving the one-eyed duck locked up with a guy from accounting and the janitor - they spent the afternoon killing time with a nice game of thirty-one.

Wednesday - Kachka was sent to assist in breaking into a bank while the forces of law and order were busy at the St Canard flower breeder convention where Bushroot was demonstrating against flowers being demeaned and objectified in the various pageants.

Thursday: Italian day at the cafeteria.

Friday: A malfunction in the oxygen pump in the shark-tank left half a dozen of lean, mean and hungry little killer machines quite distressed and a hastily summoned plumber a very very rich if bemused man.

All in all, a rather ordinary week. Still, weekends were nice, Kachka mused. Getting up, having breakfast, knowing that the most exciting thing she was looking forward to today was the morning paper.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

For Negaduck, the week was.. well let's not go into that. Nothing good came out of it, in any case.

And to celebrate that very fact, he prepared to ring out TGIF with a literal ringing - in the ears - to result in a solid trouncing of the FOWL minion's bet. It would be so easy, he had barely spent any time preparing!

So a short visit to the specified tower later, and one malicious mallard was standing in Middle Park. With a red buttoned remote, because he liked those. What a view was there to be had from that vantage point. It would be so much better once a little destruction was added to the mix of city lights.

"Here's to crushing delusions," he announced with glee, and hit the button.

A ~pfooom~ and a devastating explosion could be seen blowing the windows out in all directions from floor thirteen. Nothing else was affected. Nothing else was touched.

Smirking the sort of smirk the situation called for, Negaduck turned his back on the little project, and metaphorically on the ridiculously simple task that was far below his skill set.

"And she made it sound like a challenge."

Which was about when the structural supports of floor thirteen decided they couldn't hold up the sham any longer, and collapsed in on themselves.

Soon followed by the entire building collapsing in on itself.

Soon followed by the complex to the east teetering over and collapsing on top of what remained, followed again by the building to the west joining the rubble.

Which then all caught fire, just to be thorough.

Somehow tipped off by the deafening screech of metalwork and earth-shaking kabooms, Negaduck by this point had turned to face the view once again to find that not much was left of it.

Such a shame Kachka had not been inclined to attend personally, or she would have loved the utter horror and dismay written across his masked face.

" ... "

by Kachka 1 year ago

On the other hand, perhaps it was for the best that Kachka hadn't attended the even in person. Negaduck might have taken offense at her reaction to the results of his work - which was, predictably, a great deal of laughter, some serious giggling and a little sniggering for good measure.

Still, let it not be said Kachka wasn't sportsduck enough to appreciate the effort of her rival in this friendly competition. After all, the important thing was participating and coming in second was not to be scoffed at. Surely it was in this spirit rather than a petty desire to gloat that she decided to leave the malevolent mallard a message.

Said message he would find tucked behind the windshield of his motorbike - a copy of the morning newspaper, the article on the mysterious explosion annotated with 'Nice job on skill and precision.'

That in itself probably would have been enough to get the message across, so perhaps it was unwise to add the words 'Neener neener'.

Writing said annotations in red was definitely overkill.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

The red annotations didn't last long, torn into a thousand pieces, along with the rest of the slanderous reporting.

And just when he had nearly convinced himself he had meant to flatten half a district too.

"So she thinks she's clever." Because 'neener neener' spelt that out clearly enough. "Let's she how clever she's feeling when it's her turn."

Seeing as he didn't like to leave such things to chance, Negaduck snatched a phone up from the motorcycle, put on his best 'helpless civilian' voice and dialled one rather crucial number.

"SHUSH Hotline? Yeah, I'd like to make a tip-off..."

He could feel that bad mood subsiding already.

by Kachka 1 year ago

The one-eyed duck did indeed consider herself clever. So clever in fact, that she had already finished most of the preparations. Since there is only so much explosive you can smuggle on a statue on a public place that was infested with law enforcement.

Or rather, there was only so much explosive you can smuggle on such a statue in one sitting. So over the course of the last week the freshly restored monument had been discreetly decorated with little sticky bits of what looked like chewing gum at first glance.

Of course if anybody were foolish enough to actually chew them they would be very permanently cured of any and all sinus problems. And now they would also solve they little problem of Lady Justice offending the sensitivities of a certain public enemy. All it took now were a few finishing touches.

It was on a bright and sunny afternoon that Kachka sauntered up to the statue, being quite pleased with her own cleverness. People sneaking about in the dark of night were instantly suspicious. Nobody bothered harmless tourists out on a stroll.

Well, so went the theory.

In practice, as soon as she put a hand on the statue to apply a little receptor just there, one of the bored looking police-officers quietly put a hand on her shoulder.

"Excuse me, ma'am..."

After the first second of shock she looked up at the fellow through her dark shades and put on her very best expression of harmless confusion.

"Chto?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

From behind, another police officer stepped out of the shadows, directly behind the perfectly innocent Kachka.

Bored. That was one way to describe the distance of professionalism. Lazy would have been another word, however it was laziness rooted in the assumption that there would be little resistance to this law enforcement, that the duck was professional enough in her own activities to accept when the game was up.

"Can I ask you to empty the contents of your pockets please."

Not really a question was it.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

It's not easy to affect a look of wide-eyed innocence when you're wearing an eyepatch and shades, so Kachka decided to go with incomprehending worry instead. It was much closer to the truth anyway.

"Chto?" she repeated and looked between the pair, uncomfortably aware of the statue in her back. Cornered by Justice personified, how appropriate.

"Izvinite- Sorry, I not know speaking in Eenglish, pleaz?"

It wasn't the most original ploy in the world but if nothing else it would stall them.

Fear the foreign, boys. We have ambassadors, and we are not afraid to make them call your supervisor.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Stalling. What a clever ploy. Except Kachka may have not been the only one employing it.

Suddenly it became startling apparent why two unremarkable street cops had taken interest in the unremarkable sunglasses-wearing visitor in the first place; why a number of Peppi's Pizza vans lined the nearby streets despite it being far from meal time; and why a 'child' with his 'mother' had a five o'clock shadow and an oddly realistic 'toy' gun.

"We'll be more than happy to provide a translator for you, Agent Kachka." Another voice, this one from a SHUSH officer stepping out from his hiding

place, cool, professional, and maybe just a little bit smug.

It was a sting. A pre-planned ambush. There was no other way they could have been organised enough to have police patrolling for a specific individual or for an entire squad of troops to be standing by for a stick-up.

Two weighty hands clamped around Kachka's wrists, one officer on either side, ensuring whatever doom she had prepared did not have a chance to be triggered. Or fled from.

Justice served. Against some more than others.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Hopefully their careful planning hadn't extended to bringing an interpreter to begin with, so whatever Kachka was muttering under her breath would not be understood and therefore not be committed to any triplicate reports. It has to be said, it wasn't too gracious. Smug or not, she had never even met the man's mother.

"Come on then, drag me off," she informed the agent with a wry grin, still holding on to her tourist guide ('St Canard - Ten easy steps to visiting and surviving the experience').

"And hope to hell whatever it is is not activated by reach-sensitive transmitter. I dare you."

This, it should be added, was not stalling. Kachka was indeed enough of a professional to know that, barring any wild coincidences, the game was up. Of course the knowledge of her imminent arrest wouldn't stop her from being difficult or rather, dare we say, a bitch about it.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Strangely enough, the officers did not appear too fussed about it. It wasn't as if anybody expects arrests to go smoothly, not with FOWL employees, not in St Canard.

"If you would like to take yourself out alongside us, go ahead," drawled the SHUSH agent in a bored, matter-of-fact manner.

Notwithstanding the feasibility of a reach-sensitive transmitter, it was a reasonably ballsy bluff. There was more than one criminal in the town who would have taken up the offer just to be stubborn or dramatic... but Kachka did not seem to be that level of stupid.

And so, as requested, off she was dragged. By the arms, conveniently facing backwards, so she alone would see the villain in the red fedora waving a cheery goodbye.

A smug goodbye too, need we mention that?

His appearance in person was definitely overkill too. Sure was enjoyable from his perspective though.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

It was at the sight of that red hat - well, more like the insufferable little rat under it - that the penny finally dropped for Kachka. So far the idea that somebody - specifically, a black-masked sore loser who was apparently also a whiny little bitch - had snitched on her hadn't occurred to her. Culture clash. After more than ten years in the West, it still happened.

The duck gave a low, almost snake-like hiss - of course the mallard was too far away to hear it, but her face said it all - there would so be murders.

Of course for the moment there was mainly the door of a van being slammed shut, an engine starting, the car driving off and.... oh yes, the sound of an explosion, slightly muffled through the closed door.

"Friendly advice, moron," she told the SHUSH agent sourly. "Somebody talks to you about reach-sensitive transmitters? Ask how far is out of reach."

Because these things are not always about going out with a bang. Sometimes it's about making sure there won't be an explosion while the demolitionist is within reach, no matter what timers or flashy red buttons had to say about that. A variation of the classic dead man's switch.

"Hey, you think I can watch when old Grizzlikov tears you new one over this?" she inquired, but her heart wasn't in it. She was too distracted thinking about that blasted mallard.

Murders. So very very very much.

And getting out of jail. That too...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Inside the car, her captors exchanged various expressions of shock. Oh, so not a bluff after all.

Old Grizzlikov would indeed not be impressed.

Outside the car, Negaduck had been watching the van disappear with true satisfaction. And with certainly little understanding of how serious a transgression this was in Kachka's eyes (eye). If culture was defined as a way of life, his way of life involved finding as many forms of treachery and underhanded behaviour as possible. Why, it was nearly a sport. What a

surprise he would get to learn it came as a surprise to her!

Not half as much as the sudden ruin of the statue next to him was a surprise though.

It was beautiful, really. Simultaneous contained blasts at the various spots of 'gum' across its surface shattered it like a chocolate egg in the hands of hyperactive toddlers. It remained in one piece for only a moment, then crumbled to the ground in tiny, bit-size pieces of justice.

The mighty sword followed with a 'clang'.

Wary hands, that may or may not have been shielding their cowering owner moments before, reached forward to collect it.

"Huh." There was not a single scratch or scorch mark on it. "It worked."

Such impressive results deserved less of an anti-climatic response than that.

A moment of contemplation - mostly revolving around mental denials about how **she** could have been responsible for such a fine outcome rather than, say, pure luck - and then with a shrug, the crook swung the giant thing over his caped shoulder. Nonchalantly strolling away, more than likely to find somewhere to gain the most bragging rights out of 'his' prize.

And if anybody happened to mistake the feat for his doing, well, in the sport of being a nefarious jerk, bonus points!

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Many, many months had passed since the destruction of Lady Justice and the memory of the events surrounding it had long faded.

... at least, for some ...

Following his lengthy absence from the city, Negaduck wasted no time on trivial matters like reunion or fatherhood and instead went straight back into scheming. This particular scheme saw him making himself at home in a set of scientific laboratories he had let himself into; a white lab coat over his usual attire for effect.

"Come on now..." Talking, as was his unfortunate habit, out loud as he oh so carefully tipped the contents of a brown satchel into a beaker. "Stop being such a tease."

Presumably referring to the contents of the chemical, but who really knew.

At least the criminal was concentrating on something other than dispensing unnecessary violence, if only for a few minutes.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Sadly it seemed he was also concentrating on something other than keeping an eye on his surroundings - a lapse that would probably be corrected when a bottle filled with something sticky and green got smashed against the wall, only inches from his head.

Obviously that was simply a polite way to ask for his undivided attention. It was in no way because the one-eyed duck who had hurled the bottle had a little problem with depth perception and was prone to missing things. Or heads.

"Why hello there, Mister Skill and Precision!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The shattering of glass came as a bit of a shock, but it dissipated as soon as he heard the voice attached to it.

Honestly, it wasn't as though she was dangerous or anything. The crook even had the audacity to keep working for a few more moments.

"You're lucky I don't particularly want to kill you, or I'd give you a taste of skill and precision right between your useless eyes."

Pouring complete, he turned to regard her, leaning back against the bench with a lazy smile. Smug, did we already say that?

"So, how was prison?" Her usual grab attire was given a smirking once over. "Did you just get out, or haven't you had time to change out of the monkey suit yet? Hah hah!"

Regular stand-up comedian he was. With no idea how much the whole incident had ticked her off, apparently.

And also no idea that, in turning, he had knocked the beaker over so some of the unknown powder was tipping straight into a mug of coffee that had been sitting on the bench...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Please, we both know you would not manage hitting that without taking down half of this building," she snapped back, with a tone that was vitriolic enough to be bottled and put on a shelf right next to the hydrochloric acid.

"Oh, unless you plan to be running to police like some whiny little bitch again, to help you out against that nasty nasty one-eyed girl."

Yes, good thing she'd had a few months to get over the whole thing.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Her sniping only seemed to fan his sense of satisfaction rather than abate it.

"My my," patronisingly cooed. "With all that complaining, who sounds like the whiny little bitch now?"

Like it was all just a game - and to him, it likely was - the villain peeled off the gloves he had been using and tossed them aside, only to be 'interrupted' by a feigned realisation.

"Hey, why don't you visit your little book-store girlfriend? That oughta cheer you up." Sly grin, with a low added quip just within audible range, "It always cheers me up."

Which wasn't true, strictly speaking. His run-ins with Lilly ended poorly for him more often than they turned out, say, more illegitimate children. But stirring was fun, and how was she to know?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Yes, yes, we already established you prefer easy targets," the duck snorted with a dismissive wave. "Whatever helps you self-delude yourself through your day."

Clearly explaining her view on the matter to him was as pointless as trying to play poker against a hyperactive three-year-old who insists they are actually playing Old Maid.

"And here I thought you were coming to accept your limitations. Leaving the continent to run away from your ball and chain gave that impression."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Huh, that was getting a bit barbed. It was like she was trying to insult him or something.

"And I would have thought you'd know that moronic concepts such as 'limitations' or 'ball and chains' don't apply to me."

Supervillains. Taking self-delusion to pathologically high new levels since 1991.

Arms folded casually. Not defensively. Important point of detail, that. "I can

purloin another country if I want. I don't need to be 'running away' from anything." Bill held high with stubborn pride. ".. Not even a raging beast of a woman whose morning sickness could have wiped out four city blocks."

He could rattle that out as a flippant example as much as he liked, but even somebody with vision problems could see the strangely specific nature of that turn of phrase.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Oddly enough this fierce display of prideful independence failed to impress the one-eyed duck, the disdainful look on her face refused to budge.

"I see. So you are completely unafflicted by balls."

Clearly that was her having a little trouble with English figures of speech. Couldn't be anything else.

"You simply felt like changing scenery. It is not that you were a moron who knocked up said raging beast of a woman?"

If she'd had any doubts about Malicia's pregnancy after the cage business earlier this year and certain rumors (Cornelius Tex was a bit of a gossip) that suspiciously specific denial had quenched them.

"And you absolutely did not skip town so she wouldn't rope you into picking out cradles?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Intense stare. One could assume, in that split second, the masked villain was calculating the best way to refute her implications as plausibly as possible, whilst simultaneously retorting against that the supposed figure of speech. It had to be casual but clever, comedic but badass all at once too. Difficult, but nothing his brilliant mind couldn't handle.

It was a fair assumption, based off previously observed behaviour, which made it all the more startling when he snatched out grab at Kachka by the collar, hissing accusingly, eyes all shifty.

"Who told you?"

Or his brilliant mind could be so caught up in paranoia it could completely fail to comprehend what had tipped her off. Ah yup.

We would blame it on sleep deprivation, except that wouldn't help his case much either.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"A little birdie told me," she retorted as coolly as possible for someone who has a deranged and slightly sleep-deprived supervillain hanging on their collar.

"You know, this complete lunatic duck-bird who was standing on top of cage the middle of town, crazily ranting about babies."

Squirming his the mallard's grip - if he wanted to have this conversation at eye level, why couldn't he just get a stepladder? - she tugged at the cloth while she kept talking.

"And about nine months later - during which you were away and Malicia nowhere to be seen - said birdie goes and babbles about raging-woman-beasts and their morning sickness. Can you believe that?"

Crazy people out there indeed...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The blank stare continued. "No," he returned stubbornly after another moment, and pushed her away as if she was the lunatic duck-bird in question.

"I don't know what your biological time-bomb is doing to your head-" Again as if she were the one affected. "But I had perfectly valid, evil reasons for being away that precise amount of time. One of which was - this!"

And he displayed the original container of the goop that had now churned into the coffee, a dark glass bottle with scrawlings in another language.

It was... a very scary spice jar?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Kachka's reaction to this breathtaking revelation was perhaps not what the mallard had expected. In fact it was virtually non-existent. Not a word, no expression of shock or awe - not even a derisive sneer. It was possible her eyebrow rose by a millimeter or two, but that might have been a trick of the light.

Against all odds, in a corner of the room a lonely cricket gave a sad little chirp.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

It took a moment for the distinct sound of no fear, no shock and no jaw dropping to hit his inner ear.

After which his face dropped, and Negaduck levelled an equally unimpressed stare at his audience of one.

"You know," intoned with a level of restraint not commonly heard from him.

"I'm beginning to not appreciate your attitude."

Really, how hard was it to play to the magnitude of the occasion. Was it too much to get a little recognition?

by Kachka 1 year ago

Blinking a few times in the manner of someone who just zoned out and was miles away, the duck tilted her head and looked between Negaduck and the jar.

"Hm? Oh, do you need a fluffer?" she inquired with mock concern. "I'm so sorry, I didn't realize."

With a very grave expression she cleared her throat and then pointed at the dread tool of terror to be.

"Oh. Gosh. Golly. A jar."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

That, strangely, didn't appear to change his scowl.

"Hilarious," Negaduck spat, clearly not finding it so. "You wouldn't know terror if it smacked you in the face."

And then, on cue, it did. In the form of a tiny male half demonling.

It literally flew straight out its hiding place in his father's cape and collided, claws outstretched, with enough force to bowl an elephant over. Apparently it was really intrigued with Kachka's eye patch, because it appeared to be trying to bite through it.

Just one more reason for them to get along.

by Kachka 1 year ago

With a surprised quack Kachka stumbled backwards, knocked over by the sheer momentum of the little demonling and too busy trying to get it off her face to do any flailing around for balance.

"Get off you- OW! Let go! Cease!"

Sputtering and cursing the duck finally managed to get a grip on the situation - or at least on the little biter, which was clearly a step in the right direction.

"Let go of me you-"

Her voice trailed off when she got the creature away from her face so she could actually take a good look at it. Sadly she hadn't managed to get it off her

eyepatch - the demonling was still merrily chewing away on that one, the string that usually kept the bit of leather against her face stretched to the breaking point.

Momentarily shocked into silence she stared at her tiny attacker with an amount of shock and awe that the Dread Jar of Doom could only dream of.

"-baby?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The struggling, gnawing child was briskly plucked out of her grasp.

"Uh, no, an.. experiment. Winged weaponeering, you know." Blurted Negaduck in a manner that no way indicated he was as caught out by the tiny creature's appearance as she was. "Only a blind bat as yourself would see it as a baby."

The demonling, one of the smallest but sneakiest, eventually resigned himself to hanging from the older mallard's awkward grip, and set his sights back on Kachka. Sights twinkling with malicious mischievousness.

"Die!" chirped with disturbing cuteness.

And only a blind bat would miss the similarities there.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Brilliant as Negaduck's explanation for the winged little weapon of medium-sized destruction was, it was ignored by Kachka who first adjusted her mangled eyepatch and then scrambled back to her feet.

"Baby," she repeated, apparently too stunned to fully appreciate his skilled lies. Then another realization hit her.

"She got you to babysit?!"

Maybe the mallard could take solace in the fact that the idea he was spending time with his offspring out of his own free will didn't seem to cross her mind.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Another scowl. Had to be careful - soon his face would freeze like that.

Placing the bub on the bench, along with his actual experiment in progress, a gentle push egged his inquisitive claws towards some chemical filled test tubes on the other side. There, that would keep him occupied.

"Don't be stupid." Said the now obviously exhausted drake with a child playing with glyceryl trinitrate. "I've tried to ditch them five times this afternoon but they keep somehow hitchhiking in my pockets. The damn things are like ninjas."

Noting the use of plural there...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"...them?" Kachka repeated weakly, not having missed the ominous plural.
"How many..."

With a frown she interrupted herself, waving that point aside. There were more pressing concerns at hand. Not to mention at baby-claws.

"You know what, nevermind that. You don't try and ditch babies, you moron! And you don't let them play about with chemicals. Who knows what could happen!"

Not that she made any move to keep the demonling away from the test tubes herself. The last thing she needed was a reputation for being maternal and crap.

"And I'm betting if anything happens to that little crawler, Malicia is going to pluck and roast you alive."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

At those remarks, he shot her. A 'you can't be serious' look. The kind you would get if you deliberately cut off a sentence mid-way in a lame attempt to startle readers.

"There's enough of them that she probably wouldn't even notice for a day or two," he drawled dismissively, once again severely underestimating the ferocity of a demoness with chicks, or the protectiveness that normally came with parenthood full stop.

By contrast, the little one on the bench had taken to greedily sampling the various liquids at hand, with little notice or concern from him.

"Besides," said the crook, having distractedly half turned back to his work.
"They're practically indestructible anyway."

Cue a giant **BURRRRP!** from the demonling which resulted in a mini-mushroom cloud out of the child's gullet, thanks to his most recent snack. His initial startle at the fiery explosion then melted away into innocent laughter and baby claps of happiness. Naaaw. Not that his father had the decency to fret about that either, or even film and upload it to DuckTube.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

With a mixture of worry and adoration - the little guy was kinda cute - Kachka looked at the demonling.

"So I see. At least he inherited something useful from you, not just the looks," she commented sourly. "Say, did he just eat something important?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A cursory glance.

"Nah." Attention diverted back to his work space as a search began. "But I can't find..."

"EEE-OT!" exclaimed the baby, a sort of war cry as he counted Kachka's semi-fond expression with coffee. To the face. Somehow, the little terror had managed to get his claws around Negaduck's mug and muster the strength to fling it that short distance. Apparently bursts of unnecessary violence ran in the genes too.

"...this." The villain had completed his search, having located the overturned test tube. Tracing where it had spilled, it appeared to have emptied... straight into the mug that had been pitched into an unsuspecting agent's face.

Oh well. It was only coffee. She liked coffee. What harm could it do?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Silence.

Luckily the coffee was merely lukewarm after all the friendly catching up that had gone on before the vicious beverage attack, so there was no need for much screaming and clawing at a scalded face. Instead there was just some sputtering and the kind of heartfelt groan that indicates severe exasperation with the universe in general.

"Oh, that so figures," she snapped and wiped drips of coffee off her bill. "The one thing the little critter doesn't get from you is the aim!"

At least it was only coffee. It could have been so much worse. It wasn't like she had just injected some weird, behavior altering drug.

"...huh. I feel funny..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

In dumbfounded silence, Negaduck stared at the spilled coffee. Then the test tube. Then the coffee again.

The demonling just burbled.

"... I think you just swallowed some of the potion. I've been trying to work out what it had to be taken with to unlock the chemical compounds in order to..."

Stop, maybe that wasn't the wisest approach.

"Nevermind that." The concept of any 'potion' was waved away. Details, details! "How do you feel?"

The one and only time Negaduck would ask such a question and genuinely be interested in the answer.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Little light-headed, maybe," came the rather thoughtful response. "But mainly in the mood to strangle you and dump your carcass in garbage can."

So obviously no noteworthy mood-changes.

Using her tie as an impromptu towel to dry her face as far as she could she stepped forward, past Negaduck and to the demonling-infested working bench where she began some serious snooping around.

"I don't suppose you have any muffins in this daycare center of yours?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Regardless of the possible causes, a storm of rage passed over his features. Muffins? That was the last straw.

"Watch it." Snapped as Negaduck roughly pulled her away from her snooping, and held her in place for a good scolding.

"You keep talking to me like that and you'll be lucky if your worthless hide ends up in a garage can."

As if to demonstrate, the demonling sneezed and toppled off the bench and into a rubbish bin with a squeak. If only all simulated murders could be so cute.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Apparently squeaking demonlings were of higher import to Kachka's coffee-and-who-knows-addled mind than a good scolding from the violent psychopath.

"You really should get that kid into some kind of crib," she commented before returning her attention as well as her gaze to Negaduck.

"But what can be expected from a guy who was too much moron to use some bit of rubber. Now take your hands off me you self-important bastard!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"ENOUGH."

With more force than was strictly necessary - although that was kind of redundant to point out when speaking about Negaduck - a devastatingly strong grip on her upper arm threw her backwards. Hopefully to the floor, because that would make it all the more ominous when he stalked up to her, weighing a machete in his hands.

"You must have a **death wish** to..."

Suddenly realisation struck, and the growl in his voice turned into ecstatic surprise.

"Wait - you DO have a death wish!"

Deciding to test this theory, since the duckette had a tendency to project an irreverent air even in the short time he remembered her, the tip of the blade was pressed against her gut. Right up in that nice valley below the bottom of the rib cage where a correctly upward-angled thrust would mean a certain end.

"Tell me - do you feel any fear at this moment?"

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

After a few seconds of quiet contemplation - it was a bit of an existential question at this point after all - the duck slowly shook her head.

"Not really, no. I don't think I have death wish, or I could just sit up right now. But fear... no."

She didn't seem too thrilled by that discovery, but seeing as she was flat on her back with a machete to her gut that was probably understandable.

"That what you were going for? Elegant. So, uh, if you're going to gut me, I'd say get it over with. I don't think I will do much fearful begging like this."

Demonstrating that despite her nonchalance she didn't particularly want to be gutted she added, "Oh, and if it helps, I retract the muffin-question. Clearly that craving is drug-incuded..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Wide-eyed, he stared.

"I don't believe it." Before one could mistake him referring to the muffin-issue, he added incredulously, "Coffee?!"

A laugh, happy and disbelieving. Maybe a little unhinged, but again, that went without saying. The machete was put away.

"That.. that's fantastic!" Spinning around to share this joyous news with his offspring, since Kachka didn't count and it was better than ranting deliriously to himself, Negaduck finally noticed that the child was flying. While still in the bin. A pair of glowing eyes watched him approach from within the hovering receptacle. But even that didn't slow the malicious mallard down.

"If the trigger ingredient is coffee, do you realise how easy this is going to be?" Snatching the top of the makeshift disguise off, which caused the bottom half to spill across the floor - not that HE cared - the demonling greeted him with a surprised but encouraging chirp. "I'll be able to have the entire population affected within 24 hours!"

Sounded like a good idea! What wasn't a good idea though was turning your back to the one person who now knows about this plan and had been stripped of any sense of trepidation. Muffins would be the least of his worries.

by Kachka 1 year ago

On the up side, this particular worry would be easy to ignore, at least in the short term. Because by the time Negaduck would be done with gloating evilly to an infant the inconvenient witness would be gone.

Really, life was so much less stressful if you didn't have to worry about looking like a wimp or leaving people with grudges alive, Kachka mused as she all but skipped through the corridors and for the main entrance.

It's said that fear is a great way to focus the mind, but at the moment a complete absence of fear didn't seem too bad either.

Step one: Phonecall. Step two: Get some muffins. Step three: Go home for a nap.

...unless she ran into a wild muffin on her way out. You had to be flexible about these things.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Just in time to miss the start of the muffin mission, he turned.

And was immediately struck by the gravity of a lost guinea pig.

"Oh HELL."

And so commenced a moment of confused dashing around. Throwing off the white lab coat, making for the door, going back to collect the remaining chemistry set, deciding against it, making for the door again.

All the while blustering, "She can't go walkabout now! What if somebody finds

her? What if they work out what's in her system?!"

You know, aside from the booze and cigarettes and bits of shrapnel.

Finally he made his exit by a window, an attempt to cut the skipping scourge off at the street.

Only as an afterthought did an arm stretch back to seize the demonling by its legs to yank it along for the ride.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

It didn't take him too long to catch up with his wayward guinea pig. By the time he caught up with her she was only a few steps from the main entrance, merrily chewing on a muffin.

Where the hell she had found that in a derelict villain's hideout is anybody's guess. Best not think about it too much.

Apparently the loss of caution bordering on paranoia came with downsides as well, since the duck wasn't doing much sneaking or hiding - although she still had the presence of mind to refrain from all whistling.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Sweet, carefree goodness. Shame it had to be punctured by a sudden howl.

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGGGGGH!"

Combined with a flying side tackle.

Now if only Negaduck had duct tape on hand to deal with the guinea pig as guinea pigs needed to be dealt with.

That would definitely have been an interesting lesson for Bitey, wherever he was hiding...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

A generous application of duct tape would have made things easier on the tackling mallard. As it was, the escaped guinea pig - aka a tough-as-nails career criminal who kicked like a mule and was not above scratching, biting and pulling feathers - didn't take kindly to her muffin-time being interrupted.

"Damn you-" Smack "-bastard-" Kick "-son of a-" Beak-twist "-three-legged-" Head-butt "-blind-" Moah smack "-mangy-" Eye-poke "-pox-ridden bitch!"

Perhaps this was a lesson for the little demonling. If you want to quickly and quietly subdue an escaped witness/guinea pig, this was not the way to do it.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

So the advantage of surprise worked as well for defence as it did for attack.

BAM!

A final blow sent one battered and humiliated criminal colliding backwards into the corrugated iron fence.

Shaking the dancing muffins out of his vision, Negaduck sprang to his feet and scowled at the guinea pig / kicking mule hybrid in question.

"Wvut is WBONG wit bhuu?!" Stop, hack up the blood blocking his nasal passages, continue storming. "I'm actually trying to help you here, and you go and WAIL on me?!"

If it hadn't been for the fact that the 'help' was purely in his own interests, it would have been kind of ironic.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"**You** just don't want me to tell people about your little experiment," she snapped back, not bothering to keep her voice down as she scrambled to her feet and brushed herself off. "Just because I'm high doesn't mean I'm suddenly stupid."

With a last mournful look at the half-eaten muffin - it had been a tasty little muffin, too - she turned to stomp off, looking over her shoulder every now and then to make sure he didn't try any more tackling.

"Just get back to your babies and masterplans! I'm fed up with you!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The fuming. The bright red fuming. It would have been a pretty colour had it not boded so much ill.

Using her constantly checking behind to zip around in front, the determined felon blocked the path, standing his ground.

"You're right, I don't want anybody finding out," he spat. "And I can't trust you to keep a lid on it. As much as I would hate to put a stop to our friendly trading business-" A grin, one that clearly didn't realise she planned to suspend her brokering services. "-I will if you don't cooperate."

Menacing step forward.

"So what's it going to be?"

Wait, menacing? Somebody without fear? In what universe was that going to

succeed?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Indeed the duck seemed very much not afraid at the threat of being the target of Negaduck's ire - again - but she did give the matter some thought.

"Just so I know... you idea of me cooperating would be..?" she inquired in a tone of polite curiosity. "I would be happy to promise I won't tell people about this - cross my heart and stuff... But you're the paranoid sort, huh?"

...and you're black, too, said the pot to the kettle...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

It took much restraint to resist belting Kachka with a pot or a kettle right there and then.

"Staying under my supervision." Arms crossed.. unlike her heart. "Until you're back to your senses."

And I can threaten you properly.

"I assume that it will wear off about the same pace caffeine would. Which you'd better hope for-" Slight brow raise. "Because I'm not the patient sort either."

Because if they had met not long ago, that would have been a shocking revelation, right?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Staying under your supervision?" she repeated, obviously anything but thrilled by the prospect. "Seriously?"

Tilting her head she looked the mallard up and down, probably weighing his insufferable company against his even more insufferable murderous intent. Not being afraid of getting chopped to bits didn't mean you were too keen on it happening, after all.

"Oh fine," she sighed, throwing up her hands in resigned exasperation. "But I'm not sitting around in your stinking hideout. We can go to some eatery. And the bill is yours not to pay."

Clearly expecting the villain to agree - or maybe just trying to stop the conversation before he could disagree - she resumed her march.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"The hell, woman." Snarled as he hurried to maintain pace with her storming. "This isn't a DATE."

Tugging his hat further down over his face, Negaduck scanned the area they were hurrying into watchfully; there was paranoid, and there was being Public Enemy Number One at a time he really didn't want to be noticed by the authorities or any aggravating vigilantes.

Apparently satisfied that the immediate surrounds were clear, a half-smirk was turned on his unwilling company for the evening.

"Although I suppose you've had no attention for so long, you've forgotten what it looks like..."

Oh because that would make the situation less awkward; arrogant stabs at her personal life. Better than actual stabs, presumably.

by Kachka 1 year ago

With an annoyed roll of her good eye Kachka kept striding ahead, towards a yet unsuspecting restaurant.

"Maybe I am out of loop," she shot back. "I had no idea that bringing babies along for dates is the thing to do these days. Must be this recent trend for guys to flaunt their sensitive and responsible side..."

Obviously she was no more above namecalling than she was above biting.

"And just so you know, I am getting more than enough attention, as you call it, thank you very much. Oh, let's get some kebab..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Namecalling lacked a sting when it was wide of the mark. And for Negaduck, well, the slur of sensitivity was so wide of the mark it wasn't even on the same bearing as the target. All the same, her pointed comments reminded him of the existence of one diminutive demon drake that had latched onto his back like a bloodthirsty baby koala.

"Ergh!" The noise was akin to an arachnophobe realising a hairy tarantula had made its way into their clothing, and the thrashing and jumping that accompanied it was much the same. Get-it-off-get-it-off! That hysteria over, with no sign of the troublesome parasite, he straightened his lapels, and resumed looking surly.

Of course, the duckling had simply clawed its way around his jacket and disappeared under the cape, but for the moment its reluctant progenitor remained none the wiser.

"Since your lack of fear has resulted in a craving for a big stick of meat, I'm not surprised," he grumbled, keeping pace with her regardless and trying to stay

inconspicuous. As inconspicuous as a supervillain with a mini-demon and a one-eyed duck could be, anyway. Damn it, why was she so lean?! Made it very hard to use her for cover. Actually, that was probably the reason.

Overall though, the malicious mastermind couldn't complain too much. Her impulses could have been much more extreme. More attention-grabbing. More newsworthy. There was nothing newsworthy about a restaurant. Right?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Given that the big stick of meat was having long stripes of meat carved off it that was perhaps not the best euphemism to suggest, but to each their own.

"Hey," she greeted the proprietor, a middle-aged pochard who took one look at her companion and felt a profound sense of relief that he hadn't bothered redecorating lately.

"One döner for me, one for the grump, and if I could use your phone, that'd be nice," she told him cheerfully.

Before the villain could object to the last point of her order she turned and gave him a comforting pat on the shoulder.

"Not for calling the bosses, don't worry. Just some private calls."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Had she not withdrawn it in a timely fashion, the grump would have crushed the petting hand in his fist as if it was a baby seal. Instead, he would settle for doing that to any communication devices that dared come within his reach.

"I don't care if you're planning on sexting the Pope," he barked, clearly not in the mood. **"NO. PHONES."**

Sent down with such conviction that any overhearing restaurant owners would be aware that such an order would probably mean no shop, too, should they be foolhardy enough to challenge an already aggravated Negaduck.

"There's no reason why I couldn't just remove your beak, after all. It wouldn't stop you from supplying tasty, tasty smokes AND it would finally put an end to your smart-arse sniping..."

That started as a beleaguered grouse before he released that option was certainly open to him, and his sense of 'humour' returned. Not that was necessarily a positive.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

That joke/threat was met with a completely unimpressed, deadpan look. Although, given that somebody had recently drugged all fear out of her, that

was not much of a feat.

"You are a very meanspirited person, you know that?"

Since the answer to that question was ridiculously obvious she made herself comfortable on a chair and waited for their food to be ready.

"I don't see why I can't make phonecalls. You can listen in if you don't trust me."

Half the fun of being plastered was making prank calls, dammit!

"sides, we can't just stick around here all day. With your teeny tiny attention span you'll be bored out of your mind in no time."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Not to prove her right again or anything, Negaduck was already pacing impatiently.

"No, we can't just stick around here all day!" Talk about a strawman fallacy. "But I can't drag you around with me either! Who knows what you'll go squawking to your masters..."

More frustration. And he had so much he needed to get done too, with the final piece of the puzzle unlocked! The last thing he needed to be doing was babysitting TWO of them.

Wait, babysitting! There was a solution right there.

Patting down his jacket, Sneaky Jnr was eventually located somewhere in his father's mysteriously deep pockets, then plonked down unceremoniously on the counter before Kachka.

"**Guard**," the menacing mallard directed in a manner one would have used on a highly trained doberman, before zipping off to get back to supervillainy business. One could only presume he intended to return shortly.

The demonling stared up at his new charge with big, shiny eyes.

Then greeted her with a squeak.

Real threatening.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Huh," the suddenly deserted duckette made as she stared after the villain. The she turned her one-eyed gaze to the little demonling.

"Looks like it's just you and me, little guy..."

Now, the question was, how much of a guard could the little menace possibly be? Deciding to test the waters she rose to make for the counter where two plates had been prepared by a still worried-looking proprietor.

"So, it doesn't seem like your Daddy wants his kebab after all. Do you like kebab?"

Bribing small children with treats usually worked. Granted, usually there were sweets involved rather than grilled meat and spicy sauces, but you had to work with what you were given.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

An adorable little smile - oh how he did love treats - and the demonling opened his bill.... to about five times his own size.

A blink of an eye and the kebab, plate and all, was gone. It would be lucky if Kachka's arm remained.

No chewing. The snack was swallowed whole.

Licking his beak with satisfaction at the taste, Sneaky tilted his head cutely and resumed smiling up at Kachka. Nice entree, what else you got?

From the ease with which he consumed an entire adult meal, one had to wonder whether he would be consuming the adults next.

by Kachka 1 year ago

The encouraging smile remained on her bill, even if it became a little brittle. Was she supposed to be scared now? It was so hard to tell...

"Right. Hungry little guy," she said brightly. "That you get from your mother."

While the proprietor wisely retreated through the back door to wait out the madness and hope he would still have a restaurant afterwards the duck reached for what looked like a sharp knife and went around the counter for the turning kebab.

"Why don't I cut you some more snacks, huh? I don't think that spit would become you..."

Plates were one thing, but surely spits were harder to digest for a tender baby stomach...

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Rrroooooowl...." he agreed, fluttering haphazardly up to the counter to watch.

From that vantage point, the diminutive demon could actually see the promised meats. The second he did, his eyes lit up. The demonic equivalent to Hallelujah played. Fangs were licked. Jackpot...

Greed. He got that from his father. And a bit from his mother. Let's just say both.

Kachka had better hurry, or the kid was likely to take on the whole spit anyway. Would make a nice toothpick.

by Kachka 1 year ago

"But no complaining if it upsets your tummy," she told the little guy sternly and went to work, sawing and hacking away on the turning meat, turning the big lump into more bite-sized chunks.

"And if you're still hungry afterwards I'll call some pizza parlor and order you something family-sized. Sound good?"

Apparently the duck was not above trying to trick a small and mostly innocent child to get a phonecall - but seriously, who was above tricking small and mostly innocent children these days?

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"BWAH!" he insisted with a stubborn pout, indignant. Don't tell ME how to eat! GIMME!

The moment the meats had been sliced away from its stomach-wall-slicing lining, the little beast devoured it ravenously. The entire pile of carvings was mostly gone in two, three bites. Which left him sated, but with the unfortunate effect of not being able to move.

Still, like a shark that had over-gorged itself on dead whale carcass it had found floating, he was unable to stop. Lying on his side by the plate, belly painfully full, those fangs still reached out to gnaw at what was left. Just.. very sloooooowly.

Greed. That he got from his father. Well his mother too. Let's say both sides of DNA did not help in that regard.

Like how a heavy belly did not help with guarding duties, much less phone monitoring...

by Kachka 1 year ago

Once La Grande Bouffe was over with Kachka regarded the little demonling's uncomfortably full tummy with a sympathetic look.

“Aw, beak bigger than the stomach?” she asked the tiny duckling in a soothing voice. “Don't you worry, big boy like you will have all that digested in no time.”

Slowly walking over to the phone she continued, “How about I order you nice big jalapeno pizza, hm? I'm sure that will help with your digestion.”

Hey, with the little guy's heritage that might even be true. And at least she was nice enough to refrain from any 'I told you so', while she dialed a number that had far too many digits to belong to a simple pizza parlor.

Any fear of retribution from her employers if she didn't at least try and share her knowledge of Negaduck's current plot might have been drugged out of her system. Her deep, heartfelt loathing of the caped villain and a fiendish delight at the prospect of spoiling his fun? Not so much.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Lolling about some more, the little demonling could not possibly have looked any less interested.

Until **BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

People often mentioned how aggravating burping babies was; rarely did they gripe about flame shooting 20 feet from their mouths.

Sheesh, one could only hope the diaper changing was not as hazardous...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Tilting her head the duck looked at the fire-burping baby with a dejected look. Actually it wasn't the burping and the spitflame as much as the fact that bits of the furniture had caught fire - a fire that was spreading rapidly.

"If you are calling to report a sighting, a capture or a being captured by Darkwing Duck, please press number two," the phone suggested sweetly. "If you are calling to report the discovery of a doomsday device, please press number three..."

Damn those budget-cuts to hell. That phone would be molten before she got anywhere... Now what was she supposed to do now?

"Is it getting hot in here?"

Ooh, right. Get the hell out of here.

Being the charitable person she was she grabbed the demonling by the scruff of his neck and left the restaurant.

"And I didn't even get to eat that kebab..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Hanging from her grasp, the child gave a happy gurgle.

"More!" he chirped, tail swishing hyperactively. Boy, talking already? Demons grew fast.

Then again, with the likelihood of pitchfork carrying mobs after them, that sort of made sense.

Meanwhile, still no sign of Daddy. A siren wailed a few blocks away. Unclear whether it was related to his disappearance, but with the fire blazing away, they could be expected to come closer...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"More?" the duck repeated skeptically and held up the demonling to give him a stern look.

"Fine, we can go and look. But no jalapenos for you. That is what you get for melting phones mid-call."

And with that the duckette and what she deemed to be her charge - demon or not, you don't leave babies to themselves - went to look for more food. Hopefully enough to distract the little guy long enough to make that call before he started melting her phone again.

"Hey, kid, you like ice-cream?"

Maybe cooling the little guy was the way to go, she reasoned. Holding Junior to her chest like a teddy - facing away from her stomach, because she was no complete fool - she made a beeline for the nearest ice-cream parlor. Once inside she gave the wary-looking lady behind the counter a friendly smile.

"Hey. Some lemon ice-cream for me. Whatever this little fellow here eats or destroys, you send the bill to your insurance, marked as supervillain-induced damage."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Licking his lips, the demonling couldn't wait until the frosty snack was placed into his claws. As soon as the wafer cone was in his grasp, he went for it.

But his fangs closed down on nothing.

He tried again.

Nothing.

Without being able to regulate his unworldly heat, the duckling was melting it before it could get even close.

Which lead to the inevitable...

"**wwwaAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!**" It was like a hundred cats being whipped - maybe that's how the cat o nine tails got its name - causing such resonance that every piece of glass within the van and within a block radius shattered. Tears steamed as they slid down his fluffy cheeks.

Couldn't be that hard, could it? Malicia near lived on ice cream. Maybe it was something that had to be learnt? An advanced demon trait?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Ooh, there there," Kachka cooed and somewhat awkwardly rocked the little guy in her arms - to her knowledge the ultimate baby-calmer.

"Don't be sad. Icecream is not all that great anyway."

Granted, that was a shameless lie, but anything to calm the poor upset little demonling down. Apparently her reservations about being seen acting all maternal and crap had been drugged away as well.

"Listen, we'll find you something else. Strawberry-syrup maybe? I'm sure that won't melt..."

Taking the cue the sales clerk hastily handed Kachka the desired bottle of syrup, either out of maternal-and-crap feelings or to get the kid to shut the hell up.

"There, let's try this, huh?" the one-eyed duckette suggested and gave Junior the bottleneck to suckle.

For god's sake, children, don't try this at home!

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The earth-shaking screeching ebbed away as more little grabby grabby hands seized onto the bottle. For a little guy whose mother was adamant her breasts were purely of the ornamental variety, he had the suckling instinct down pat.

For a little guy who had a stomach ache a few minutes before, he also was consuming a lot of strawberry sauce. A LOT.

Nobody was going to take it from him though. Fire belching aside, his claws had pierced the outer plastic of the container. He had locked onto it tight.

Once he had his fill - or at least every drop of the sauce had been drained - he lowered it with a happy squeak. As was inevitable when feeding even non-demonic children, he had somehow got it all over his face.

"Nyaaah!" There was a lot of sauce dripping out of that fanged beak - thick red oozing sauce. Made for a mildly disturbing sight. As if the sight of a pint-sized duckling swallowing half a cow's worth of beef whole wasn't disturbing enough.

by Kachka 1 year ago

The disturbing aspect of the sight was more than offset by the inherent Cute that was a happily fed baby. His father probably wouldn't approve of that latter trait, but at least there was a decent chance he'd grow out of it.

"There you are," Kachka told the little guy brightly and reached for a napkin to at least wipe off the worst strawberry-stains. "Now, sweetie, I think it's time you nap a little, huh? So much excitement today? Yes?"

It was worth a try. As far as she knew babies were supposed to be tired after feeding.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

A nap would have been normal. Then again, skulling a bottle of pure sugar after a meal of pure meat was hardly normal for a youngster.

As his little beak stretched into a yawn, however, it seemed demons burnt off the energy quickly.

A little shake of the hand to get a stubbornly stuck strawberry sauce bottle off his claws, and the little guy curled up in her arms.

"Brub..." he protested weakly. No, not sleeptimes. Must eat MOAR.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Almost there...

Right, how to get a sleepy kid to sleep. Lullabies were usually the way to go. Only, if this little fellow took after his parents in this as well the usual fluffy-sheep-and-smiling-moon-variety would only give him nightmares. Better not take any risks there.

"My grandpa sells condoms to sailors,
he punctures the tips with a pin.
My grandma does backstreet abortions,
my god, how the money rolls in..."

Singing to him in a low voice and rocking the little demonling to the old tune

she stepped closer to the saleswoman.

"My god, my god, my god how the money rolls in, rolls in... ('scuse me, could I use your phone? Much obliged) My god, my god, my god how the money rolls in..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Funnily enough, the little hellspawn did find such a tale of woe soothing. Whether he preferred it sung in the paint-peeling screech his mother typically cast her karaoke in was another matter.

Soon enough, wings wrapping around him like built-in swaddling, he drifted off in her arms. Eyelids drooped, half sucking half gnawing on his thumb in his sleep.

So helpless. So content and peaceful.

But as Kachka well knew, anything involving Negaduck DNA did not stay peaceful for long.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

It was four days after the fateful meeting between a one-eyed duckette and a hungry little demonling that some luckless operator finally got around to playing back the message that would end FOWL's computerized call-center once and for all - a decision that provided secure jobs for a dozen switchboard operators and two technicians, thus greatly improving the economic standard for several families.

"...he saves fallen women from sin. For five bucks he'll save you a red-head. My god how the- oh, can I leave the message now? Finally! Ah... Okay, this is Agent Kachka speaking. Uh, listen, it looks like Negaduck is about to tamper the city's coffee supply with a drug that leaves people fearless. Thought you should know. I'm gonna go lie low now, he's kinda on my tail about this. Kachka out..."

Her good deed for the day unwittingly done the duck put the phone on the cradle and looked at the slumbering demonling.

"Kiddo, you are having the right idea. I think I'll take a little nap, too."

Still rocking the boy in her arms to keep him from waking she left the ice-cream parlor.

"I know just the place..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Gnawing on his own thumb, and somehow not drawing any blood in the

process, the sleeping duckling was in no position to disagree.

Randomly, he gave a little peep, then a growl, almost rabid-like, but remained asleep.

A little twitch of his hindquarters gave away the cause.

In his dreams, he was chasing bunnies.

by Kachka 1 year ago

It was about an hour later that the drugged-up duck and her young sort-of-charge made yet another person very happy, once again unwittingly. Daddy dearest probably wouldn't approve of his offspring racking up the good deeds like that - but on the other hand, this one person happened to be Tom Lockjaw.

And how elated he was. It had been a slow newsday. While there had been enough crimes to fill ten newspapers - this was St. Canard - it hardly counted as news if it happened every day. Nobody was really interested in that stuff anymore. But this? Drama, tragedy, heartbreak... And a baby mixed up in it to boot. It was like Christmas.

"...attempts to reach out were so far unsuccessful, the unidentified female seems catatonic."

He was very pleased with himself for using the word catatonic. It sounded so much better than unresponsive, which had been the word actually used by the officer - but what did he know of news? Of course she would be catatonic. Nobody was curled up on the roof of a skyscraper with a baby in arm because they wanted to take a nap.

"A counselor has been called to the scene, but since any further excitement could cause the obviously disturbed mother to harm herself and her child the police will of course proceed with utmost caution. This is Tom Lockjaw, live on scene."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

One hand over the other. Easy now. No need to rush.

But with the cold steel of the ladder against his hands, and about a thousand feet below him, those mantras only did so much for the officer making his way shakily up to Kachka's sun bed. If only he had something to make the fear go away...

As he had no such simple fix, however, all that remained was to do the job. He may have been a little on the portly side but that was still important to him, particularly for the sake of the children.

Finally coming level with the last solid platform on the structure, he called out in a gentle Irish brogue, "Miss, can you hear me? Don't panic now."

It was the softest rousing he could manage. Didn't want to startle the poor woman; with the drop so close, it could be the last thing she ever heard.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Under normal circumstances these words, soft as they were, would have been more than enough to rouse the 'poor woman'. Indeed, she would have been wide awake in an instant, and possibly ready to kick whoever was approaching her in the gut.

Unfortunately for the poor counselor Kachka was not only hard-wired to jerk at potentially threatening sounds, she was also used to tuning out non-threatening sounds. Which meant that in her current, blissfully fear-free state no words were likely to disturb her peaceful slumber.

Perhaps not the sleep of the just, but definitely the next best thing.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The policeman swallowed. That was definitely not the response he had hoped for.

Edging closer to them, he tried again.

"Miss? Miss, hello?" Slightly louder, but still very gentle. "Help is here, miss. You don't have to worry. If you could just come back from the edge..."

Shakily letting go of the metal work, he stretched a hand across to hers... and was short by about an inch. Curses. Shifting his balance, he tried again. If only she was just a tiny bit closer...

Meanwhile, the baby had yawned, stretching as he sleepily took in their new surroundings. Golden eyes settled on the officer. He could sense it.

Fear.

A breakfast snack. How convenient.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

While the police officer's voice did nothing to rouse Kachka from her peaceful slumber, the stirring of the little demonling did. At least enough to emit an incomprehensible mumble and hold the baby closer.

Good thing he was unlikely to reveal Kachka's shameful secret to the world, if only for want of actual vocabulary - she was a bit of a cuddler.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Baby squirmed uncomfortably. Cuddles? What was this torture?

The energy coming from their worried friend, on the other hand, was far more soothing.

At least until the man, exasperated with the lack of response, shifted again and finally managed to get his hand within reach.

Baby didn't like that.

CHOMP!

"YeeOUCCH!" The instinct was to put away from the source of pain as quickly as possible, but - luckily, at this height - the little fella had a bite like a pitbull, and could not be shaken off. Not for anything.

Except, maybe, some strawberry sauce.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Well that did rouse Kachka from her nap. For some reason she just couldn't have nice things.

"Huh, wha- rats!"

While tightening her grip around the baby - mainly to keep the poor police officer from tumbling towards a promising career as pancake - she pressed her fingers into his face around the corners of his bill, very much like someone who tries to get a dog to let go of something.

"Let go, you!"

Beat.

"Eh, not you, officer," she added, just in case of misunderstandings. "You hold on."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Gu."

That was not from the baby doing the mauling. That was from behind them.

There, casually perched on the metal framework of the antenna, sat the rest of his siblings. Well, not all of them, that would be silly. Only.. six.

With their wings tucked away, they could nearly pass for normal babies.

Normal babies that had magically appeared at the top of a skyscraper. For anyone familiar with the red and yellow streaked hair and tan feathers that a few of them sported, however, how they arrived there would be less of a mystery.

One of the females, the apparent leader of this particular pack, narrowed her eyes threateningly at her brother.

"Ba da," she demanded.

The biter opened his beak - not only because of Kacha's prying but because it timed well with hissing at the newcomers.

Get your own. This is my snack. Mine.

by Kachka 1 year ago

For a moment the only thing the duck could do was stare at the litter, her bill hanging open. The unfortunate policeman was forgotten for the moment. Here was hoping he had some sense and made a climb for it.

"Holy-"

...no, wait. Not holy. The other thing.

"Your mama just pops 'em out like kittens, huh?" she asked sourly, as annoyed at her nap being disturbed as she was at having been roped into something that sounded suspiciously like a 'yo momma'-line.

"What are you kids doing here, huh? Looking for your brother?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Their golden eyes flicked collectively to Kachka, looking down at her as though she.. was a piece of meat. Actually, that's exactly how they viewed her. Like a grumpy talking steak.

"Ja," replied the mini-Malicia, with a dismissive up-turn of her beak. No, she was far more interesting in engaging the other target, the one that was radiating fear like a geek on prom night, the one with his jaw also hanging open but for quite a different reason.

Turning on her baby charm, all cuteness and innocence, she made sure she had his attention with a few little giggles, before crawling away. Along the antenna. Towards the tip overhanging the edge of what was a terrifying drop...

The officer snapped out of his shock pondering how the ducklings came to be there, and instead instinctively reacted to keep them there, instead of splattering across the pavement.

"N-no..." he urged, stepping towards her automatically.

The other demons watched on, gleefully awaiting what was promising to be one tasty meal.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Before the policeman could make another step a feathery had took a hold of his ear, with no intention to let go anytime soon.

"Oh no you don't," Kachka snapped - whether she was talking about the poor guy going for the rescue or the not-so-poor little demonling being a wiseass wasn't quite clear.

Not for the first time she wished she were the kind of secret agent duck who kept knock-out-powder in her purse. It would have made things so much easier with this fellow. Alas, she didn't carry a purse.

"How do you think little critters got up here? They can fly."

Her strawberry-fed little sort-of-charge found himself grabbed by the scruff of his neck and held up for demonstration.

"Look! Wings!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Dubl?" the display demon questioned incredulously. Really, would you like to be held by the wings in the middle of a meal?

As if meeting this lot at the top of a skyscraper wasn't enough, the officer struggled to deal with the addition of the supernatural.

"Wha.. what?!" he babbled in awe and fright. "Devil children!"

Accurate though that was, it unfortunately caused him to flail, tripping backwards towards the ledge. Not good news for anybody that happened to have a hold of him at the time.

Good news for any watching devil children, though.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

It was a strange sensation, to fall, to know that certain death was only seconds away, and not be afraid. There was a faint sense of regret - so much was still unfinished. But somehow the thought of dying with things left undone was not as terrifying as she would have thought.

Resigned, she closed her good eye and gave herself to gravity, her

headfeathers and tie fluttering around her as the ground came ever closer.

What a stupid, stupid, stupid way to die...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

She would never feel the ground hit. Not because she missed it. Not because her nervous system was splattered across the pavement. But because it was the nature of surviving a fall like that, that the memory-making process is interrupted.

So the first thing Kachka would know would be darkness. All enveloping darkness. Then the strike of a match would burn colour back to her retinas, and she would find herself in an odd situation.

A rickety army cot. A filthy blanket and pillow. Metal walls, no windows. Crates, lots of wooden crates. Some bandaging but mostly intact.

The odd part of it, though, was the supervillain standing over her holding the match. Picking up a gas lantern, Negaduck lit the wick, then set it down by her bedside.

Unimpressed, but with an air of annoyed resignation, he rumbled, "Boy, didn't you pick a bad time to take up base jumping."

One had to wonder whether she was really better off not dead.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Luckily the drugs were still in effect - although Kachka could feel a slight tingle in her lower abdomen. Perhaps the stuff was finally wearing off.

Determined to make the most of what time of fearlessness she had left she opened her bill to deliver a few choice insults - with her bandages the amount of sexy-nurse-jokes alone was dazzling.

Unfortunately, aside from opening her bill she also had to take a deep breath for that.

"...ow..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Her sexy nurse, er, terrifying figure of awesome manliness glowered down at her with the sombre disapproval of a disgruntled parent. Except, as this incident had gone to show, his style of parenthood didn't involve that degree of care.

"There would have been a lot more 'ow' had I not managed to catch you in the

back of a bean filled dump truck."

Folding his arms, the glower intensified.

"Do you realise how close you came to being captured by social services?" Or death, not in that order of priority. "I should have gutted you when I had the chance."

Which was odd, because he still had the chance. A bandaged Kachka in what was increasingly clear to be a tiny metal container was hardly challenging prey. Yet no machete was in sight.

At the end of the day though, would it bring her muffin back? Probably not.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"...so you were having a bad day too, huh?"

What else could she say? 'Sorry that you were inconvenienced by drugging me'? Somehow she couldn't imagine that would help things any. 'Well, that's what you get for being sloppy and not gutting people in time'? Certainly not helpful. 'So you got to act the hero for once, how about that?' No, chances were that would get her gutted.

"Eh, so what am I doing here, except for not being gutted?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

This prompted a rather twisted smile. Did he know any other type of smile? Probably not.

"Well I can't simply put a bullet in the head of my favourite cigarette importer, can I?" he cooed, somewhat tauntingly. Kachka was going to rue the day she had introduced him to that brand. But on the bright side, it was apparent it was the only thing keeping him more simple but extreme measures.

And they say smoking will kill you.

"On the other hand, I can't have you running off again, can I? So you'll be staying here-" Broad gesture to her new home, also known as the inside of a shipping container. "Until you can't do any damage to my amazing plans."

Before she could protest about this particular aspect of those amazing plans, he had turned to depart.

"Ciao!" If only it was as easy as that.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

This was definitely not the right time to inform the mallard of her little 'No

smokes for snitches' rule. Not that his smooth exit left Kachka with the time to point that out anyway.

"...jerk," she muttered to herself.

Well, at least that drug seemed to wear off. That faint tingle in her lower abdomen had only increased when he'd been talking to her in that smooth, dark voice. In fact, only thinking about it made that tingle become more intense...

...hang on...

It was only two minutes later that a highly frustrated Kachka was fully aware of the effects the by-products of that drug breaking down had on her system.

Maybe for once Negaduck would actually regret locking down a drugged and more-or-less helpless dame without checking for side-effects first.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Unfortunately - or perhaps fortunately - the only checking he did was of the seal to the container. That much had been obvious thanks to the painfully bright blue light that burnt around the edge after he had slammed it shut - he had welded the doors closed.

Negaduck wasn't planning to ditch her there forever, however. Obviously if he wanted her out and fetching cartons for him, he would have to let her out sometime. Except it would be on his time.

Assuming he wasn't caught up in anything else...

Not that it was all bad. She had a light, and enough food, air holes and medical supplies to keep her alive in the short term. What more could a girl want? Besides a villain who completely understood the ramifications of what he was toying with.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Whether he had learned of those ramifications by the time he got around to letting his favorite cigarette supplier (deliveries currently suspended) out of her box, she certainly had.

For the one-eyed duck the last few hours had been in turns frustrating (it was like hitting puberty all over again!), vaguely embarrassing (let's put it like this, if the fear of getting caught were a turn-on for her she would have had the time of her life) and frustrating again (damn that container for being sturdy).

This frustration was the state in which her captor would find her, sullenly sitting in what her various attempts at escaping had left of her furniture, her bill resting in one hand.

"Took you long enough."

by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

The whirl of the circular saw died away as he lowered it, the blade red hot from the resistance of the freshly destroyed steel door.

"I couldn't have you loose before the fun was well and truly started," said Negaduck.

And regarded the inside of the container with a slowly raised brow.

"... however it seems as though you've been making plenty of your own fun in here."

He meant that in a sarcastic manner, right? There was no way he could have known the true extent of her 'fun'. It wasn't like he had a thing for installing video cameras in embarrassing locations or a sixth sense for sinful activities or anything.

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

"Yeah, it was a party," Kachka growled, trying very hard not to blush.

Sadly that was a lost cause, so she attempted to slip past Negaduck and out into the open where she could blame any and all flushing of her bill on the sunlight. Apparently the fearlessness had well and truly worn off since there was no more shoving the mallard aside.

"And I guess I have to stay off coffee for now too, huh?"

Not exactly the smoothest change of subject, but the best she could manage on short notice.

by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

"Unless you feel like jumping off a few more skyscrapers." Because he could afford to be smug; at this point, he had the only stash of undrugged coffee in the entire city.

Or so he thought...

Tossing aside the power tool - it wasn't in his colours anyway - Negaduck turned for the oversized truck parked on top of a pile of crushed cartons and company workers, but stopped to smirk over his shoulder. "What's the matter,

worried you won't be able to control your urges?"

Oh come on now, that was moving past coincidence and into cruelty.

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

The armies of paranoia were taking up arms behind Kachka's eye, but she resolved to stay calm and composed.

"Oh, go and knock someone up."

Okay, it didn't quite work out, but maybe it was all for the good. Maybe she could blame her reddening bill on barely contained fury or something like that...

by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

If he noticed her uncharacteristic rosiness, he did not comment. Unfortunately, that guaranteed scarce little.

"You going to say 'Please'?" Negaduck teased, pulling the door of the truck shut behind him. In a good mood, apparently.

"Not that it matters. There's a few other opportunities I'd rather take advantage of first. Opportunities that involve an unguarded Treasury and a rioting police force."

The engine rumbled to life and he threw it into gear.

"You want to make up for being stuck in a shipping container, you're going to have to be fast."

Because you would hate to be undercut by somebody getting to all the good stuff first.

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

"Ooh, what would I do without your sage advice," Kachka retorted, her every word dripping with venom.

"By the way, about the cigarette-thing..."

Suddenly mostly venom-less she went on her tiptoes and stuffed a little calling card into the window frame.

"...this is my contact information. So you don't keep scratching at my front door for that."

And with that she turned to hurriedly walk away. Apparently she had taken Negaduck's sage advice to heart. Her sudden hurry was clearly not connected

to the little note scrawled under the overly long phone-number.

Terms and conditions: No smokes for snitches.

Good thing the spaces between containers were far too narrow for a truck to follow...

by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

She nearly got away free and easy, except the writing caught his attention at the last moment and he did a double take.

"What is THIS?"

The paper was snatched up and waved at her angrily.

"Who're you calling a snitch?!"

Not so much concerned with the label as the 'no smokes' stipulation before it, he was one mallard of meanness who clearly had a short memory when it came to some of his misdeeds.

Oh come on, there were so MANY, how could he possibly keep track of each and every betrayal?

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

Kachka had never been a fan of the old 'Stay and gloat'-approach. But it seemed that prolonged exposure to the St. Canardian branch of villainy had left her at least accepting of the 'Turn around and slowly walk backwards while gloating'-approach.

"Any snivelling bitch who would run tattling to law-enforcement because they don't have enough balls to own up to the fact they have bad aim!" she barked back.

by **Negaduck** 11 months ago

A shotgun pellet ricocheted off a pile of metal scrap not inches from her head.

"You worthless, lying shrew!" Negaduck roared, ignoring the irony of having to reload the weapon. "You come back here and say that!"

That's right, how dare she have principles.

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

"Why?" she called back, still retreating towards the relative safety of the maze of containers. "Are you a snitch and deaf?"

And, not to put too fine a point on it, do I look suicidal?

Her good eye wandered between the mallard's fury - and how sweet was that - and the gun. While a little gloating was surprisingly fun - no wonder the local supervillains all got stupid over it - it was not fun enough to risk catching a bullet. The moment that gun was reloaded she would turn tail and make a run for it.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Letting out a howl of incoherent, inhuman rage, Negaduck planted his foot on the gas.

Why shoot when you could flatten?

It would have been so satisfying to have bits of that back-talking, boobless bitch stuck in his tyres. Those towering chunks of rubber were enough to put the Monster Truck Marauders to shame; one scrawny FOWL agent would hardly pose a challenge.

The small matter of the not-so-small containers, however, he had not given much thought.

by **Kachka** 10 months ago

Luckily for Kachka it took a lot longer for a monster truck to accelerate than for a bullet. Still, it was probably a good time to run for the hills. Or, more specifically, for the mass of shipping containers to slip through the narrow spaces between them and do some serious zigzagging.

Even if the mass of steel, tropical fruits and the odd shipment of drugs wouldn't completely stop the furious felon, it should at least slow him down enough for Kachka to disappear through the nearest manhole or nearby alley to do some serious lying low until the mallard's temper was cooled down again.

...and maybe drop by Malicia's to ask for some discreet anti-Negaduck weaponry...

by **Kachka** 7 months ago

Visiting a shopping center in the last week before Christmas is enough to drive even mild-mannered, shy people insane. Crowds that could trample a small bison herd if they set their collective mind to it, the overwhelming stench of mulled wine and artificial fir-tree-aroma, and over everything the relentless onslaught of cheerful singsong.

And given that this was St. Canard, the odd hold-up in a high class, tastefully decorated jewelry store. At least the exorbitant prices meant a manageable amount of hostages, plus a nice selection of attractive shop-girls for photogenic getaway-hostage.

How one of the young ladies had suddenly switched places with a not-so-attractive gaunt, one-eyed she-duck was anybody's guess.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

But some mallards were too wrapped up in their big performance to notice.

"I'm not normally into this whole Christmas shopping thing." Negaduck was purring to his captive audience and the security cameras. "But it's amazing what you can get for a steal..."

By the time the cases he had been idly surveying were dumped into the generic brown sack of thievery, the police had set up a blockage outside. How tedious. What was less tedious was triggering det-cord preemptively positioned around the base of a giant candy cane and squooshing a good lot of them.

The resulting chaos was enough to cover him for a dash to his motorcycle, but perhaps not long after. So up a bunch of hostages were scooped, along with the loot, to act as meat shields. Two bound girls were tossed on the back with the sack, and one on the seat in front of him, which was as close to 360 degree coverage as he was going to get.

Which was about the point he realised that the curvaceous blonde between his arms was not a curvaceous blonde at all.

"What..." Leaning around her to inspect her front, he found it was indeed lacking, yet strangely familiar... "What are you **doing** he--"

A burst of gunfire in their direction ended that sentence and possible rant, kicking him into kicking the bike to life and getting the hell out of there. That came a little close to grazing his hat for comfort. Also, dead hostages did not sell as well on eBay.

by **Kachka** 7 months ago

With screaming tires and screaming hostages – well, two thirds of the hostages – the bike sped away through the traffic-choked streets. Surely the mallard appreciated having a hostage on front of him whose chest was unlikely to be distracting and who wouldn't get her luscious long hair into his eyes.

Surely.

"Hey, these two have your screaming-quota covered, right?" the one-eyed duck inquired, leaning back to make sure she didn't block the driver's view. "Because I'm really bad at that. I wouldn't want to cramp your style..."

Nothing like a considerate hostage to brighten the hold-up.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"That's very sweet of you." That sardonic purr conveying just how much such a thing was appreciated. "Would you mind then if I threw you under the wheel and got back to my work?!"

The funny kind of work that involved weaving in and out around vehicles and performing a nice little Scandinavian flick to avoid a hastily constructed police road block.

Continuing with that train of thought as they tore through an alleyway, "Because the cops are only going to want to shoot a 'hostage' like you. Even if they don't know who you are-" Up a ramp to fly over a chainlink fence and then back on a main road. "-They'll probably be all like 'man, that chick doesn't look right; it'd almost be a crime not to put her out of her misery'."

Down a stairwell - because that had to be good for the spine - and into the subway. Along the tracks. Hooboy.

"Also," added with a slightly manic grin. "You can never have enough screaming."

by **Kachka** 6 months ago

"Shows what you know. Model-type hostages are so last decade," Kachka retorted, doing her best to hold on to the machine without turning into the clutching-to-male-chest-type of hostage.

In fairness, she still didn't fit the trend - right now the girl-next-door type of hostage was all the range. At least according to Steelbeak and he was usually on top of these things.

"You better get rid of those two. How can you shake police with pair of wailing sirens in tow?"

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

Trends? Logic? Who did she think she was, bringing up such insane concepts?

As if to laugh (or cackle manically) in the face of that, the motorcycle sped on regardless.

"Oh, didn't you know?" At this rate it would be death by smugness. "I'm no

ordinary kidnapper."

And here his voice dropped in a manner that would probably make her very glad she was not clutching to any part of him.

"And I like the screaming."

The question of 'how' though still remained. But not for long - soon they had rounded another corner and were heading straight for a brick wall.

While committing suicide was arguably not the best way to lose the police, if there was one thing that could be said about Negaduck, he was stubborn. The engine roared, the wind rushed past them, the wall flew closer...

And instead of an impact, there was a trap door that pushed inwards and then snapped shut behind them.

As the sirens could be heard whooshing past outside, it became apparent they were in a service elevator of some kind. Metal, grating, big enough to hold the motorcycle and its passengers. And eerily dark because, as a typical supervillain, he also liked that.

Whether this was an improvement on the situation was yet to be seen.

by Kachka 6 months ago

If the villain had planned to illuminate their new situation with the dramatically flickering flame of a lighter Kachka ruined that for him.

"How cozy," she commented flatly, the flickering flame of her lighter illuminating her face from below. Against all odds it did so in an utterly undramatic fashion.

She didn't say anything else - even those two words were drowned out by the incessant screaming of the backseat-hostages. They certainly took their duties as hostages seriously. Unfortunately Kachka didn't appreciate that nearly as much as the hostage-taker.

"Or for cryin' out- SHUT! UP!"

by Negaduck 6 months ago

Intimidated by this oddly aggressive co-hostage, they quietened down to whimpers for a short time. Time enough for Negaduck to sigh in irritation, wheeling the bike through when they arrived at the top floor.

"Give me a sec," by way of explanation after they had parked and he had hefted the girls over one shoulder. "I'll whack these in storage with the others."

One slam of a booby-trapped storage closet later, he strolled back into the main living/plotting area, a mostly deserted and heavily boarded-up storage space.

"So, to what do I owe this stowaway?"

Smart arse smile.

"Miss me, did you?"

by **Kachka 6 months ago**

While the ladies were being tidied away the probably-not-a-lady had found herself a comfortable spot on a crate marked 'flammable' to light herself a cigarette.

"I would miss a tick on my tail before I start missing you," Kachka informed the mallard in a matter-of-fact tone, even as she offered him a friendly cigarette.

"It was just wild and crazy happenstance, me being in that store while you hold it up. That is St. Canard for you. You get ready for tedious seasonal office parties and suddenly you're dragged off by public enemies..."

St. Canard - where freak chances come true...

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

He accepted the cigarette. Even offered her a light for her own. How very civilized.

Settling against a stack of crates, with similarly cheery labels like 'SMALLPOX' and 'GUNS FOR KIDZ CAMPAIGN', he watched the agent casually but carefully. She could be as flippant as she liked; he knew wild and crazy happenstance didn't just happen, particularly when their last encounters hadn't gone all that smoothly. But he had saved her from Feathers; that had to count for something, right?

Like he had any faith in her ability to let go of grudges. Pot, kettle, I know we've met before.

Still, the smart arse smile remained.

"That's what you get for working in an office."

Always happy to rub that one in.

by **Kachka 5 months ago**

"Working there I don't mind. It's the standing around there, holding eggnog and pretending to be jolly that I mind. They put up mistletoes!"

The last sentence was punctuated by an angry stab at thin air with her glowing cigarette, but just as quickly the flash of annoyance was over and the duck adopted an air of indifference again.

"Anyway, how could I have planned this? I didn't think anybody would be crazymeant ruthless enough to do heisting during the holiday-shopping-spree."

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"There's no holiday from evil."

Said the drake who was lighting his own papirosa with the flaming tail of a still writhing puppy, which was then discarded over his shoulder with a startled 'YIP!'

Inhaling the sweet, sweet toxins, her explanation was mulled over for a moment and apparently found satisfactory. There was just one minor question, one he raised through a breath of smog.

"Mistletoe'?" Apparently some traditions were not cross-dimensional.

by **Kachka** 5 months ago

One had to admire a villain who took his nefariousness serious enough to carry an emergency-puppy for occasions like this. So it was probably just spite and stubbornness on Kachka's part that made her studiously ignore the prop of evil that hastily scrambled to safety – and something to dowse its tail, presumably.

"Some stupid Christmas-custom," she informed him instead. "Around Christmas they put up mistletoes and if two people meet under it they start snogging. Apparently whoever was in charge of decorations was all over that idea..."

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"You mean there were no severed bits of foot being launched across the room?" Evidently having taken that tradition phonetically. "That's disappointing."

Ashing on the floor - what kind of puppy-lighting, toe-blasting villain was into cleanliness anyway - he gave this some more thought.

"So you're happy to be kidnapped because it keeps you away from.. snogging?" A snort. "Geez, I figured you were frigid, but don't you think that's taking it a bit far?"

He was only familiar with taking things 'a bit far' in the opposite direction.

by **Kachka** 5 months ago

"It's not that I mind snogging on principle," Kachka defended herself rather testily. "But doing it in front of packs of cheering eggmen really sucks all fun out of it. Plus, some of the gents have beaks that turn snogging into extreme sport."

It wasn't just Steelbeak, even if he was the most obvious example. The head of the (mad) science-department sported a beak like a butcher's hook – although in fairness, being a shrike he couldn't really help it. Then there was the equally crazy toucan (a crocodile by adoption) from accounting, that falcon from sentient resources... It was a long list.

"And aside from snogging there is nothing to do but drink."

Well, there was making conversation, but that didn't really count.

"So before you know it people think it's a good idea to sit on the copy-machine. Every year poor Ammonia Pine throws a fit over all the butt-prints..."

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Ordinarily any reference to tormenting the cleaning crazed crook would have drawn some comment - they got on as well as bleach and, well, ammonia after all - however he was otherwise distracted by plotting.

"So you're saying this social nightmare is happening now? And all FOWL employees, from lowest Eggman to highest Agent, are attending?"

From thoughtful consideration to extreme deviousness in 0.21 seconds.

"And when did you say your last shipment of weapons grade plutonium was?"

Wasn't even trying to hide where he was going with that.

by **Kachka** 5 months ago

"And don't even get me started on the constant jolly-holiday-jingling they pass off as music around. I swear, somebody drugged up a daycare center's worth of brats for the refrains and carefree laughter, because nobody laughs like that with even half their mind int- Huh?"

Clearly the conversational topic that was ranting over office parties carried some serious inertia - it took the duck a few seconds to realize her interlocutor wanted to change the subject.

"Why are you oh-so-casually asking? I thought your supplier has all your weapons-grade-needs covered?"

Looks of wide-eyed innocence rarely go well with black eyepatches, but even without her little handicap Kachka's expression probably wouldn't have fooled Negaduck.

"Anyway, I'm afraid I can't help you. It seems our last shipment got delayed because of all the holiday-rush-packets. Very upsetting."

If he didn't bother with subtlety, why should she bother with convincing lies?

by Negaduck 5 months ago

There was no way he was going to go into the latest drama with his munitions supplier - because he didn't have to. There was a remarkably easy explanation.

"Ah, but this is free plutonium."

As expected, her coyness was dismissed without a second thought, but that was fine. It was all harmless banter. Wasn't it?

"Come now, don't be like that. Haven't you ever wanted to break in and just take something? The bosses are busy, you have a shark-tank-tight alibi, and worse comes to worse, there's a hundred other suspects you could blame it on, including me."

A light shrug; he had less investment in the idea than her. Apparently.

"But if you're not up to getting even with any of those infuriating co-conspirators of yours, even if it's just leaving a land piranha in their desk drawer.. hey, your loss."

by Kachka 5 months ago

The look Kachka gave him wasn't just deadpan, it was buried-rotten-and-composted-pan.

"But of course I never dreamed of just grabbing a suitcase or three. What do you take me for? That would be... fiendish."

With a seemingly bored shrug she took a last deep drag on her cigarette before extinguishing the stub against the crate she was sitting on.

"But since you are asking so nicely, and since I know you would never rat me out to the bosses like a spineless little snitch-"

Nope, she wasn't still grinding on that at all.

"-why the hell not."

Wait, what?

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

His face lit up like a felonious Christmas tree.

"Now that's the holiday burglarising spirit!"

Flicking his own cigarette away, Negaduck stood and reached into another random crate lying around nearby.

"I'll just grab some supplies..."

And out was thrown a grappling hook, a safe busting kit, smog generator and.. cheese slices?

Satisfied, he raised a brow at Kachka. After all, he hadn't had a chance to scope the place out; he had no idea of the layout of their target, nor its defences.

"Anything else?"

Not that he needed the help of fancy gadgets for a standard break-in, but an eye-gouging rocket spear was always a nice to have.

by **Kachka 5 months ago**

With a surprised frown Kachka watched his preparations, wondering whether she should be suspicious at his total lack of suspicion when she'd accepted his offer without being more suspicious...

Shaking her head she dismissed the bout of recursive paranoia - a common occupational hazard in her line of work - by simply expecting backstabbing if and when it was convenient for Negaduck. Much easier that way.

"Chocolate, crowbar, insta-blowup rubber boat and a Santa Costume. Unless you're morally opposed to wearing one..."

Unfortunately eye-gouging rocket spears were not on the list, but you can't have it all.

"Hey, we take the bike, right?"

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

Looking up from the most important ponderings of which crowbar to take - the titanium one was light, but the steel had a lovely blood splattering that just felt comfortable - the question seemed to bore him.

"I suppose we can."

Wasn't like he was going to take the bus. They didn't even accept Supervillain Union discount cards on those.

"Or we can take-" A large tarpaulin tugged down for a dramatic unveiling.
"-This."

The Negaquack. All polished and ready to go.

"She's already packed with Santa disguises a-plenty and Christmas cluster munitions."

Well, tis the season.

by **Kachka 5 months ago**

It was an impressive sight indeed. In fact, it was probably the ferocious look of the plane that caused some confusion with the passenger-to-possibly-be.

"She'?"

The duck cleared her throat to mask the strangled little chuckle that escaped her throat.

"Just so I understand this - you have a plane looking very much like yourself and you call it a 'she'?"

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**
((XD))

Truly, this flabbergasted even him for a moment.

"What the.. huh.. hey! Shuddup!" And truly an excellent retort. "That's just how English is! If it costs a shedload of money and requires a man at the controls, it's female."

Not that it made it any better that it was still, essentially, his face.

"Like you're any expert on pronouns," grumbled as some of the supplies were hefted onto his shoulders and walked around to the hatch. "You're lucky to even get your syntax straight, you slurring Soviet throwback."

At this rate, she'd be a passenger-to-possibly-be-ditched-at-20,000ft.

by **Kachka 5 months ago**

"You try talking in perfect Russian syntax before bitching about my English, Drakespeare."

Still, being the friendly and accomodating person that she was Kachka grabbed a piece of equipment - no weapon or vehicle, so probably nothing that had earned itself sentimental value and a female pronoun - to speed things up.

Maybe this would even earn her a promotion to passenger-to-possibly-be-ditched-at-only-15000ft.

"But fine, so your plane is female. And you are taking me for a ride on her."

Wait a minute...

"Hey, didn't you take your superpowered goonsquad for a ride on her, too?"

Well, at least she wasn't using any 'your face' jokes.

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

Not true. Technically they had only been up in his helicopter. Given that also shared his features, the felon chose not to point that out.

Instead, he chose to convey his displeasure by shooting her in the face.

With a cheese slice launcher.

Three times.

If there were a time for any 'cheesy' jokes, this was it.

by **Kachka 5 months ago**

With a surprised "Quac-mpf!" Kachka was knocked to the ground by the lactose-laden ammunition, arms a-flailing.

Well, at least it was only Brie, not something vicious like Edam cheese.

"Dammit," she spat, rather literally, as she scraped the sticky mass off her beak. "Not my fault your machine's a busy lady!"

Looking rather cheesed off - not an easy feat for someone with a decidedly cheese-on appearance - she scrambled back to her feet.

"If you are always like this with people who give you directions, how do you ever get anywhere?"

by **Negaduck 4 months ago**

"Gosh, I don't know, somehow people give me what I want without my being nice to them. A mystery of the universe."

Eye-roll. Still, his bout of surliness had passed. Likely due to the fact that his mood was always inversely correlated to those around him. The more miserable she was, the better.

"You got the rest of those supplies on board yet?" At the controls, a few flips of switches and the plane entered warm up, a high-pitched whirr filling the air. "Don't want to be sitting around here all night."

Here still being the top floor of an abandoned building. Completely enclosed. This could get interesting.

"Not when we have so much holiday cheer to spread."

Well, judging off the malicious glee written across his face, cheer for him. Maybe not so much for FOWL.

by Kachka 4 months ago

Somehow the holiday cheer had not yet spread to his sole passenger. Still looking a bit on the cranky side she seated herself next to the mallard with her arms crossed.

"Then quit listening to the sound of your own voice and get on with it," she grumbled.

"Say, does this thing have security belts you are too cool to wear? So if you fly against some tree and fly through the windshield I get a chance for pointing and laughing?"

by Negaduck 4 months ago

There were, and he was, but that didn't save her from a sidelong smirk nonetheless.

"Some of us aren't so clumsy when it comes to our work.. eh, 2-D?"

Which in fairness wasn't entirely true, but Negaduck wasn't missing anything and so felt qualified to taunt. Not that he was familiar with, or interested in for that matter, the story of how Kachka lost her eye, but with a little knowledge of her profession, it wasn't all that hard to deduce.

"Buckle up then, if you're going to be a loser."

Banter would become temporarily difficult as the noise from the engines reached near deafening levels. Suddenly, the throttle was released, and off they shot.. straight up.

Vertical take-off capability. Convenient. As was a hinged opening roof.

Suspended momentarily above the complex, in the blink of one eye it went from blasting upwards like a rocket to blasting forward like a rocket. Assuming the agent wasn't peeling herself from off the roof, she would be able to enjoy the sight of rooftops mere metres below them whizzing by in a blur.. and him at the controls as if it were nothing but a pleasant drive through the countryside, mysteriously unaffected by the forces of gravity.

"So, you going to show me where this HQ is, or are you expecting me to fly while blindfolded?"

by **Kachka** 4 months ago

"What, you mean that would make difference in your flying style?"

Thanks to the timely and very haughty buckling of the safety belt Kachka had avoided closer acquaintance with the ceiling but for some reason she didn't seem too impressed by Negaduck's piloting skills anyway.

"We have eggmen who fly better than that!"

In fairness, FOWL did not have an explosives expert who could fly better than that either (or as much as drive a car) but it wasn't like Kachka was above cheap shots.

"Now, you go eastwards, past Canard tower. The building is close to City Museum."

A pause and a smug look at the pilot.

"Not a derelict factory."

The height of cunning!

by **Negaduck** 4 months ago

This was apparently some great violation of the Villain Code.

"NOT derelict? What's the point of that?" Cue forlorn tut-tutting. "Crumbling asbestos and exposed wiring is what makes a hideout."

Really, some felons had no sense of style.

Lamenting done with, the plane swooped in a slow arch around to the east, her snide commentary ignored.

Except the slight brush of a button that sent her seat crashing into the ceiling like an upside-down jack hammer.

"Shaawoooooppss..." crooned the shit eating grin that said 'well put that down

to my bad piloting skills, beyatch'.

How fortuitous Kachka had bucketed her seatbelt, else she may have missed that!

by Kachka 4 months ago

Obviously not entirely convinced of the accidental nature of her misfortune Kachka glared daggers - well, one dagger - at the mallard.

"Shawoops my tailfeathers! You know, I also have superiors who respond better to constructive criticism than yo- Oh what am I saying of course they don't."

Not really expecting an answer she peered up at the ceiling above her, half expecting to see a head-shaped dent in the metal.

"Anyway, it's that house over there, the one that looks like hotel. If you can stand being away from asbestos and puddles for so long..."

by Negaduck 3 months ago

Allowing her to grouch away - he was enjoying her foul mood enough without the need to chime in further - Negaduck focused instead on piloting. With a swooping descent, he glided them in.. to land on the flat-topped roof of the complex?

Just a touch brazen.

No sooner had the cockpit popped than he was out and surveying their surrounds from their lofty viewpoint.

"This is your super secret headquarters?" A combination of disbelief and disapproval threaded through his tone. "And here I thought it was just your dress sense that was depressingly bland."

Insulting the navigator. Again. Always a good idea.

by Kachka 3 months ago

"I'm sure you prefer big and flashy secret hideouts, with a nice enormous flag on top. Maybe look up 'secret' in a dictionary some time."

Indeed, this particular roof looked very much un-flashy, and the only things wafting in the wind were a black cape and an almost-black trail of smoke from Kachka's freshly lit cigarette.

"Looking bland is the whole point of secret hideouts, genius. And it works, or are you telling me you would have found this place on your own?"

To avoid having to listen to a - possibly obnoxious - answer to her rhetorical question the duck turned to the hatch where she began to rummage for the aforementioned Santa-costume.

"So, you want to hurry down the chimney or do you need me to get you a back-door-key?"

by **Negaduck 3 months ago**

"Geez, you never told me you were blind and lame."

Back to the plane to grab supplies and out came, not a Santa suit or a cheese launcher, but a sack of explosives.

Clearly he intended to bust in his own way.

What, they were on the roof; who would notice if a few storeys went missing?

Before she could protest, the C-4 was packed around the sides of a nearby skylight, and his hand was going for the fuse.

"Nothing like a few firecrackers to ring in a celebration..."

by **Kachka 3 months ago**

In the darkness of the roof - well, relative darkness given the overall light pollution, but let's not nitpick - the sparkling flame gnawed away at the fuse, nearing the detonators... only to be extinguished with a petulant little hiss by a pair of licked fingertips.

With the expression of a thoroughly disapproving governess the one-eyed duck fixed Negaduck, then pointedly turned her head to indicate a lever that served to actually open a pane in the skylight.

Clearly she intended to fully embrace the lame-label, if only to be annoying.

"I get you don't do subtle, but at least try with the stealthy."

by **Negaduck 3 months ago**

Following her suggestion to the letter, with naught but a very pointed look he gathered the surplus explosive back into the bag, added the bulk of the supplies from the jet, and silently opened the hinge to the skylight.

Then, in a surprisingly polite turn, took a step back to allow her access.

"After you."

In an unsurprisingly impolite turn, that was followed up with an almighty swing of the sack at her midsection.

Whether Kachka jumped inside of her own accord or was unwittingly knocked through, the outcome was likely the same: he would dump the supplies in after her, and make his own stealthy entrance.

After all, both trodden bodies and plastic explosives had a delightfully squishy feel under foot.

by Kachka 3 months ago

Since Kachka's initial reaction to being kicked through a window and landing beak-first on the floor of a darkened room was cleverly muffled by a bag full of explosive material the villain's entrance was indeed very stealthy - the only noise being a soft squeaky sound.

The bag trembled under a minor TNT-quake and a slightly bent bill appeared.

"You," it informed Negaduck, "are in need of improving your workplace-communication-skills."

The bill was then withdrawn - presumably its owner didn't want it to linger in an inviting stepping-stone-position longer than was necessary for grumpy commentary. Only after the twin weights of bag and douchebag were lifted off her she would scramble to her feet.

"There is only one party in here. Just follow celebration-sounds."

by Negaduck 3 months ago

"Ooooh, I'm so glad you're here; I never would've worked out that we needed to trace celebration noises to find a party."

Supplies and sarcasm cast aside, the bag swung over his shoulder so they could begin snooping.

"But we're not here to join the party, remember?"

And off he started in the opposite direction to the party ruckus.

"We're here to have a bit of fun while the bosses are at play."

Funny, they had really gone all out with camouflaging the hideout; it really looked like a hotel, down to the room service trays awaiting collection and the disgustingly fresh cut flowers in hall vases. Presumably the good stuff was in the lower levels...

"Where's your R&D lab? Those are always great for pranks..."

Yes, pranks. No other reason to be dropping by those. None at all.

by **Kachka** 3 months ago

"Fine, fine. But getting in - getting in without flattening a building block or two..."

Apparently she wasn't going to stop bitching about that any time soon.

"- that may be difficult. After that little incident with mutated reindeers last year they upped security during seasonal parties..."

Thus muttering under her breath Kachka led the way down the corridors like someone who knew exactly where they were going - hopefully she would figure it out before they ran out of hotel corridors.

Luckily for her, rather than run out of corridor they ran into a middle-aged rat, wearing a very clean suit and a sour expression. His expression soured even more when he gave the ducks a pointed elevator look, followed by a disdainful Humph!

"Eh... I'm sorry, we kinda got lost..." Kachka began what was supposed to be a neat little cover story, but she was rudely interrupted.

"Oh did you." The words were dripping with contempt as well as a slight British accent.

"...yeah, so if you could point us to-"

"Now listen! I know what you people get up to-"

"Uh, you do?"

"-and I already asked you to keep it to the hall. You lot may not care about decency and... and respectable behavior but I'm trying to preserve a certain reputation, you know!"

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

How long does it take for a convicted con-artist to take stock of a situation and come up with an appropriate response?

About 1.5 seconds.

"No, nonono, you've got the wrong idea entirely." Good-natured chuckle.

"We're here to scope this 'hotel's' suitability for the next bulk **cheese** shipment."

Was that literal cheese or codeword cheese? Up to their delightful host to ascertain.

Arm around the good chap's shoulders, the caped criminal, aka cheese inspector, led him back down the hallway, chatting away conspiratorially.

"Given the sort of money tied up in a business like this, you understand we cannot commit to a partnership without better understanding the nature of your day-to-day operations here."

A glance about, for a elevator sign, or emergency stairs, anything.

"So if you'll kindly show point us the quickest way to the lower floors..."

by **Kachka 2 months ago**

A derisive, disbelieving snort met that cunning lie.

"Oh, of course,"• the presumable hotel manager scoffed. "You're the cheese inspector."•

Beat. A look of dawning horror blossomed on his face.

"You're the cheese inspector!"

Instantly his demeanor changed to one of deferential chumminess, complete with manic smile, wringing hands and lowering his head a bit so it was a little less high above the one of the suddenly-revered drake.

"I am so sorry, we haven't been told! I mean, of course we haven't been told, it's a surprise inspection, isn't it, no point in telling people ahead of time if you're doing surprise inspection, right? **Hah hah!**"

"Undercover surprise inspection, even,"• added Kachka, who was studiously ignored by Negaduck's New Best Friend - it seemed she'd been pegged as secretary and thus less deserving of shameless sucking up.

"Well, I'm sure you'll find everything in perfect order, I do hope you didn't mind my little joke earlier, Christmas is the time for fun and folly after all, **hah hah**, now this way please..."•

When they finally reached the kitchen it turned out to be merely in decent order, a bit on the grubby side, with a faint smell of old cigarette smoke in the air.

"Here we are, I'm afraid our chef left already, but I'm sure I can help you with whatever you need for a proper inspection-"

"We will be needing some privacy."

"-this is the refrigerator we keep dairy products in, above the meat so there will be no meat juices dripping on the cheese, luckily there are no cheese juices or we would be drowning in refrigerators, right, **hah hah**, and... I beg your pardon?"

"Privacy," Kachka repeated sourly. "Alone time in this kitchen. Without you in it."

by **Negaduck 2 months ago**

"Yes," played along the Inspector. "You wouldn't want to give us the impression you had anything to hide, would you?"

A pleasant enough chuckle, as if such a suggestion were absolutely ridiculous, before the poor manager was practically shouldered out and the door barred.

Back to Kachka, the supervillain raised a brow.

"Have to admit, your bosses deserve some kudos."

A little stroll to inspect that meat storage area. That conveniently easy-access, easily corpse-sized storage area.

"It's funny but this 'cover' is so well done even a master of disguise like myself could only conclude this place was a **REAL** hotel."

A rather large butcher knife was brushed over and spun on its point.. pointedly.

"Funny.. right?"

Oh yes, great time for his paranoid side to start creeping out, in the room with all the sharp things.

by **Kachka 1 month ago**

Usually Kachka made it a rule to never turn her back on crazy people with knives but in this case she just had to make an exception. Not that it had anything to do with the spiteful refusal to validate this particular crazy person.

"Not funny at all," she replied with a shrug, studiously pretending to be oblivious of any ominous knife-wielding behind her back. "Because it is a real hotel. At least every now and then, when some moron is not turned away by too-high prices and horrible customer service. Besides..."

She turned around and gestured at the cooking area, still studiously (and not at all pettily) ignoring the knife.

"...eggmen have to eat something aside from hippo-hamburgers. And what's the point in having a fake kitchen upstairs and building a real one in the base proper?"

Without waiting for an answer she turned towards not-very-shiny metal hatch in the wall and pressed a little button. Then she pressed it a second time and finally pressed the button right next to it, with the very dignified expression of somebody entering a secret code and not at all trying to get a device to work without ever having seen it before.

Finally the hatch slid open to reveal a food-elevator.

"And good thing for you, because that means handy and barely-secured way straight into lower levels right here."

After the appropriate three seconds of silent smugness she turned around and made to climb into the cabin.

"I'll go down first, make sure the shore is clear."

by Negaduck 1 month ago

Before she could get too far, a hand caught her by the collar.

"Oh no you don't."

Had she been smaller, there may have been some kitten-like shaking by the scruff of her neck. As it was, instead Negaduck retorted to simply flinging her away from the mysteriously mundane entrance.

"What kind of chump do you take me for?"

Before that presented too tempting a question to answer, a finger was jabbed in the direction of the elevator.

"I know your game. Getting cold feet are we? Running off to raise the alarm? Well no way. I'm going in first."

Tucking the borrowed weapon into his jacket, the crook clattered his own way into the tray space.

"Besides, going by your improv skills with Mr Cheese-For-Brains, if there's anyone down there, better me dealing with it than you."

That's right. He was going to find someone to 'impress' his crazy-knifey talents with, even if it killed them.

by [Kachka](#) 1 month ago

"Hey, wait!"

With a rather worried look Kachka scrambled to her feet while the latch slid close again.

"Listen, it really should be me going first to-"

The worried objection was cut short the moment the latch closed and the food elevator trundled into motion. Going upwards, but with any luck the darkness and the less than smooth ride would obscure that fact. Not that the duck intended to stick around and find out.

Instead she turned on her heel and all but ran out of the kitchen to round on the hotel manager who was still furiously broadcasting helpfulness.

"You. Listen. That hall where the party is. Does it have, eh, lighting installation? Spotlights?"

"What? No, why-"

"Smoke generators?"

"Only smoke detectors, what-"

"Can you at least turn down the lights dim and reddish, like for cozy dancing? Come on, give me something!"

"Yes, my wife- I mean I thought it was a grand idea..."

"Very good. Do that. As dark and red as you can. But first point the way to next fire exit!"

"Now listen, I-"

"Do not mess with the cheese inspection, little man!"

A generous observer might have called the next two seconds a silent battle of wills, but really, it was more of like one will being massacred by the other.

"...yes, ma'am..."

~ ~ ~

It shouldn't have been possible, but thanks to the combined forces of the

narrative imperative that governed the cartoonverse and the cosmic law that states food elevators always take forever, it just so happened that the cramped criminal found the latch opening before him the very moment the lights dimmed and tinted both the room and the crowd that was gathered here in a reddish hue.

The first thing a casual observer would probably notice about this crowd were the hats. Lots of very big and - in the opinion of a least two very opinionated masked mallards - highly fashionable hats. Also masks. And capes. And - gradually, as the guests became aware of the new arrival via food elevator - expressions of rapt adoration.

"It's him!"

"He came!"

"Do the flapping-terror-thing!"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

It was a little tricky to go from a dramatic leap into the unknown, to backing up in confusion.

"What?" gibbered Negaduck, thrown right off by the warm reception. "What in Hades is wrong with you peop-- WOOOAH!!"

In making a break out of the corner, one webbed foot had got tangled in some decorative tinsel and sent him tumbling. His stumbling attempt to fight gravity only saw him tangled in more of the dreadful stuff, until eventually he slipped to land heavily on his front.

The knife that had been in his grasp shot forward. No fan-geeks were harmed, however; only a cable attached to the wall was cut.

A cable that was securing the overladen Christmas tree, top-heavy with tacky decorations galore.

With a creak and a merry jingle, it toppled forward. Right onto the head of the caped crook below.

When he came to, all he could see was something blurry and green above him. With deep red berries. Three bunches of the stuff, spinning in circles, but that was just an effect of the conclusion. After a few moments they fused into one colourful sprig of tradition.

Oh god.

by **Kachka** 1 month ago

Even through the excited chatter of adoring fans, the short, sharp intake of breath of a handful of... differently adoring fans was easy to make out, in the

manner an antelope can make out the soft sounds of a pack of lionesses over the whispering grass of the savanna.

Almost in unison twenty or so party-guests stepped forwards, readying themselves not unlike superstitious spinsters at the toss of the bride's bouquet. Then, like an avalanche of purple hats, capes and hero-worship, they rushed forward to claim the price.

"I'm first!"

"Stay back, he's mine!"

"I liked him before he was cool!"

"What are you talking about he's still not cool."

"Ow! No hair-pulling!"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

It was like being caught in the path of an approaching tornado.

A nasally, socially awkward tornado.

"Hey, watch it, WAIT--!"

But even Negaduck could not squirm his way out of this one.

"BWAAH!"

Picked up and carried along with their.. let's call it enthusiasm, the criminal was caught between the ladies like a shirt in a sale. Man, that was some crummy sexist analogy. Better than one about jelly wrestlers though.

"No, OW! Would you quit--"

"ERGH I haven't tasted anything that bad since--"

"Does that LOOK like a fire extinguisher to you?!"

Not exactly the type of groupie dust cloud he was used to.

by **Kachka** 27 days ago

While Negaduck was still laboring to escape the flock of fangirls (and the odd fanboy) another cloud appeared on the other side of the room. Not a mere dust cloud, though, but a very professional, very purple cloud of dramatic smoke, definitely not harmful to health.

"I am the terror that flaps in the night!" bellowed a voice, and finally a few of the only moderately excited fans deigned to notice the newcomer.

"I am the lump of coal in the Christmas Stocking of Injustice!"

A few confused looks were exchanged among the guests - at least among those who were not busy trying to get another snog at their hero.

"I am..."

The smoke dissipated and revealed another masked mallard, wearing a purple version of Negaduck's snazzy getup and a look of dawning confusion.

"...late to the party?"

by **Negaduck** 26 days ago

Movement within the other cloud froze, and the dust cleared.

The position the boisterous bunch ended up in, to a unchaste mind, would have appeared exceptionally depraved. Two of them were half his height! And what was the old lady doing with those shiny Christmas baubles?

Of course, Darkwing was pure and virtuous, so such wonderings would never have entered his thoughts.

Negaduck, on the other hand, recognised how shocking the scene would look when paired with his perverted reputation, and immediately set about to set the record straight with his double.

"This," he declared with a gesture restricted by those still clinging to his limbs. "Is not my fault."

by **Kachka** 23 days ago

"Negaduck!"

The caped hero's exclamation elicited a low murmur from the crowd when several of the attendants muttered to fellow fans. However, it wasn't the usual fearful whispering that usually followed the mention of the villain's name. Instead there was only confusion.

"Negaduck!" the hero repeated, presumably in case anybody hadn't been paying attention just now.

"What are you doing with my adorlmean to my adoring fans?!"

The adoring fans in question collectively turned their heads to expectantly look at the other mallard.

by **Negaduck** 22 days ago

"What am I doing to **them**? What about what they're doing to **me**?!"

Struggling up, Negaduck found his feet - and also found one of the smallest still clinging to his ankle like a frightened pygmy possum.

A growl and she was flung into the distance, hopefully taking out a Christmas ornament or two along the way.

"You should have them all arrested for wilful assault!" He lectured, before haughtily turning away with indignantly crossed arms. "Even I have standards, you know."

It wasn't solely the full lights being back on that helped to show his true colours.

by **Kachka** 9 days ago

The flapping terror (currently not flapping but stomping over to his nemesis) scoffed in derision.

"Pu-lease, what would a common crook like you know about standards? You- HEY! What's wrong with my fans? They, uh, they have great personalities!"

It wasn't his fault all the cheerleaders flocked to that tin-bucket with delusions of grandeur, Gizmoduck.

"Like you could come up with better ones."

by **Negaduck** 6 days ago

"Oh yeah?"

A granny Darkwing was snatched up by her cape and rattled around audibly for emphasis.

"I could **dig up** followers more lively than this bunch."

Dropping granny while simultaneously dropping his overt hostility, Negaduck switched it up with some thickly layered false friendliness.

"But if it makes you feel any better, I know of one who's absolutely burning hot just for you."

A round and already lit bomb was tossed into the crimefighter's grasp, while the criminal made a break for it.

Theere was the overt hostility again.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Oh yeah? Well I- HEY!"

But of course there was very little point in complaining to either Negaduck or the bomb that was suddenly flying at him.

Out of reflex - the reflex to protect the innocent, he would later insist, not the reflex that makes you catch whatever is thrown at you - he plucked the explosive device out of the air and stared at it for a second.

"Oh oh..."

The usual tactic would consist of tossing the bomb back to its original owner, which would then result in some hilarious back and forth - but the original owner was already out of sight. Besides, it would be pretty irresponsible with his fans all around him.

Instead he whirled around to take advantage of the fact that his dramatic entrances tended to involve open windows, and with all the enthusiasm of a football quarterback at the end of the season he charged at said window, jumped and-

...out the window it went.

And to stick with the football analogy, the crowd went wild, rushing in on their hero to express their gratitude and possibly trample him with love.

Still no cheerleaders, but you can't have it all.

Meanwhile the bomb sailed through the silent night towards a lone figure who was softly humming to herself.

"...Did Moroz, just slip a sable under the tree, for me... Been an awful good girl, Did Moroz... So hurry do- huh?"

Out of reflex - the reflex to never ever let bombs drop to the ground, she would later insist, and definitely not the reflex to catch whatever is thrown at you - she reached out to snatch the falling explosive out of the air.

And she would have done it, too, if it weren't for that damn lack of depth perception.

"Oh bloody f-"

BOOM!

As a highly amused Agent Woodward would later point out, she was definitely getting into the spirit of a holiday that rewarded naughty children with coal...

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Once again St Canard had survived a natural (or rather unnatural) disaster. The citizens were used to it by now, as well as used to sweeping the streets, fixing the roofs and carrying on with their lives. One might even go as far as to call them jaded.

"All-out city-wide destruction starting early this year, huh?"

"Yeah. What was this one about, anyway?"

"Some herd of big, fire-breathing demon-women, I heard."

"Huh. And how's your wife?"

One definite advantage of that was of course that the inevitable rebuilding went smoothly and most of the city's bars, pubs, boozers and various other watering holes opened almost immediately.

Well, margaritas were still off the menu.

Really, with the high number of possibilities to go out for a bender, the odds of accidentally running into someone familiar should be rather low...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

When you only considered the possibilities that involved complete safety from the authorities, no uncomfortably bright or cheery atmospheres and - in this day and age - places that permitted smoking indoors, the options were far narrower.

Contrasting the dismal decor was the gaudy colouring of one supervillain who had been responsible for all the latest fuss. His expression, however, was far more in keeping with the surrounds.

"Hey. Hey! Would you like a top-up, NegGAAACK!"

The scrawny yellow-feathered bird who had been attempting to gain his attention found his throat crushed, with one hand, by the customer who otherwise remained staring stoically ahead.

"HURK-RGH!!"

It was only after the server released the entire bottle into Negaduck's 'care', and said villain poured himself and knocked back one glass of the stuff, did the death hold on his neck release.

Struggling up to his feet, the abused avian scurried away as fast as his feet would take him, leaving the entire bar with a very clear message about how the felon felt about being approached at that point. And hey, bonus free bottle.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Whether sitting down within an arm's length of him (okay, just a little more than an arm's length) constituting approaching the drake would remain to be seen, for that was exactly what a certain gaunt duckette did.

Of course it only would be seen if he actually noticed her, because being the mindful person she was she simply sat in silence and took a last deep drag on her papirosa before crushing the remaining stub in an ashtray in front of her.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

There was no acknowledgement. At least, not at first. Not until that stub of fire was crushed out, and his sullen gaze followed the arm up to its owner.

It may have been possible that in his mind, the short-haired patch-wearing head beside him had morphed into a short-haired patch-wearing punching bag.

"You sure you're in the right place?" Tap tap tap of his acid-filled glass against the countertop idly. "Because there's no entrance to an underground hideout hidden in the front fridge."

That's right, he had yet to have 'words' to her about that little incident.

"And there's not through the garbage disposal either." Leaning in to whisper conspiratorially, "Although if you'd like to look anyway, I'd be glad to help you get in there."

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"No need," Kachka replied with the closest approximation to an innocent smile she could manage.

"I will just-" here she lowered her voice in the scandalized manner of a ten-year-old who's about to say a naughty word "-take your word for it."

Very straight-faced she waved to the yellow-feathered waiter over for a top-off of her own - hopefully the guy would scrape together the courage to come within ten feet of the yellow-clad supervillain before too long.

"I would ask if you enjoyed the party, but I'm sure it pales next to having a flock of Malicias to tend to. Was it fun?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oh yeah," murmured into his drink. "I 'tended to' them good and hard..."

Suddenly snapping out of his reverie to direct an accusing glare at his presumably unintended boozing company.

"Hey! Don't you change the subject."

The harshness was dropped quickly though, in favour of offering a top up from his own stash, as the bar keep still appeared reluctant to get anywhere near them. Not the first time he would be generous with other people's things.

"That was a nasty trick you pulled. And when I was only trying to HELP you." Sure, that had been his motivation and sure, she was the only one playing nasty.

"And here I thought we were past that. After all that earlier.. unpleasantness."

What was really unpleasant, however, was how his steady gaze focused on her in a way that appeared, in that spilt second, that he knew more than he was meant to have known.

by Kachka 1 year ago

There was a brief flicker of sudden paranoia on Kachka's face, but just as quickly it vanished again, swallowed up by an expression of contemptuous disbelief.

The only reason the duck didn't encourage Negaduck to pull something that presumably would have bells on it was that she'd never quite understood what that figure of speech was about and kept getting it wrong.

"You want something," she stated flatly. "I guess it is not directions."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"What? No." Greatly-offended-not-really. "Nothing besides your company."

In what was the greatest display of will power ever seen, Negaduck managed to hold onto that faux innocent demeanour for more than two seconds. The cocky smirk, however, managed to worm its way across his beak regardless.

"Really, is that too much to ask?"

Kachka was bound to love this turn, considering the number of occasions where she made her feelings known about his playing coy.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Kachka was indeed less than thrilled by the prospect of having to endure Negaduck's play-acting, but unfortunately she could see no way around it,

short of just standing up and walking away.

...and let that insufferable big-beaked pest think he had succeeded in shooing her off with his mindgames. Not bloody likely!

"Apparently not. You have it," she said with horribly fake cheer. "My company, I mean. So. Heard any good jokes lately?"

Beat.

"By which I mean amusing anecdotes with punchline. Not the obvious insult."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

To which she would meet a derisively arched brow.

"Really? That's the best you got?"

Ambiguous as to whether that was in reference to her determination to one-up him or the meagre attempt at small talk; in any case, it had him dragging one palm down his face in resignation.

"Fine, fine." This was exactly why he stuck with being sociopathic rather than social.

Brief pause to collect his 'thoughts'.

"What's twelve inches long and makes women scream all night long?"

Giving her a moment to ponder that while he knocked back his drink, Negaduck then graciously provided the answer whether she wanted it or not.

"Crib death."

At least it wasn't a dead baby jok-- oh wait, it sort of was.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

This gem of fine humor went largely unappreciated by Kachka; about halfway through the telling she suddenly seemed to be distracted by something.

A few seconds after the punchline she gave the World's Greatest Comedian a sour look.

"Why does this country hate the metric system?"

Trust her to gripe about the one thing he wasn't at fault for.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Apparently missing the relevance of that comment, it was meant with a blank stare.

And an awkward pause, stuck between wanting to hear the rest of that and confusion when nothing else followed.

"Is.. is that a lead in to a joke? Or you been huffing too many chlorine bombs recently?"

Oh yeah, she was the one with impaired cognitive facilities.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Oh, nevermind," she grumbled and knocked back her own drink.

"Now, this is a lead in to a joke: What is fifty metres long and eats potatoes?"

Beat.

"A Moscow queue waiting to buy meat. There. See how you like it."

Whether by 'it' she meant being forced to do mental gymnastics with strange and bizarre units of length or being subjected to bad jokes was left open for interpretation.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oooh, mass starvation. I do like it."

Really, that shouldn't have surprised her.

Another thoughtful pause, or more accurately an excuse to suck down more alcohol, before he offered another one. Why not, when they were getting along so well?

"Okay then-"

The increasingly twisted and mischievous nature of his grin should have been warning enough.

"What's the inside of a dead hooker smell like...?"

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Don't know. What do your insides smell like? I'm sure we can extrapolate from the- Oh dammit not now..."

The cause of that exasperated sigh was a soft hum that originated somewhere in her shirt and soon turned out to be an oversized-looking communicator with the FOWL logo stamped on its back.

This being a public place - and the avian next to her being a nosy pest with a sick sense of humor - Kachka didn't activate the video connection but pressed the device against her ear.

"Yes, Agent Kachka speak- Already? Did he move it up, or- Oh great. Anything else I should- Gerbils?!"

And of course the conversation ended as these conversations always did: "Yes, High Command, right away."

With a resigned sigh she pocketed the phone again and turned to face Negaduck.

"Look, I'm sure you have lots of great quips about me jumping when the tell me to, but I'm in hurry so tell me next time. See ya."

And with that she hurried away, without ever having learned the punchline of the dead hooker joke.

Something she would learn within the next twenty-four hours, however, was to never keep the code-name and description of a so far unknown fellow agent (financial department, section purchasing) in her cigarette-boxes, and neither the place and time she was due to meet him for takeoff to a semi-tropical island to an arms bazar...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A flicker of light in the otherwise gloomy surrounds as Negaduck breathed in one of the only things in this universe that could relax him. Besides the stench of a dead hooker.

His mind was not on that delightful subject, however; it was caught up with the scribbled note he was turning over in his fingertips.

"How interesting..."

There were times, as a villain, that it paid to be punctual. Particularly when there was so much to be done before a set rendezvous.

Locate the meeting point and the contact? Check.

Surveil the area long enough to reasonably determine the entire deal wasn't a set up? Check.

'Dispose' adequately of said contact while robbing him of everything useful, including but not limited to his hat and other accessories? Check.

Adopt enough of the contact's look to pass for him from behind, when standing silhouetted on the edge of the docks, beside their transport?

Check.

Assuming Kachka even remembered the details to make it to that point, he would wait until she was right up close, before turning just enough to ask in a voice and a merry malice she was bound to recognise,

"Looking for someone?"

Because if she was looking for trouble...

by Kachka 1 year ago

After the first split-second of shock Kachka decided to skip any and all It can't be... Can it? Or can it not? and grabbed the stolen hat, very much like lifting the cover off a fancy meal, and stared at the masked face under it.

"You!"

She made the word sound like something that hard-boiled biker-gangs would hesitate to put in their weekly newsletter.

"How the hell did you- Wait..."

The hat was quickly returned to the unrightful owner's head as Kachka did some serious checking of pockets.

A quick succession of crumpled and half-empty cigarette boxes was pulled out of several pockets, checked for its contents and stuffed back into other pockets. Apparently exchanging her usual untidy shirt-and-tie ensemble with a nicely cut pantsuit wasn't enough to keep Kachka from keeping her stock of cigarettes on her person at all times.

Only, as she had to realize, her stock was one pack short.

"You nicked my smokes?!"

And out of my whole stash you had to take that box?

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Oh yeah, he hated that type of reaction. Dialed the smug right down.

In her dreams.

Quick adjustment of the molested hat, and hands went up in mock defence, much in the style of a man humouring a raving female - not that he had any experience in that, "Look, we can spend all day playing the blame game..."

Whereby the more he was blamed, the more he won.

"Or..." Out came two shiny - and encoded - invitations, kept sneakily out of reach. "We can go to this little shindig, and come back with enough new toys for the both of us."

Back the invites went into 'his' jacket, exchanged for a cigarette that just happened to be of the freshly stolen variety.

"As a bonus, I'll keep the details of exactly where I found out about the rendezvous under my hat." Lazy exhale of that thick, tasty smog. "I'm sure your bosses would appreciate the level of security afforded by your Not So Top Secret pocket..."

What a thin line there was between a bonus and blackmail. But notably he wasn't threatening to go tattle if Kachka didn't play along. Maybe her extreme indignation after that little SHUSH tip-off incident had taught him something.

Or maybe he just didn't want FOWL to be threatening the existence of his favourite cigarette importer. Who knew.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Crossing her arms Kachka straightened herself up to make the most out of looking down on the mallard.

"So we go, we leave, and nobody is wiser, huh?" she asked in a scathing as-if-tone, and who could blame her for being skeptical?

Knowing Negaduck, if she went along with this scheme it was bound to end in flames, explosions and possibly piranhas to someone's face. The sensible thing would be to tell him where he could stick those invitations and fess up to the bosses. Keep things down to medium-sized trouble, as it were.

On the other hand, that medium-sized trouble would be dumped on her exclusively. The huge pile of trouble that would ensue if she smuggled Negaduck in there would be shared between her, her unfortunate coworker, whoever didn't recognize them when they arrived, every single person who was fooled by the charade...

The best way to handle blame, in Kachka's opinion, was to spread it as thin as possible.

With a resigned sigh she held out a hand, wordlessly demanding at least one of the invitations.

"Next time I have sensitive information on me, I will feed it to some eggman."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

How adorable she could believe, after all this time, that a bit of height and surliness would intimidate him in the slightest.

"Well, I win some, you lose some, eh?"

Gloat shamelessly parodying a pleasantly flippant condolence, Negaduck walked straight past the awaiting hand and onto the awaiting boat.

No, he wouldn't be giving any of his cards - or invites - away for free. Not until he actually wanted them in play.

"So, Phineas Sharp's back peddling to the menacing masses?" Making himself at ease at the controls, fortunately he had a bit of boating experience; no need to put up with more company than he had to.

"Some birds don't know when to quit..."

Oh yes, he could talk.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"He does know when to quit. On top of the game. Not right after being embarrassed by his retired personal foe and some maniac in bizarre costume."

Chances were that her little jab at a certain style of costuming wouldn't impress the currently-not-caped criminal any more than height and surliness, but she'd be damned if she let that stop her.

Her arms still folded she trailed after Negaduck and slumped on the codriver's seat, or whatever these things were called on boats.

"And he's been back for quite some time now," she added airily.

'Quite some time' was of course a shameless exaggeration; as far as FOWL knew this was only the third shindig of its kind after the Agent List Affair, but why split feathers among friends?

"Not that I'm surprised nobody thought to let you know."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oh yeah, I'm super hurt about being left out of that little knitting circle." Eye

roll.

It was kind of to be expected once you developed a reputation for stealing other knitters' yarn and lancing them with their own needles. Metaphorically speaking. Mostly.

In time, the vessel skimmed the waters out of the bay, and was pointed in the direction of their uncharted destination. With that set up, Negaduck could turn around to continue their pleasant and not-snooping-at-all chat.

"I take it FOWL has their eye on some explosive doodad, if they've called you out for your 'expert' opinion." Couldn't help the tone that implied the inverted quotation marks still, could he.

Not particularly subtle gaze cast over her formalwear. "Because there's no way you're on the books as arm candy."

Evil organisations did tend to have an oversupply of busty femme fatales; as far as he figured, it was the only reason for having an organisation at all.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Something like that. I won't bore you with details, it's all rather... technical."

Going by the dismissive little sniff that accompanied her words, the only reason she hadn't added that Negaduck shouldn't worry his pretty little head over the details was that she didn't find his head all that pretty. Not to mention anything but little.

"By the way, as far as Sharp's doormen are concerned you are one of our purchasing agents. Meaning a slimy little accountant with delusions of being tough guy. Try and remember. I would hate having to smack you around to keep up appearances."

Yep. Heartbroken she would be.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"I doubt your aim would be up to that, Agent Depth Perception."

But he was barely paying attention; back at the wheel, it was time to pull into the dock.

Like a tropical island getaway, the sun shone, the jetty bobbed gently in the crystal clear water... the concealed gun turrets turned discreetly to track the incoming vessel.

Sharp and his cronies weren't taking any chances this time around. As evidenced additionally by the two seven foot tall mountains of guards who

stood waiting for them to come alongside.

Arms crossed, there was no way around them onto the jetty. No invites, no smiles. And no escape either.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Armed with a disdainful sneer as well as the knowledge that by offending her Sharp risked incurring the wrath of her employers - to be fair, said wrath would probably manifest in the form of a scathing letter and the expectation of some serious price reductions in the future, but it was something - Kachka stepped on the island.

"Come on," she muttered out of the corner of her bill and, not daring to look back to make sure Negaduck did come on, she approached the goons.

"Agent Kachka, representing FOWL," she snapped at them. "Where is the short one?"

One of the goons stepped aside with the smooth movements and all the attitude of a sliding door to reveal a thoroughly unamused pear-shaped falcon. Given that his beak was on the same level as the duck's waist, presumably the short one in question.

"Invitations," he said, in a tone that indicated he wouldn't be too upset if it turned out that no invitations were forthcoming.

"You heard him, beancounter," Kachka snapped and finally half-turned to see what the slightly less short one was getting up to.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Said beancounter was of course making himself useful, securing the boat before casting nothing but sardonic scorn at their surrounds in general.

"You call this an island hideout?" Disbelieving disgust. "I've seen more exotic things growing in the bottom of an infested pantry."

A person could severely hurt themselves trying to imagine what Negaduck's idea of the perfect island escape would be, but even had the place been covered with strippers in road kill g-strings, he still would have found something to gripe about. It was too much fun picking on Sharp.

"And you-" Turning on Horatio. "Who did you receive your henchman training from, the Seven Dwarfs? Is Dopey handing out certificates in Door Keeping for Idiots now?"

On auto-rail mode, he couldn't help but conclude, "You're even more pathetic than this-" Wide gesture back to Kachka. "-one's attempt at cleavage!"

Keeping up appearances for sure.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Since ducks' ears are sadly quite lacking in the pullable-department Kachka made do by grabbing a generous handful of the mouthy mallard's fluffy (but never tell him so to his face) cheekfeathers and gave it a stern pull upwards in the manner of somebody disciplining an unruly child.

"Always the same working with rookies," she told Horatio with a waxen, barely manic smile. "You let them out of their cushy little office, suddenly they think they have to prove they have the biggest balls around."

If looks could flay, both ducks would have been thoroughly plucked at this point.

"Quite," the hawk said in a chilly tone.

"But in spirit of keeping things friendly, it would be very good of you to refrain from using him for piranha-feeding. I'll have a talking-to with him later, yes?"

There was a brief, unamused pause. Then Horatio wordlessly held out his hand for the tickets. This time it was a fair bet that he did have certain preferences as to whether or not they would be forthcoming.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"NNGGGGHRRK!"

Fortunately for Agent Kachka, and the entire operation, it would take a moment to process the outrage of being dragged from kahuna-swinging into a child-like scolding.

And when he did, that arm doing the cheek-pulling stood a fair chance of being ripped off and used to beat its owner with...

... until the conversation caught up to him.

Oh. Right. Cover.

Begrudgingly, Negaduck bit his tongue, reached into his jacket front, and handed over the two invitations.

"I twust everyth'g isf safis'actory."

You worthless, beady-eyed pawn.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Presumably the brief examination of the tickets revealed that everything was indeed satisfactory, since there was no further mention of piranhas. With a dismissive sniff that would have done any butler at Beakingham Palace proud Horatio waved at the guards to let them pass.

That waxen smile still plastered to her bill Kachka shooed her companion onward - after letting go of his cheek since she rather liked her fingers where they were - before his big bill got them into any more trouble.

"Much obliged. Tell you what, if his talking-to is any fun I will send you a video, yes?"

Only after they were safely out of earshot she lowered her head towards Negaduck's ear.

"I can not believe you made me suck up to that garden gnome," she hissed in his ear. "A Yes-Man of all people. Do you have any idea how embarrassing that is?"

Yep, that pecking-order among lackeys, henchmen and assorted do-boys and -gals sure was brutal.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

For Mr Always at the Top of the Pecking Order, the intricacies of the lower echelon dynamics was about as enthralling as a car race with no gruesome accidents.

"Oh relax." Spoken through a mildly irritated cheek massage. "You want to play in the mud, you're going to get a little dirty."

As Kachka processed that lovely turn of phrase, they proceeded up a path, leading over a gentle rise.

"Just enjoy..." Coming to the crest of the hill, the view from there was enough to leave the rest of his sentence almost breathless. "... the party."

And what a party it was. The highest of high class cocktail events, with waiters serving drinks, a decadent spread.. and a variety of weapons on show. All in very secure casings.

Mandatory hand-rub of anticipation.

"Eeeheheheh..."

And with that, the disguised drake made to slip away, with terrible, terrible badness on his mind. Presumably not relating to cleaning out the oyster bar.

No thought, of course, as to what the agent he was meant to be there to support would do without her beloved beancounter.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

No sense in pointing out the obvious fact that actually Kachka didn't want to play in the mud, i.e. with Negaduck, at all. Better try and be far away when the metaphorical mud - and other matter of similar color and consistency - hit the fan.

Swallowing a curse she produced a crumpled pack of cigarettes and lit herself a steady smoke while she contemplated where it would be best not to be.

Let's see, that's oversized machinery, bikini-gals with huge knockers, any kind of booze...

In the end she moved towards the vegetarian end of the buffet, figuring this was about as safe as it got. Besides, whatever might be said about Sharp, his kitchen was always top-notch.

The quality of his guests, on the other hand, by the very nature of this gathering-

"Hey, sweetheart. Did you lose your guy or did he just find somethin' better?"

-wasn't.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Unpleasantness times by three as she was surrounded.

"Well, if it isn't a friendly FOWL representative," sneered the larger and more sharply dressed of the rams. "How fortunate. We were just hoping to have a few words with you on behalf of our respective employers."

A gesture to the gate behind her, which appeared to lead out to another section of the gardens.

"Perhaps a little discretion would be wise, don't you think?"

Certainly a little discretion was in their favour. Phineas Sharp had no tolerance for any brawling on his land - if guests were scuffling, they weren't buying, plus it sort of ruined the high class atmosphere - but what he couldn't see wouldn't hurt him.. right?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

When surrounded by three rather physically-minded gentleungulates who suggest to move a conversation they seem to feel rather strongly about

somewhere without witnesses around, a good rule of thumb is to just... not go along. Perhaps even politely disengage from the conversation altogether.

...and look like a scared little thing who has to hide behind Phineas Sharp's exquisitely tailored coattails. Yeah, right.

"Oh, you are back to having employment?" Kachka retorted with mock-surprise as she fell in step next to the goat, completely ignoring the two hangers-on.

She cast a quick look over her shoulder to make sure they were indeed out of everybody's earshot before she continued - if you're going to spew vitriol, may as well go all the way.

"And from what I heard things were going so well for you, going independent. Weren't you going to buy London Bridge next?"

It was a low blow, especially given the place and occasion. But the sad fact is, if you wind up buying a grocery list for an exorbitant amount of money, people are going to laugh at you no matter how it happened.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

If making a nasty situation even more volatile was Kachka's goal, it certainly had the desired effect.

"Oooor, why I oughta...!"

Seizing her upperarm, Hammerhead pitched her forward into the open space, not particularly caring whether she hit that stone statue of a vulture.

The two idiots following behind were indeed idiots, but at least they knew well enough to close and bar the gate.

Their boss, meanwhile, was continuing to rail.

"Think you're pretty smart, do you?" Angry finger jab at her chest. "We'll see how smart you all are after Taurus Bulba gets back!"

Because, as embarrassing as winning an auction for a grocery list was, it was nothing compared to spending millions to biomechanically regenerating a guy who really didn't appreciate it.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

For the first time Kachka had cause to appreciate Sharp's preferences in gardening and landscape design. Being first tossed around like a ragdoll and then jabbed at with a finger almost as thick as her arm, the statue of a very tastefully not-quite-dressed vulture lady was a great - and quite literal -

support.

"Is that the employer you're talking about?" she snapped, glaring up at Hammerhead. "You sure you're not just mooching off some standing order Bulba never got around to cancel?"

Fuming - literally, since she'd somehow managed to hold on to her cigarette - she sidestepped to get out of the uncomfortably narrow space between the vulture's cold legs and Hammerhead's heaving chest.

"Now have your words. You have some more of them, don't you?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oh yeah, we's got lots of words!"

That naive little interjection coming not from the ram himself but from his shorter and far more wooly associate, who immediately began rattling off examples on his fingers at a million miles per hour before Hammerhead could do anything about it.

"Chimney! Rhubarb! Salamander!"

The last of those fine examples prompting a startled pause in his leader's preparations to smack some silence into him, switching for a quick grab for the other's maw instead.

"What're you doing, you lunkhead!" hissed Hannigan, despite the fact that the duck he was attempting to exclude from this whisper fest was right. there. "You think that the boss wants that we tip them off?!"

Well. Either 'salamander' was code, or the city was about to be overrun with tiny bright newtlike creatures. For the second time this year already!

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Whatever that was about, chances were she wouldn't find out by asking politely, Kachka figured. It was probably best to make her excuses and slip away while Hannigan was distracted with underling-abuse.

"I will take that to mean 'No, we have nothing to say that is of interest, we just felt like comparing cocks with FOWL-agent', yes?"

At the risk of missing out on further whispers the duck stepped backwards, out of arms' reach. While her mental setup was short a reverse gear when it came to comparing reproductive organs it did sport some sense of self-preservation.

"So how about we call it a day, go back to buffetting and if you want you can tell that boss of yours how you made the duck hals your size really scared?"

In her defense, with the gate still barred a quiet exit wasn't really an option. In fairness, an open gate wouldn't have changed a thing.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

She may have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for those meddling kids. Uh, that is, if it weren't for drawing attention to herself again.

Steam snorting out of his nostrils - not as intimidating as his supposed boss, but good effort - Hammerhead spun back around, vivid.

"Why you.. got a smart beak on you, don't ya?"

A hand shot out, grabbing for her upper arm, aiming to keep her in place.

"Now I think about it.. we probably don't need that smart beak after all to deliver this message."

Now a headbutt was never a nice thing to use against an opponent. But when your forehead was like reinforced steel?

The results would be skull crushing.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Not entirely surprised by Hammerhead's reaction Kachka jumped backwards to evade the crushing grip. What did entirely surprise her was the stone-post of the still-locked gate in her back and thus in the way of her hasty retreat.

She winced when a huge fist closed around her arm - he was quicker than his bulk suggested - not so much at the dull pain in her arm but in anticipation of the all-over pain that was bound to follow.

Not about to just meekly take the beating she was looking at the duck reared her head like a snake and spat her still burning cigarette at Hammerhead's eyes.

"You want to send message?" she hissed and, with the full strength of her free arm, punched her captor in the throat.

"I will give you message, cunt!"

Sorely missing her usual steel-reinforced jump-boots she kicked at Hammerhead's kneecap for good measure, then squirmed in his grip to glare at his co-henchies.

"You two stay out of this!"

With a bit of luck the habit of obedience ran deep enough to at least make them pause for a few seconds...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Hannigan's grasp had faltered thanks to that lovely defensive combo, and he staggered backwards a step or two, not sure what to clutch at first.

"Oof... why you dirty... "

Any possible level of intimidation previously able to be conveyed in his voice was sort of lost with the transition to kid-swallowing-hellium effect.

The two other mooks stared. That was not how they were told this little chat would go! And thinking on their hooves was not their best quality.

Thinking wasn't their best quality generally, but nevermind...

Despite that, Kachka may have overestimated their ability to obey.

"Duh, get 'er!"

And with that battle cry, they both leapt at the besieged agent, albeit without much of a battle plan besides 'do enough to not cop a beating later'.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Without much of a battle plan either (aside from 'Hurt them enough to make people think twice about giving her a beating next time') Kachka crouched into a fighting stance, urka style.

"C'mon," she spat. "Bring it!"

However before the mooks could work out details like who went first she stabbed at the smaller ram's eyes, two stiffened fingers extended like daggers - blunt, soft and very very breakable daggers, but painful enough if they hit home.

To hell with Sharp's 'No weapons, seriously, I mean it'-policy on his island, and to hell with the smartass who'd pointed out that while box-cutters, linoleum-knives and screwdrivers were technically tools she should probably leave those at home, too.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"OoOOOowww!" cried Hoof, covering his beady eyes and falling forward.

Right into the fence.

Thanks to the always hilarious 'loosely nailed post' gag, this saw the plank

spin forward like a vertical seesaw, clobbering Mouth on top of his - largely empty - skull, just as he was going in for a punch.

"Ooof!"

So a Two Stooges stage fight, fantastic.

By this time, the shorter of the two had recovered and was hastily winding up a bat that was oddly disproportionate to his size for a strike to their target's spleen. Just as Mouth was making his way back to his feet on the other side of her.

At this rate, the pair would probably beat themselves up faster than she could defend. If she could just get out of the way.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Hey, who are you calling his buddy?" the duck snapped back in indignation. "He keeps mooching them off me, that's all!"

The main point of contention thus out of the way Kachka's face softened into a merely annoyed frown.

"And he never signed anything in blood to me, so whatever happened there..."

She waved her hands in a 'nothing to do with me'-motion, only slightly ruined by the oversized dry-cleaned suits she was still holding on to.

"How did that even become issued? You guys need it for kinky sex or something?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

And yet, as a not-too-dishonourable chance for escape presented itself, two very firm hands would seize the back of her shirt.

"Where'd you think you're going?" came the sneer from a freshly recovered Hammerhead.

"Hopefully-" He had barely a moment to register this new voice before a blade of glass ripped across his throat. "-To get me a fresh drink."

Behind, a masked mallard stood in full costume, quite casually eyeing the broken bottle in one hand, smoking barrel of a rocket launcher over the opposite shoulder. "This one is all out."

On his knees, clasping his bloody throat, Hannigan garbled in disbelief, "N-negaduck? What.. hrk.. you doin' here?"

Wolfish grin in return. "Joining the party. What, is that a crime?"

No cigarette-dealing agents needlessly implicated.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Her blow delivered Kachka whirled around and steeled herself against the oncoming pain...

...and only belatedly realized none would be forthcoming.

It took her a few seconds to process this new development, not unlike a professional tennis player who jumps into the court, ready for anything, only to find they're playing miniature golf today.

Finally she blinked a few times and straightened up, feeling absurdly put out.

"Um..."

Before she could voice her objections, however, her vocal cords were forcibly strangled by the more survival-oriented parts of her brain-

Are you a moron? Get out of there **now!**

-and she decided to just leave the guys to it and go back to the buffet. The gate was still barred, of course, but on reflection it wasn't that undignified to dive into the hedge it parted and scramble for safety.

...or less-than-certain death at any rate.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Sadly the cigarette-dealing agent was unlikely to be suitably appreciative - if anything she was going to bitch about Negaduck butting into her private business like that.

Being beaten to a bloody pulp was a rather private affair after all.

Still, might as well make the best of this rudeness - definitely not the other r-word, thank you - and get out of here after all. Just a few more steps and-

"And where do you think you're going?"

-and she had to come to a sudden halt to avoid tripping over Horatio. Not that she would have actually fallen over. There was a wall of solid muscle behind the falcon to prevent that.

Ignoring the sudden sense of déjà vu Kachka blinked, then pointed at the scene behind her.

"Away from that," she snapped, quite truthfully. "What hell kind of place is Sharp running here?"

Looking at 'that', Horatio's eyes opened in shock.

"Negaduck?"

The word was accompanied by the sound of half a dozen machine guns being readied.

"What are you doing here?"

Again with the déjà vu...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

In yet another case of déjà vu, the answer was provided by a new voice interrupting from behind.

"Making himself most unwelcome, apparently."

Sharp had stepped into the ring, wielding his own submachine gun and his own immense disapproval.

"Do you know how stupid it is to try to break into a extremely highly guarded gathering of forces who do not take kindly to your particular brand of 'villainy'?"

Despite having acquiesced to at least temporary surrender, Negaduck returned the snide annoyance equally. "Do you know how stupid it is to stand in front of your own trigger-happy goon squad?"

Taking that as a rhetorical quip, Hannigan blurted out as he was helped - or hauled - to his feet, "You promised dis time dey're be no surprises!"

A good host never breaks a promise... or forgets the pain repeated blunt force trauma could bring.

"Ah but you see, Mr Hammerhead, once we get you patched up, you will have a chance to win the most delectable surprise of all-"

Circling his prey, Sharp came to stop level with the caped criminal for a little villain-to-villain sneer-off.

"The opportunity to put a permanent end to this vulgar pest."

It was no list of SHUSH agents, but an execution would certainly be better than the hamper of assorted jams they had been planning as a door prize.

by Kachka 1 year ago

Some time, activity and possibly a little more gloating later the unmasked (metaphorically) masked (literally) mallard would find himself in the main building's basement, in a reasonably comfortable and extremely secure prison cell that afforded him a prime view on a room-sized tank full of piranhas - ravenous, he'd been assured.

Clearly the interior designer had decided to run with the theme; tiles in white and various shades of blue gave the impression of a high-class indoors pool. There were even a few potted palm-trees tastefully placed in various corners.

However before Negaduck could properly admire his surroundings, let alone start plotting a daring escape, the door opened to admit a member of Sharp's goon-squad, now dressed in a white waiter's jacket and shoving a trolley laden with bisquits and assorted jams. He was followed by Kachka and Horatio, currently engaged in a lackey-to-lackey scowl-off. Of course that ended abruptly when the duck noticed the room's other occupant.

"Oh wait- this is what Sharp thinks is good company for 'resting after my harrowing experience'? Really?"

"You're welcome to take it up with him," the falcon replied with a sneer. "Or you would be, if he weren't busy right now, dealing with people who are actually important."

"Says the glorified usher who can't even keep tracks of everybody he ushered in."

"If this is about that bean-counter again-" Kachka forced herself to not look guiltily around at the guilty party "-ask him."

Dismissive gesture towards the lone prisoner.

"He probably iced him or ate him or whatever he gets up to. Now if you will excuse me... I have to attend some of the aforementioned important people."

As the door closed behind him Kachka grumbled something in her native tongue that was probably not very nice at all, then she turned a venomous one-eyed glare at Negaduck.

"Can you not do anything right?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Despite the killer fish surroundings - or perhaps because of it - the caped captive was looking more than at home, relaxing up against the cell wall.

Reacting only to throw a sharply toothed smile Horatio's way at the speculation of the bean-counter's end.

Boy those piranhas looked friendly by comparison.

Kachka's approach to snark failed to prompt him to move either his body or the more than pleased with himself expression from across his masked face.

"Who says I didn't?"

Giant ego was giant, even behind bars, but surely being stopped mid-rampage should have least dented his mood?

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

Neither the grin nor the cryptic remark did anything to put Kachka off further snarking.

"Oh. Oh let me guess. All this was part of some cunning plan, everything fell right into place and everybody is right where you want them."

This suggestion was accompanied by an eyeroll and a dismissive handwave, just in case the scathing tone hadn't driven home the point.

"Every moron in a tight spot ever tries that old excuse."

She herself had certainly never stooped that low. Except in emergencies.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

If capture didn't dent his mood, that sure did.

"Cripes, what crawled into your eye hole and died?"

Nevermind, the great Negadini did not need a fluffer to continue progress in his already-greatly-successful-thus-far masterplan.

Starting by taking inventory of the cell surveillance..

"I doubt this is a conjugal visit, so what are you doing down here?"

Just having a conversation, nothing suspicious, like testing the flooring for noticeably reinforced spots..

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

"Funniest thing. See, as it turns out this-" she gestured vaguely at the cell and its current inhabitant "-was all part of some cunning plan of Sharp's. Everything fell right into place and you are right where he wanted you."

Both the phrasing and the sarcastic tone certainly sounded familiar.

"And since he would not want me to spoil his carefully planned surprise by talking to people I was informed I am being very distraught and in need of resting somewhere out of sight."

With a dismissive snort she rummaged about in various pockets until she found a crumpled, half-empty pack of familiar smelling cigarettes. How on earth she had kept those on her person without it leaving bulges in her pantsuit was anyone's guess, but a mallard who somehow stored bazookas in his cape was unlikely to point fingers.

"There had better be a huge discount in all this."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Oh for--" Mild temper short circuit. "If you're so worried about it, why don't you offer a trade for some of your excess smarm? I hear that's real valuable."

Added bonus: quality used sarcasm!

Added bonus for him, however, was that the footstomp that had come with that snap had highlighted an abnormality in the floor tiles, but not enough to dislodge anything. If only he had something to act as a lever...

Too bad only one of them still had goods in their bottomless pockets...

Attention flicked back up to Kachka.

"Save me one of those, would you?"

Priorities.

by **Kachka** 1 year ago

That high-priority-request earned him a dirty look as Kachka flicked a lighter, held the tip of the cigarette against the flame and took a deep draw. Surprisingly enough, that wasn't all it earned him.

"...fine," she sighed and held out the freshly lit cigarette close to the bars, for Negaduck to take.

"No bitching about cooties," she warned him. "Because I won't get you something fire-making."

Look what something that a generous observer might call politeness could achieve. Coupled with silence on the matter of missing accountants and stolen invitations, of course.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The offering gratefully taken.

"Wouldn't dream of it."

Only one puff though before it was put to a different use. One tile was finally pulled up with a concentrated burst of strength to reveal some under floor circuitry.

"Even if that's effectively what you've done."

Not that the wires were for anything special. Nothing from a security point of view, anyway. They just controlled the release valves for the massive CO2 tanks feeding into the aquarium.

Which, after they were fried with the end of a cigarette, had an interesting effect on the pressure build-up. Interesting like a gradually building earthquake.

"... might want to run, Cyclops."

As if the impending destruction of a good portion of the island wasn't warning enough.

by **Kachka** 11 months ago

"What-"

Suddenly no longer concerned with keeping a healthy distance from the incarcerated supervillain Kachka grabbed the bars - a poor substitute for Negaduck's neck as far as she was concerned.

"Where do you get off blowing up- And what idiot designed this place?!" she snapped, personal indignation momentarily overtaken by professional outrage. Luckily the duck was able to multitask insulting.

"Who puts holding cells where any moron with bad aim can find explosive material?"

The friendly advice to start running went ignored so far.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Bad aim?

No longer concerned with completing his daring escape before a large chunk of the landscape was blown off, Negaduck met her outrage with his own.

Sure, with the collapsing infrastructure around them, it meant having to speak up, but he could handle that too.

"WHY CAN'T YOU JUST ACCEPT I'M STAGGERINGLY MAGNIFICENT AND YOU WOULD TOTALLY JUMP MY BONES IF YOU WEREN'T REPRODUCTIVELY CHALLENGED."

Oh yes. With mortar crashing about them and alarms blazing everywhere. Now was the time for this discussion.

by **Kachka** 10 months ago

Unlike Negaduck Kachka didn't have quite the lung-capacity to make herself heard over the pandemonium.

However, just like Negaduck she was too stubborn to back away from this argument, so she gave it a damn good try nonetheless.

"FuBLEEPur moBLEEPou prisBLEEPtle bitBLEEPop thinking witBLEEPiny priBLEEP woulBLEEPyour boBLEEPif somBLEEPoiled the fleBLEEPf them first!"

She waved her arm about, encompassing this room, the whole island and, incidentally, the increasingly bemused piranhas

"This mess heBLEEPust provBLEEPave not juBLEEP[b/]ad aim bu[b]BLEEP!so no foresight!"

Well, there was a chance he'd get the gist of it anyway.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

You didn't need to be able to decipher anything to be able to argue, right?

"LIKE YOU CAN TALK ABOUT SIGHT, YOU HALF-BLIND BAT."

If she wasn't going to let go about this aim thing, he certainly wasn't going to let up on the lack of depth perception.

"MY CLARITY AND VISION-" In both senses; get it, senses? "ARE UNMATCHED, UNSURPASSABLE, UN---"

SPLAATT!

Unflattened by that giant chunk of ceiling that had bodily crushed him at that

exact moment?

No, no, they were pretty damn flat.