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**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

The mighty Negaduck laughed, sending millions sheltering in fear, and all that challenged him into immediate retreat.

Lilly saw this and couldn't help herself. "Oh you handsome devilish beast you!" she swooned. "I don't care about books anymore. Make me into a bad girl!"

And he did.

"You can't forget me!" yelled Malicia, having crushed Darkwing like a snail beneath her giant hoof after realising what a waste of space he was. "I may already be a bad girl, but you make me feel so good. Surely you can handle the both of us?"

And he did.

Not without blowing up the northern hemisphere, destroying the hopes and dreams of thousands, and haunting the nightmares of young children, because that's what he did best.

There was some other stuff that happened, but that was pretty lame.

The end.

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**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Hm." One big 'ol glowing demon eye was peering into the empty can where there was usually a brew of spider-egg expresso waiting for her. "Did I finish it already? I thought I had more than this." She stifled a yawn.

There was a sudden crash from upstairs, followed by a series of screeches. Picking up a nearby broom, she began banging the ceiling.

"YOU KIDS BETTER NOT BE BREAKING MY GOOD FURNITURE UP THERE!" She shouted.

Coffee would be nice right about now.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Nothing like home. Which was why he was being so careful to avoid it.

While it was not unusual for Negaduck to disappear for a night or five in a row, what was unusual was for him to be creeping through the hideout, three sacks

of stolen coffee under one arm. Such a small reward but he wouldn't have risked THAT upstairs if it wasn't worth it.

Tiptoeing across the lounge room, the exit was only ten metres away. Then five. Then two. He wasn't a master of stealth for nothing.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"MEEEEEEEEEE!" A Mini-Malicia had come soaring down the stairs like a stealth bomber, locking on to its target.

With a 'swoosh' Negaduck's red fedora was plucked off his head, and the little one tried to place it on her own, which resulted in the odd scene of a floating fashion display.

"Me, me me me!" She was squeaking happily from beneath it.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Shesh, he heard enough of that out of their mother.

Initial shock passed quickly into furious determination. He dropped the coffee. Rolled up his sleeves. And threatened, maturely, with a growl under his breath,

"Nuh uh, you give **ME** that...!"

Followed promptly by a full bodied lunge. You couldn't go softly-softly with these kids.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

The Mini-Mal giggled like this was all just a fun game between father and daughter, and not an actual brush with death of which all the demonlings seemed rather careless about. She dodged his lunge and fluttered across the living room, landing on the highest book shelf. There she perched, and taunted him playfully with the hat. Come and get it! Malicia heard the commotion in the other room and turned to investigate. Fortunately for Negaduck, he was saved by the phone -- or rather, a vibrating pair of breasts. Because that's exactly what her's were doing at the very moment. Digging into her cleavage she retrieved the cellphone, its ringtone had gotten lost somewhere down in hammerspace, but she could always count on the vibration mode to help her out. "Demon Queen of St. Canard!" She answered quite cheerfully. Her face fell almost immediately when she heard the voice on the other end. "Why are you still calling me?" She hissed quietly. "Yes... Yes he DID come back. And yes, you were wrong, he DID stay. He's not as cowardly as you thought he was!...okay maybe he didn't come back of his own volition but--" There was a pause as she listened to the other person on the end. "It doesn't matter!" She almost yelled. "He's here NOW. And I can't have you phoning me like this anymore. Do not call me back again!"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"I can't **believe** you!" hissed a red-faced Negaduck, steam inexplicably shooting from his ear canals. "How **dare** you keep this from me! ME of all people!"

But he was not venting over some creepy unknown caller, rather he was snarling at his offspring.

With little choice, however, he was forced to play her game. Up the bookshelf he climbed. Shelf by shelf. Ready to grab the little demon brat and/or his hat the moment they came into reach.

And here began one of life's most important lessons for his brood. The angrier you make somebody, the more likely their judgement is going to fail. And Daddy was one awfully powerful example...

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Mini-Mal seemed to be waiting patiently until Negaduck was about 3/4 of the way up the shelf. High enough that he couldn't back up quickly, but still not close enough to reach her.

Which was exactly when she launched herself off the book shelf, hat still resting atop her. For a few moments she fluttered around her father tauntingly while he clung to the rather tall shelf. It was King Kong and the Empire State Building in the remaking... except with demon babies and psychopathic duck daddies instead.

Finally, when she'd had her fill of teasing him, she fluttered over to the side of the shelf. Eyes locked on his, she shot him one last satisfied smirk.

And with only the strength of one miniscule hand, tipped the shelf over.

Hey, she learned from the best.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Oh his face. He understood the doom that was about to befall him the moment before the shelf started to tip.

Creeeeeeeeeeeaak.... THUD!

That was the sound of the bookcase top hitting the coffee table and getting lodged there.

Sandwiched between it and the floor, flat on his back, a very much prepared for pain Negaduck stared up at the shelves centrimetres from the tip of his beak in shock. It took a second for relief to set in.

"Phew..." he exhaled, wiping his brow.

At which point the very heavy contents of the shelves fell out of their holding spots and buried him under an avalanche of books.

They then caught fire for no other reason than that was what commonly happened after massive collisions.

From somewhere under the flaming pile there was a muted scream.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

**"What the hell is all that racket?!"**

In stormed Malicia, who surveyed the aftermath of Hurricane Baby. Mini-Mal was curled up in an adorable ball on the couch, fast asleep (or so it appeared). Negaduck's hat had been abandoned next to the flaming wreckage.

"Oh no!" She gasped, rushing over in shock. "Oh dear are you okay?!" Digging through the wreckage in a panic, she reached the burnt and singed Negaduck at the bottom.

Shoving him aside without a second thought, she retrieved an ornate diamond wrapped in what looked like a scaly bird's talons. "Oh, thank goodness." A sigh of relief as she plucked it off the ground and cradled it lovingly.

"What would I do without a lovely little thing like you~" She cooed to the inanimate object.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"You'd have to find another way to pay for your weekly truckload of rocky road addiction," croaked Negaduck, eyeing the ornament with a rather unimpressed glare. Why did they have to go and ruin a perfectly good diamond with all that freaky crap?

Struggling to his feet, and slapping the fedora back on his charred skull, the villain let out a low growl and pointed to the ball of 'innocence' curled up on the couch.

"Keep the little terrors under control, would you?" he barked, scooping up the dropped bags of coffee. "I've got something in the works at the moment and I can't have them mucking around!"

Yes, because parenting was that easy. No, bad demon. Sit, stay.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"At what point does any nefarious plan require you consume 20 pounds of coffee?" She cocked a curious eye at the bags and tugged at one.

"I understand it's your lifesblood and everything but this is rather ridiculous."

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Lifeblood? No, never. He was hugging it back against his chest protectively for another reason, had to be.

"I've tainted the city's coffee supply," he snapped, scowling at the grabby hands. "I'm going to lock OUR supply up so we don't get it confused with the bad stuff."

A wary glance at the demonling, not buying the sleeping act for a moment. "That.. wouldn't end well."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"What did you do? Defecate in it? I knew you were running out of ideas but honestly..."

She tugged at the bag again.

"Well I could use a cup. So hand it over."

'A cup' for a hefty woman like Malicia was generally equal to somewhere along the scale of 2 pounds, naturally.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Surprise then indignation struck.

"HEY! I am NOT running out of ideas!" Stubbornly he pulled the bags back out of her reach.

Oh she was getting nothing out of him now.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Again, the bag was forcefully yanked back in what was quickly becoming a disastrous tug-of-war.

"Then pray tell, what is this new brilliant ideas of yours?"

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

The other bags were dropped so Negaduck could use both hands to yank back on the bag under attack.

"It's a drug, alright?! Completely removes the drinker's fear. No inhibitions, no concerns..." he explained through gritted teeth. "Can you IMAGINE what's

going to happen when it starts to take effect? Across the ENTIRE city?"

Meanwhile a small tear began to form in the middle of the bag from the tug-of-war. Coffee beans weren't built for this sort of treatment!

Well they weren't built at all, but that was besides the point.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Another sharp tug on her side.

"Why would you do that? Instilling fear in others is the only talent you have! Now how will you control them? I think I prefer the defecation concept much more."

Mal, is there something you're not telling us?

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

A snarl as he tugged back. The lack of recognition of his criminal genius was not appreciated.

"If nobody's worried, why would they guard their banks? Their governments? Their military bases?" Eyes narrowed. "You know as well as I do the people in those departments RUN on caffeine! It was a happy coincidence that the drug is triggered by the chemicals in your typical brew."

Only somewhat fuelled by spite, Negaduck spat, "As for the general population, well the ensuing chaos is just a bonus. Particularly as it'll keep anybody not affected busy! Who cares if they don't fear me! They'll come to their senses eventually.. AFTER I've already taken full advantage of the situation."

Comments regarding her defecation fetish apparently being saved for later.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"A coincidence? Are you saying that you didn't even PLAN this coffee plot? Reminds me of the time you didn't plan on giving Darkwing super speed..." Oh, she was rubbing it in now. Her patience worn, she gave one last great big tug on the bag.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

**"I PLANNED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY! EVEN THE STUFF I DIDN'T PLAN!"** That bout of delusional nonsense brought to you courtesy of an hysterical hissy fit. Which led, of course, to an overzealous tug which spilt the bag.

"Great." A sigh, and he gestured to the spilt beans. "Do what you can with this then. The rest of this is going in the safe."

Throwing the remaining coffee swag over his shoulder, he directed one index finger at Malicia. Direction..ly. "Do NOT get anything more from outside the warehouse. You don't know whether it's been affected."

With that, he turned to head into the adjacent storage room.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia enjoyed watching him walk away when he was angry. His butt always looked exceptionally nice when he was in the middle of a rage-filled tantrum. Or, at least, that's what her hormones claimed.

"Oh how sweet, you're concerned that I might fearlessly pummel you to death." She said as she pulled a 2 litre coffee mug from her cleavage and dipped it into the pile on the floor.

Returning the kitchen, she abandoned the remaining stash... but not for long, because the baby swarm, much like a pack of dogs (who had been cowering in the garage since the arrival of Malicia's little miracles) were all up on those beans in a matter of seconds.

It was hard to decide what was worse: Demonlings on coffee that made them fearless, or demonlings on regular coffee.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

The rest of the beans securely packed away, Negaduck shut and locked the safe - filled with life saving essentials such as a spare costume, floor plans of the Supervillians Prison and a vial of puppy tears - and opened one of many, many weapons cabinets instead.

Now there was a sight for sadistic eyes. Reaching into its depths, he felt for the one implement of death and destruction that would ensure his next reign would get off to a horrifically bloody start.

And pulled out.. a rattle?

"Which one of you little bastards has the good knife?!" boomed over his shoulder as the armoury was slammed closed, and back into the living room he stomped, baby toy in hand.

"The inside of a tornado would make a better hideout than this," grumbled as he went, unaware of the unnatural disaster awaiting him.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

The knife in question was immediately soaring in Negaduck's direction, aimed straight for his groin area. Most certainly the work of 'Junior' who had since doubled in size. The largest of the pack, he was stretched languidly across the

couch, taking in the chaos that had unfurled.

The rest of the litter had, at this point, gone completely ape-shit. Furniture was turned upside down, and four of the demonlings were playing ping pong with the remaining beans, using their wings to bounce them back and forth mid-air at one another. One of the Mini-Mals had found Malicia's shoe collection, had squeezed her body into one gigantic 6-inch pump, and was now bouncing around in it.

A few others had gotten into Mal's warehouse and found the shiny black round bombs and sticks of dynamite, and were currently engaged in a game of tug-o-war that could very well end badly for everyone within a 10-mile radius. It was sheer, messy, loud, disgraceful chaos.

In other words: Just like every other home in St. Canard currently occupied by children.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

A slight jump and the knife lodged in the wall behind just an inch too low. The rattle clattered to the ground. Oh it was on.

"Time for a treat, kids."

Out of the cape came what appeared to be industrial versions of expanding foam filler with spray gun attachment, one for each hand.

"How about a little Brat Stop 2000 (tm)."

And thus began the ruthless, Matrix-style gunning down of each of the out-of-control ducklings... with an apparently fire-proof glue mix.

One by one they fell, stuck hopelessly to the floor, to the cupboards, to the priceless rug.

Until he rounded on Junior.

Eyes narrowed. "Do you feel lucky?" A threatening step forward. "Well, do ya, punk?"

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

A few of the Mini-Mals whimpered unhappily at the realization their hair had been ruined by sticky foam. One of the younger boys, still stuck to the carpet, began to gnaw impatiently on a table leg. Yellow eyes narrowed, Junior stood slowly from the couch. Cue the spaghetti western showdown music -- a bizarre but common occurrence in a cartoon universe where nobody seemed to really notice that just about everything was accompanied with a theme song. Brandishing a fistful of fire, the eldest demonling raised a single claw



and crooked it in a come-hither motion. Bring it, Old Man.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Given Negaduck was already brandishing a gun in each hand, it wasn't so much a quick draw competition as a quick shot. He hit a 'boost' button near each trigger.

A grin.

And it begun, both barrels firing.

If Junior thought he was going to better his pop with fire, he had another thing coming.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Junior let out an enraged screech and dove for cover behind the couch. Indeed, fire was pretty useless when there was a high chance of being turned into swiss cheese. That didn't stop the little tyke from trying however, as he picked up a nearby coffee table and hurled it over the couch at his dear old dad.

**"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?!"** Boomed Malicia in the doorway.

Her eyes scanned the area: bookshelf overturned, broken vase, a large portrait of her beautiful face shredded by tiny claws, the mahogany coffee table gnawed into toothpicks, the carpet no longer recognisable.

And then she saw them. Her shoes. Her beautiful, priceless, Stuart Weitzquack shoes... covered in some sort of white pasty glue.

**"What."**

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

You didn't learn to handle a whole pack of hell spawn without learning how to handle the queen bitch of them all. Literally, in a way - that's what started this whole mess. That was why there was no masked mallard trying to dodge her after dodging the incoming coffee table; running would be an easy solution, but it would also be a short lived one. A crime against her precious babies, er, that being her shoes would not easily be forgotten.

Which is why, the next moment he looked down, Junior would inexplicably find himself in possession of the two glue guns responsible.

"I tried to stop him," lied Negaduck smoothly, gesticulating to the immensity of

the damage with the resigned finality of an equally disappointed parent. Tsk, tsk.

Lesson one, your 'old man' can move very quickly and very slyly. Lesson two, he is in no way above framing his own children.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia closed her eyes, took a loooong, deep breath, and began to pace.

The Thirteen were visibly trembling now, even Junior had beads of sweat forming on his forehead. Pissing off daddy was all fun and games, but mama was a whole other story.

With a snap of her fingers, the children found themselves unglued and lined up obediently. General Malicia paced down the line of her miniature army, arms behind her back.

"Well my dears." She finally began. "I have been thinking. Mommy loves you all very **very** much." A beat. "But she loves her shiny possessions even more, which is why I think you are now old enough to leave the nest and begin building your own."

This was met with a rather enthusiastic reaction from the brood, especially the females. Oh boy! Our own nests! No more sharing with our stinky siblings! We can go wherever we want whenever we want, stay up late! Party all night long!

Except Junior. Who had his golden eyes locked on Negaduck. Oh, this was far from over.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Oh fabulous timing, Malicia," drawled a sarcastic grouch from behind them. "Turning them loose on the city the very day it succumbs to me."

With a slick 'shhhhllck' Negaduck withdrew the good knife from where it had lodged in the wall, and faced the gathered group of offspring. His shadowed face conveyed all the fatherly love one would expect in such a scenario. In other words, none.

"They leave here, they leave St Canard." This was not a suggestion. This was telling mama how it was going to be. "It's one thing for them to be working for me; they want to be their 'own' demons', they've got to find their own patch to terrorise."

The blade weighed in his hands. Cold, unfeeling eyes met Junior's.

"If they want to live once they flutter out that door."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Well of course they'll leave the city." Malicia replied impatiently. "It's part of the nesting ritual that they leave their home and journey across the Earth, spreading chaos and mayhem the world over until they find an appropriate spot to settle in..... isn't that what all babies do at this age?" Junior snorted, which caused tiny flames to erupt from his nostrils. If his parents thought he was leaving the city, they had another thing coming.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

"They will?"

Genuinely surprised, and rather pleased to have won that point so easily, Negaduck found it hard to hide his enthusiasm.

"Well what are you waiting for then? Get them **OUT** of here!" he whooped, shooing them off with the blade. With the sharp edge if he had to.

Not that he was worried about having to fight for his territory or anything.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

An irritated eye roll sent in his direction, Malicia began herding the children upstairs. "Let's make sure you have all the necessary supplies ready for your journey my dears." As each demonling hopped up the stairs, she did her usual head count. "...eleven... twelve... and... twelve?" She glanced around. "We have one missing." From the garage echoed the sound of Negaduck's Troublemaker revving up. Before she could even open her mouth to say anything, there was a deafening screech of rubber on pavement that quickly dissipated as the hijacked vehicle vanished into the distance.

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

The sound. The realisation. It was like he had a rage.. stroke.

Negaducks had a remarkably quick recovery time, however, and within seconds he was on his heel and crashing out the door.

Curse his insistence on having five times more horsepower than was actually needed. Even with his amazing prowess, there was no way he was catching it on foot.

And so, like many years before when Malicia's snoring carcass had been hauled away in the Ratcatcher, he was left standing in the middle of the street, watching his baby disappear into the distance. Except this time, it was a miniature version of himself responsible, rather than a cross-dimensional one.

Frozen to the spot with fury, at that time it was hard to say which version he hated more.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Standing behind him, now sipping a martini, Malicia watched calmly as the trail of motorcycle exhaust -- the most deadly mixture of CO2 pollutants Negaduck could find -- spread thickly as it rose into the humid air.

Had she been feeling a little more adventurous, she might have pointed out just how much Junior took after his father. But even she knew better than to test his patience when he'd just been carjacked.

Instead she handed him a cold beer and raised her glass to a toast. "Here's to becoming empty nesters".

**by Negaduck 1 year ago**

Somewhere, somehow, 'Highway to Hell' faded just as the fumes did.

The beer was snatched up solely so it could be crushed within his grip, causing a mini booze explosion. Destruction took the edge off, even if only a little bit. Too bad the beer had to be sacrificed.

Rounding on mama demon, even the prospect of finally being rid of the brats could not appease him.

"I would suggest you find him and get that bike back." The trembling anger in that husky rasp would suggest it was not a suggestion. "Because if I find him first, I'll kill him."

That dealt, he stormed away, off to find a vehicle of his own to carjack. The morning had flew by, funny how that happened with demonlings around, and the last thing he wanted was to miss out on the unfolding of his latest scheme.

With a city full of fearless people? Bad day for running away, Junior.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

For perhaps the first (and maybe only time) in her life, Mal didn't argue with him. Placing her pinkies in her mouth she let out a high-pitched whistle that brought with it a miniature earthquake as Pringles burst into the room.

She gave one of the three slobbering heads a quick pat before climbing atop the beast's back.

"Alright dear, let's go find us a first-born son."

Like the lone cowboy atop his trusty fire-breathing squeaky-toy chewing steed, she kicked her heels and they were off.

**by Negaduck 11 months ago**

Still grumbling, still homicidally tense, the caped crook rounded a corner, and climbed into a plain covered semi-trailer waiting there.

"Don't know why she bothered childproofing the death traps..."

Hitting a button on the dashboard, a screen lifted up. Bleeping red dots covered a map of the city's streets.

Nothing like the sight of a successful phase one to calm a villain down. Soon, he was on the radio.

"Really to go, boys?"

As what must have been a dozen acknowledgements sounded back, he primed the engine. May not have been his motorcycle, but at 500 horse power, he wasn't going to spit at it.

"Let's roll."

A quick check of his mirrors - didn't want to accidentally miss any old ladies that might be skipping fearlessly down the road - and it began.

They didn't have much time.

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**by Negaduck 11 months ago**

\*beep beep\*

[[Hey beeyatch, is there any point picking up incendiary rounds? Or should I just grab some of the normal gear and let you light it up when you realise the kids took the 'anti' out of your 'anti-ageing' cream?]]

**by Malicia 11 months ago**

\*BEEEEP\*

[[STFU. im grgous, u d0nt know wtf ur talkin bout!11 44355555 p.s: kids are gone, lets celebrate. Brirrrrt444ng chmpagne and dress hawt.]]

**by Negaduck 11 months ago**

[[Yeah yeah later, I'm celebrating in my OWN way first. BTW have I ever told you you SUCK at texting? Wassa matter, oversized keypad not oversized enough for you? BAHABA.]]

**by Malicia 11 months ago**

[[Oh go fuk urself! btw how i put videos onto DuckTube? Can i put vhs tape into cd drive? where is the vhs tape neway?]]

**by Negaduck 11 months ago**

[[Leave it alone. What'd you want to upload anyway? You KNOW I don't need a public embarrassment right now. Could you actually make yourself useful and let me know whether you got those tracers in my colors yet or not?]]

**by Malicia 11 months ago**

[[o plz u embarass urself by default whenever u lose to darkwingg. and y this gotta be all about u? i'll just ask megavolt then. And no, tracers still on hold from manufacturer cuz nobody FRICKIN SELLS THEM IN YOUR COLORS!!11]

**by Negaduck 11 months ago**

[[You'll pay for that. The slander, I mean, although the tracer shortage is.. also annoying. Maybe if you spent less time sloshing down the martinis, you'd actually get something done.]]

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**[[Immediately following the events of [Dungeons and Demons Part 2](#) ]]**

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

In the outskirts of Calisota, the sun was shining down on lush peaceful pastures. Farm animals grazed contently. Chickens scratched around in their neverending search for grubs and clucked happily to one another.

Oddly enough, none of them paid much attention to the portal that was crackling menacingly above them.

Not even when a black-caped supervillain fell screaming straight out of it.

"yeeeeeeeAAAARRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

Thud.

Right onto a thick prickly patch of blackberries.

Scratched, snagged and suffering, Negaduck lifted his head just enough to groan. "This.. could not possibly get any more painful..."

Nearby, a cow lifted its head just enough to blink at this strange creature from the skies, before turning its attention back to the grass.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

The law of cartoon dynamics was more than happy to prove him wrong.

Down came Malicia, her entire girth landing on top of him, bottom-first, in what must have been the most unfortunate act of Queening the debonair deliquent of debauchery had ever experienced.

"Now where that idiot go?" She muttered, looking around.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Mfff cfffh. Shhmph knnndd bffttph."

Amazing how a muffled expression could convey so much resignation and annoyance all at once.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"You have a talent for gravitating toward depravity at every chance, you know that?" Slowly, she rolled off the other villain and stood to dust herself off.

Frowning, she realized they were still a little ways from the warehouse district. Not that it mattered, when there was no warehouse to return to.

"What now?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Pulling himself veeeeery carefully out of the thorns - no enslaved imps to repair his costume around now - the growl Negaduck threw at his companion could best be described as unappreciative.

"You mean you were never a naive but buxom college chick hitchhiking her innocent little tailfeathers home? How can I possibly believe that?"

Sarcasm aside, a quick scan of their surrounds, and he located a road off in the distance. Not an especially busy one, but a vehicle could be seen moving along every now and then.

"Put that tarty frock to use and flag us down a passing truck. Then I'll--" The enchanted shackles around his wrists forced a re-think. "YOU'll have to throw him out; I'll take it from there."

And off he stomped in that direction. Like the delegation of tasks, much less who was driving, was ever up for discussion.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Snagging his cape from behind, she spun him around.

And proceeded to grab both his cheeks and tug on them.

"Awwwww. Whose a gwumpy wittle man?" Squeaking in what might have

been the most horrifying cutesey-talk ever. Which was then followed by a prompt and very degrading butt-pinch.

Because hey, how often does she get to take advantage of his chained, non-violent state? What was that popular saying all the young, hip Normals use? 'YOLO?'

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

An expression of shocked fury was a strange sight when the face it was on was being contorted in an unspeakably cutesy manner.

It lasted for a mere second, however, before it snapped over into a Donald Duck-esque tantrum.

"RAAAR-WHYIOUGH-DOYOURAAPATAAH!!!"

Once his wild thrashing - or her butt pitching - finally saw him released, Negaduck backed up, masked eyes wide and disbelieving.

"WHAT do you think you're DOING?!"

Sure, he could figure it out, but that wouldn't stop him promising YOLVSPEO (You Only Live a Very Short and Painful Existence Once) if she continued.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Just having some fun." Eyelashes fluttered innocently. "What are you going to do about it?"

It's not like I want you to violently spank me later, or anything.

But she backed down, at the very least, and made for the road until she stopped on the side and waited for the next oncoming vehicle.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

With a whole lot of grumbling but not much in the way of viable threats, His Widdle Grumpiness made his way to the roadside beside her.

It wasn't long before a B-double trundled into view.

"Ah, here we go."

He pushed her into position up on the shoulder, before diving for cover in the fields on the driver's side.

"If you can show a bit of leg without scaring the poor sucker off, that'd be swell."



Always helpful coaching from the sidelines.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Seemingly confused by this concept, Malicia apparently opted for another tactic: Stepping in front of the massive truck just as it was approaching.

Before the driver could even react to swerve, the demonness threw out her arms and caught the massive mechanical beast from the front, stopping it dead. The full-force collision of truck and behemoth woman caused the rear-end to scrunch up like an accordion as it came to a screeching halt. Behind it, a trail of fire had been left by the smoky hot tires.

"How is that for leg?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Good going Gilgamesh. Think we can put your mighty feats on hold for one minute though before you crush the radiator?"

Eyerolling done, Negaduck stepped up to the left side cabin and swung open the door, where he proceeded to express all sorts of concern for the man's condition. Well, all sorts except genuine.

"Oh man, looks like you've got quite the intense headache." No kidding, the canine's face was lodged in the dashboard. "Better have a lie down."

In no time, the driver was dragged out by the scruff of the collar and thrown in a ditch.

"There."

Apparently for the shackles, for all their magical properties, were not crash hot at distinguishing well-meaning helpful actions from ill-meaning ones.

And so, presuming Malicia kindly legged it out of the way, with a quick study of the controls they would be off and on the road back to home, or failing that, more trouble.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Malicia squeezed into the passenger side (literally. Her rear-end got caught in the cabin-sized door) and settled in. Or at least tried to settle to the best of her ability, with her head pressed against the roof and her knees forced close to her chest.

"Let's stop at a drive-thru. I want meat."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Crrrrreeeeeeeeakk.

The immense mass squished into one side of the cab saw it tilt dangerously in that direction. Negaduck, scrambling to avoid being sucked into the fleshy cleavage quicksand below, managed to release the park brake and off they trundled.

"You're not getting ANY," he set down tersely as the forward momentum set the cab itself down and he got back to driving. "Not at least until you find a way to get these damn cuffs off me."

Yes, getting between Malicia and food while simultaneously highlighting a vulnerability was sure to be a successful strategy.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Pardon moi?" She responded indignantly. "If you want those cuffs off, then you'll have to listen to ME. Otherwise, you better start learning how to love your enemies to death."

It seems to work quite well for the Little Lost Bunnies, anyway.

"Do you even know where we're going? Because I'm quite certain there is now an empty lot where my home should be."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Look, can we quit the games for one second?" Because I don't like games where I'm losing. "Didn't this last debacle show that if we keep trying to screw each other over, we'll BOTH get screwed?"

Grumbling, under his breath and cover the steering wheel, Negaduck added darkly,

"And that I always screw who I'm after in the end."

So focused on being ominous and vengeful there that he uncharacteristically, unbelievably, appeared to totally miss the double entendre.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

But the sexual connotation hadn't missed Malicia, who was suddenly thinking quite seriously on the subject of his violently screwing her. And a realization occurred.

"If you can't do anything violent..." She tapped her bill. "Does that mean you can't do that nasty thing with your teeth? Or spank me with that wretched morning star? Or that one highly-illegal-in-all-States position with the chains and dynamite?"

Her gaze slid over to him, cautiously.

"Would we only be able to... make love?"

With uncharacteristic cat-like reflexes she leaned over and slammed her foot over his on the gas pedal.

**"Drive faster.** We need to fix this."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Oh the PAIN.

"You know what else would slow us down?" hissed, just barely, through his teeth. "If I had a crushed foot."

Hampered by the restraints and her bulk, Negaduck struggled to maintain control of the vehicle, and relatively important for that task, an ability to actually see the road ahead.

"MOVE your humongous hoof. I've got this!"

And so they continued, bickering and brawling, until they reached the docks on the other side of Audubon Bay. Where, presuming all control had not been lost and seen them tipping over in a paddock, the criminal behind the wheel would bring them to a stop in the darkness between some shipping containers.

By this stage it was night. The metropolis of St Canard shimmered across the black velvet that surrounded it, the only sounds the lapping of the water against the dock...

... and the confused bleating of a lamb that was stuck firmly in the truck's grill.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Squeezing back out the passenger side --the cab looked ready to fall apart by this point -- she landed feet first on the dock which rocked beneath her weight.

Her stomach growled miserably, and she glanced around. Realizing there was likely no fast food restaurant in the immediate area, she set her eyes on the poor farm animal that was very much in in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Like a ravenous wolf, fangs gleaming, spittle dripping from her jaws, she advanced on the lamb with her claws outstretched. There was a loud FWOOSH of fire, and when the smoke cleared, the demonness was holding a rack of ribs, which she gnawed on contentedly.

Suddenly it was quite clear just where the demonlings developed their taste for livestock.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

The amazing roadkill buffet went uncommented on by Negaduck, who was far too preoccupied with plotting their next move.

"At this stage, the less they know about our return to St Canard the better. Which is why we'll ditch the truck here - so it can't be tracked. Getting across the bridge is another matter."

Standing on the dock's edge, much chin-stoking of doom.

"A boat is out of the question. Even if you did manage not to capsize the thing, it could draw attention. I think we're going to be stuck with using the workmen's platforms under the bridge."

All the while muttering to himself, one arm reached out for a slab of freshly barbecued lamb. What? Sharing was caring.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

She absentmindedly handed over what was left -- a bone with a few measly strings of meat.

"Fine, whichever. This would be easier if I knew exactly where in the city we're going." It had occurred to her that during the time Negaduck was evicted from the warehouse, he obviously had to hole himself up somewhere. But like the rest of the supervillains in the city, Malicia wasn't privy to Negaduck's hide-outs -- there were numerous locations, and they seemed to change quite rapidly. Frankly, she never wasted much time learning about them. But now it seemed logical that it would be the first place for them to go.

"Either way, it's going to take me time to gather what I need for those chains."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

The savaging he set upon the scrap gave Malicia's ferocious display a run for her money. From calmly scheming to hungry animal in 0.2 seconds, the bone itself would be crunched into pieces in his unusually sharp jaws.

Then, like nothing had happened, the tiny remaining segment was tossed over his shoulder.

"What are you standing around here for then? Bust open that security gate."

A standard protective feature to stop Joe Public from climbing up into the bridge interior when he'd had a few too many, the grate surrounding the first ladder wasn't particularly sturdy - Negaduck would have likely been able to break it himself, if he wasn't shamelessly lazy.

"And stop nagging. You don't NEED to know where we're going. Just follow me."

Said the spider to the much larger, hungrier spider.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Malicia seemed unusually calm, given her typical short-fused nature. She didn't care much for being bossed around by a vertically-challenged midget with bizarre fashion taste. But after all these years of dealing with Negaduck, she also developed a sense for when to cut her losses and just listen to the bastard.

And she did so, begrudgingly. Within moments the entire gate had been torn from its hinges and tossed into the bay (though she let it just narrowly miss his head in the process).

"Voila."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Knew I kept you around for something," he snarked mischievously, but zipped up the ladder before she could get her fangs into him, literally or otherwise.

The climb was a long one, all the way up one pylon until just under the roadway. There it merged with the crossbeams, allowing them to step across and onto the shaky catwalks that serviced the underside of the bridge.

Paranoid as ever, Negaduck remained ready to jump into the shadows should a spotlight come there way, but was overall rather nonchalant. If he could slide down the structure's supports without too much trouble, this by contrast was a piece of cake.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Malicia had barely climbed a few feet before she had stopped on the ladder, her grip tightening until her knuckles turned white.

"I... thought we'd be walking under the bridge. On the ground. Not up there." Sounding as casual as possible, but probably not convincing enough for someone as sly as Negaduck, who would notice the increasing edge in her voice.

"Seems like a waste of energy to do all this, when we can just walk across the top, don't you think?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"There are cameras up top," said Negaduck, who had doubled back to arch a brow at her from the upper platform. "And - would you believe it - cars. Cars

with people and their annoyingly obnoxious camera phones."

Arms crossed, stare grew more intense.

"You're not.. frightened, are you?"

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"What? No! Noooo!" She shook her head vigorously, which also caused the ladder to shake slightly. Letting out the tiniest of squeaks, she squeezed her eyes shut momentarily in an attempt to regain her composure.

"Okay, Malicia. Deep breaths." She muttered to herself. "Just take it one step at a time."

And she did. Ten long, agonizing minutes of slow, steady movements. Where Negaduck had zipped up in a matter of seconds, Malicia spent an eternity steadying herself.

Finally, she reached the top. She did it! VICTORY! As she stood up to grab the side rail, she caught a glimpse of the whirling bay many, many feet below, and suddenly her knees buckled beneath her.

With her body pressed as close to the platform as possible, the 250-pound behemoth demonness opted to crawl.

He better be right about there being no security cameras.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Without a word, he watched the demonic caterpillar inch its way past. Then...

~~BoOOoOOoooNnnnGGGG!!~~

One stamp of the foot and the strong but flexible steel floor beneath them was set bouncing up and down like a very long seesaw.

"You've probably heard," Negaduck began conversationally once the shaking had died down. "That falling into water from a great height is like hitting concrete. Not true, necessarily. In the right conditions and the right position, the rate of deceleration upon impact can be easily survivable."

Moving from his comfy leaning post against a pillar, he paused as he stepped over her to add,

"Unless you're as heavy as a tank and land as flat as a pancake - in which case, it's probably splat-time for you."

And on he went to stroll, raising the question whether he was just being his

usual jerk self, or whether this was a decidedly cruel way to channel his sadistic impulses when he couldn't physically hurt anything.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Instinctively, Mal was on him. But not with her usual throat-squeezing gusto.

Like a damsel in distress she attached herself to him, burying her face in his chest and belted out a surprisingly feminine screech.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!" Her scream somewhat muffled by her face in his jacket. Due to the er, discrepancy in height she was still down on her knees, but evidently at perfect chest cuddling height.

Really, really glad there weren't any security cameras.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"NUUGGH!"

Even muffled, the shriek was right up there with those accursed dog whistles she had enchanted against him once, pupils sent rattling around madly in their sockets.

It wasn't the sound, however, that posed the real problem. It was the touch. The vulnerability. The need for comfort.

Sure, had he known this was coming he could have prepared for it, worked it to some kind of advantage. But ambushed by very un-Malicia like behaviour, his first instinct was to recoil.

Villains, always the helpful lot.

"You screeching harpy!" Desperately trying to peel out from under her crippling talons. "Argh! Let GO of me already!"

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Like a kitten clawing its way up his back, she used him to steady herself so that she was standing once more. And, finally, released him.

Face flushed with a mixture of rage and embarrassment she spat in his direction, "Serves you right, you dick! You shake that platform one more time and I'll throw you over the edge. Then we'll see who squishes like a pancake!"

Well, on the bright side, she was now distracted from the perilous height.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

The sudden freedom saw him crashing forward and nearly saving Malicia the trouble by throwing himself over the edge. Nearly.

"Not MY fault." Over his shoulder, that jerk smile threatened to break across his bill once more. "How was I meant to know that a huge demoness was actually a big chicken?"

Staying well out of grabbing range this time.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Please. We all have our set-backs." Eyes gleaming mischievously.

"Gosh, I wonder what would happen if I took you to the St. Canard petting zoo with those chains on. We can visit the 'Happy Hugging Haven' area. Wouldn't that be nice?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Slow back step.

"Now... now there's no need for that." Hands up defensively. "It's not like I'm frightened of being surrounded by adorable, innocent faces... that I can't.. stab..."

Something in his psychotic brain snapped and the malevolent mallard turned tail and RAN.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

Well that was one way to speed up a bridge crossing.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Only now, did she wish there was a security camera. Then she could capture that wail of terror and make it her ringtone... if... she could figure out how to turn on her cellphone first.

Fortunately this had all provided an ample enough distraction for her to make it across the bridge with minimal challenges.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Way over on the other side, Negaduck was paused and panting, clutching a furious side stitch.

"Man, I shouldn't have scarfed that lamb rib..."

As the demoness approached, however, wariness caught him again, his gaze scanning her for any sign of treachery. Would he have to throw himself through the remaining security grate? Or over the side? He'd do it, anything to avoid the horror that was cuddly creatures.



**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Malicia walked right past him, tearing through the last gate without a prompt.

"Carry on, oh fearless leader." She made a sweeping gesture for him to pass.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

He elected to take that.. at face value.

"That's more like it."

Snidely striding through, it was back to plotting.

"So we just need to cross through to the east-side district undetected. Maybe if we dress you as a crazed hobo-woman..."

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"It's nighttime. Anyone with half a brain won't be out at this hour anyway. You already strut around St. Canard like colour-blind rooster, so I'm quite certain nobody will pay attention to us." She trailed behind him.

"And if someone tries to stop us..." She conjured a fireball and juggled it.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"For cripe's sake-- when was the last time you had to re-build an empire from scratch? Without a spell-laden sanctuary to scurry back to?"

His distracted attempt to bat out the fireball behind in annoyance fortunately missed, yet another thing he had failed to think entirely through.

Also fortunately, she was right. Nobody was around to witness two felons waltzing back into town, doing circus tricks with their pyrokinesis.

"They shouldn't know you're even alive until you WANT them to know it. Until everything is ready and it's too late."

Their little lecture-and-stroll continued into the darker and dingier dock-side towns.

"It's Supervillains 101, Mal - stealth."

Yet a grand gesticulation on that final word saw him enact just the opposite. It spooked the driver of the only car that happened to be passing them that night, who overreacted and speared straight into the base of a crane, which toppled into the water and collided with a frigate, that creaked onto its side and tipped half of its navy out of their beds and into the bay.

Negaduck's face registered a split second of 'oh sh--'. Then he was off like a

bolt into the nearest alley, leaving a vaguely mallard shaped cloud of dust behind.

Selective stealth it was then.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"How fortunate I am then, to be chaperoned by the master of stealth." She didn't bother rushing as she followed behind his dust trail. She found it all too amusing that Negaduck -- the same Negaduck who specialized in overtly grandiose displays of villainy like trapping police in gelatine molds -- could have any knowledge about keeping a low profile.

"Why do you even do this, anyway? Do you not realize you could simply remove your costume and, dare I say it, your mask, and virtually nobody would recognize you? You wouldn't have to waste any time or energy sneaking around in bushes like a serial flasher in St. Canard Central park."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Ooooh, thank you, how ever would I thought of that. Truly, I'm shocked they haven't given you a Nobel Prize for the Bleeding Obvious."

Snaking his way through the backstreets, speed was replaced by caution, each corner cleared for potential threats – or pesky, unstable cranes.

"The problem with that strategy, at the moment, is that I am carrying no spare clothes. Somehow I doubt I'd draw less attention as a streaker than I would as a flasher; a shackled streaker, no less."

Pausing at a doorway, raised brow directed at his cohort, who had presumably kept up with all that ducking and sneaking.

"... that's exactly what you were going for, wasn't it?"

A put-upon sigh, frustration channelled into shouldering through the entrance. Within was a staircase, so broken down and dismally lit it was a phenomenon of physics that the whole thing had not already collapsed.

"Watch your step."

That was not a polite warning. The centre of the stairs, which he avoided by walking up the sides, was so rotten that even a starved mouse was likely to break straight through. And if she survived that, there were a few traps in his usual style to get past, reminiscent of those improvements to her now nonexistent warehouse – pop-up spikes here, piranhas strapped to a swinging mallet there. The standard evil genius welcome, but with less cackling. For the moment.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Oh? And what's your excuse for every other occasion in which you do have access to clothing?" She was careful to trace his steps quite methodically.

Following close behind, she purred lowly in his ear. "And I don't need any excuse to strip you down."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"See, now why would I change when you talk like that."

Clearly he was doing something right, even if it was very, very wrong.

"Here we are."

The final door broken through to reveal... a man-cave worse than Malicia ever could have imagined. Boarded up and derelict walls. Covered with filth. The few scarce pieces of furniture in stained, burned and broken.

Home sweet hideout.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Malicia shuddered. How could someone with so much money and resources at their fingertips choose to live like this? She had been hoping the dilapidated entrance was just a ruse to keep away trespassers.

Really though, she wasn't surprised in the least.

"How cozy." She finally said. "Now do you have a bed? I need my beauty sleep."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"What?" Muffled through a cigarette he was attempting to light with a flamethrower trap covering one of the windows.

That done - at the expense of some of the structural integrity of said window - Negaduck waved her off to an adjoining annex.

"Yeah. Go knock yourself out, princess."

Rather than join the demoness on the dirty old mattress that was somehow in a worse condition than the rest of the apartment, he was setting up with supplies on a hard wooden table. Supplies being schematics and scotch.

Breathing out a toxic fog that promptly snuffed out even the cockroaches that were scurrying along the ceiling above, he took to carefully considering the next move. Thanks to all that business with sandworms and devil summoning, exhaustion was lurking beneath; he had not properly rested for days.

But that was just how he did business, and besides, what did he need of beauty sleep?

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Slowly edging herself on to the ratty old mattress she cringed and muttered to herself. "This is repulsive. Absolutely inexcusably disgusting. I'll never be able to fall asleep in these contemptible conditio--zZzzZzzz..."

She was out like a light, face down on the flattened cotton that barely passed as a pillow. While it may not have been obvious, this was the first sleep Malicia had in almost two days.

Soon, she would eventually dream of her mother, a woman she barely knew yet sacrificed everything so that Malicia could live a free life, unbound by the Devil. In her dream, she was confronted by Melantha, who would ask her why? Why use this opportunity to commit crimes? She would beg and plead her daughter to turn away from the path of evil; to stop callously hurting others.

"Aaaaah, quit your bitchin' lady. She's fine the way she is." Said three-legged Negaduck, as he sat starkers on a gigantic bomb eating a chain-link of sausages.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

When morning broke, the slivers of light that fought their way through the cracks in the rotten boards would find Malicia alone, curled up like the various creepy-crawlies that infested the hideout. Earth-shaking snoring aside, it was peaceful.

Until regular two-legged Negaduck came kicking the door in.

"How am I meant to have any fun in this city with these stupid cuffs," he muttered, a small burlap sack thrown onto the ground in frustration. "What I'd pay to kick one teeny tiny orphan..."

Not the most successful night in the history of crime, apparently.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Nmmm.." She whined and shielded her face from the bits of light and his growling voice, rolling over to retreat into the mattress.

"Five more minutes... share your sausages too..." She mumbled.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Get up." The sack was redirected from the floor to her head; nothing like a mild concussion to get the day going. "You have no time for lazing around

while I'm still struggling to steal things here!"

It was true - the contents of the bag, a night's takings, represented a poor haul indeed. Provisions which, in some distant dimension, may have counted for breakfast; junk food, cans, whatever he managed to 'borrow' that his bonds allowed. And, of course, the all important coffee beans.

However was she going to get sausage at this rate?

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

The bag elicited a grunt when it hit her and slowly, she stirred from her slumber and rolled around to stare up at him lazily.

"Unless my warehouse is in that bag with all of my spellbooks and ingredients, I'm afraid there isn't much I can do right now. Why don't you go huff some drugs off the thighs of a dancer at the strip club, or whatever fun activity you usually do when you're not working?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"I. Can't. HURT anything, Mal." The patience he never had almost completely gone. "How am I meant to have any 'fun' without that, huh?"

And there was the little matter of a lifetime ban from his favourite club thanks to some demonlings. Ah, memories.

Whatever the case, it appeared his usual morning grumps applied even if he had technically never slept.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"Could you be any more of a whiny baby?" She shook her head. "So you can't hammer in baby skulls or drop anvils on the elderly -- big deal. Surely you can see this as a cunning challenge? You always claim you're smarter than the rest, so come up with a method to bypass the spell while committing acts of evil."

Still lounging across the bed, she raised her rear end in the air and waggled it in his direction, watching him through half-lidded eyes.

"You can practice on me first..."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Sulking shifted into slyness, every wiggle of that booty tracked like a laser-guided horndog.

"You don't say..."

A streak of movement then she was struck across the behind.. With a cloud of

white?

~~Fphoooooom!!~~

Grinning, the drake displayed the bottle from which the substance had been launched. "I had been wondering whether I could use this stuff."

It was Mr Scratchy's Executive Itching Powder.

Cackling, he made a run for it.

Well she HAD offered.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

The sound she emitted was something akin to a million cats being crushed by a steamroller.

**"YOU ROTTEN BASTARD! YOU CAN SUFFER IN THOSE CHAINS FOR ETERNITY! I'LL FLAY YOU FOR THIS!"**

A threat that was hard to take seriously when she was scooching her butt across the floor like a disobedient dog.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Of course, like all villains, the opportunity for gloating was just something he could not resist.

"Daaw, who's the whiny baby now? Hahah."

Popping open a can retrieved from the supposed kitchen area, Negaduck leaned against the wall and enjoyed the show. Safe in the knowledge - or was that pure confidence - that he was far too fast and superior for her to get a hold of him, not to mention otherwise distracted with more itchy matters.

"Here's a cunning challenge - turn that convulsive seizure you're doing into the next viral dance hit. Pow! Instant internet fame."

Adding, as a side remark, "Not that that's good for anything."

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"A pity." Scritch-scratch. "I was just about to give you the solution to your chain issue. You know, the one where I tell you how exactly to remove them. You could probably have them off by tonight."

Then she rushed off to the dilapidated bathroom to see if she could at least wash off the powder in her feathers. But there was no running water. Of

course. A conniving asshole like him probably had no need for proper hygienic habits while on the lam.

With no other choice, she made for the exit. One hand permanently attached to her rear end where she continuously scratched until the feathers in the area had begun to fall off.

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

"Bullshit. If you think I've forgotten-"

Yet a hand caught her non-itching arm as she went past regardless.

"Wait."

Brow raised at the increasing bald patch where no lady should ever have a bald patch.

"If I neutralise the powder, will you spill?"

As big as his doubts were as to the legitimacy of Malicia's taunt, it wasn't like he told let her walk out of there, taking his chances of freedom along with her.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

"I suppose. Not that I should be reinforcing your behaviour by doing all these favors. Clearly I spoil you."

But she stopped and turned, still scratching. "Okay, hurry up then! This is like grade 6 biology class with the mites all over again."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Suppressing any quips about the difficulty of hitting a target that size, his side of the bargain was filled through the simple grabbing of another can.

A rapid shake, the top pulled, and its boozy contents were blasted all over her butt.

"There." Empty can discarded over his shoulder. "You done complaining now?"

One could dream.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Letting out a long sigh of relief she shook the foamy remnants from her tush, and spun around, hand down her cleavage.

"Here." She retrieved a phone number. "A contact of mine who deals specifically in Council magic. Getting rid of magical restrictions is a specialty. It

will cost you, obviously. But you shouldn't have much trouble with that."

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Sounded legit.

"Brilliant. Soon, with the torment I'm going to unleash on this city, they're going to regret ever handing us over to those magical morons."

Brief indulgence in a deep maniacal laugh, and he zoomed away to track down this 'contact'.

Only to return a split second later, to catch her hand.

"And you'll regret this too, sweetheart." The words contrasting with the low suggestiveness in which they were purred. "Over and over again."

Bill pressed flirtatiously over the back of her claw, and he was off again.

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Fortunately for Negaduck, he didn't have to travel too far. The contact had indicated on the phone to meet on the outskirts of the city. Negaduck would find himself waiting alone, when a portal ripped through the fabric of reality and out stepped... a Normal?

In fact one could almost say he resembled Negaduck... except taller, with a mound of muscle, a grizzled face covered in chin stubble, an eye patch, and a cigar hanging out the side of his bill. He looked like your textbook bad-ass mercenary.

"A'ight, what do we 'ave 'ere?" The mountainous mallard spoke in a deep raspy growl. Circling the villain momentarily, he grabbed a hold of the chains and inspected them closely through his remaining eye.

Then he threw back his head and let out a loud raucous laugh.

"Oh-ho! Lemme guess, Malicia Macawber's mess innit? Bless tha' bitch's 'eart, I swear she finances 'half o' me living expenses with all th'business she brings me from 'er shit stirrin'. You bring th'money I asked fer?"

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

This did not sit well with Negaduck. Not well at all.

Managing somehow to pull himself back from a violent fit - although a flash of the metal around his wrists indicated they may also have played a part - he recognised there were more important priorities to be expending his energy on.



Namely dirt digging.

"Take it easy, Rambo, it's all here."

Kicking his heel against a large black case behind him, the top popped open to confirm it was indeed chocked with cash.

"Stealing with these damn things on isn't exactly a cake walk; you got no idea how many grannies I had to con out of their life savings." Twist of a smirk.  
"Fun though."

Mutual criminality established, a tilt of the head and he added conversationally, "Have to say, didn't expect your type-" As in MY type. "To be mixed up with all this unworldly rubbish; spells and portals and-" Not too fine a point on it. "Mad-as-hell Malicias. What's your deal? Kidnapping wenches not paying the same dividends it used to?"

**by Malicia 1 month ago**

Blatantly ignoring Negaduck, he picked up the suitcase and pulled out a few wads and flipped through them. Then he pressed it to his bill and inhaled deeply.

"Seems legit, 'eah." The suitcase was thrown behind his shoulder and landed through another portal which immediately snapped shut.

"Sorry boyo, I'm not 'sactly interested in yer small talk. Let's just get'er done so we can both go our separate ways."

He dug into his pocket and retrieved a glowing blue key, topped with a tiny skull.

**by Negaduck 29 days ago**

Gnashing of teeth fit for a sawmill. Reeveeally didn't like this guy.

All the same, shackles were held out for the unlocking. That was what counted.

Because without it, there would be no grinding anyone into dust. Not even gratingly brazen mercenaries.

"Like I want to make small talk with pea-brained neanderthals anyways," grunted Negaduck, unable to suppress all smarm entirely.

**by Malicia 29 days ago**

"D'awwww, chin up muffin. Yer no neanderthal. Too short, that." No comment on the pea-brained portion, however.

Flipping Negaduck's palms upward, he pressed two fingers to the side of one cuff. "Oestragus mallophagia".

When he removed his fingers, a keyhole had appeared. Carefully, he inserted the key.

And pointed a gun at Negaduck's temple with his other hand.

"Now I'm gonna turn it, and they'll vanish in t'thin air. But yer not gonna make with the funny business, I 'ope? Don't need to deal with Mally's harpin' 'cause I blew her man-candy's head clean off."

**by Negaduck 27 days ago**

Bristle.

"What're you, gay?" Negaduck snapped in what was surely the sharpest display of wit ever. "Turn the damn key already!"

Because it was all this talk of blowing and man-candy that was irritating him, not the overt familiarity this dimensional double was displaying with old 'Mally', not the barrel at his temple stopping him from doing anything about it.

Not that he would've ever dared consider any funny business, oh goodness no.

**by Malicia 28 days ago**

"I'm thinkin' you wish I was a bugger." He chortled, and turned the key.

The chains began to glow again momentarily and then, just as he said, they slowly melted into a wispy smoke that rose into the air.

"There, problem solved." Gun still pointed at Negaduck he backed away slowly.

"Nice doin' business with yer."

**by Negaduck 27 days ago**

Paying no attention to the other drake's antics, Negaduck took a moment to stretch and enjoy the long-awaited freedom.

"Ah, so much better."

A pause, gaze flicking back up to the mercenary.

"Of course, this could just be some cheap illusion spell. The real test is whether I can maim and dismember some innocent patsy."

Undaunted by the gun, he advanced ominously on its holder, psychotic grin a-gleaming, murderous fingers a-twitching.

"How fortunate your price was all-inclusive."

**by Malicia 27 days ago**

"You take one more step and I will castrate you."

But that wasn't the low sexy growl of the mercenary. Malicia had, at some point, appeared behind Negaduck. She snagged the back of his cape in her claws to prevent him from advancing any further.

"Mally! Nice t'see ya again. Why you always sendin' me these nutjobs? Yer not cross wit me I 'ope?" The mallard lowered his gun on Negaduck, apparently secure in the fact that Malicia would make do with her threat.

"Now why would I do that to my most reliable contact?" She purred. "I need you..." She let the ambiguity of that sentence hang in the air for a moment before continuing. "With my resources depleted, I will be requiring your own supply to assist me with rebuilding my business."

"I look forward to that." A quick sneer at Negaduck. "Working closely wit yer is always a great pleasure."

**by Negaduck 23 days ago**

Quick though it might have been, the moment that sneer hit Negaduck, all bets were off.

Of course you know, this means war.

Somehow, however, blood remained miraculously unspilled.

"Why don't you start by working closely with an ocularist?" he snarled. "For all your experience with occultists, you haven't yet worked out how to fix this monstrosity." Vague gesture at the other mallard's piratey patch.

Taking Malicia by the waist, he turned to leave.

"Come on gorgeous, let's go find some real fun."

Really, it was a wonder all the hate in those light quips didn't explode and kill anyone.

Thanks to a timer that just may have been beeping away in one of his jacket

pockets though, something would.

**by Malicia 23 days ago**

Malicia gave the mercenary a brief parting wave and, for once, allowed Negaduck to do his herding.

Well, who are we kidding. She was eating up his jealousy.

"Yer welcome, muffin!" The binocular-challenged drake shouted.

Once the two villains were isolated enough to talk, it was time to get down to business.

"Now that you're free to snap necks again, what's your next plan of action?"

**by Negaduck 21 days ago**

"I was going to lend my talents to making you the most powerful demonic force that has ever cursed this planet, so beautiful and deadly that all will tremble under our combined might."

Before she could question the generosity of that tempting offer, there was a sideways joke-or-was-it-really.

"But sounds like you don't need me for that, hmm?"

Volatile at the best of times, adding possessiveness to the mix never helped any. Particularly not when teamed with his displeasure at being second at anything. Could make him a little.. tetchy.

**by Malicia 21 days ago**

"I'm sure you were." She responded coolly. As if. Had he the means to give her more power, he would've done it ages ago. Besides, she was already the most beautiful, deadly woman in the world.

Long since used to the hypocrisy that came from shacking up with a possessive male-whore, she brushed aside his spite. Literally as well, when she took that moment to sweep a few specks of dirt from the cape around his shoulders. Then, quickly, she pressed her heated palm flat against the wrinkles and pressed them out instantaneously -- deadly AND fashionably practical. Who knew?

She continued on conversationally. "You benefit from my warehouse just as much as I do, so I'm hoping you'll assist me in reclaiming it. First thing's first, however. We should actually go back to the warehouse and see what's left."

**by Negaduck 21 days ago**

A corner of the cape held out so her work could be fully appreciated.

"Nice job. Now if only you could stop clawing them to pieces..."

Or sort of appreciated.

Adequately distracted, any hard word he had regarding his one-eyed double was let slide. Wasn't that hard, considering the size of his ego. Or the size of the explosion that was sure to follow once Mr Macho got his payment suitcase/bomb home...

On track back to their old neighbourhood, the prospect of re-building the exact same facility didn't bring quite as much joy. "Yeah, yeah. Why're you so hung up on that warehouse though? What's wrong with my joint?"

Where to start.

**by Malicia 21 days ago**

"Are you saying you want me to cohabit with you? In your personal space?" She feigned shock and surprise.

"We don't want everyone thinking we're some sort of couple!" Truly the worst possible thing anyone could think about two corrupt criminals, surely.

When they reached the warehouse it was... surprisingly absent; just a giant vacant gap where the building once stood. The entire structure had been uprooted, leaving behind a blocky imprint in the ground.

In the center was a rather official-looking sign that had been nailed into the soil which read:

"The following property and all belongings within are hereby seized by The Council Tribune and can be reclaimed at Station 44-♦ . Please note all items deemed illegal as specified by the Enforcer Charter C3-229 will NOT be returned.

Please contact your local Pound to reclaim all Familiars."

"I knew it!" She tugged at her hair in aggravation. "It'll be months before the paperwork is processed and half of my things won't even be there!"

She grabbed Negaduck by the shoulders. "Do you know just how hard it is to build such a monumental collection of black magic items?! And without even the basics at my clawtips..."

Suddenly, a thought occurred to her.

"But I know exactly where we can start."

**by Negaduck 20 days ago**

That dramatic statement was meant with pure deadpan.

"Uh what, you going to elaborate there? Or are we going to do one of those stupid--"

-----INSERT CUT AWAY SCENE HERE-----

"Goddamn it!"

Once he was done throwing his hands in the air over what was surely a coincidence and not some freaky fourth-wall breaking awareness of cartoon writing mechanics, the felon would come to acknowledge what they were standing in view of.

"This is your plan?" Dismissive wave at the eerily storm-surrounded MaCawber Mansion. "Whale on Morg and take her toys? Well done, your scheme is about as sophisticated as a three-year old."

Then a shrug, and out came a particularly nasty spiked club.

"Ah well, sophistication is overrated." Taking a step to stroll, club over shoulder, out towards the target.

**by Malicia 20 days ago**

"Hold on now." She snagged him by the cape, springing him back into her arms.

"Remember what Morgana said during the trial? Darkwing has been mysteriously absent from his flapping and terror duties. Even she has no clue where he went." She ran her hands up the side of his waist seductively and leaned in to whisper in his ear.

"Wouldn't you like to exploit this lovely opportunity?"

**by Negaduck 20 days ago**

Really? Did she think he'd fall for smooth talk? That was his trick!

"You know... I certainly would," agreed the crook over thinly veiled irritation. "... by pulverising her into little bitty pieces of Morgy Mash."

That settled, he again tried to pull forward. This was more than his usual stubbornness.

For all the nice things Morgana had to say about him in the courtroom,

repeatedly rejecting his advances - especially in order to team up with his arch nemesis - had firmly pushed the sorceress into 'enemy' territory.

There were only so many cell block toilets to the head that a villain could take.

**by Malicia 20 days ago**

"I never said you shouldn't make her into a mediocre stew. I'm merely suggesting we toy with her beforehand. Besides, do you really think you can just storm through the front door and expect to keep your current form? Good luck getting me to reverse a slug polyform spell without my spellbooks on hand."

A thoughtful pause.

"But I suppose if anything goes wrong during your attack we could just pay another visit to my contact again. He's very helpful like that."

**by Negaduck 19 days ago**

Judging from the murderous growl that rolled out of him, Morgana had dropped a spot in priority for pulverisation.

"You think so, huh?"

Still, she had a point. He couldn't afford any downtime as a non-drake. While sliming around as a gastropod would be handy for grossing out half the population, the lack of limbs would sort of get in the way of his next plan.

Besides, the last thing he wanted was to end up like Dr Slug...

"What's your supposedly ingenious plan then? Flaming bag of cerberus poop on her doorstep?"

**by Malicia 19 days ago**

A wave of her hand and suddenly Negaduck found himself in his Darkwing Decoy outfit.

"Something a bit more basic. I know you've already done this before. I'm sure you've since mastered the art of imitating a pent-up 40 year old virgin."

Circling him carefully, she did a once-over to check for any hints that might betray his identity. Leaning in, she took a quick sniff.

"Hmmm..."

She conjured up a bottle of what may have been the world's cheapest cologne, and drenched him in a musky cloud. Once more she leaned in and took a sniff.

"Much better. Here, you'll need these too." She tossed him a packet of breath mints. "Take them all."

**by Negaduck 19 days ago**

**"40..?!"**

Outrage interrupted by the immense coughing and spluttering fit that being suffocated in a fog of cut-price cologne brought on.

Eventually recovering, he waved at the lingering stench with mints in hand.

"Sweet mephitis," grumbled, disgusted. "Next time I'm after a biological weapon, I'll have to find a truckload of that."

Right, because the scent of rotting flesh and burning sulphur was much more pleasant.

**by Malicia 19 days ago**

"Well if Morgana catches even the slightest stench of whiskey and cigarettes, your goose will be cooked via lightning bolt." She straightened out his cape once more.

"Okay, you're looking very much like a self-righteous nimrod with a stick permanently inserted up his rear end. I think you're good to go."

**by Negaduck 19 days ago**

"Now I REALLY want to hurt something."

Grumbling done, the spiked club tucked away. For the moment.

Walking off in the direction of the mansion, he directed a finger pointedly (get it) back at the demoness. "Alright, but I'm going to pulverise someone after this, and if it isn't Morgana..."

Threat left to hang, an adjustment of his now purple fedora and up the path he went.

-----

**by Negaduck 1 month ago**

Inside MaCawber Mansion, the door bell chimed.

And there, standing calmly out on the front porch, was someone she had not seen in a long time.

Or so she was meant to think.



by **Morgana** 1 month ago

Morgana was in the kitchen testing out a new recipe. She hadn't been home for very long -- her summoning at the recent trial had brought her back to Transylvania where she spent some time visiting the relatives. She never stuck around to see the outcome of the trial, having opted to leave as soon as she finished her testimony. As far as she knew, both Negaduck and Malicia were still back at the courthouse where her uncle would likely find a way to save her cousin's oversized hide. Negaduck, on the other hand... well, at least she wouldn't have to worry about HIM for a good, long time.

And that's when the doorbell rang.

"Oh! Hold this for me will you, Eek?" The spatula in the bubbling bowl was left for the bat Familiar to continue stirring.

Rushing to the door, she wiped the green goop from her fingers with her apron. "It's been awhile since I've had visitors! In fact the last one to see me was...**Darkwing!**" Having just flung the door open to see the mallard on her doorstep.

And without another word she threw her arms around him, pulling him into a deep, affectionate embrace.

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Fortunately, Darkwing wasn't exactly at ease with outward affection, so the tensing of his frame in shock would not have been hugely out of character.

The clenching of teeth was, but she could not see that.

When he finally pried her off, her visitor smiled... as benignly as possible. "Heh.. good to see you too."

Clearing his throat – keep it high, goddamnit – out from behind his cape came a handful of thorny, vivid, and generally vicious looking flowers. Either he had stolen them from her garden on the way in, or just happened to be carrying them because they looked poisonous.

"I got these for you." Nervousness layered under bravado. "But nothing I could find on this planet could ever match your beauty, Morgana."

There, was that adequately corny enough?

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

Face flushing crimson, she accepted the gift. "I should be furious with you... leaving without a word, not a single indication of when you would return. But I'm just so relieved to see you."

She leaned forward and stroked his bill. "How could I stay mad at this handsome face?" She cooed.

Morgana stepped aside to allow him passage and led him to the kitchen where various pots, pans, and cauldrons were bubbling noxiously. A tentacle was slowly lifting the lid off one pot and Morgana smacked it with the back of a spoon as though disciplining a naughty child.

Moving back and forth in the kitchen she absentmindedly stirred and sprinkled ingredients while she continued. "I'm happy to report in your absence that the city has gone back to its usual bustling, busy self. All traces of Negaduck's coffee related calamity are gone, and there have been very few crimes."

Then she turned to face him with a frown. "But perhaps I should let you do the talking. For starters, where have you been?"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

"Well you know me," said the 'hero' as he took a seat at the bench. "Always interfering with the best laid plans of criminal geniuses..."

Across the table, what were presumably ingredients had taken to staring at him.

"Even if they cripple me or crush my spine, like a fat kid at a buffet I keep going back for more..."

When staring right back had no dissuasive effect, he settled for a more forceful approach. Keeping track of Morgana's movements, he waited for a moment to strike.

"To the point of insanity; really, with so many life-endangeringly close calls, it's a wonder I don't just **DIE**."

THUMP. But his balled up fist had missed – the gross eyebally things were deceptively fast. Covering in case that had brought her attention back to him, the attempt was turned into a casual elbow-on-bench-to-prop-up-chin sort of pose.

"A case. I was working on an urgent.. case."

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

But Morgana was too busy measuring out a thick, red substance into a spoon to notice anything asunder.

"I was trapped in a 'case' of my own, and it's called my deranged extended

family." The liquid was poured into a sauce pan and placed over the stove.

"Malicia's illegal exploits finally caught up with her. I always told her that heading down the path of black magic would bring nothing but trouble. Much like your Normal society has police officers, we have our own court of law and they've arrested both her AND Negaduck."

Bending over she opened the oven door and retrieved a gelatinous purple blob that might have passed as a cake if you squinted hard enough. She set it on the table in front of 'Darkwing', and began placing the eyeballs around the outer surface.

"My uncle -- who is just as deranged as his daughter -- will pull her out of that mess, I'm sure. But just so you know, this may be the last we see of Negaduck for a long time. Perhaps forever."

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

"Oh I wouldn't count on it."

Fingers drumming on the bench, the smug superhero smiled superiorly up at the stunning sorceress. The illusion of Darkwingness was so complete, even the narrative was turning into aggravating alliterations.

"Magic's great for the odd pallor trick, but keeping a dangerous, diabolical - and devilishly handsome - mastermind at bay?"

It was hard to tell the line where conceited ignorance passed over to arrogance, not that either would prove much of a stretch.

"I mean, it's not that powerful."

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

"Well, I certainly can't argue with the 'devilishly handsome' part." She smiled demurely and reached across the table to rest her hand on top of his.

"Listen, Dark. About what happened... you know, after we drank the tainted coffee." She was staring at the table now, unable to meet his gaze.

"I hope you don't think less of me. I... don't get me wrong. It was... **wonderful**. I had simply hoped that such a moment shared between us would be under different circumstances, and not rushed by some strange drug. I hope I didn't give you the impression that I surrender myself so easily to passion. I'm not like Malicia." The weight in those words implied it had not been the first time Morgana pressed this fact when talking to men.

And the demonness in question, who had wormed her way into the basement

through the cellar door out back would've been more than happy to agree.

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Such emotion. He had to fight to cover a snort of laughter. 'Wonderful'. Sure.

"Ah hah.. yes.. well you're not 300 pounds and a known cause of fractures in the Earth's tectonic plates."

Composing himself, which meant completely suppressing any scorn, the mallard took a moment just to study her features. Outwardly, it was awkwardness going to sincerity. In reality, he was considering how best to play this angle.

"Morg, look..."

Copying the witch's act, stare seemingly magnetised to the floor, ashamed.

"I can't even begin to describe what an utter idiot I've been." Adding, bluntly, "Believe me, I've tried."

A rallying inhale of breath, reflecting instead that stubborn optimism he hated so much, he leaned forward and gazed into her eyes.

"That's all in the past. Let's focus on the future." Gently lifting her chin. "Together."

Someone give the duck an Emmy. Over the head. Repeatedly.

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

Their eyes met, and her expression softened.

"Oh, Dark..." She leaned closer, preparing to kiss him passionately once more.

"I... think I'm in--"

CRASH

"What was that?" She pulled back and glanced in the direction of what sounded like something shattering. "I think it came from downstairs."

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

A low growl rumbled in his throat. He had a sneaking suspicion what was behind the sound. Make that a big, fat, bitchy suspicion.

"I'll check it out. You stay here and look after.. whatever it is you're making."

Wandering downstairs, the source of the interruption was easy enough to spot. Stepping carefully around the shards of broken glass, he made his way over to the direction of the source.

"What in Hades is your problem?"

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

Malicia was sprawled out on the floor, grappling with an enormous leather-bound book that was evidently putting up a good fight. The demonness had managed to tie a thick leather strap around the pages, preventing them from opening, and for good reason -- much like her diary, this supernatural literature sported a pair of beady eyes that looked to Negaduck pleadingly.

"I'm fine!" She hissed irritably. "What are you doing? Get back up there and keep distracting Morgana! I almost have everything we need." She gestured to a large sack lying off to the side, which was filled with a variety of glass vials, books, and a few squirming tentacles.

"Mffff! MFFRRL BRRRRCH." Said the book which flailed under Malicia's body like a bucking bronco, backing her into another shelf that wobbled dangerously.

"Dark? Is everything okay down there?" Morgana called from upstairs. "If it's those newt's knuckles acting up again, I can grab my frying pan..."

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

"For fu--- No, no, all under control, pookums!"

In contrast to the sickly sweet expression, the manner in which the dark-masked duck loomed over the spellbook was not reassuring in the slightest.

With Malicia thrown clear, out came the spiked club.

"Or it will be..."

**THWACK.**

Job done, the weapon was once again hidden in the seemingly bottomless folds of his cape, and he turned to march back up the stairs.

"You want helpful, how about actually trying not knocking through walls next time you're in stealth mode," he snapped, hushed, at his partner in spell stealing, before continuing to the upper floor.

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

"Whatever, 'Dark'. Go upstairs and wax poetry to your soul mate." The demonness replied scathingly, and dumped the book into the sack.

Upstairs, Morgana was having a hushed conversation of her own with a spider that had descended from the ceiling to grumble at her.

"Archie, don't be rude!" The sorceress was scolding the arachnid. "I don't think he smells anything like cigarettes."

Then she turned to smile at her caped guest. "Nothing too bad down there, I hope?"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

"Just a wild raccoon, probably trying to break into your liquor cabinet. Don't worry, I didn't hurt it."

Gaze shifted darkly onto Morgana's eight-legged familiar.

"I would hate to hurt anything small and innocent."

Somewhat twisted smile sliding back to the sorceress, he took one of her hands in his, and resumed wooing.

"But where are my manners-" Buried under a pile of corpses somewhere, no doubt. "You were saying, my bewitching beauty?"

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

Oh, how she swooned! Leaning forward she spoke softly. "I have decided that breaking the law isn't worth the money. Besides." She beckoned to the cake on the table. "I think I can make an honest living with my food."

She squeezed his hands excitedly.

"Darkwing Duck, I want to go steady with you. Consider me a criminal no longer!"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

His jaw fell. But what came out of it, once he finally got it to work, may have come as a shock.

"Wha.. ba.. huh... Are you mad?!"

Yes, that was genuinely his first thought. Once his mind got past the initial punch, however - not worth the money?! - it reminded himself that he was not speaking as a crime-loving supervillain, but a do-gooder. The worst kind of do-gooder. Darkwing Duck.

This could prove entertaining.

"What makes you think I'd want to have anything to do with somebody as dull and dowdy as a COOK?" Recoiling, as hands were ripped out of hers. "I'm a creature of the night! I live for excitement, for danger! And you're telling me you're giving all of that up?"

Stepping back, he sneered.

"Don't you get it? I was just after a thrill! Dating Catwoman, you know? But if you think I want some weight around my ankle dragging me into normalcy..."

A wave of dismissal and disgust.

"Forget it."

by **Morgana** 1 month ago

"Wh....what?" She backed away, eyes widened in shock.

"But... but you never approved of my criminal lifestyle! I thought this is exactly what you wanted! I don't..." She leaned against the table, clutching her chest, completely speechless.

"No... you cannot be this cruel and callous." She finally said, looking up at him. "You're just joking. Right?"

Your move, Negs.

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Laughter. How much more cruel and callous could one drake get?

"Don't feel bad, pookums." Leaning in to confide, "You're not the first who's bought this good guy get-up."

Smirking, he turned to go.

"Have fun baking."

Not so accidentally clipping the tray the dessert was on and sending it crashing to the floor, with the violet cape swishing behind him, he was gone.

by **Morgana** 12 days ago

She just stood there, like a statue, and watched him leave. No rage, or cursing, or a slug spell to be had. Instead she stared straight ahead numbly, trying to understand what had just happened, and why it happened all so fast.

Outside, Malicia was waiting by the street with the bag slung over her

shoulder. Arching a brow, she inspected him.

"What's this? Not a blood stain to be seen. You didn't go easy on her did you?"

**by Negaduck 12 days ago**

A properly sadistic laugh. Ah, it feel so good to indulge.

"Oh I cut her alright. In the worst way you can imagine."

Lighting a cigarette, a pleasurable lungful inhaled preceded a relieved exhale of a dirty black cloud, like it was letting go of all the sin he had been holding in.

As they walked away though, Negaduck couldn't help one last glance back at the manor where he had left her to suffer under the guise of his double.

"Giving up crime." Disparaging head shake. "Now THAT'S a joke."

Really, these idiots brought it on themselves.

**by Malicia 12 days ago**

"I have enough here to give us the advantage. Of course, with Darkwing out of the picture I can't see anything interfering with our plans."

Her tail coiled around his leg lasciviously and her voice lowered.

"Why don't we go back your hideout and remove that ridiculous purple outfit, hmm?"

**by Negaduck 12 days ago**

That knowingly sly smile. It spread over his bill like an oil slick over tiny penguins.

"Your best plan yet..."

Chuckling, he let the cigarette dangle so one hand could squeeze her voluptuous hip - well her 'hip' in the family friendly version of this story - and off they sauntered into the night.

Being bad never felt better.

-----

**by Malicia 12 days ago**

"Mmmm... that really hit the spot."

It was late in the evening now, and Malicia sprawled across the ratty old



mattress, wrapping her bare body in the purple cape that had been urgently tossed aside. The scratches and singe marks on the surrounding walls and furniture told an interesting tale about the official reunion of Partners in Crime.

Leaning forward, she lit the cigarette in Negaduck's bill with her fingers and gave his chest feathers a playful scratch -- a regular post-coital habit of hers. Propping herself up with her elbows, she focused on him through half-lidded eyes.

"I take it you've already whipped up an idea for our next big crime."

**by Negaduck 10 days ago**

"Funny you should ask."

Fumbling for something off the side of the bed, trying to reach without losing his cigarette or moving away from what was presently a very comfortable position - and from THOSE - eventually he hefted up what he was looking for.

"I did pick up a few ideas from your old man's place - literally."

Holding, so she could see, a blackened book, an evil tome, not-at-all-ominously entitled 'Creatures, Curses and How to Use Them.'

"I figure we can let loose a monster menagerie..." Thumb jerk to the bound spellbook across the apartment. "With a little help from your new friend there."

**by Malicia 10 days ago**

Her eyes widened when she saw the title he had procured. "Where did you even... never mind, I don't want to know." Shaking her head with an amused smirk.

"This volume contains some of the most terrifying creatures that roam the Netherworlds." She leaned in closer and ran her hand down the well-worn cover.

"It is also highly illegal Dark Magic. I'm not the least bit surprised you chose this one... it's like you have a gravitational pull for trouble." She purred lowly.

**by Negaduck 9 days ago**

As much as he enjoyed flattery, he enjoyed plotting mayhem even more. Well, just.

"What's the point of spending all that time in your society of freaks if we don't get something good out of it?"

Good on his scale of reference anyway. Flicking the remnants of his cigarette, the ash hit something flammable and caused an instant combustion

somewhere on the other side of the room, but the fire burnt itself out quickly enough.

Back to the book, which let out a little shriek and eery black smoke cloud of death, Negaduck flipped through the pages. "Warbling Doomshriekers, Spiked Skullmunchers, hey - this one looks like you after too many Bloody Caesars -, Giant Spotted Limb Snappers..."

So many creatures, so hard to choose! #firstclassvillainproblems

**by Malicia 9 days ago**

"And I'll be more than happy to introduce you to one, up close and personal." She snapped back.

Stalking across the room she picked up the wide-eyed Quackrinomicon and unclasped the leather belt keeping the pages closed.

"Finally! Good ta stretch after being man-handled by those massive Gorilla paws of yours." Quacky spat bitterly at Malicia. "And SHEESH! Cover your shame! Have you no decency? I hope Morgana shrinks your chest into shriveled raisins. We'll see how long your Boyfriend over there sticks around after that, eh?"

"And then we'll see how long you'll last after I donate you to the Kindergarten down the street." Malicia responded dryly. "Won't that be fun?"

**by Negaduck 7 days ago**

"Better listen to the woman," snrked Negaduck, still propped up and lazily page-turning through doom. "She knows sticky fingers like nobody's business."

Just like he knew inappropriate euphemisms.

Of course, he couldn't help adding, "When it comes to ACTUAL excruciating, insufferable torment, however..."

Bragging rights. He has them.

**by Malicia 7 days ago**

Malicia rolled her eyes in his direction and turned back to Quacky.

"I want a portal to the Netherworld." She said firmly. "And the summoning ritual."

"Go summon yourself a better-looking face!" Quacky snapped back vehemently. "You think just 'cause you're some sorta hot shot sorceress that you can boss 'ol Quacky around? Well, you got another thing comin', Missy! I

don't work for Eldritch Academy Drop-Outs!"

"Negaduck." She turned to her cohort, eyelashes fluttering. "Would you like to show our friend here exactly what happens to mouthy implements that refuse to cooperate?"

**by Negaduck 7 days ago**

"Gladly."

Stretching, he stood, wrapped a shabby sheet around his waist - couldn't be going pantsless now - and wandered over.

Without another word, he bent to Quacky's level, looked him (it?) straight in the googly eyes, and produced from behind his back...

a paper clip in one hand ...

... and a can of Lemon Fizz Soda in the other?

The HORROR.

**by Malicia 7 days ago**

A chill of excitement ran down Malicia's spine, causing her to shudder deeply. Watching Negaduck 'at work' brought the heat to her loins faster than sitting on a hot tin roof. Forget car accidents -- this is where the true titillation is at.

"Wh... what are you gonna do with that?" The book was eyeing the soda with great uncertainty. Sticky liquids were not exactly good acquaintances for talking paper products.

**by Negaduck 7 days ago**

No words. No looking away. No hints.

Using the hand with the paperclip, Negaduck simply reached back again...

... To grab another paperclip.

Bringing it to a terrifying total of TWO paperclips.

Either he was relying on a spell book had a working knowledge of basic chemistry, or pure fear of the unknown. But come on.

TWO paperclips.

And a can of SODA.

**by Malicia 7 days ago**

"Yeesh, and here I thought you were just weird-looking. You're just as loony as your plus-size partner!" But the book's voice was starting to quaver nervously.

"Keep going, don't stop." Malicia was burning hot now -- literally. Her entire body was glowing a deep red, and steam was sizzling off her head. "Show him everything you've got!"

**by Negaduck 7 days ago**

The smirk just widened down one side of his bill.

And from out behind his back again came...

... a ball of YARN.

The cruelty, the disregard for the living! It was too much!

**by Malicia 7 days ago**

Between the uncertainty of this silent, grinning Normal, and the demonness who was moaning loudly in the background, Quacky was getting unnerved.

"Cut it out already!" The book wriggled backwards, edging itself closer to the end of the table. "I'm warning you..." He was glancing back and forth between the yarn, paperclips, and soda. "I won't give you those rituals spells! I won't do it, I say!"

But it was Malicia who was now growing frustrated -- in more than way. "Hurry up and do something. I want to hear him scream."

**by Negaduck 6 days ago**

The suspense! The air thick with anticipation (although it could have just been the smoke rising from Malicia). For hours it seemed to drag on!

Until, finally, Negaduck... tossed the ball of yarn?

To confuse matters further, as the string looped around and around Quacky, it actually saved him from toppling off the table. The paperclips, tied in either end, lodged in the broken woodwork to keep him secure, however his weight was, for the most part, over the edge.

He was hanging by a thread, literally.

This was about the time they would hopefully realise that there was a massive shredder churning away just inches below the spellbook.

It was a Negaduck-style machine, which meant it was more a cross between a woodchipper and a combine harvester, with an unnecessary amount of sharp

spinning teeth. And spikes. Got to have spikes.

When.. when exactly did that appear?

Nonchalant, the dastardly villain put the final phase of this plan into action. He cracked open the soda and, uh, drank it.

Ah, refreshing.

"All yours." Leaving Malicia to her enjoyment, and Quacky to the uncomfortable sight of the strands beginning to fray.

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

But Negaduck didn't get very far, because he was pounced by the 250-pound sack of hormones in a flurry of moans and nibbles. "Oh Hades, you know how to get a woman going." She gasped. "Torture me, you big sexy sadist you."

"Please! No! STOP! **STOP! I'LL TALK!**" Quacky was dangling ominously, beads of sweat (somehow) dripping from his pages.

But it wasn't the paper shredder or even the unfurling threads that had broken his resolve. It was something far more terrifying; a mental image burned into his retinas that was beyond what his sanity could handle.

"PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME WATCH YOU FORNIFICATE! HAVE MERCY! Here! Here's the summoning ritual!"

**by Negaduck 6 days ago**

Having somehow managed to not only recover from a near-flattening experience but end up on top, Negaduck propped himself up and lifted the welding mask he had suddenly acquired.

"Shuddap!" he roared. "In the middle of someone here...!!"

Back down went the face shield, followed shortly the crackling sound of welding, a few explosions, and.. a power sander?

Inventive. Not really in line with their top priorities though.

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

"Oh, **Negaduck!**" Limbs were flailing every which way beneath the sparks and fumes. "Hee, not there! You know that's my ticklish spot..."

"Two millenia." The book cried in horror. "Two millenia I've lived to see every horror you can imagine. But this."

Quacky was now wriggling wildly, hoping the string would break. Sweet

merciful death was better than watching the scene in front of him.

**by Negaduck 6 days ago**

Despite the damage it was doing to their goal - and the surrounding neighbourhood, there was no slowing down for either of them.

The noise got louder. And LOUDER. At some point, a crossbow arrow shot out of the cloud, barely missing Quacky, although that would likely have been a mercy.

Eventually.. ~~~**BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMM!!!**~~~

When the earthquake-like shaking stopped and the dust settled, like it was itself exhausted, the house slumped to one side.

Whoops.

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

Still flat on her back in the wreckage, chest heaving, limbs twitching, hair frazzled in all directions, with the visible black sooty outline of their two bodies etched into the hard floor.

"Nega...aaaah..." She squeaked breathlessly. Her pupils were spinning happily and tiny hearts-with-crossbones were tweeting around her head.

Quacky, meanwhile, had just narrowly avoided the tumultuous depths of the shredder. The yarn had snapped precisely at the time of the blast, sending him backwards where he skid across the floor and collided with the wall.

"The summoning spells." He was mumbling hoarsely. "Take theeeeem..."

**by Negaduck 6 days ago**

"50 gallons of liquid fuel, 280 pounds of thrust and she DOES go off like an actual rocket."

Spent but oh so satisfied, the felon rallied his energy to stand and saunter over to the wall, replacing the wrap around his lower half on the way.

Hoisting Quacky up, the traumatised book was thrown roughly back onto the table, although the shredder was kicked off to prevent any accidentally lethal interruptions.

Leaning onto the woodwork over a pen and paper, Negaduck ordered, "Alright, ink-for-brains... spill."

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

"First you'll be wantin' some chalk." The book stated matter-of-factly in that

metrosexual lisp of his. "And some virgin's blood." He side-eyed Mal. "Good luck finding some of that around here."

"Overrated if you ask me." Replied the demonness lazily.

"You'll probably be wanting a compass too, 'cause you gotta do this facing the West. Now, once you got all that in order, ya gotta draw this." Quacky flipped himself open to reveal a page covered in a variety of intricate and (unsurprisingly) mephistophelian symbols.

"After that's good and done you'll be needing some candles. Beeswax only! None of that cheap stuff. Then we'll move on to the herbal ingredients..."

**by Negaduck 5 days ago**

"Uh..." All cocky and over-confident right to the point of the diagram.

This might have proven a bigger challenge than first anticipated.

Still, he was cocky and over-confident, so scribbled on regardless. Concentrating, tongue sticking out his beak.

Damnit why didn't they have an app for this?!

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

And like a satellite ready to pick up the faintest beacon of hesitation, Malicia glanced up from her languid position on the mattress. "Finding everything easily?" She called out to him.

Quacky, meanwhile, continued onwards. "Then you wanna burn the herbs at the corners where the candles are set, ya see. Then you gotta chant the spell." Again, the pages were flipped until they landed on some bizarre archaic script. "Hope you've brushed up on your Underworld dialect!"

**by Negaduck 5 days ago**

"You think just because I'm not from your Circle o' Freaks I'd find this difficult?!" he snarled over his shoulder, before returning his grouchiness to Quacky. "As if. I breathe Underworld."

Granted, the criminal underworld, not the Underworld Underworld, but it had to count for something right?

And on he transcribed furiously, attempting to copy the symbols based purely on shape.

"That's an upsidedown 'O', and this one looks like a swashed fly with a bit of guts spread out like that..."

Couldn't get more accurate than that.

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

"Of course, how could I ever doubt your ingenious ability in the Dark Arts." She muttered sarcastically. But she knew better than to interfere further. When it came to crime and well... virtually everything else, Negaduck had to be in charge. Anything less, and he took it as a slight to his oversized ego. At least it gave her time to slip in a nice, post-coital nap...

"That's everything ya need for the portal." Quacky began. "Of course for the particular creature, you'll hafta refer to that lovely little leather lady over there." He wagged his eyes suggestively at the Dark Magic book that had been abandoned on the mattress next to Mal.

**by Negaduck 5 days ago**

"Pervert." Snapping the notepad closed, he stalked into the bedroom - bed.. area - to find Malicia dozing. Great, still had time to get out before the snoring collapsed the doorway right on top of him.

"Got to do everything myself..." A change into costume later - his normal colours, for the moment - and he would be making for the exit, flipping through his incredibly legible and through recordings.

"Suppose I'll have to pick up that virgin blood, candles and.. sage?" Growl of exasperation. "Where the hell am I going to find SAGE?!"

Normal food items. The bane of every villain.

**by Malicia 6 days ago**

"Try the supermarket, genius." Quacky remarked.

"ZzzzzZzzZzzz..." Agreed Mal.

**by Negaduck 5 days ago**

But he was gone, muttering something about Bushroot as he slammed the door behind.

---

And it seemed not a second later he opened it again, stepping through with two armfulls of stuff.. and wearing a doctor's outfit? Complete with white coat and weird little hat with head mirror.

"That's the lot," announced to nobody in particular as one large medical container was placed on the table with a disturbing liquid 'sllck', before the bag in the other arm was left to drop. "Except the compass, but how hard is



'west' to figure out?"

Hopefully not as hard as sage.

**by Malicia 5 days ago**

"Nnnngh..." Came the noise of Malicia who, once again, grabbed a pillow and threw it over her head to drown out the noise that was his voice.

Wasn't it supposed to be the man who rolls over and falls asleep after a good boinking session?

Quacky, meanwhile, was in the middle of a great escape. Or at least trying to do his best, given that he had no limbs and all the windows had been left closed. Instead, he had managed to find one of Negaduck's round, black bombs and rolled it up next to the window. Just as the mallard returned, the book was attempting to pick up a match and strike it. A terrifying concept when your 'hands' are made of flammable paper.

**by Negaduck 3 days ago**

No surprise that a hand helpfully reached down to light it for him.

Three.. two.. one..

.. seconds to process that, before said hand then helpfully removed the bomb from their vicinity. By rolling it across the hideout to the mattress of Sleeping Beasty.

**by Malicia 3 days ago**

**BA-BOOM**

She was blown sky-high, leaving a Malicia-shaped hole in the ceiling.

When she finally did crash back through the roof she landed back on the mattress in her former sleeping position.

And was only just groggily waking up.

"Mmmm... did you get the stuff?" She yawned and stretched, seemingly unfazed by the fact that she was covered in black soot and her feathers were singed. There was also one, extremely confused seagull tangled up in her hair.

Because sometimes it took more than an alarm clock.

**by Negaduck 3 days ago**

"What are you waiting in there for, a morning martini?!" barked Negaduck,

discarding the doctor's disguise over the back of a chair.

Continuing, before she could predictably interrupt in the affirmative, "I've done my bit. Now time for you to do yours."

Cue notebook and a wad of chalk thrown at her head. At least there was a chance that would dislodge the seagull.

**by Malicia 3 days ago**

"That's not a bad idea actually! I am feeling rather parched..." Her booze-train of thought was interrupted by the items colliding with her head.

Her eyes scanned over the chicken-scratch that was Negaduck's writing and she furrowed her brows. "That's... an interesting symbol. Very well, then. Have you picked any monsters from the book yet?"

**by Negaduck 3 days ago**

"Ooooh, I know, that one with HUGE legs that could crush a bus! And terrifying sharp feet! And a face that will horrify small children!"

Pause to feign racking his memory for its name as he took a seat.

"Holdonaminute, that's you! BAHABA!"

Sharing a good old chuckle with Quacky, assuming he hadn't already committed book seppuku yet.

**by Malicia 3 days ago**

And there it was, the classic strangle. "I'll have you know." She said as the blood stopped flowing to his brain. "That you certainly didn't seem to mind these legs when you were rubbing yourself all over them as you pumped me like a fire hydrant."

Once Negaduck had lost a sufficient amount of brain cells to oxygen deprivation, she released him and picked up the book, flipping through the pages. "I think a razor-backed trufflewacker would be a good start."

**by Negaduck 2 days ago**

"SoUndS.. gReAt... ugh~~" wheezed Negaduck, although he was clearly so dazed and confused one had to ask whether he was really lucid enough to be agreeing to anything.

Before the question could come up, however, he toppled back in the chair.

CRRRRRRrrreeeaakkk.**THUD.**

Here's hoping the trufflewacker had a better sense of humour.

**by Malicia 2 days ago**

Some time later the two criminals and their supplies were set up in a downstairs basement. Malicia was trying to make heads or tails out of Negaduck's roughly-scribbled diagram, and was slowly making her way across the concrete floor with the chalk. The candles had been lit in the four directions and the sage was burning.

"Okay..." She said distractedly. "We need the virgin's blood." A pause. "You did make sure it was a virgin, right? Because I somehow doubt anything within a ten-mile radius of you remains pure for very long."

**by Negaduck 2 days ago**

"It's amazing the level of personal detail you can get out of people when you set up a fake blood donation van."

A couple of fluid-filled bags were tossed at her head.

"I had to triple-check the hot ones though." Sideways glance, not suspicious at all. ".. May have cancelled a few of them out inadvertently in the process, heh."

Which posed an interesting question - how did one define virgin blood anyway? Was it virgin at the time of collection? Or time of use?

And, more to the point, why did he have so MUCH of it?

**by Malicia 2 days ago**

"A blood-donation van? And they fell for it? I knew St. Canadians were dense, but..." She finished setting up everything and flipped through to the pages with the ritual words.

"Okay, you might want to stand back." She instructed him. "A portal should open up in the center of the symbols, sending us our first monster."

And so she began: "z£%Q|ia^È ÑÛäÉ úÖ¿û 1" úàŠx!"

All of the candles in the room were snuffed out by a cold breeze. Suddenly there was a burst of red light, and sure enough, a portal opened in the center of the room.

A silhouette could be seen from the other side, and slowly it lunged through. As it did so, it let out a harrowing bellow of...

"Negaducky!"

It was a small, blue bunny. And behind it followed a pink and yellow bunny as

well.

"Ooooh boy, we missed wu!" The pink one cheered.

And before anyone had time to react, the cuteness crew was upon Negaduck, pulling him into a tight hug.

And they weren't alone. More bunnies began to stream through the portal, hopping across the room one after the other. Before long, Negaduck would find himself coated in an army of fuzzy creatures.

Flabbergasted and horrified, Malicia was flipping through the notepad. "There must be an error in the ritual somewhere..."

**by Negaduck 2 days ago**

The horror. **THE HORROR.**

"AAAAAAAAAARGH! Get AWAY from ME! No! Don't you dare you little--"

A muffled scream rose up from underneath all that loooove that was threatening to engulf him like suffocatingly lethal quicksand.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Of all the monsters in the multiverse, what were the chances she would summon the worst.

**by Malicia 2 days ago**

Malicia stood back for a few moments to savour this beautiful moment. Oh boy oh boy, was this satisfying. It was like a post-coital dessert.

Finally, she picked up the book that had been discarded in the corner and flipped through it while talking to Quacky. "Show me the symbols again." And when Quacky did so, it didn't take long for Malicia to see where the ritual had gone wrong.

"You're a terrible artist." She called over to Negaduck. "This doesn't even come close to the proper markings! And no wonder the incantation was so dicey... next time, leave this to the professionals, hmm?"

"Too bad we don't have one." Quacky muttered scathingly.

**by Negaduck 2 days ago**

**ZIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPP.**

That was the sound of the most feared criminal in St Canard moving faster than the speed of sound to hide from a bunch of bunnies.. atop Malicia's head.

"Whatever, I don't care!" Feet on her shoulders and hands simultaneously clawing for balance in her hair and making throttling motions at the adorable balls of joy. "JUST GET RID OF THEM ALREADY."

Of course he could be down there launching a rejoining attack himself, but better to be safely out of hugging range. Uh, that is, better to enjoy the view from above. Yes, that was it.

**by Malicia 1 day ago**

"Awww, mookum-poo." She crooned teasingly. "Would you like me to get rid of the big bad bunnies for you?"

"Nwegaducky, we wuv woo so vevy vevy much!" The bunnies were chanting as one, horrible fuzzy entity.

"Quacky! The reverse-spell, please!"

"Ah, yes... right. Now where was it? Hmm... it seems to have jogged my memory, possibly from all the post-traumatic stress I've endured." A snide grin in Negaduck's direction.

The bunnies were now hopping toward Malicia.

**"Now.** Quacky." She swatted at the closest one with her foot, and it latched on to her like velcro. "Sweet Hades!"

**by Negaduck 3 hours ago**

But Negaduck was too engulfed in what was the Battle of the Hunwred Hwugs War.

"You revolting fleabags!" Swinging violently at them from his perch with the first thing that had come to hand - namely a golf club. "I'm going to turn you into a pile of scorched DUST bunnies...!"

The creatures were batted this way and that, bouncing off walls and crates with adorable little squeaks, but seemingly unharmed.

The lack of bloody mayhem prompted a frustrated guttural snarl and more livid swinging.

"Stay still so I can moosh you properly!"

Of course it wasn't the bouncing of the bunnies that was the only difficulty. Standing atop a moving platform while leaning over to drive a club inherently posed a challenge for balance. And when said moving platform was actually

Malicia, well, the entire structure was already.. top heavy.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

"Okay, okay. Sheesh. Villains these days... no patience whatsoever." Quacky mumbled. "Okay, here you are." He flipped himself open in front of Malicia. "Reverse away!"

Fortunately, this spell wasn't nearly as complicated as the one that had summoned the cuddly monstrosities. With a wiggle of her fingers and yet another chant, the adorable army was suddenly suctioned back into the portal like dust bunnies to a vacuum.

"You can stop digging your nails into my skull now." Malicia remarked to the mallard on her head. "Now, what have we learned today?"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

No need to tell him; gravity had already passed on the message mid-swing, by vanishing his next fluffy little target out from under them.

Balance too far forward, Negaduck crashed over her head and onto the ground.

And, more pointedly, onto the golf club. Beak first.

An all out struggle ensued. Rather than straight out choking him - even the club seemed to recognise that was Malicia's job - it had angled sideways and jammed in his bill.

"IHHPH OFFTA KJAA BOFFF!!"

Finally, prying it out with both hands AND feet, it popped free. But he wasn't done with it yet.

Homicidal glare locked onto Quacky. A homicidal glare that said HE was to blame for the whole disaster.

Which the villain succinctly articulated through a raving mad roar.

"BWWWWAARRRRGGGHHH!!"

Charging and hollering with the club raised above his head after the spellbook.

You know what they say, if you can't beat them... you need a bigger mallet.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

"HELP! **BOOK ABUSE!**" Quacky was screaming and hopping as fast as his pages could take him. Eventually he took refuge behind Malicia, who was

absentmindedly flipping through the other dark tomb and taking notes.

"Serves you right." She said airily without looking up from her work. It wasn't quite clear if she was talking to Negaduck or Quacky -- probably both.

"As the only professional magic-user here, our success undoubtedly relies on my skill and prestige. Just allow me to finish proof-reading YOUR mistakes and I'll have a proper Apocalypse rolling through this city in no time."

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Unable to get a shot past Malicia's 'perfectly normal sized' legs, the club was tossed aside in frustration.

"That'll be the end of the world alright."

And off to the door he stalked.

"Although not for the reasons you intend."

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

"We'll see about that." She muttered under her breath.

Once Negaduck was out of sight, she looked both ways. Then began flipping through the pages. "It would be so very terrible to have that same mistake happen again. So I'll test-drive it with a... particular summoning."

Quacky was peeking over her shoulder. "What! You're not really going to summon **that** are you? Sheesh... you're just a glutton for punishment aren't you?"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Upstairs, Negaduck was putting his own skills to use. Namely those that involved a self-induced memory wipe using a few bottles of paint-peelingly strong alcohol and a half dozen 81mm mortars.

"Damn wench... wait until the next portal sucks her face off.. see if she thinks she's so hot then..."

Incoherent grumbling continuing, he set about collapsing into a chair, and draining one of the bottles he had recovered from a hidden stash in the floorboards. What? It wasn't like Malicia was going to succeed straight up with the spell - he had about as much confidence in her track record as he did in Bushroot's ability to grow a spine - and he hadn't rested in days.

With any luck, he'd come around from a nice drunken stupor about the time the Apocalypse did, in fact, start.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

Downstairs, Malicia was eagerly setting up the portal once more. She had just finished drawing out a new (and very different) symbol with the chalk. The candles were lit, the room darkened, and she held the book open in front of her as she chanted once more.

"Can we not do this? Pretty please?" Quacky was begging her. "I really think this place is full enough as is ya know."

"Latimos oustrum dansvar socktatos! Moosh vallor qualquik!" Once again, a mysterious breeze was whipping her hair back and forth dramatically as she waved her hand.

KRA-KOOM The portal opened again.

And out stepped a big.

Muscular.

Hunky

Drop-dead Gooooooooorgeous.

Incubus.

**"HUUUUUUR. I AM VOLDUCK! LORD OF THE SEVENTH CIRCLE OF THE DAEMON UNDERWORLD! WHAT FOOL DARES SUMMON ME TO THIS MORTAL COIL?"** The winged creature boomed.

Said Fool was making cartoon AWOOOOGA noises, her tongue lolling out of her mouth and steam shooting from her ears.

"Hubba Hubba! HAROOOOOO!" In a split second she was pressed against his spectacular chest, running her claws over his bulging arms. "You can call me... Demon Queen Malicia." Her voice now dripping with fervor.

The gentle sobbing noise of Quacky could be heard somewhere in the background.

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Blissfully unaware of this disturbing new development, Negaduck had long passed out on the grotty mattress, head buried under one large red fedora.

All the hollering and harroooooing caused him to stir, and groggily he rolled over to hit 'snooze' on the Malicia alarm clock. Which, in reality, consisted of waving around blindly until eventually making contact with a still intact mortar



which blasted out of its tube and collided with the side wall.

A chunk of ceiling fell on his face from the resulting explosion and still he did not wake.

"Mmmmpghrrrlmassiverack-snort-nnnnoflamb..."

Drifting back off, cigarette - which was apparently rolled with some rather unconventional chemicals, if the pile of gun powder beside him was anything to go by - still lit and dangling from his bill. How it did not choke or set the apartment on fire was anyone's guess.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

Malicia, meanwhile, had already removed her clothing and was mounting the mammoth demon. But his massive hand wrapped itself entirely around her head, smothering her advances.

**"VOLDUCK CAN SENSE AN EVIL ENERGY THAT RIVALS HIS OWN."**

Said Volduck, who apparently was incapable of speaking in first person or with an indoor voice.

"Fwhooh cwares?!" Malicia was writhing in his grip.

But Volduck had other, non-sexy things on his mind. Unleashing yet another dramatic roar, he tossed Malicia aside carelessly and made for the stairway, following the trail of energy.

All the way to post-booze binge Negaduck.

Being the size of a small mountain, the incubus crushed the entire doorway as he powered into the room.

**"VOLDUCK SEEKS OUT THE MORTAL WITH SUCH OVERPOWERING ENERGY. ARISE, SINISTER CREATURE AND FACE THE MIGHT OF VOLDUCK."**

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

The ferocity and strength with which that order was given would no doubt be taken as a grave challenge. The evil being sprawled out on the other side of the room met it with all his power.

... By thrashing away from the noise and groaning?

"SHUDDAP," mumbled the Lord of Unholiness grumpily. "I don't need any stinkin'.. tittie sprinkles..."

And back to sleep he fell.

Not without that cigarette finally tipping into his bill. Once swallowed, it produced.. well a dramatic reaction. Mixing explosives with one's tobacco would do that when hitting a stomach full of overproof spirits.

**"BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPP."**

And even with that massive fireball burp, he slept on peacefully, like a debauched, gross baby.

Probably not the sinister energy Volduck was expecting.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

His gaseous eruption hit the lumbering demon square in the face which, evidently, was translated as a response.

**"VOLDUCK ACCEPTS YOUR CHALLENGE, FIRE-BREATHING MORTAL. LET US SEE WHO IS THE MOST EVIL BEING OF THIS REALM."**

"Hold it right there!" Malicia was standing in the giant hole that was once a doorway. "Nobody spurns Malicia Macawber! As your summoner, I command you to get back downstairs so we can resume our lustful engagement!"

At this point, Volduck had plucked Negaduck off the bed, his sleeping form hanging limp between his two fingers. **"VOLDUCK DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS FROM INFERIOR FEMALES. THERE MUST BE DEATH FIRST, THEN MATING."**

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

Lifeless as he was, when Volduck ceased bellowing he would find the costume he was holding decidedly empty of evil rivals. Like a bowl of inebriated jelly, Negaduck had slipped out of his costume to fall groggily on the floor below.

"Damnit Mal, whatcha openin' the shutters fer..."

Without even opening his eyes, the drowsy drake thumped a panel near the bed head, and yanked on a lever that appeared.

Which released a huge spiked death ball from the ceiling atop Volduck's head.

Satisfied the intruding light was blocked, he crawled back under the covers, and promptly passed out again.

"Gotta do everything myself..."

That snoring was evil at least.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

Letting out a thunderous howl that could stir the several layers of Hell beneath them, Volduck made a dive for Negaduck, claws outstretched.

Only to be yanked backward by his tail. Malicia wasn't finished with him yet, and she especially didn't like being ignored. Or referred to as inferior.

And so, as Negaduck continued his slumber, the room around him turned into an all-out battle between two naked demons. Fire was shooting in all directions, claws were swiping, and both creatures of darkness were emitting a series of hisses and screeches that were something akin to an alley cat brawl.

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

((You were so excited to post that piece of hilarity you got it all over yourself, didn't you? Get it over HERE, woman!))

That carried on for some moments until...

**BLAM. BLAM BLAM BLAM.**

Assuming that amount of high calibre ammunition fired into the ceiling taught their attention, a red-eyed gun-wielding Negaduck loomed over the two, looking none too happy.

It would have ordinarily been a perfect scene for looking cool and smarmy, but his head was pounding louder than a certain demoness's butt against the scenery and he was not in the mood.

Instead, he directed the barrel in Volduck's direction, and his surliness at Malicia.

"So," breathed like death himself. "Isn't this a funny looking trufflewoker."

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

**"VOLDUCK IS NOT A PUNY TROFFLEWOCKER. VOLDUCK IS A POWERFUL INCUBUS WHO HAS BEEN SUMMONED HERE TO MATE WITH THIS LOUD, AGGRAVATING FEMALE."** Said Volduck the overlooker of sarcasm.

"WOULD YOU QUIT YELLING IN MY EAR?!" Screeched Malicia, who presently was strangling Volduck. Or trying to. She couldn't get her hands completely wrapped around his meaty neck and therefore wasn't achieving the desirable eye-popping effect she usually received from Negaduck.

**"VOLDUCK WOULD RATHER MATE WITH SPINY-COVERED SCRIMPNACKER. NOW THAT VOLDUCK IS HERE, HE SHALL CROSS THROUGH THIS REALM AND MATE WITH ALL ITS FEMALES, SPREADING HIS MIGHTY SEED. "**

by [Negaduck](#) 1 month ago

Cue glare of doom at that loud, aggravating female. Oh there would be pain, so much pain.

But first, to deal with the giant blockhead who was trying to cut in on his gig.

Rather than blasting the interloper's head off with the weapon in hand, however, Negaduck lowered it.

"Well, that's too bad. The only way one can sleep with ANY of the females here is to pass The Five Challenges of the Wriggling Beaver."

A dismissive wave.

"But you're probably too puny for that, eh?"

by [Malicia](#) 1 month ago

"Don't listen to him!" Malicia snapped. "He's just trying to trick you int-- MFFRL RFFFF FFWUUU." Silenced yet again by hand smothering.

**"VOLDUCK ACCEPTS YOUR CHALLENGE, SMALL MASKED MALE. ALLOW THE FIVE CHALLENGES TO COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY."** The incubus flexed his muscles. Malicia remained silenced in his iron grip where she was shooting steam and swiping furiously. Alas, her super abilities were not so super against another demon who was much large and stronger.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 month ago

"Fine. Let's get to it then."

Grabbing a city map off the table - which involved reaching into the pile of splinters that the table had become thanks to demon wrestling - Negaduck pressed it flat against the biggest bit of rubble still remaining.

"To test your supposedly mighty strength, you must move this gigantic building-" The local rendering plant. "Onto this patch of destined earth."

Funny, that looked like the spot where Malicia's warehouse used to be.

"Unless you're a giant pussy."

This was going to be the second most fun way to spend a hangover ever.

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

**"VOLDUCK IS NOT AN OVERSIZED WOMAN-HOLE. VOLDUCK SHALL BEGIN THE FIRST TRIAL AND WILL RETURN VICTORIOUS."** Grabbing the map, the incubus spread his wings and vaulted out the exit.

Malicia, who had been released from Volduck's iron grip in the process, was now glaring daggers at Negaduck.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing?!" She snarled. "Five Challenges of the Wriggling Beaver? **Really?**"

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

"**I'm** continuing with the plan." Map and blueprints of the old warehouse thrown aside. "Seeing you appear incapable of doing so."

The gun was similarly put to one side as he set about fixing his costume after what had been a dash to get decent - loosely speaking. Pride trumped hangovers and fury, apparently. Not that would have been news to her.

"I don't know **what** you were thinking-" Or not wanting to know. "But this colossal idiot could be the step up we need to get back on top."

Pausing as he stepped by Malicia, heading out to the gigantic hole in what used to be the side of his hideout.

"Whether your wriggling beaver approves or not."

by **Malicia** 1 month ago

"Oh I see. So getting hungover is all part of your grand plan." She replied scathingly. "And surely not to cope with the fact that you scream like a Catholic school girl in heat when faced with an army of fluffy bunnies!"

She would have followed him out the hole to continue her barbed comments, were it not for the fact she was still buck-naked. Instead she made for the basement again to put on her clothing and grab Quacky.

"Told ya summoning him was a bad idea."

"Oh, shut up or I'm going to let Negaduck use you as toilet paper."

by **Negaduck** 1 month ago

It was safe to say his mood did not improve from that little exchange.

But he was an optimistic and eager guy - make that stubborn and pigheaded - so rather than lament the destruction caused to his own hideout, Negaduck headed in towards the hideout he had caused the most destruction to - the

same piece of destined earth Volduck would end up at.

"Can't trust these magical morons with anything," he grumbled, exactly to who was unknown. "Better make sure he's following instructions better than other demons around here."

A grin. "Besides, somebody's going to have to connect up the bone meal tanks."

Okay, slight improvement in mood there. This would be PERFECT for a base! And even better than a slaughterhouse - the smell would be much, much worse.

by **Malicia** 29 days ago

Negaduck would be pleased to see that Volduck was making good time. The entire rendering plant -- pipes, carcasses, and all, were dangling around the incubus as he swung the building into the vacant spot of land.

The foundation hit the ground with an earth-shattering rumble, and Volduck dusted off his claws. **"A TASK SO EASY, VOLDUCK DOES NOT BREAK A SWEAT."**

"How nice for you." Malicia was trailing behind. She dropped the book carelessly on the ground and approached Volduck from behind, wrapping her arms around him and groping his pecs. "In fact, I think you deserve a break, hmm?"

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

There was a part of his selfish, possessive 'MINE MINE MINE' brain that overrode any sense of logic and demanded the destruction of his demonic rival on the spot.

With some gnashing of teeth, however, he overrode that too, and 'accidentally' stepped on the end of a hose. Which splurged out fatty foul-smelling goo, as it happened, all over Malicia's head.

Here's hoping he wasn't the only one who LIKED stink.

"What kind of wuss needs a break between challenges?" continued on Negaduck as if nothing gross had happened. "The kind of wuss who won't pass the next challenge..."

Dramatic pause.

"... to destroy the St Canard hydrodam!"

Less dramatic pause.

"And bring the turbine back here."

Lazy dismissive wave.

"It's another.. strength thing."

Not even really trying now.

by **Malicia** 28 days ago

No need for possessiveness, Negs. Because Volduck didn't even spare Malicia a glance, let alone acknowledge her advances.

Which surely didn't help matters as Malicia was hit in the back of the head and turned to glare at Negs. Then she picked up a rotting carcass and hurled it at him.

It was like a delightful winter day with the joyful sound of giggling children as they throw snowballs at each other. Except scratch all of that and replace it with Mal lobbing goop and dead animal parts at her Partner in Crime, while dodging any return fire by diving under pipes and broken slabs of cement.

**"VOLDUCK SHALL MAKE HASTE WITH THIS NEXT CHALLENGE."**

Seemingly oblivious to the waste being thrown back and forth -- perhaps the seventh circle of Hell was privy to that sort of thing. The incubus turned and lumbered off into the distance, to... wherever this 'dam' happened to be. What WAS a dam?

This could be awhile.

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

A bit of time was probably a good thing, for there was no way Negaduck was backing down from a fight. Especially not when he was so familiar with the material.

Bloody sludge wiped off his face with a sloop. "Oooh you're going to get it now."

Hoisting a heavy duty machine gun on its tripod out of nowhere.

"Hope you're a big fan of pussy!"

And bits of cat, crammed into the top feeding magazine, were fired at her like repeat fire snowballs. Bone filled snowballs.

Well that was one way to distract him from a hangover.

by **Malicia** 28 days ago

Whump! Pussy to the face! Wiping the gelatinous mixture from her feathers, she decided to up the ante: Lighting a flame beneath the sludge. And thanks to a high grease content, it lit up beautifully.

"Here's a little hot action for you!" The flaming grease-balls raining down like hellfire.

Then she reached down and retrieved a massive, jiggling, castrated bull's penis. This too was flung in his direction.

"Since you're so keen on cock blocking me, allow me to return the favour!"

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

Jaw dropping, he dodged, by hitting the dirt quickly. Or hitting the sludge. Whatever.

The move succeeded - the dismembered member went sailing over his head. Smug, he popped up to sneer at her.

"If you're going to long distance turkey slap, try an actual turkey!"

His mirth was short-lived, however, as near miss had resulted in a whole tub of the things being destabilised and tipped over upon him.

A second later, he burst out of the tallywhacker tumulus. Not smug now. Livid.

"Alright, you want it? Here!" **BOOM!**

Floppy bull bits might not be so floppy when there's fifteen of them. Packed tightly and fired from a cannon.

by **Malicia** 28 days ago

"Oh sweet mother of--" She summoned up a magical shield to stave off the phallic foray.

Which resulted in the beaver bashers bouncing off the shield like it was a trampoline, sailing high into the air, and vanishing over the city skyline, only to rain down on St. Canard Central Park where the Calisota Missionary was hosting their annual Traditional Values Family Barbeque.

Fresh out of ammo, Malicia made a running dive for Negaduck. Of course at this point she was coated in a thick layer of grease, fat (that was not her own), guts, and other unspeakable matter. The bottom line was: She was more slippery than an oil-drenched baby seal and her attempt at tackling Negaduck



was more like squeezing a dead fish. "Grrr... stay still you!"

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

"You'll be getting my dry cleaning bill, Sludgey!" Negaduck declared from where the squeeze had 'popped' him out, fortunately landing feet first. Then he was off in a spirit into her new HQ, leaping over bits of debris along the way.

Had to find more ammo.

Preferably before she realised how flammable he was at that point.

by **Malicia** 28 days ago

"Don't you dare complain, you're the one who started this!" Sliding after him like she was surfing a wave.

"I don't see what the big deal is. You had YOUR fun obtaining that virgin's blood, now let me have mine!"

Volduck, meanwhile, had found the dam. Only after crushing a water park and a boat bridge, that is. Finding the turbine had proved even more difficult, but fortunately a terrified mortal was ever so kind enough to point him in the right direction. And so, he began the process of ripping the large metal contraption from where it sat snug.

Soon, soon he would be the champion of this pitiful universe! And then maybe he could get that loud annoying female to shut up.

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

Anticipating Malicia's entrance, a pipe had been placed along the doorway to trip her up.

"You know the rules," said a voice from the darkness.

After which point her caped tormentor descended on her from above.

"I'm the only one who gets to ride YOU."

And what a ride it would be.

by **Malicia** 28 days ago

Like a jungle explorer trying to fight off a rabid spider monkey, Malicia jumped and pawed at the mallard on her back.

"Since when has that ever been a rule?! **We never discussed this!** You don't even follow rules, you're a villain!" She swerved and bucked, nearly toppling herself over in the process.

"Besides." She began slyly. "That sounds like the kind of logic that comes from being in a relationship. That's not what you want, **is it?**"

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

"WHAT?!"

Shooting up in predictable outrage, a low-hanging vent collected him in the forehead. Falling straight onto his back did not, however, stop him from lecturing from the greasy floor.

"How DARE you! Like I, Negaduck, would ever be caught dead in such a thing!"

"But you actually have a point, sweetheart. A relationship would mean discussing rules like two rational, intelligent adults. The hell I'm one of them!"

Carrying on like he did not even recognise that own goal, he railed on regardless.

"I MAKE the rules. You are mine. MINE. Like the world's riches, or that 50 cal with the sight angled just so, or--" Grabbing a random discarded meat bit - not a bull's gristle missile but something dead and floppy all the same - it was shaken in her face pointedly. "Whatever the hell THIS is."

Arms crossed, end of non-discussion.

"And I don't share."

by **Malicia** 27 days ago

Malicia couldn't help but wonder if this all stemmed from some long-forgotten playground trauma where Negaduck's choo-choo twain was borrowed out, never to be seen again.

"Is that so?" Arms folded defiantly. "And just what are you going to do about it? Stick a chastity belt on me?" She bent over and wagged a claw in front of his bill all sassy-like.

"You listen here, mister! Malicia Macawber is NOBODY'S property! And I'm beginning to think you haven't EARNED this!" The 'this' in question was her rear-end, which she smacked for emphasis.

"I have my own reputation to protect you know! I can't have everyone going around talking about how I'm 'Negaduck's woman' and 'Off the table'. Do you know when the last time was that a man bought me a drink? **NEVER! THEY WON'T EVEN MAKE EYE CONTACT!**"

To be fair, that wasn't all Negaduck's doing. We're talking about the lady who has to polish her claws with a floor buffer.

"I'm gonna GET me some man, and you aren't going to stop me!"

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

Not the least intimidated, even by that mountainous backside, a not-entirely-sane smile slid across his beak.

"I don't have to stop you. I can stop them." Eyes gleaming with supervillainously bad intentions. "What fool would dare touch you when they know they're going to end up here?"

A pause, and a re-think. "I mean dead. Chopped into pieces. Not in your new abode."

Another smirk. "But how convenient those options are now co-located, huh?"

by **Malicia** 27 days ago

"Why such an effort to dissuade them? It's funny how Feathers Galore doesn't have trouble whoring up the town. And neither do the ladies down at the brothel."

Eye narrowed suspiciously, she leaned forward as if she was carefully inspecting him.

"Why am I the only woman of yours who can't sleep around? You know they talk about that, right?"

Ah, yes. The dreaded 'they'. If only they were here.

by **Negaduck** 29 days ago

That threw him. Literally, he nearly fell over in shock. Nobody had successfully tried LOGIC on him before.

And immediately Negaduck began to back up, as if hoping to physically dodge the question.

"Uh..."

Sweat dripping down his mask.

"I.. I don't have to justify my mighty decision-making to you! Or any of THEM!"

Somehow the theory that attack was always the best defence wasn't working so well this time around. His tone and twitchiness utterly betrayed his urge to

run. Far.

"We are not not-talking about this any more!"

It had to be bad when he was confusing his double negatives.

by [Malicia](#) 27 days ago

Now it was Malicia who was taken aback by his flustered response. It wasn't often she logic-ed Negaduck into a corner.

Fortunately, this awkward moment was intercepted just in time by.

**"VOLDUCK HAS OBTAINED THE TREASURE KNOWN AS TURBINE. ONCE AGAIN, VOLDUCK IS THE WINNER OF THE BEAVER CHALLENGE."** Said just as the incubus slipped on a discarded floppy piece of meat, nearly sending the metric-tonne metal into Negaduck.

by [Negaduck](#) 28 days ago

Pressure off, he puffed back up with that lovely emotion we like to call arrogant pride. Dodged the question, dodged the machinery. Everything was back on track.

"Great. Just put it--"

One of the blades happened to creak into movement and crushed him. Utterly. The only thing that remained un-compressed was the yellow jacketed arm pointing in the direction of a large horizontal rigging on the other side of the factory.

"--over there," squeaked a mangled voice from under all that metal.

Better than 'the talk' by a mile though.

by [Malicia](#) 27 days ago

Malicia meanwhile, was smiling quite smugly and preening herself.

"Well I suppose I can't really blame you for being possessive when I am absolutely gorgeous and more beautiful than any other woman you've been with. A treasure like me is so rare and desired by so many, you'd have to keep your eye out to prevent me from being snatched up."

**"DEMON LADY DIME A DOZEN WHERE VOLDUCK IS FROM. YOU ARE 7 AT BEST."** Said Volduck as he lumbered past her with the turbine to set it up in the proper spot.

by [Negaduck](#) 28 days ago

Such a shame. They could have been buddies in different circumstances.

Nothing like a common female enemy to bring men together. Until they stab each other and go looking for more female enemies, that is.

"Hah. Hear that Mal?" gasped the duck pancake beside her, who managed to grab hold of a nearby bench to pull himself back into normal form.

"You're nothing--"

Wheeze.

"--Special."

Cough.

"A dog might have his favourite tree to whizz on--"

Hack.

"But it's still an ordinary tree. Getting whizzed on."

There. Back to full non-flattened health. Let's see how long that lasts.

by **Malicia** 27 days ago

"I'm so glad we're both in agreement that you possess the emotional intelligence of a mutt." Malicia replied coolly. Try as he might, Negs couldn't knock the glowing smug out of the demonness.

Turning on her heels, she trailed behind Volduck to oversee the incubus' second challenge -- and try to figure out what Negaduck was planning with a smelly old meat factory and a gigantic turbine.

Somehow, she didn't think he was starting up a new career as St. Canard's first ever Puppy Sausage Corporation... though she wouldn't put that past him.

by **Negaduck** 27 days ago

"Better than being a woman," he grouched, slipping back into murderous malcontent at her continued amusement. This would not stand.

But before Negaduck could focus on taking her down a peg, there was the matter of the turbine that had been pegged into the plant's main processor. And what next to do with the demon that was, in contrast to Malicia, actually proving itself useful.

"You think those challenges were easy?" asked after quickly inspecting the work and kicking a few pipes into place. "Well prepare to tremble in fear at the THIRD challenge!"

A thick metal cable connected to the turbine was hefted up and handed over to the 'contestant'. "Fly this into the sky until the gods themselves strike it with lightning!"

So apparently he was turning Volduck into a demonic Thomas Eddison. The biggest problem with that was not just the IQ disparity - the weather around St Canard had been disgustingly mild for some time and did not appear likely to change.

by **Malicia** 26 days ago

**"VOLDUCK DOES NOT FEAR LIGHTNING. I SHALL RETURN SOON."** And he was off again, cable in tow.

Malicia too knew that rain was not in the forecast, and quickly surmised Negaduck's little plan. Flipping open Quacky, she landed on a particular page and began to chant.

Thick, black clouds gathered directly above the plant, with an ominous roar of thunder trailing close behind. The sky darkened, only to light up fantastically every few seconds with streaks of lightning.

"Wouldn't want to delay the challenge, now." She smirked at Negaduck.

by **Negaduck** 27 days ago

"Oh **now** you're being helpful? How very kind."

No time to snark - well no time to snark for longer - thanks to Malicia's intervention, he had to get moving. Gritting his teeth, Negaduck sized up the turbine, made mental notes of all the connecting elements, and flew into action.

Amazing he couldn't get a better gig as Flashquack, the fastest duck in the free world, he certainly moved in a blur!

**ZIP - wrench - ZIP - hammer - ZIP - wield - ZIP - embroider (?)**

When all that was done, he threw aside the tools.. and it was still no clearer as to what the resulting effect would be.

"There." Slightly out of breath, but still capable of rolling that out in a growl. "No need to worry your empty little head about any dreadful delays now."

Better not scoff too much - the thing wasn't even working yet.

by **Malicia** 26 days ago

"Yes, I'm absolutely aquiver with distress." She replied dryly. "Good thing I

have you here to assuage my anxiety with your oversized electric vibrator."

Suddenly from above, lightning struck! There was a crackle and flicker as it traveled down the line and collided with the massive metal contraption.

"You're not planning on building yourself a wife out of discarded body parts, are you?"

by **Negaduck** 26 days ago

"Yes! Wait, she needs more pig snouts!"

Not responding to Malicia's quip so much as getting carried away with the process. And fair enough too; it was a dramatic moment, with the thunder booming above, and the turbine jolted into action within its cage.

Like a particularly stinky Goldberg machine, the movement of the blades passed on life to the belts and belts of festering animal tissue which slid slowly towards the opening of the casing. When it hit the turbine, the river of waste pushed the blades faster, resulting in the belts moving faster, and the bloody mess churning out the back. It was self-perpetuating, an energy-producing ouroboros.

Negaduck, who had chambered up to fix the issue of more snouts by increasing the angle of one of the conveyors, watched on with no small about of maniacal glee. "Hah! It's working!"

Not that any onlookers would have been able to tell, at that point, what 'working' meant. It only began to be apparent when the great cable finally fell from the sky and wrapped itself around the metal shielding. And started to hum.

Loudly.

Then it happened. Slowly at first. Objects zoomed out of nowhere and stuck to the metal guard surrounding the blades. Little objects peppered against it like tin rain, then bigger bricks, strands, even statues.

Back on the ground – because standing above fast moving belts destined for doom was a bad place to gloat – Negaduck was cackling and whooping it up in fine lunatic inventor tradition.

"I've done it! I've defied physics itself to create the first ever–"

Grand gesture at the ever-increasing shinies piled against the turbine case.

"Gold magnet."

by **Malicia** 24 days ago

Malicia couldn't contain her dramatic jaw drop, which hit the floor with a 'thunk'.

"Shiny... so much shiny." She was enraptured.

Too enraptured. Claws outstretched she made a dangerous beeline for the thundering machine and its whirring blades.

"Come here my pretty little ones~ Mama Malicia wishes to inspect you."

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

A foot came down sharply on the soft, sensitive appendage that was her tail.

"Nuh uh uh," scolded Negaduck with pretend patronising playfulness as thick as poisoned syrup. "Only grabby grabby hands AFTER it's run out of juice."

Juice being the disgusting mixture pouring through the machine in a continuous stream of gloop. "When there's nothing more to churn, the cycle will slow, the field will drop, and then we can enjoy the 'shinies' properly." Adding as a sneered aside, "Not that I expect that to happen any time soon, with the Pretty Puppy Princess Pageant next week..."

Back to Malicia in what would have been euphemistic if not for the disturbing sing-song, "In the meantime, I have another surprise for you to enjoy..."

Speaking of enjoyment, where had that dumb-as-a-doorknob demon got to?

by **Malicia** 24 days ago

She gazed longingly at the shiny metallic contraption, finally letting out a long sigh as she turned to find out about this so-called 'surprise' of his.

"What now? Did you fashion some homemade lube out of bovine sludge?" She yanked her tail out from under his foot and cuddled it close to her body, brushing out the kinks.

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

Cue expression of rapt wonderment.

"You mean you'd actually go for tha--?"

Head shake. Focus! "No! NO BOVINE LUBE FOR YOU!"

Scanning the sky for the huge winged form of his supposed challenger, Negaduck cupped hands around his beak to shout, "You think you're so good, buddy boy? Let's see how you go with the FOURTH challenge!"



Pointing to Malicia, "Take this realm's Demon Queen-" And before she could get too excited, "And secure her at the highest point in the city, so that she may not free herself."

Vicious grin. Oh there would be enjoyment, but none for her.

by **Malicia** 24 days ago

"**NO!**" Screeched at such a high decibel that the windows of their newly christened hide-out exploded outwards.

She KNEW his finding out about her discomfort around heights would eventually lead to trouble. It was only a matter of time.

A large shadow above was making its way closer, like an ominous cloud of forewarning. But Malicia wasn't going to allow herself to fall so easily to this meat-headed mammoth Mephistopheles.

**"DO NOT STRUGGLE AGAINST VOLDUCK, QUEEN DEMON. VOLDUCK POSSESSES THE POWER OF TEN MILLION HELLEPHANTS."** He swooped down and snatched Malicia by the shoulders, carrying her up toward a hole in the ceiling.

"YOU IMBECILE! THERE ARE NO SUCH THING AS CHALLENGES! HE'S USING YOU! LET ME GO THIS INSTANT!" Well, maybe not this instant, as the ground was vanishing quite rapidly beneath her. She struggled and snapped, her fire having no effect on this equally combustible creature.

But Volduck was stronger and his airborne abilities gave him the advantage. As Malicia was carried off through the ceiling, she shook her fist vengefully at Negaduck.

"THIS ISN'T OVER! YOU'RE DEAD, YOU HEAR ME? I'M GOING TO SUMMON A SPIKY-MAWED ACID FLINGER AND FEED YOU TO IT, PIECE BY PIECE!"

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

Oh the smug. Sweet, delicious vengeance. To make good on a year's worth of stranglings in one easy twist.

The disrespect she had shown him earlier though? That would require additional payment. Payment he would dish out soon.

"Calm down," he drawled without a pinch of sympathy. "It's not the end of the world."

A gleam of evil intent.

"Yet."

And with that, he stepped out into the storm.

by **Malicia** 25 days ago

Volduck scaled the tallest building in the center of St. Canard's metropolis with Malicia wrapped in one of his gigantic fists. The she-demon in question was punching and screeching as they embarked to the top.

By this point, the sight of a massive winged monster had caught the attention of the city's unsuspecting citizens (but most were actually drawn in by the racket Malicia was making). In wasn't long before airplanes were circling the skyscraper and Volduck swatted at them as though they were pesky flies.

"Why are the hunkiest men always the most brain deficient?!" Malicia was ranting. "Can you TRY to make some sort of an effort to rub two brain cells together and produce even a hint of intelligent thought? There is NO ruler of this dimension! You can take any woman you want! Starting with me! So why don't you just crawl your butt right back down there, and we'll pay a visit to the Golden Egg Plaza Hotel. It's the LEAST you can do for me, after this!"

**"SILENCE, WOMAN. VOLDUCK WILL DEFEAT YOUR MATE FIRST, AS IS THE WAY OF ALL DEMONS. TRUE VIRILITY CAN ONLY BE PROVEN THROUGH STRENGTH."**

"Not in this dimension." She sneered. "Here, we do not play by the rules. And you shouldn't either."

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

Which was about the time a garishly painted helicopter descended from the cloud cover and hovered level with the top platform.

"What a surprise," purred Negaduck, leaning against the open side door. "She is so terrified of my losing, she is trying to fool you into failing with female trickery."

Malicia might have been terrified, but it sure wasn't of that.

Smiling 'benignly', he meet the furious glare of 'his' woman to 'reassure' her. "Don't fret, darling heart, I am fully confident this interloper will not succeed."

At least, not in the way Volduck expected.

by **Malicia** 23 days ago

"I'll 'darling' your face!" Malicia spat back. But her threats didn't hold much

weight as Volduck chained her to the thick metal antenna at the very top of the tower. And while it was entirely possible for Malicia to break free with her own strength... doing so meant a rather dangerous plummet to her death.

Instead, she opted to squeeze her eyes shut and mutter under her breath. "I am on sandy beach, I am on a sandy beach... I am drinking a pina colada..."

The incubus was now flying alongside the copter, peering in at its pilot.

**"VOLDUCK HAS COMPLETED THE FOURTH TRIAL, AND NOW DEMANDS THE FIFTH AND FINAL OF THE WRIGGLING BEAVER CHALLENGES. SOON, THE WOMEN OF THIS DIMENSION SHALL BE MINE."**

by [Negaduck](#) 25 days ago

"You must beat yourself into unconsciousness," Negaduck stated simply. "With this."

A ripe banana?

by [Malicia](#) 23 days ago

This caught the demon off guard as he took the squishy fruit in his massive claw and stared at it.

**"VOLDUCK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND. THIS IS NOT A FEAT OF STRENGTH. VOLDUCK WONDERS IF THE DEMON QUEEN'S MATE IS MILDLY BRAIN DAMAGED."**

by [Negaduck](#) 25 days ago

Negaduck folded his arms and resisted snapping back a similar question.

"Only a master of suffering would be able to inflict such damage upon himself using such a harmless thing."

Leaning forward to sneer.

"Perhaps you just aren't evil enough."

by [Malicia](#) 23 days ago

**"VOLDUCK CONCEDES TO THIS TRUTH. VERY WELL, THEN. VOLDUCK WILL COMMENCE WITH THIS CHALLENGE."** Looking at Malicia momentarily, then back at Negaduck.

"Moron." Said Malicia from her bird's eye view.

**"VOLDUCK HAS SEEN THAT SHE-DEMON HAS MARKED YOU, THE ONE CALLED 'NEGADUCK' AS HER MATE AND PROPERTY THROUGH**

**PROPER DEMONIC RITUAL. LET IT BE KNOWN THAT WHEN VOLDUCK IS VICTORIOUS, HER MARKINGS SHALL BE FORFEIT AND SHE MUST SPREAD HER LEGS TO ME, AS WILL THE REST OF HER FEMALE KINGDOM."**

The mighty beast flew to the ground where he... proceeded to smack himself in the face with a banana. Repeatedly.

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

The criminal mastermind behind this little scene was unable to enjoy it, however, for he was too busy staring at his supposed mate with laser beam daggers of death.

"Mate and property'?"

The evidence of any rituals, which came as utter news to him, should have been a nice surprise. What better reassurance of where her loyalty and commitment than such a marking - after all, Malicia loved property.

Judging from the barely steadying inhale of breath, however, he was not taking it as such.

"How fortunately timed," he rasped when he finally found the presence of mind to speak. "That I dragged you up here for a little chat about who exactly owns who..."

Standing on the skid of the helicopter, Negaduck reached back to grab from its storage compartment what appeared to be a highly advanced rail gun. Except the slooshing within it seemed to indicate it fired something other than electromatter.. Water.

A high pitched charging noise and it would be ready to fire at any moment.

by **Malicia** 23 days ago

"Ah, well...!" She was eying the gun. Then looking down at the ground. Hmm, which would be less painful?

"Why are you even listening to a guy who is trying to knock himself unconscious with a banana? He obviously doesn't know anything about anything!" And yet her squirming indicated otherwise.

"Now... why don't you put the gun down, and let me on the plane. We can talk this out together, on the ground. Yes?"

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

"No."

And without a second's hesitation, he threw the trigger back.

**FFFFFFSSSSSSWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSHHHH!!**

Out shot an insanely well focused jet of water. Directed insanely accurately at a rather sensitive location below her waist.

"If you want to ever get down," Negaduck shouted over the roar of the weapon. **"Talk."**

by **Malicia** 23 days ago

"Thha**AAAAAAAAAAAAAT'S NOT VERY NICE.**" She nearly snapped the chains keeping her in place.

"It's nothing import....aH!...nt. He's just talking about the... ah...AH~!" She raised a shaky claw and pointed at his neck. Hidden beneath the thick red turtleneck was a patch on his neck that was red with bite marks. What Negaduck had likely just assumed to be rough play had a very different meaning for the supernatural species.

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

With the hand not holding the beam, he slapped the mark like it was a pesky mosquito, eyes wide in recognition.

Before they narrowed again, meaner this time.

"And you did this **without my PERMISSION?!**"

The jet was suddenly directed onto Malicia's face. It was held there, mercilessly, long enough to make her lungs burn for air. Eventually, however, it returned to its original and far more bearable position.

Teeth clenched into a snarl, Negaduck held firm. "And here I would have thought it common sense that property does not mark the owner."

by **Malicia** 23 days ago

"IT WASN'T ON PURPOSE!" She spluttered and spat water. "It just HAPPENS, I don't control it!"

**"VOLDUCK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHY THE MORTAL IS SO ANGERED BY THIS REVELATION?"** Said Volduck who was apparently taking a break from his banana smashing. **"SHE-DEMONS MARK ONLY WHEN THEY REACH THEIR MOST POWERFUL CLIMAX."**

"What are you, some sort of orgasm scholar? Get back to making fruit smoothies with your face!" She flushed angrily.

by **Negaduck** 24 days ago

Despite himself, Negaduck found this particular revelation distracting. The weapon was, as a result, inadvertently lowered, providing a bit of a shock to the pigeons roosting on ledges below.

"Really...?" Great, just what he needed, a boost to his already out of control ego. "I mean, obviously that's the case. She was with ME, after all, only the most dangerous thing to happen to women since Flippo the four armed masseuse."

In this dimension alone there were more than enough that could attest to that, in either sense of the term 'dangerous'. He didn't need to stick Malicia on the top of a skyscraper to prove that.

"But-" Gun back at the ready. "There's not just that, is there? Changing plans, shamelessly chasing tail, doing whatever the hell you feel like..."

A grin, a button push and the water jet electrified itself. Low voltage, only enough to tingle.. For now.

"That's my job. I'm in charge here. Why don't you just admit that you're not?"

Up went the intensity.

"And you LIKE it."

by **Malicia** 23 days ago

"You keep that thing away from me!" She snarled, wide-eyed. "Or so help me..."

KER-THUNK

That was the sound of Volduck hitting the hard cement below, forming a small crater in the process. Somehow, somehow, he had succeeded in knocking himself out cold with a banana.

"Well, look at that." Mal remarked. "Your new favourite demon has completed the challenges. Why don't you go congratulate him?"

And stop grilling me.

by **Negaduck** 24 days ago

A sigh. The weapon hummed to a stop.

"Yeah. That'd be sensible."

A flash of movement and the weapon was back on, blasting electrified liquid

very strategically along her body.

"EHEHEHEHEHEHAAAA!"

Because inflicting sadistic punishment was always the more sensible option in Negaduck's book.

by **Malicia** 22 days ago

"WHYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~" Her legs were flailing and her tail was sticking out straight like an arrow.

"What is wrong with you two?!" Quacky shouted from the passenger side of the cockpit. "Never in all my pages have I seen such a deranged relationship! You two are both seriously ill, GET SOME COUPLES THERAPY WHY DON'TCHYA." Then to Negaduck he added. "When that incubus wakes up, he'll consider himself the winner of your little competition and move straight into marking the ladies. Serves you right!"

by **Negaduck** 24 days ago

Pupils burning red, Terminator style, Negaduck spun around to face the commenter.

"WHAT therapy?!"

Apparently any mention of coupledness was a berserker button, for Quacky would find himself being chased around the chopper at the receiving end of the same treatment Malicia had been getting. Less sexy though. Presumably.

"GET BACK HERE YOU LITTLE...!" And on went the shouting, and the craft jumped and jittered around like a teenager's car at the drive in.

When enough pain had been dealt, or the crook simply tired of tormenting an animate object, he paused enough to reflect. "You do have a point though..." About the demon not the therapy although any sane person would agree with the therapy. "Right, we're going to get down there, and you're going to tell me how to get rid of him."

A creak then a crackle from the cockpit caught his attention. It seemed even supervillain aircraft could only tolerate so much abuse, particularly when it came to water blasters used internally.

"Uh... looks like we'll be heading down faster than expected."

The blades had stopped turning.

CCRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAKKK

FHOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMPH!!!

Crash.

by **Malicia** 21 days ago

Quacky managed to pull himself from the wreckage, only to realize one of his pages was aflame. Letting out a horrified shriek, the book began to hop around desperately. "PUT IT OUT PUT IT OUT PUT IT OUUUUT!"

"Stop drop and roll, sweetie!" Malicia shouted from her perch. She was trying to devise a plan of escape that didn't involve a 60-story drop. If there was an open window on the top floor, perhaps...

Volduck was still in his crater, lying flat on his back. His eyes swirled and little bananas wearing Negaduck's fedora danced around his head.

by **Negaduck** 22 days ago

A bucket of water splashed over Quacky. After all that - got 'im.

"Shut up," growled the almost entirely blackened figure standing over him. "We have bigger problems."

Dusting off his jacket - and straightening out his spine with a sickening crack - Negaduck directed the book's attention to the dazed demon before them.

"You wouldn't want to be responsible for a horrible, women-thirsty demon running loose around the city, would you?" Said with a smile that was well aware of the irony. "Tell me how to send him back where he came from quickly, or I'll dump him on Morgy's front porch."

by **Malicia** 21 days ago

**"SO THE LOUD AGGRAVATING WOMAN WAS RIGHT. VOLDUCK IS ABOUT TO BE DOUBLE-CROSSED BY THE MORTAL NEGADUCK."** It seemed Volduck had some to, just in time to hear Negaduck's plan.

"Get me down from here, and we'll both show him what happens to double-crossers!" Malicia shouted.

Quacky, meanwhile, was glancing between Volduck and Negaduck, trying to decide which was more threatening and therefore, the one that he should be assisting.

by **Negaduck** 21 days ago

At the sound of the jet-plane volume of Volduck's waking voice, Negaduck's expression snapped into a glower like a lightbulb switching on. Onto irritated. Not that anyone could tell whether lightbulbs had such moods, except Megavolt.



Straightening, the malicious mallard ignored Quacky in favour of scoffing at his challenger. Which didn't really have the same effect as Volduck rising to his mighty feet, but confidence was what you made it.

"You expected a duel of evil to be **fair**? You're even more brain-dead than I thought."

And then, in a move even more insane than chaining a demoness to a skyscraper or killing a chopper with a water powered superweapon, he effectively turned his back on the hulking beast.

"Why don't you just show yourself the door?" Sneered dismissively. "You're no match for the world-destorying, bone-crushing power that is my genius, clearly."

by **Malicia** 20 days ago

Oh. Oh no he din't.

**"VOLDUCK WILL SHOW YOU TRUE POWER!"** Roared the incubus.

"NO!" Malicia was shrieking. Having been around Negaduck far longer than Volduck, she knew what was going on.

But of course he ignored her, in favor of charging straight at Negaduck like a steam-powered locomotive.

by **Negaduck** 21 days ago

The battle of the century!!

.. was neatly sidestepped without much energy at all.

Leaving Volduck to go charging into the still smoking wreckage of the helicopter.

Of course, even a burning tonne of steel would not present much of a hurdle to the massive demon. Which was why Negaduck calmly withdrew a remote from his cape, and pressed the detonator.

**~~kaBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMM!!~~**

"Roast idiot. My favourite." As were bad quips, apparently.

Such a shame to lose a fine aircraft like that though. But it was worth it, for the greater bad.

Also it was amazing how cheap vehicles were to modify when one had a free source of supplies...

by **Malicia** 20 days ago

Up, up, up, went Volduck. In fact, he rose so high that he passed Malicia on her skyscraper.

"Told you so." She said snidely as he passed by her a second time on his way down.

Only to eclipse over top the spot Negaduck was standing.

by **Negaduck** 21 days ago

Down below, Negaduck was enjoying his victory and the sight of the thoroughly scorched patch of streetscape.

So much so it didn't even occur to him to look up.

~~kaSSSSSPPPPPPPPPPLAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTT!!~~

So many craters around this one intersection it was beginning to look like Mars.

by **Malicia** 20 days ago

"**GRAR!**" Volduck lifted Negaduck by his cape like a giant plucking up a rodent by the tail.

**"VOLDUCK WILL EAT YOU RAW. THEN HE WILL EAT YOUR WOMAN IN A VERY DIFFERENT AND PLEASURABLE MANNER. WHEN VOLDUCK IS THROUGH WITH HER, SHE WILL NOT EVEN REMEMBER YOUR NAME AS SHE MARKS ME. THEN VOLDUCK WILL SPREAD HIS SEED ACROSS THIS WORLD, CREATING A GENERATION OF DEMON SPAWN."**

by **Negaduck** 21 days ago

"Nggghh..." The concussion took a moment to wear off. The panic, on the other hand, set in immediately.

Twisting about, the captured crook fought to grab a hold of his cape and pull it free. Damn it, why wouldn't it rip when he wanted it to?!

With no luck in the cowardly way out, there was only one thing for it.

"Didn't you get the memo?" he snarled, matching Volduck's glare.. except for one split second where his attention flicked to something shiny above.

"That job is already taken!"

Pistol whipped out from his jacket, it took a single shot - but not to the demon's skull. To the chain holding a metal sign up above for the Long Hung Chinese Restaurant, which swung down like a guillotine.

As they say in the business, heads will roll...

by [Malicia](#) 20 days ago

**"VOLDUCK IS OFFICIALLY FIRING YOU! VOLDUCK IS WORLD'S AHEAD IN POWER AND--"**

**Shink**

Thud

Oh, Volduck was 'a head' alright. The now decapitated demon fell lifelessly to the ground. There was a few seconds of silence until the cadaver was consumed by flame. As the embers died down, whatever remained of the mighty Volduck was gone.

Malicia sighed forlornly. "I just wanted a hot threesome..." She said wistfully.

by [Negaduck](#) 21 days ago

"What a waste of time that was."

Flicking a few specks of ash and demon blood off his shoulder, Negaduck sighed and wearily headed for home sweet hideout.

"Come on," he ordered gruffly, "Let's get back to the piles of gold that I've managed to steal with no effort whatsoever."

That direction was not made to Malicia, but Quacky, who was snagged by the pages whether he liked it or not, and dragged along. Leaving his partner in crime to contemplate improbable fantasies all on her own.

-----

by [Malicia](#) 25 days ago

Many hours later, the door slammed, signalling the return of Malicia. How she finally managed to get down from her perilous perch would remain unknown for now. What was clear, however, was that she was in no mood to deal with her partner who had successfully blocked her efforts to do the dirty with a smokin' hot demon.

Though truth be told, there was plenty of opportunity. It was Volduck who had spurned her at every advance. But Malicia's vanity refused to accept such a possibility, and so it was far easier to blame Negaduck for the lack of bonin' going on.

Like a spiteful teenager throwing a tantrum she stormed past Negaduck, slamming doors and finding a dark quiet room to pout. "Lousy, jealous, over-possessive..."

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

He should have been in a good mood, or the Negaduck equivalent of such. Feet up on the desk of the foreman's office, papers scattered around kept a running estimate of the haul that continued to get sucked in by the magnet by the hour. It was mindboggling - he was beginning to run out of paper.

The way his gaze tracked her as she stormed past, however, indicated his mood was anything but good.

Abandoning his counting - and the caged Quacky - he followed her into the darkened room.

The door slammed shut behind.

"About time you got back."

Like it was her fault.

"I hope you have not forgotten that your little lesson from earlier is still.. unfinished."

If the structural integrity of the entire city was not under threat from a demon battle before, it would be now.

by **Malicia** 25 days ago

Nostrils flaring she rounded on him, finger prodding into his chest as she began her tirade.

"No, YOU are the one needs to learn the lesson!" She snapped. "We are not exclusive, get it? We are not monogamous. We are NOT a couple!" A philosophy Negaduck could get behind, no doubt.

"Which means if you can sleep around, so can I!... not that I would ever stoop to YOUR level of shameless strumpeting. Honestly, I don't know how you haven't contracted every damn disease in the medical dictionary!" A jab made to his groin area for added emphasis.

"So I like to have a few other toys on the side, so what?"

by **Negaduck** 25 days ago

That was all perfectly logical. Fair, even.

She should have known he would never buy into that.

"So what?!" The admission sending a bigger shockwave through him than he would care to admit. "Don't you know what I do to toys?"

Without warning, a lever to the side was slammed into the 'ON' position.

"I break them."

From the ceiling descended a complicated contraption; five steel claws that would dart out to catch Malicia by the limbs and neck, before carrying her through the wall to the factory beyond.

There, it would lock her into a large dock, trapped by the neck as if in the stocks. A thick plate pushed up from the floor, pressing her stomach up, and effectively forcing her to stay bent over at the waist. Not the most pleasant position.

"It's amazing the sort of inspiration you find around these places." His voice sounding by her side. "I figure if it can hold a bull for the slaughter, it shouldn't have too many problems with you."

A smirk, and he directed her attention upwards.

"But if not, we can always proceed to the final stage."

Above, the electrical bolt that would stun cattle into unconsciousness was in place. A modern device that looked like a huge, blunt ended drill, plastered with hazard markings and warning signs. 'DANGER'. 'HIGH ELECTRICITY'. 'DOOM'.

DOOM it was alright.

----

by **Negaduck** 18 days ago

Aaaaand some time later, a door from one of the lower supply levels slammed open. In paced Negaduck, wiping black sludge off his face, and looking particularly satisfied with himself.

No word to Quacky, still in a cage in a corner of the office. Rag tossed over his shoulder carelessly, he proceeded straight to the window overlooking the factory below.

"Everything trucking along nicely." Peering around one corner, "Although we are going to need a top up of bloody carcasses soon."

A sigh - a villain's work was never done - and he punched a number into a phone. "Hello? Is this the Happy Wags Doggie Rescue? I want to adopt all the widdle, fwuffy canines you have and bring them to their 'forever home'."

At least this part of the job was enjoyable.

by **Malicia** 18 days ago

It wasn't long after that Mal sauntered out of the room behind him. Actually, it was less of a saunter and far more of a bow-legged limp, but judging by the rather pleased smirk on her face, she was more than okay with her injuries.

"You know, I could always summon more of those bunnies... set up a portal that leads directly into the turbines."

by **Negaduck** 17 days ago

What a sadistic, twistedly cruel proposition.

To which, of course, Negaduck smiled.

"I like your thinking."

Back to gazing at the machinery down below - everything the blood touches is our kingdom - the memories of the last encounter came flooding back.

Terrible, terrible memories. "But maybe we can use something less horrendously annoying, should they escape the blades."

Not that he was frightened of that happening, oh no. The corner of his eye was twitching erratically for an entirely unrelated reason.

Turning around to face her though, any sign of distress was replaced by the most devious of expressions. "There are endless dimensions with Morganas in them, you know..."

That'd get her back for blowing him off. It'd get them ALL back.

by **Malicia** 17 days ago

Oh, she liked that idea even more.

"Oh, that would be very nice. Although it would require opening multiple, infinite portals. We would also have to count on them fighting back..." She frowned. "Truly a risk to the operation."

Pacing back and forth she considered their options. "We could always gather up from other cities."

by **Negaduck** 17 days ago

"Lousy, halfwit 'heros'..." Oh the hate. He was off on a rant now. "The only thing they're good for is lying down and going through the shredder, and they can't even do THAT properly."

Really. How dare they defend themselves.

Mid-pace himself, however, Negaduck stopped and spun around on his heel.

"What about a duplication spell?" Tentative optimism. "I capture one of those troublesome twits, and we could make an endless supply - no need for portals, and if you duplicate them AFTER I shatter their limbs, they'll be as helpless as a bishop in a brothel!"

The fun would never end!

by **Malicia** 17 days ago

"That actually might work!" She brightened considerably at the very thought of so many dead Morganas.

Immediately she was back at the cage, retrieving Quacky and flipping through the pages. "Alright... duplication spells... and a portal, of course. Any suggestions for a dimension?" She grinned widely.

"Maybe we can dip into that vortex and retrieve that ex-girlfriend of yours, hmmm?"

by **Negaduck** 16 days ago

As if struck mid-step by the lightning that unstable sorceress herself would no doubt throw, Negaduck tensed up, frozen to the spot.

"Er, no need to go to all that trouble." Because by contrast, those swarms of fluffy bunnies seemed like a terrific idea. "I'll just grab the local non-psycho version."

He was backing up, changing into Darkwing's costume as he went. Not exactly a smooth transition, bumping and hopping and tripping into things, but surely that smooth handsome smile would provide enough cover?

Provided it wasn't covered by a grey fedora falling over his face.

"I've got some looting and pillaging to do in town anyway." Final adjustments to his garb, which had to be just so, even if it was in such woeful colouring. "What's one more felony?"

And zip he went for the door.

by **Malicia** 16 days ago

She narrowed her eyes, none too pleased with his answer. He wasn't making excuses for her, was he?

But he was gone before she could interrogate him further. With nothing else to do, she decided to prop open Quacky and practice a few duplication spells.

Surely, nothing would go wrong in his short time on the town!

by **Negaduck** 16 days ago

TINK.

TINK TA TAT TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAAT.

That was the sound of an entire truck load of gold bars sticking to the magnet. By that stage, the outside of the turbine cage was covered thickly in the gleaming metal, strutting into the sky like an ornate palace spire.

Not long after, Negaduck was down at its base, observing the results greedily.

"Muhahahaa... This is perfect!" Mandatory evil hand rub. "Not even a gear-loose Gizmojerk can slow us down now!"

Ah, the joys of hero crushing. Really, the day couldn't get any better. But recalling the encounter he had with one of the Justice Ducks lead him to recall what he had meant to do to with one of their other illustrious members.

"Damnit, I was so busy with that technological twit I forgot to nab Morgana!" Striking his forehead in frustration.. But then calming.

"Oh well, that's not a problem," he said, turning to head back out again. "How hard can it be to round up ONE MaCawber?"

Sure, they may have been the feisty sort, but it was nothing he wasn't used to.

by **Malicia** 16 days ago

"Mmm... I love it when you do your evil monologue." A pair of clawed hands wrapped around his waist from behind, and Malicia's tail wrapped itself around one of his legs.

"And look at all this gold!" Said Malicia, standing next to the turbine.

"Think of all the shoes I could get!" Said... Malicia??? From across the room?

by **Negaduck** 15 days ago

And how he loved his mighty evilness being appropriately appreciated. Despite his determination to get on with the job, Negaduck melted into her touch. Just for a moment.



Because AFTER a moment, he registered the other Malicias.

Double take.

Triple take.

No, they were still there, no matter how much he rubbed his eyes or shook his head.

Sloooowly, his attention rose. Er, as in his gaze rose, to the demoness draped around him, wickedness creeping into his expression like a horny alley cat.

"... Am I dreaming or is this your version of a thank you?"

Because three Malicias could only have been created for one, sole purpose.

To make him sandwiches.

by **Malicia** 15 days ago

And from behind him came a noise. The sound of two-dozen claws scratching the steel floor as they entered the room, lining up in square formation.

An army of Malicias.

"Well actually, no." Said Malicia from behind him. "I was testing out a duplication spell, and I think I may have gone a tad heavy on the gnoll spice... or perhaps it was the phoenix seeds..." She shrugged nonchalantly.

"**OH HO HO HO HO HO~**" Their breasts bounced in unison as their chests heaved with evil laughter.

Truly, the end has come.

by **Negaduck** 15 days ago

Eyes popped sheer out of his skull. There may have also been stunned gibbering and a mild coronary.

It wasn't joy at so much boobage squished together - although that factor may have proven distracting - but abject horror at the utter number of them. He could 'handle' three Malicias, maybe five in a pinch, but an entire battalion?

"Malicia!" With a snap of his cape he rounded on the one behind, who he presumed was the original. "Do you have any idea what you've done? What the terrible, horrific ramifications of this will be?!"

Finger point to the still whirring turbine.

"There is no way THAT amount of lard will fit into the machine!"

What? He was being practical!

by **Malicia** 14 days ago

Eye twitching, she shoved him backward so that he landed on his rear.

Like an organized pack, the Malicias circled him hungrily, eyes gleaming.

"I want the first strangle!" Said one.

"Mmm... can't we just sit on him again? I love sitting on him~" Cooed another.

"I say we hang him over the turbine by his balls!" Sneered another.

"Girls, girls!" Said what was presumably the original (and therefore leader) of the Malicia herd. "Let's not get too carried away just yet..." Eyes settling on Negaduck. "Let's pick straws to decide who goes first."

by **Negaduck** 14 days ago

O..... Kay. That was not good.

Suppressing his nerves, Negaduck cleared his throat and reverted to his fall back strategy. Charm.

"Come now Mal... I mean, Mals..." Thankfully tuning an audience of beautiful women wasn't entirely out of the ordinary for him. "I was just OVERWHELMED with being surrounded by a sea of such GORGEOUSNESS, I must have just foolishly put my foot in it."

Tracing a finger up a leg there, stroking the tip of a tail here. "Can you really blame me? Any ORDINARY man's mind would have broken into a thousand pieces upon being confronted with such heavenly hotness..."

The shame. He had none.

by **Malicia** 14 days ago

Interestingly, despite all of them being one in the same duplicate, their reactions varied.

One Mal was giggling and blushing. "Oh, you! How can I stay angry when you talk like that?"

Another Mal had her arms crossed and was staring him down suspiciously.

Still yet, another Mal just let out a "Harumph!" And turned away.

And Original Mal (TM) merely sighed and rolled her eyes. "Listen." She said. "We don't have time for this anyhow. We wanted to capture Morgana, right? Well, think of how easily we can overpower her now! In fact, we don't need to just go after Morgana, we can go after the whole city!"

"Let's stop at the spa!" One echoed from somewhere in the back row.

"I'm getting hungry... perhaps we should stop to eat first?" Said another.

"Well I'm going to use this opportunity to replace my shoe collection! Seeing as the Enforcers still have the warehouse..."

Original Mal could only grin sheepishly at Negaduck. "I ah... guess I'm easily distracted?"

by **Negaduck** 14 days ago

But she was talking to empty space.

Somewhere in the throng he had his arms around two of the more.. affable versions, showing one a 'magic trick' involving her bosom ("Watch as I materialise a motorboat out of thin air!") while the other laughed on.

Easily distracted indeed.

by **Malicia** 14 days ago

Multiple sets of eyes rolled and shook their heads as most of the Malicias filed out of the building, splitting off into every direction into the city. Each seemed to have a separate goal in mind -- jewelry, shoes, food, and so on. Likely because Mal wanted ALL of these things at once... and what do you know, now she could achieve such a goal!

The city of St. Canard was not ready for this.

But three Malicias stayed behind. One of which was the original, and the two remaining who were currently pressing themselves against Negaduck so that he was buried in cleavage from both sides.

by **Negaduck** 14 days ago

As far as magical accidents went, this had to be the best one ever.

After all that unpleasantness with Feathers, perhaps it was about time he let go of that silly prohibition on multiplayer mode. After all, how could THIS go wrong? It was like something out of a debauched fairytale!

Well, nearly...

Popping his head out of the delicious sandwich that was two demon consorts, Negaduck leaned back to speak to OriginalMal.

"Hey, think you can rustle up some more of that black ooze?" Devious gaze stuck on the 'twins'. "... I have a theory I'd like to test."

See, it was for work. SCIENCE!! No, not science, EEEEEEL. Even better.

by **Lilly Teal** 14 days ago

(oh lord. \*boards up the shop\* the city will not survive.)

by **Malicia** 14 days ago

Original Mal, however, wasn't in the mood to clean the gunk out of her hair AGAIN. "I'll let you try this little 'experiment' of yours on your own." She said to Negaduck dismissively, standing back a fair distance.

"Mmm... but we'd rather you cover us in your own ooze." One of the Mals leaned in to stroke his bill. The second Mal grabbed at his jacket ravenously.

"We know how disappointed you were after that little incident with Feathers. But surely we can make you forget all about that." The first rumbled deeply. "C'mon big boy, show us what you've got..."

Somewhere in the distance screams of terror and confusion could be heard from the downtown core.

by **Negaduck** 14 days ago

JACKPOT PUPILS.

Except the winning symbol was not dollars, but a rather... feminine silhouette.

"Oh mamas..." Revelling in the plural of that slur.

And somehow, without even a fight, the already sordid rendering plant was made even filthier.

----

Flash forward to the next day, watching the destruction of the city from atop an apartment rooftop.

And Negaduck in plaster from the waist down, a crutch under each arm, yet unsurprisingly looking far too pleased with himself.

"Totally worth it."

Who could argue?

by **Malicia** 13 days ago

"I still don't know how you managed it. You must be getting fragile in your old age." Malicia was standing next to him, arms crossed over her chest as she oversaw the activity below.

The city was in full-fledged lockdown... yet again. Citizens fleeing in terror as the hordes of Malicias quickly ate their way through every restaurant in town. And when there was no food left to be served, the duplicated divas threw a fit of epic proportions and made for the mall. Shoes were swindled, jewelry was snatched, and spas were run ragged.

Panicked mothers pulled their small children out of harm's way, terrified people crouched low in churches praying to their deity of choice. Deliver us from this horror!

Truly, it was a dark day in St. Canard.

by **Negaduck** 12 days ago

Ignoring the insult - perhaps he had learnt something about comparing the weight of a Malicia to a family sized sedan when surrounded by a herd of them - Negaduck too watched the chaos below.

It was horrific.

It was nightmarish.

It was... sending a happy little shudder down his spine, because yes, there was definitely something very, very wrong with him.

"Nothing like the sight of a cowering populace to brighten one's day."

Adding, after a thoughtful moment,

"So.. when are they going to be bringing the loot back to the hideout?"

Because Malicias were team players, right?

by **Malicia** 10 days ago

"Yes, yes. Of course." She waved him away dismissively.

"Just give them some time to acclimate. Ooh! I think one of my brethren just found the sweet shop's top secret ice cream stash." She leapt straight off the building, landing on a car which crunched sadly beneath her weight.

Down the street two Malicias were having an extremely violent disagreement.

"BITCH. I FOUND IT FIRST. BACK OFF."

"Excuse me?! If it weren't for my superior eyesight, you would have completely missed it!"

"You don't have superior eyesight because we're all identical, you fool!"

The item in question? A pair of diamond-studded slingback party pumps.

by **Negaduck** 10 days ago

Negaduck was, predictably, unimpressed.

"Acclimate my tailfeathers. They need direction."

In one swift motion, out he leapt of both the crutches and the cast. As was cartoonifically proven fact, masked mallards had extraordinarily fast recovery times.

"And if there's anybody who can slap some sense **out** of a Malicia, it's me."

And down he jumped into the fray.

(There may have a shattered cry of "**Arrgh** my pelvis" that followed, but let's not go into that. Suffice to say, his recovery time was fast, but not that fast.)

----

Back on the pavement, one pair of pumps would suddenly be lassoed by their diamond-studded heels and whisked out from under the warring women.

A second later, the leather bound beauties would be flung over a nearby wall. A huge, reinforced wall, belonging no less to the city's premier armoured car facility.

At the other end of the rope, Negaduck was smirking. What? Pancho wasn't the only guy around with mad cowboy skills.

"Go on. Go get them then."

Genius. Pure genius. Dangling a bejewelled carrot in front of their noses like that, he could trick them into smashing through every defence, every vault in town, leaving him with easy pickings! Once he had the entire mob under his manipulative mastership, they would be unstoppable! An army of She-Hulks under his control!

But first, the little matter of flying footwear.

by **Malicia** 8 days ago

"How insulting!" The original demonness sneered at Negaduck's obvious attempts at mass-Malicia manipulation. "You can't honestly expect that I would fall for such--" CRUUUUNCH

That was the sound fifteen super-powered Malicias made when they bowled straight through a solid steel wall. While a single Malicia never had the strength for such a feat, many Malicias combined was like a Titan unleashed. A dangerous, unstoppable, 6-inch heeled, cupcake-devouring Titan.

The original could only facepalm.

by **Negaduck** 8 days ago

Knocked about by being caught in the side of that stampede, Negaduck spun about dizzily on one foot.

"I'mA kInG oF dA mOonTaN...!"

THUMP.

Collapsing, however, seemed to knock him out of his concussion and with a quick shake of his head, he was back and coherent.

Cupping a hand around his beak, he called out to the mob through the hole. "I think it landed inside one of those armoured cars!"

Back to the original, arms folded, he smirked. "I could handle this with my eyes closed."

Unfortunately, with his eyes actually closed mid-gloat, he didn't even notice when, somehow, the pair of shoes was flung out of the grounds and back into his lap.

by **Malicia** 8 days ago

The Malicias didn't notice at first, and instead the herd descended upon one of the armored cars like a swarm of excited wasps.

When they finally backed away, the tank was... gone. Save for the skeletal framework of the vehicle, which was dented and chewed up.

Perhaps not what Negaduck was hoping for when it came to mass destruction.

The glitter of the shoes caught the eye of a single Malicia as she glanced up at Negaduck. Letting out an excited squeal, she rushed at him. This war cry

seemed to alert the others who followed suit.

STAMPEEEEEEDE IN THE GORGE!

by **Negaduck** 8 days ago

Dawning horror. How his little furry -- er, fluffy -- face fell.

Gasp.

Scrambling up to his feet, the startled supervillain took off down the street, not aware of the fact that the shoes themselves had become entangled on one of his jacket buttons.

The thundering clip-clops of not-quite-gazelle-like stilettos roaring behind, he skidded around a sharp right corner... only to find himself on St Canard's Golden Mile. Where there was unfortunately a distinct lack of real gold, and more a seemingly never-ending stretch of wall-to-wall office buildings.

And no cover.

With no other option, Negaduck made a running jump for a street lamp. Malicias were strong but they weren't exactly nimble; if he could get high enough maybe they'd give up. But when the initial momentum wore out about three quarters of the way up, gravity started to drag him back down, despite fighting to keep his grip.

"Come on," he grunted, trying to pull himself to the T-bar. "You would've thought all that time I've spent in strip joints would've taught me something about poles..."

by **Malicia** 8 days ago

There was a growing crowd beneath the pole, and as they scratched and scrabbled it wasn't long before it began to wiggle in the ground and tilt dangerously. This was not going to end well. As the pole began to bend, Negaduck found himself prone to a sea of sharp outstretched claws.

Even worse: While Negaduck had successfully distracted the entire herd, the original Malicia was darting through the battlefield, collecting the diamonds, jewellery, and lingerie that had fallen behind in their haste. Depositing it all in one, large, bulging sack, she waved at Negaduck.

"Thanks for the help, sweetie!" She blew him a kiss. "You're truly a team player."

With all of the goods in her hand, she began to flee.

by **Negaduck** 8 days ago



Clinging desperately to the now horizontal section of post, at the sight of his escaping cohort Negaduck's expression fell into an upside-down scowl.

Thinking about it, could that count as a smile? It was one hell of a baleful smile if so.

Before he had a chance to shout a retort, however, the glittery shoes hanging from his jacket were finally snagged and pulled into the throng, and him along with them.

"OW!" Like quicksand, the more one struggled the more it hurt.. well maybe that only worked if quicksand was normally full of nails and fangs. "WATCH IT! STOP!"

Eventually, the devastated drake was deposited out the side of the crowd on his tailfeathers. Bruised, battered...

... and with no clothing left on his person at all.

"ACK!" Not that he was a beacon of morality, but it hardly did wonders for his menacing image to be stripped bare, so he made a grab for a trash lid as improvised coverage. Like he didn't go around pantsless anyway.

Well, that was enough embarrassment for one day.

**by Malicia 8 days ago**

Twenty-four heads snapped to attention. They sniffed the air, their latent primal instincts now kicking in.

Sniff Sniff. There was a naked Negaduck nearby.

Like a velociraptor straight out of Jurassic Park, one of the Mals turned its head sideways and caught the gleam of the trash can lid. She made a blind charge for him, claws outstretched and ready to tackle him.

The rest fell in behind, first like the trickle of water that quickly became an exploding dam.

And in the wake of this fray, the tried and true Malicia had scaled the rooftop and made a safe run for it.

**by Negaduck 8 days ago**

"N-now... don't you girls get handsy!" Backing up now, steel lid strategically placed. "This is MY body, and you only get to touch it when I say - W-WOOAH!"

The first tackle he was able to dodge, and the second swiped by with only a handful of feathers. But they came on thick and fast - emphasis on the 'thick' - and soon Negaduck was buried under a mountain of Malicias.

Why did all his fantasies turn into mind-breaking, pelvis-shattering nightmares?

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by **Negaduck** 7 days ago

It was the mandatory yet deliberately vague 'some time later', when the pair would reunite. Couldn't rush these things, after all. Not when shattered pelvises had to be reset. And not when he had to wait for an appropriately dramatic moment when she would be admiring and flawing over the loot. HIS loot.

"Why, if it isn't little Miss Public Enemy One through Ten."

And so skulked Negaduck out of the shadows.

"I was wondering when I was going to bump into you again."

Having known him for so long, Malicia would likely be aware that the casually conversational tone he adopted was a farce.

He was not a happy supervillain.

by **Malicia** 7 days ago

Mal was blissfully unaware of the 'good news' that was soon to explode in her face. She had been far too distracted counting her shiny new stash of goodies.

"What do you think of these?" She spun around to show Negaduck the pair of spiked leather 6-inch heels she was presently wearing. "Does it match the dress? I know black goes with everything but it's always good to get a second opinion."

by **Negaduck** 7 days ago

Facepalm. One that dragged down his face so his oversized bill sprung back up with a spppprrrrroooong.

"To think **this** foolish charade has knocked me off the top spot!" he raved, before rounding on Malicia with a particularly nasty grin. "I think it's about time we show the populace what a real supervillain can do with such an army!"

On cue, two Mal-clones marched out from the sidelines like zombies and seized the original by her upper arms, aiming to hold her in place.

Assuming that succeeded, it gave opportunity for another copy to bundle up the shinies - all except the shoes - and present them robotically to the mallard mastermind.

"As you command, Lord Negaduck," she droned tonelessly.

Lord Negaduck, meanwhile, was commanding all the smug.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Really? **Really?!**" Snapped incredulously at both the Mals and Negaduck.

"It's not MY fault that yet again, your own plan backfired on you, causing you to lose your stupid, USELESS title! This is... what? The sixteenth time you were bumped off the Public Enemies list? WHO EVEN MAKES THAT LIST ANYWAY?!"

She struggled against the grip of her clones. Unfortunately 2 vs 1 was no competition and so she gave up fighting.

"Why are they even listening to you anyway? Did I make a mistake in my clone spell and forget their frontal cortex? That would certainly explain the drooly, lazy-eyed one..."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Hypno-ray." And there indeed was said gun, slung over his shoulder. "While your likenesses were stomping around town, I was doing a little window shopping myself."

As the Mal-minions held their progenitor firm, Negaduck leaned in to cup her bill in a warm and soothing gesture. Warm and soothing otherwise being known as vainglorious and patronising.

"No need to throw a fit, my hot-headed harlot. You work with me on this one, I won't zap you."

A step back, the smile remained cocky. Just like the firm grip of the duplicates remained on Malicia's arms. He was taking no chances. Well, no stupid ones.

"You can even keep all the shoes and lacy nothings your black shard of a heart desires, hmm?"

How generous. Like he could've made a knickers cannon with them anyway. Actually, on second thought...

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Please. You wouldn't zap me with that thing because then you'd grow increasingly bored with my subservience. I think you even get a little turned on

when I strangle you!"

Glaring levelly at him, she knew there was no point in arguing against his little plan. The public enemy title was never of any importance to her, and if reclaiming it would stop him from acting out, she may as well cooperate.

"Fine, then. I'll help you rise to the top again." Then added under her breath. "Even though you'll probably just shoot yourself in the foot again a week from now."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"You know what happened to Cicero?" he barked with enough ferocity to topple a Roman empire. "Those hands of yours keep causing more trouble than they're worth, there'll be a public nailing - and NOT the sort you enjoy."

Unlikely. Malicia did more with her claws than Cicero ever did for Mark Anthony. Presumably.

Waving it off - her reasoning was in line with his objectives, even if it was frighteningly accurate - Negaduck continued with the next critical phase of his plan, namely maniacal speechifying.

"Release her." The clones complied, and stood waiting for their next orders. "Now, to show this city what a horde of unstoppable rampaging devil women can do when they actually have a brain behind them!"

Yes. Lovely implication there.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I didn't realize you were such a history buff. Have I discovered a hidden hobby of yours?" The moment they let go she shook free from the clone's iron grip -- always strange to be on the receiving end of one's own power -- and smoothed down the fabric on her dress.

"You have a plan, do you? One that doesn't involve a mass orgy in the town square?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

This, horrifyingly, made him stop and re-think said plan.

"I suppose, if we relocated the slime truck, and..."

Re-re-think, and he shook it off. "No, no, better not. Did you see the freaks involved last time? Eessh."

Spinning back around to face Malicia, disturbing memories abandoned for the much more pleasant forecasting of imminent destruction. "How about we stick

with the classic route - a little old plunder and purge. Starting, first off, with a little barbecuing."

*((Aaaand over we go to [The Malpocalypse Part 1](#) and [Part 2](#)))*

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

Once upon a regular catastrophic evening, while Negaduck was out and about doing his evil thang, he had a tiny winged follower trailing him. By this point in the mallard menace's career, such oddities were probably par for the course.

This one, perhaps moreso. The tiny clawed hand tugged on the back of his cape, trying to gain his attention. Followed by a rather timid voice that barely spoke above a whisper.

"Ummm... da-dee? I has a qwestion..."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Not expecting anything to be sneaking through the night up on him, Negaduck might have suffered a small heart attack.

Quickly swinging into action, however, he spun around to face...

Nothing.

Perhaps, had the little one had his claws snagged on 'dadee's best cape, the sheer speed with which he whipped around could have sent him flying behind.

Or, perhaps, he had simply disappeared upon realising that his loving father had levelled a fully loaded shotgun at the sound of his teeny voice.

Whatever the case, Negaduck kept the gun in his shoulder, unnerved. Scan right. Scan left. Still nothing.

Eventually, he put the weapon back into his cape, and turned to continue on his way.

"I got to lay off the brown-brown..."

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Gwah!" The little voice squeaked, clinging tightly to the cape.

But still ever-determined, the little one scampered up his back and perched itself on Negaduck's shoulder.

Again, the little voice, trembling slightly, spoke again. This time in his ear.

"I has to just askoo somethings! Please don't be angry da-dee."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

No anger. Just a complete spazzing fit.

"BLAWWRGH!!"

Doing the flail dance of an arachnophobe who had accidentally walked through a web and feared himself to be covered with particularly hairy spiders, the fearsome felon jittered about until he believed it was off.

But the sight of the stowaway didn't make it any better.

"OH GOD!"

The actual horror.

"A **CHILD**."

Horror went rapidly in trying to smoosh it.

"NO. ARGH!" Swing and a miss. "GETOUTOFHERE!"

Shoo! GODDAMNIT SHOO.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Wrraaaaa!" The demonling went flying and hit a nearby wall, making an adorable smooshy 'squeak' noise as it slid down the brick surface, coming to a rest at the ground.

When Negaduck's flailing would cease, it would become clear that the demonling was not his trouble-making son, but rather one of the mini-Mals.

To be more specific, it was the Miniest Mal. While the rest of the demonlings had, by this point, grown large enough to resemble medium-sized dogs (that spew fire), the one laying before Negaduck in a daze was merely the size of a rodent; an unfortunate result of being the last to hatch and therefore the last to every meal.

To put it more bluntly: She was the runt of the litter.

"Oooowooo..." Her yellow eyes --the largest part of her, taking up nearly her entire head, were swirling around in a daze.

Perhaps paying daddy a visit wasn't the best idea.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Once his freaking out eased enough for him to actually see her and not simply try to blindly pummel her, Negaduck stopped.

Not because he cared at all about one of many of his illegitimate offspring, but because he knew from experience that these little buggers were nigh on indestructible.

Resigned sigh. He would have to take a different tack.

Out came the coal tongs and he snagged her by the back of her tiny top.

Dangling the tot before him - but as far away as the tongs would allow, revolution written all over his masked face. "What're you doing here?"

Bill wrinkled in disgust. Argh, the cute. Malicia had to be to blame for this one. Like anything with his DNA could be so abhorrently adorable.

"I thought we ditched you pests in the dungeon dimension yonks ago."

Do not tell me that was all a delightful dream.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She shivered under the towering shadow of her father. Miniest Mal had always found Negaduck to be an awfully scary being, despite her mother's insistence that he was 'nothing a good strangling can't handle'.

Plucked from the ground, she pouted forlornly at his question. "I dun' like it there... big sisters are always so mean to me. So I runned away."

Wriggling uncomfortably, her little wings instinctively beat against the force of the tongs holding her upright.

"Can yew tell me wat momee's fav'rit flowers are?" Big eyes glimmering hopefully.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Very serious finger jabbed in her face.

"Firstly, it's not 'momeeee', it's Buttzilla. Butt-zill-a."

How fatherly to sound it out like that so she could get it.

"And secondly, running away? Flowers?" As if he wasn't already disgusted enough before. "What are you, some kind of pansy?!"

Oh yes, because he never fled. He never took the easy way out.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Is dat mommee's fav'rit flower?" His scolding evidently lost on her. Perhaps because this was the tone he always took with the baby horde.

Then she reached behind her back and seemingly from nowhere procured a large glittery card, which she presented to him.

"I saw other kids giving them to their mommies with flowers. I wanted to do it too!"

The card in question: A Mother's Day Greeting. Complete with sappy Hallmark poetry and bible verses.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

The glitter. The pink. Combined with the mini-Mal's cutsey smile, it was intense.

"Errggh!" Spare hand shot out to shield himself from the horrendous sight like a vampire in the sunlight - not the sparkling sort, otherwise that would have been a vicious cycle.

It was too much though, and both the tongs and the tots would be left to clatter to the ground as Negaduck braced against a wall in a sickly fashion.

Clutching his middle, he muttered, "There goes my stomach..."

And he had such a nice meal of whiskey and flamethrower flambé too.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Like the nature of any well-meaning and clueless child, she continued to chatter on quite happily, seemingly unaware of his reaction.

"I wanna show mommee how much I loves her 'cause she's the best mommee. She reads me bedtime stories and gives me tasty burning drinks and says I'm gunn grow up to be pwetty like her but not as pwetty 'cause nobody in the world can weach her level of pwetty. I cin get you a card too if you want, Daddee! I sawz one of you in the store 'cept you were all purpley and smilin but I'll just colour overs it so it looks moar like yew."

Ah, youthful innocence.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH."

The noise of gut-turning nausea combined with hat-tugging rage.

Once Negaduck had taken enough frustration out on his brim, he suddenly -



and inexplicably - snapped out of it.

And into scarily happy mode.

"Okay. Alright. You want to make your super-doooper 'momee' super-doooper happy?"

Without waiting for an affirmative, out from behind his back he whipped.. a cardboard thing.

"Get in this box."

In case the little runt didn't see the value in a perfectly ordinary looking box, he added with a particularly terrifying smile,

"It'll be super-doooper fun."

Of course it would.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Otay!" Those big bright eyes and that tiny fanged grin couldn't be more naive.

Oh, you poor sweet summer child.

Miniest-Mal scrambled into the box with an adorable little tumble and righted herself upward. With her tiny claws hanging on to the sides, she looked like an adorable kitten waiting for its forever home.

"You're the best! I wuv you daddy!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Somehow he managed to resist projectile vomiting and instead.. pat her 'lovingly' on her little naive head.

"I totally am, sweetness. I totally am."

And with that, around the tiny demon was wrapped, not an affectionate hug, but metres upon metres of ducktape as the box was taped to the side of something large and cylindrical.

A typical cartoony rocket.

**FFFPPPHOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!**

And up it launched, until it was a mere glimmer in the sky. Where it promptly exploded.

Only then did Negaduck permit a shudder of both relief and utter, bloodcurdling disgust to sweep down his spine.

"Arrgh, I'm going to have to flush that build-up of horrible cute out of my system, stat..."

Fortunately he had a few easy go-tos to do exactly that.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Silly Negaduck! You should know by now that toon physics will never work in your favor when a wide-eyed infant is involved.

No sooner had Negaduck let out that sigh of relief, than did a large mail truck pull up next to him on the sidewalk and a familiar parcel was tossed in his direction before promptly screeching off down the street.

The cardboard box -- now covered in NASA stamps -- wiggled momentarily before it burst open.

"I'm back, Dadd-ee!" The tiny demonling squealed, now wearing a matching tiny astronaut helmet that resembled a fishbowl.

"I went aaaall the way to the moon and got mommy a pretty shiny moonrock there! I think she's really gonna love it." Nodding happily.

"An' I got you a present too!" She presented the empty box to her father with a big grin.

That was when an alien facehugger leapt from the darkness of the cardboard contents and promptly attached itself to his face.

"His name is Mr. Squishy an' he's your new pet!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

**"AAARRGGHGHAAABBLEEEGAAAAHHH!!"**

Toppling over backwards, he thrashed. He wrestled. He screamed and scratched and tugged. But the thing would not budge.

"MRILL EET WIFF 'IREEEEE!!"

Before the tiny fire-controlling child had any chance to put that request into action, Negaduck finally managed to yank the creepy creature off his skull. And launch it out of the alley where it promptly attached to somebody else's skull. Of course.

Panting, cheek feathers torn and his mask only hanging on through some miracle of cartoon physics, he whipped around to face the little one.

Last straw.

"How incredibly stupid are you?!" Quite the roar of exasperation. "We don't want your gifts, we don't want your 'lurrrve', and most importantly, we don't want you!"

Perhaps a touch liberal with the use of 'we', but it scarcely mattered if it got the desired result.

Turning to stalk away, black cape cracking around his sides like an angry flame. "Why don't you go disappear back into the festering hole we stuck you in, and leave us alone."

Because he couldn't have her running to Malicia. Who knows what sort of disastrous result that could have.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Here it comes. The wide, shiny eyes brimming with tears. The lower lip quiver. The tiny whimpers.

"B..b...buh... dadd-eeeeeeeeee..."

Which phased into the tiniest cry-fest there ever was. Even her tears were adorable, for Hades sake!

"Wh...hy.... (sniffle) What'd I do wong?"

Somewhere across town a certain mama's senses were a-tinglin'.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

He stopped, and turned back enough to answer.

"Exist."

Well that about covered everything.

Deliciously evil smirk touching his beak, he continued on his way. Ah, crushing the spirits of a harmless naive girl. Was there any better pick-me-up?

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

But Negaduck didn't get very far before his daughter had wrapped herself around his leg tighter than his attack squid's kung-fu tentacle grip.

"I'm sowee." Miniest-Mal cried. "I dun want you and mommy to hate me. Pweese let me make it all better!"

She gazed up at him with those big yellow tear-filled eyes. Somewhere, somehow, sad violin music suddenly began to play in the background.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"**BLAWRRG!**" In all honesty, he would have preferred the alien facehugger.

When shaking and thrashing and dragging his limb had no effect, Negaduck resorted to a crowbar to try to pry the mini-terror off.

"Why don't you do something useful for a change?" Gritted out as he applied maximum leverage to no effect whatsoever. Those claws were like teeny needle-sharp vices. "Rob a bank, burn down an orphanage, rob then burn down an orphanage, I don't care!"

Not that he truly believed this distortion of his brilliant DNA had the criminal inclinations of a street pickpocket - a fact clearly blamed on Malicia; nothing that took after him could ever have all these disgusting 'feelings' - but he would say anything, anything at all, to get her off his damn leg.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Rob the bank...?" She brought a finger to her bill questioningly and blinked her massive eyes.

"Otay! I can do that!" And off she fluttered.

A short time later, Negaduck would find himself eclipsed by a massive structure held a few feet above his head.

It was his daughter. And the entire bank. Pipes still sticking out from the torn foundation as she presented it proudly.

"I got choo the bank, dadd-ee!" Big smile.

Well, on the plus side there were bills and coins raining from the structure...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Jaw drop. It was only by a miracle of chance that the raining currency didn't end up down his gullet.

Once the shock wore off, Negaduck was back in angry mode (nearly a tautology, that...)

"What do you think you're doing?! Are you trying to lead the entire National Guard right to me?!!"

Throwing down his own recently stolen - and comparatively teeny - loot bag, he directed Angry Daddy finger up at his aspiring protégé.

"Drop it. NOW."

Oh yeah, really thought that one through.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Poor wording indeed.

The entire structure landed atop Negaduck with a ceremonious splat!. A couple left over tellers that had taken refuge somewhere inside tumbled out like confused mice.

This certainly gave new meaning to "breaking the bank".

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Which left naught but the tips of his fingers and one oversized beak poking out from under a multi-tonne stone slab.

"Did I ever mention..." wheezed said beak through the most excruciating pain.

"... how much I hate children?"

Funnily enough, it didn't seem to stop them dropping banks on him or setting him on fire.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

The bane of his existence in question had flapped down to his crushed body, eyes peering at him curiously.

"Daddy canni have some money for the ice cream man?" Motioning to a street corner where the vendor was handing out cones to another crowd of normal, non-demonic children.

Added quite excitedly: "'Cause I luv 'stachioos ice cream!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

But Daddy was far too occupied with getting himself out from underneath the wreckage. Creeping like caterpillars, his fingers finally found the base of a street lamp, and strained to pull the rest of his body out.

Finally... POP!

Except the POP was immediately followed by a CLANG as the momentum

sent him sandwiched accordion like up against the metal pole.

After a short burst of playing Soir de Dispute with his spine, Negaduck popped back into his full form, with a fully formed headache.

It took a moment for the little one's prattling to sink in.

"Where am I going to get 'eeyes creeeme' money from?!"

No irony that he was standing directly in front of a busted in bank.

"You're a villain, remember?" Did she? "Just get over there and take it!"

And to prevent any whinging over this fact, the adult drake seized her by the back of her fluffy neck, spun his arm around so fast she was a mere blur, and pitched her like a baseball full force at the van.

There. DONE.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...."

Plop! Directly into a vat of dark cherry. Which, incidentally, was the flavor the vendor was now scooping out and depositing atop a cone to hand over to a young couple out on a romantic date.

Seconds later, Negaduck would hear a high-pitched scream. **"EEEEEE A BAT! THERE'S A BAT ON MY ICE CREAM!"**

Followed by a lot more screaming when the 'bat' in question let out an adorable 'A-choo!' that produced a flamethrower-esque display, which subsequently set the boyfriend's pants on fire.

Which in turned caused him to stop, drop, and roll... into the street.

Which in turn caused the oncoming traffic to veer out of the way seconds before crushing him.

Which in turn led to the traffic --which included one, very full cement truck --redirecting itself straight at Negaduck.

Ah, Karma.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Really, was it so difficult to haul stolen loot out of a bank without being ambushed by something unpleasant. Police stings, brainless temporarily

super-fast heroes, cranky grannies wielding canes. Negaduck had seen it all.

Except a demon-disaster powered trunk on collision course with his middle.

No time to even shout. Sack o' freshly purloined cash dropped - he was greedy but not stupid - what happened next could be described as a train wreck. Essentially he tried to tumble through the brick wall behind him as truck smashed through it, avoiding its momentum by staying only centimetres in front.

When the dust cleared, and the vehicle finally stopped, the malicious mallard was left leaning on an oil drum in what had been the basement of a small store, panting.

Pure relief. "Made.. it."

Which was of course when the broken mixer dumped a ton of fast-drying concrete over his head, rendering him in - a now permanently - awkward stance.

Not again.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Some time later, the tiny terror fluttered down to her find her frozen father in his rock-hard predicament.

"S'ok daddy, I'll make wuu all better!"

And just to reassure him, she fluttered up to his face and gave him a loving kiss on the cheek.

Good thing those hands were immobile.

And so, the Mini-Mal grasped onto the statue's bill and with a tiny little 'hnnnngh!' flapped her wings as hard she could. Off they went, the statue and the demonling, up the stairwell (accidentally cracking his head against the corner of a wall along the way) and back out into the city to find whatever it was that would make him 'all better'.

An exorcism, perhaps?

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"MMFFFFFGRRRBBBLBLRAAHHH!!!"

Even with no vision - and limited oxygen - he could sense doom.

The muffled protests and curses continued through the move.

"MFFF!" OW!

"MWW!" OWW!

"BFF MFFLEE MFFF!!" .. unprintable.

Poor little thing. The Mal, that was, not him. What a dilemma she faced.

Concrete was not meltable. It was smashable, but how to smash it without smashing the mad mallard inside?

Fortunately, Negaducks did not smash easily.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

The Negastatue eventually came to a rest in the Bad Part of Town, situated atop the The Purple PussyKat Klub like a rather foreboding gargoyle. Or a tribute to their best regular customer, depending on who you asked. Judging by the array of shiny trinkets that were spread across the roof, this was Mini-Mal's current nesting spot.

"Hmmmmmm..." Tongue sticking out of the side of her mouth in concentration as she concocted a plan for un-freezing her father.

Ah, perhaps this stick of dynamite might help!

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Lodged within that oversized bill of his made the most sense. Lucky for him, there were no other.. more creative.. places to stick it.

So the fuse fizzed down, before..

BAAAM!!

It was only one measly stick of dynamite though, so all it succeeded in doing was to blast the statue's clean off from the neck above.

Leaving a headless Negaduck. Woohboy.

Seconds later, however, a living Negaduck head poked its way turtle-like out of the hole.

"Are you CRAZY?!!"

Pulling himself out of the remaining body cast to stand on the nest's edge,



looming over his little one. Because looming never got old.

"Are you TRYING to get me KILLED?!!"

Honestly he probably would have had more respect for her if the answer was yes, but he had a sneaking suspicion that she held \*good intentions\*. Shudder.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"YAY, YOU'RE BACK!" Her lack of perturbation to his looming likely had to do with the fact it was his default stance 99% he was dealing with the demonling brood.

So happy was she that she clung to him tightly with a happy hug, and her wings subconsciously flapped faster. Which led to yet another levitation trick.

"Wanna see my shiny collection?!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Cue confused panic as the structure beneath his feet started to drift away.

"AH!! WHAT'RE-YOU...!! WAITASEC...!!"

Belated mid-air realisation.

"Hold on, you can fly?" Hold on, that was bleedingly obvious. "I mean, you can fly with ME?"

Again, that was bleedingly obvious that she could do it, as she was in the middle of doing so. But it could have been one of those annoying 'think about it and it will stop working' deals. And there was no way he could trust this tiny catastrophe with that.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Uh huh!" Tiny head-nod.

"D'ywanna go on an adventure?! I can take you anywheres you want, Daddy! I'm a really good flyer! Jr is always bragging that he's the fastest and can do the triple woopedy woop, but I can do it even better'n him!... I think he's gotten slow since he hogs all the food and is gettin' FAT." She giggled, obviously not too fond of the eldest sibling.

Of course she had lost track of what she was doing while talking, and had subconsciously done the 'triple woopedy woop' with Negaduck gripped between her teeny little claws, and was now bouncing up and down with him in mid-air, slowly advancing higher.

But surely such a feat would never unnerve a daredevil like Public Enemy One.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Unnerve? He was a dangerous, thrill-seeking daredevil. It would take more than a widdle woopeddy woop to unnerve him!

Well, mostly.

"Yeee-ahhh, aaaaah, woaaaaahhh!!"

After that dashing and daring display of squirming in her oblivious grip while keeping a none-too-settled watch on the ever looming ground, it took Negaduck a moment to register her answer.

Which, fortunately, distracted him from the fact they were going higher.

"An 'adventure', huh..?"

Evil hand rub of evilness.

"Alright then. Take us across... to St Canard Central."

What followed, of course, was much thievery.

But also replacing unsuspecting park-goers picnic baskets with nests of wasps.

And the collection of blackmail material via certain local actresses uncovered highrise windows.

The more they robbed, the more they collected, the more Negaduck cackled. And they weren't even half way through the afternoon! Maybe raising hellspawn would prove profitable after all...

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[[after [Deaf Duck II blog](#)]]

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

One red-hatted head popped around the corner.

"Uh, Mal? Gorgeous? You around?"

Not wary at all.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I'm around if the next words to come out of your bill are 'Do you want your foot rub fast and furious, or slow and sensual'." The voice snapped.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Wince. Really, would it be too much to dream she'd let that idea go?

Of course.

Clearing his throat, Negaduck dared to slink out from around the corner.

"I've been thinking-" Unsurprising, since he couldn't do anything else. "For the most dazzling, divine Queen - no, Goddess! - of the underworld, we don't worship you enough."

If he were laying it on any thicker, they'd be drowning in wet cement.

"And-" Here was the catch. "What does an exquisite Goddess need to ensure she is worshipped as she rightly deserves?"

Sure, she'd likely see straight through him. But from what he had seen, Malicia had an insatiable cat-like curiosity.

Sharp claws, too.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Watching him sourly, she crossed her arms and tapped her claws impatiently, although the clicking noise slowed with each adjective about her greatness.

"Go on." She leaned in, waiting for him to continue. While she had no doubt that any plan of Negaduck's was for his own benefit, there was no reason to completely throw it away.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

One quick tug.. of a rope.. and out on a trolley rolled...

"An awesome statue capturing all your terrifying glory!"

Awesome it was, in the traditional sense of the word. Mostly because it was also truly terrifying.

Cast from black stone, it was a figure of Malicia in a typical, mid-tantrum pose, which suggested the artist had been going off a photograph likely acquired from Negaduck's Black Label Blackmailing Collection.

Really, the closer one looked, the more it appeared like a gargoyle.

Oblivious to the less-than-flattering portrayal - he did like big and nasty, after all - Negaduck leaned a palm against the sculpture's side in self satisfaction.

And nearly had his hat burnt off when a massive blast of flame erupted from its rump.

"Huh, that's not where I told them to put that..."

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Sweet Duckthulu's tentacle." She gasped at the horrific sight before her.

"This is..this.. it's..."

Girlish squeal.

"Beautiful! Perfect! Tres magnifique!" She was circling the statue wildly, stopping to admire every feature and run her hands over it.

Was it really any surprise that Mal couldn't find herself horrific, no matter the representation? After all, it was merely impossible to make her look hideous, no matter how hard one tried.

Except for a certain clown-makeup-villainbook-profile-incident, but let's never speak of that again.

Turning again to Negaduck, eyes glistening. "You did this for me? Why, I should have stolen Lil Negsy years ago! Now that your bloodflow is finally being redirected to your brain, it's letting you think straight!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Phew!

No point dwelling on the relief. With his level of genius, he was expecting success, after all, unexplained exploding flatulence feature aside.

"Right, yeah." Not wanting to get too hopeful here, but.. "So, you'll reverse that-" Quick up-down gesture between his brain and where the blood was meant to go. "-then?"

Because, aside from a lack of idol worshipping, you had no problem with the direction things were rushing in before.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmmmmmm..." She rubbed her chin. "Hmmm....HMMMMMMM."

"I suppose I could return your little friend."

She prodded him sharply in the chest.

"...After you tell me how you managed to get a list of my former lovers and then explain to me why you're eviscerating them!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Fair enough. Too bad, as he often advertised, Negaduck didn't deal in 'fair'.

"I eviscerate lots of things!" he snapped back, paper-thin patience past breaking point. "Why does it even matter?!"

Taking a slyer approach, "You're not starting to grow a conscience, are you? This is how it starts, worrying about a few dozen massacres... and soon you'll be meek and well-mannered, like that docile doormat of a bookkeeper you're always hanging around with!"

Not up-to-date with latest state of relations in the Lilly-department, apparently.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Oh, he was going to play it this way was he? Well, perhaps it was time to step it up a notch.

She snapped her fingers and a jar 'poofed' into her hands. Inside was a little terrarium with sticks, leaves, a rock, etc. The kind of stuff you'd expect to see for a pet snake.

Except this species of snake was a bit more familiar to Negaduck than any other.

She held the jar out for him to see in full view.

And proceeded to place a flame-lit palm inches beneath the glass. The jar began to glow as the heat grew dangerously closer.

"The truth. Now." She growled. "Or I'll be feeding this to you on a bun with ketchup and mustard."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A snake? Sure, he shared the colour scheme, and the personality, of certain serpents, but it wasn't as if he habitually cared about things other than himself--

Oh.

PANIC.

Too stubborn to simply give in, however, Negaduck first resorted to his default tactics: using force and blatant lying.

"Listen here, you walking earthquake..."

Swipe and a miss, thanks to Malicia's ease in keeping it out of his range.

"Okay, I got it off VillainBook, happy?!"

Jump and a miss, thanks to the rising desperation giving away his moves.

... had the jar's contents actually started to burn?

"**ALRIGHT!** There.. may have been a mind wipe involved."

Another of which would probably be needed after this caper.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Mind wipe?!" Yes... she did vaguely remember bits of the Negaverse episode from a few months back. She knew stuff about him. Except she didn't anymore, thanks to that damn machine. [\[\[from "Meet the Parents" blog\]\]](#)

So... he must've seen other parts of her memory too.

"Oh." She blanched slightly.

"So then you saw my... ahem... 'phase' I went through, before I came to St. Canard."

Why she would be visibly embarrassed by such a thing -- in front of the world's most promiscuous male villain no less -- probably only made sense through Malicia Logic (tm).

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Her shock would have been far more enjoyable if he wasn't in the middle of the most absurd game of Keep Away ever.

"Some 'phase'." Pausing in between grabby grabby attempts to snark. "I think the Mesozoic era was shorter in comparison."

No sense in doing anything logical - like waiting until his possessions had been properly returned before throwing around insults. How much worse could it get anyway?

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

She cracked him over the head with the jar. "You still haven't answered me!"

Looming over him again, her bravado had returned. And so did the rising temperature to his personal pet.

"I'm going to ask you again: **Why** are you destroying all of my exes? What purpose does it possibly serve?! Answer me!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Rubbing his red-hatted head, while staring at the other forlornly, Negaduck half contemplated telling her to stick it - if she hadn't already.

"Do you need me to spell it out for you, toots?!" Exasperation steaming away like so many hot dogs. "I absolutely **love** hurting people! Turning their skulls into stylish and handy candy jars for children!"

Concluding, in one long and increasingly agitated rant, "There's nothing special or purpose-driven behind the systematic annihilation of any other male you've ever looked at, so would you kindly drop it and let me get on with the job!"

Nothing suspicious about that, of course.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Hmmm..." Chin scratch. "I suppose I can accept that explanation. For now."

And then.

"Catch!"

She football kicked the jar, sending it sailing above them.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Eyes lit up like a Grinch on Christmas morning.

Determined to make the toss, however, they were soon focused solely on the punted item in question, as he scrambled to catch it...

... tumbling through a glass window...

... out onto the street...

... where he promptly got smooshed by multiple directions of peak hour traffic.

And, just as the crashed car alarms were sounding and the dust was fading.. out rolled the jar on its lonesome, unscathed.

Indestructible, just like the rest of him.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well then, I'll leave you to it." She waved him off dismissively.

"After all, that soul of yours isn't going to find itself. No thanks to **your** brainless buffoonery combined with an insatiable taste for cigarettes. Honestly, if you didn't have ME around to help you out I don't know where'd you be right now."

She said to the drake currently crushed flat in the middle of the road after trying to catch his dismembered member.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

What could a Negapancake grit out from its place sandwiched into the asphalt?

"Oh yes.. thank badness for that...."

Sarcasm. What else.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Now, where shall we put my statue? I'm thinking perhaps that old garish display in St. Canard Central Park has had enough time in the spotlight. It's time for the people of this city to gaze upon something truly spectacular!"

Also it doubles as a barbeque.

Picking up the flaming likeness of herself in one arm, she made for the park. But not before walking over Negapancake in the process to cross the street.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Coughing - because that's all that it took to heal crushed ribs - Negaduck sat up as she passed.

"Hey, hold on a second... what about restoring that other 'truly spectacular' piece you've left lying over there first?"

Suggestive head tilt towards where the jar had gone a-rolling.

"Can't expect me to go soul hunting with that sort of distraction unsolved, right?"

So much for hoping she had forgotten all about that stupid soul thing. But even if his internal organs were paste, his brain wasn't. Mostly.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Oh! Right." She rummaged through her cleavage momentarily.



And pulled out a bottle of... glitter glue.

Leaning down, she tugged on one of his flattened cheeks and cooed sweetly. "Here you go, my sweet little eunuch. You dazzle yourself back together with this."

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Stare at it, stare at her. On the plus side, the cheek pulling had leveraged most of him up off the road, but his mood was distinctly.. flat.

"What the.. This isn't a goddamn macaroni painting, Mal!"

Scoping the jar up - which happened to be conveniently being carried past by a squirrel who had apparently thought the arrangement would go well with its nuts - the contents were waggled at her threateningly.

"You get back here and reattach it properly or I'm going to clobber you into oblivion with it!"

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

"Make me." Sticking her tongue out childishly, she wagged her rear end at him tauntingly and sauntered off.

Gosh, it was nice to be the winner for once.

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago

Eyes narrowed. Oh the doom he would bring down upon her ungrateful, narcissistic head.

Not before an 18 wheeler truck brought it down on his, however, as the traffic commenced its usual frantic pace right over the top of him.

Hey, with the obstacle of the rather solid demoness gone, why stop? If St Canardians waited for masked mallards and/or squashed supervillains to clear the streets, they'd never get anywhere!

[[to [Date with Disaster](#) blog]]

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by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago

A couple days had passed since the memorable dinner date, and there had been no sign of Malicia.

That was, until a swirling vortex of fire popped up behind Negaduck at the location of whatever debauchery he was currently engaged in. A pair of familiar claws popped out of it, grabbing him by the neck, and dragged him

through.

There, on the other side, he would find himself standing in the dimensional storage Malicia used previously for... something she couldn't quite recall. She wished she could remember, because it would certainly explain why she had over 2 tonnes of canned fish stockpiled in here.

"Alright." She growled to the mallard. "It's time we had a little chat."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

What it was actually time for was a smarmy pointing out that he had suggested exactly that not long ago, but Negaduck was too distracted by the surrounds.

" ... in a magical cat food factory?"

Which would have suited him just fine, however it didn't appear she was in the mood for that type of 'chat'.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Ye-- NO! Not a cat food factory!" She growled impatiently, waving dismissively at the storage contents. "Ignore that!"

Leaning in bill-to-bill, she rumbled darkly. "You know something about Lowkey. I know he is not normal... his energy practically screams supernatural. But it's nothing I've felt before."

She prodded his chest sharply. "So start talking!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Big show of tapping his bill in contemplation.

"Ah well, where to start, where to start..."

Malicia should have known it would not be that easy, but if she hadn't, as much would be made clear as she was met with a stubbornly defiant snarl in return.

"How about you start with why."

Read that as 'why do you even care' through to 'why should I play helpful', either case came down to the usual question.

What's in it for me.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Don't give me that attitude!" She snapped. "How was I supposed to know that

you and Lowkey have some sort of bitter rivalry going on? You've never even mentioned him to me once!"

She huffed indignantly.

"The whores and young college girls? Who cares about them. But at least introduce and/or tell me about your bitter rivals! Sheesh, that's like, first-heist Partners in Crime discussion material. And we're way past that point in our partnership!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"OOoOoh, did I forget to mention I **hate absolutely everyone?! SO SORRY, THAT MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND.**"

Because a highly sarcastic and possibly deranged flip-out was a far better attitude.

"Well, allow me to start from the top, so you don't accidentally go on a date with something I despise."

Seizing whatever happened to be closest - which in this case, was largely cans of fish - he began the show of cataloguing each and every collection of atoms that happened to draw his bottomless spite. Flinging each thing randomly over a shoulder as it was discarded, of course.

"I hate this- and this- and this--"

Apparently they were not past the point of childishly dramatic displays just to prove a point.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"You **know** what I mean!" She barked, smacking the rest of the cans from his hands.

"I'm not deaf, you know! I heard the conversation between you two, and there was more going on there than your average hate boner! Not to mention that when I had Lowkey over at my place, he mentioned off-hand just how much hatred he holds for you. He considers you an 'abomination'."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

It was not the label, which Negaduck took more as a compliment than an insult, that made him stop dead in his tantrum-throwing tracks.

"... he was at your place?"

Good move, Malicia.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Uh." Long beat.

"By my place, I of course mean my territory, as in the entire vicinity that is St. Canard, of course."

Really, it was futile even trying to lie her way out of this one.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A hand shot out to snag her by the closest bodily protrusion - which, considering what he was at eye level with, would not be pleasant for Malicia - and drag her downwards so he could hiss at her properly. The fact the hand was twisting said protrusion violently was surely to distract her from harming him in return, and not because he simply enjoyed being cruel.

"So you knew we were on less-than-cheerful terms, yet you pursued him?"

Disgusted, he released her. Time for some good ol-fashioned railing.

"This is why I don't tell you anything! It's like painting a goddamn target on their nether regions. It could be the most unattractive dweeb on the planet, and you'd still try to toy with them, just to get me furious!"

Whipping back around to face her, he declared with a hitherto unseen determination,

**"I TELL YOU IT'S NOT WORKING THIS TIME."**

The fact he had turned bright red with rage and his bellowing seemed to shake the sides of the dimension itself made that extra convincing.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"AH! OW! OWowowowow-ooooh~OW."

Wriggling uncomfortably as he shouted, she waited until he released his iron grip so she could continue.

"Believe it or not, not everything I do revolves around your jealousy issues." She snapped.

"Like I already told you: Lowkey is giving off an unnatural energy that I can't ignore. I thought if I got to know him a little, he would tell me eventually!" She rubbed her aching chest.

"Plus, he treats me proper. A girl can appreciate that."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Crossing his arms, the redness had died away, but the spite had not. "Pansy."

Back to Malicia, back to his scheming self. "I don't know what you were hoping to achieve with this 'unnatural energy', but it's useless. He doesn't know how to channel it, and neither do his puppet masters."

Waving the whole idea off. "He's nothing more than a dork in stupid hat with a mysterious backstory. So what? You can find one of those on every street corner in St Canard."

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well that's because his bosses probably don't have my exemplary knowledge of the supernatural." She bragged.

"I'm sure that with a little bit of coaxing, I can get him to be the best darn mysterious energy being he can be!"

"And I'll have you know he's a dork with an excellent taste in restaurants! How come YOU never take me to a nice restaurant, huh?" She prodded his chest.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Clawed hand smacked away. "Somehow I don't recall 'being Malicia's lapdog' in the job description!"

No doubt he would be the sort of lapdog that would whizz all over the couch and bite the gardner if it were.

"So let it go already. Surely there's better 'talent' out there to be targeted for our malevolent purposes?"

Note the 'our'. 'Foot rubs' did not constitute a shared goal.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"I'm just saying." She carried on, pouting. "You'd look dapper in a good quality suit and tie."

Then, just as quickly she added nonchalantly. "Well there is that vampire who is looking for the city's most evil, maniacal supervillains to turn so he can suck the life force from them. But I'm sure you won't have to worry about that."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Bing.

"And you were going to tell me this.. when?"

Things just kept getting better and better with this conversation. What next, another lookalike visiting the city?

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well I thought it was pretty obvious. I mean, you're wearing a suit already, so a tie is a natural progression." She carried on conversationally.

"If you're feeling really adventurous, maybe even venture into pants territory."

Two very different wavelengths going on here.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Facepalm.

"Not about the tie, you idiot - about the bloodsucker!"

Temple self-massage. The only -publicly printable- way to deal with the supervillainy cliché of being surrounded by dimwits.

"If only your intellect was in proportion to your breasts..."

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Well, excuse me, I guess someone isn't quite ready yet for the daunting world of pants." She pouted.

"Anyway, the vampire -- Baron something-or-the-other -- wanted me to partner up with him. As if I would be stupid enough to trust a blood-sucker!" She guffawed.

"So I sent him after Darkwing."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Brow raise. Maybe he had spoken too soon about the bewbs-before-brains thing.

"And Baron Wassisface is going to buy that Darkwing falls into the 'evil, maniacal supervillain' category?"

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"No, but I told him that Darkwing would be a challenge to snuff out. He seemed to accept that explanation, for now." She crossed her arms and glared at him.

"Don't you even dare consider going after that thing because so help me, if you get bitten I will stake you myself. I do **NOT** sleep with vampires!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

But he was already deep in plotting.

"There's no way he'll get lucky enough to take out Dorkwing himself. But if we serve him up on a platter..."

Because meddling in the affairs of vampires was always a smart idea.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"NO!" She whacked him with a can of tuna.

"You stay away from the vampire, do you hear me? I don't need you undoing all my hard work, keeping him off your trail!"

Again with the slip-ups, Mal? Sloppy...

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

The skull konk was not appreciated, but the sentiment even less so.

"What'd you mean, keeping him off my trail?" Ah the indignant fury, it rose again. "You don't think I can handle one hundred-year old parasite, is that it?!"

Her turn to be chest-poked, and not in a good way.

"I've clobbered an entire courthouse of your familial freaks, I'll have you remember, and I'll damn sure do it again!"

Making it sound like a challenge? Now who was the one painting targets?

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Her response was to wordlessly grab him, pull him close, and sink her fangs deep into the side of his neck.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Really, should have seen that coming.

"WHAT'REYOU DO--NnNNNgggGGgghhhhHHH....!!!"

Violent struggle gave way to almost drunken stupefaction. The latter almost certainly to do with either the incredible amount of pain or unexpected blood loss.

Not that he had any reason to enjoy it.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Finally she released him, wiping the blood from her bill.

"That's just a little preview of what you'll experience if you try to take on that vampire -- and it won't be a gorgeous woman nibbling at your neck."

Also I needed to mark my territory -- but you don't need to know that part.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Completely unaffected, he set about telling her so.

"BaaAh, whad YEW knooow..."

That slur complete with stumbling gracelessly into a pile of fish. The hint of a dopey grin was pure coincidence, surely.

Hey, who could complain about a good 'necking'.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Rolling her eyes, she picked up the sack of evil and threw him over her shoulder

"You always have to learn things the hard way, don't you?" She muttered, as she dragged him back out of the portal into the regular dimension.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

He came to quickly enough, but was instantly horrified to find himself up in the shoulder carry he hated so much.

So, she thought she could just sink her fangs into him whenever she felt like it? Time for a little taste of her own toothmarks!

"RAAARGHNAMEGGMNOMMM!!!"

Make that a big taste. With biting and scratching and scrambling up her neck and whatever he could reach like she was trying to carry a rabid raccoon.

For a Normal, he sure had a set of chompers. Must have been all that gnawing on skulls...

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"GAH! NO! BAD NEGADUCK! Don't mess up my hair!" She held her ground as the tornado of duck began.

Although, eventually, she succumbed to her own vices as the deep biting continued.

"Mmm... just a little to the... ah! lee---he--heeeft."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Her enjoyment of the tornado of duck at least loosened her grasp, affording a chance to flip off her shoulder and land on his feet.



Smoothing out his head feathers and adjusting his hat, Negaduck gave her a somewhat breathless once-over. "You think it's going to be that easy, is that it? Zap away my drakehood, date some jerk with the stupidest looking hat in existence, then try to carry me away from a perfectly promising plot like some sort of brainless blow-up manwhore?!"

Don't give her ideas now.

"Oohhoo, not this time!" Finger waggle of determination. "Why don't you leave me to the real villain's work, and go back to sharpening your claws on the axle grinder! If you can even work out how to turn it on!"

Had to be bad if anyone was suggesting Malicia use powertools.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"It's not a plot, it's a death sentence!" She snorted derisively. "No, even worse than death. You'll become one of THOSE bloodsuckers. Try getting away with any diabolical plots when you can't step outside for 12 hours of the day without bursting into flames!"

Returning his finger waggle with one of equal ferocity. "I'll be damned if I let some vampire gnaw on my mate like a raw hide bone!"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"I. Can. Handle it!" Snarl of hat-tugging frustration.

"And don't you 'mate' me!" Wording. "You might give someone the horrible impression you actually care!"

What a horrible, reputation-ruining impression that would be.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"The word holds a different meaning where I come from!" She snapped back.

"But fine! Go get yourself killed! See if I care!" She huffed. "I'll be sure to get the garlic ready for your return."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"I will!" he roared. "In fact, I'm going to go out and make sure this dusty old idiot bites me, just to show you how little I care about how little you care!"

A blink, and like the flick of a lightswitch, somehow all that pent-up anger and frustration got channelled into tackling her, and pinning her up against.. whatever there was close to wherever they were. Hungrily.

Must have been all that talk of biting.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Yeah you go ahead and do that you stupi--OH!...ah...mmmm..."

Well that was certainly one way to shut 'er up. In front of an audience of nuns in the middle of their daily church prayer no less. Portals open up in the dangest spots sometimes.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Would've been extra satisfying had he actually been paying attention. But no, he was too engrossed in grossing out their unintended audience.

Hey, it had been a while.

"Mffph... 'Il show you the hard way..." Muffled through kisses, curses and yes, gnawing. "Who's the bloodsucker now..."

Grabbing blindly with a temporarily free hand for a prop, any prop, and snapping a cross off the wall. Time to invigorate an old church tradition known as a 'sexy spanking'.

And just as a bonus, shifting over in all the fluster had accidentally shifted her toosh onto the church organ keyboard. Cue tuneless pandemonium of sin.

Hence the expression, making beautiful music together...

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

The gasps and cries of horror from the virgins before them only seemed to power her lust further as she grabbed his hands, forcing them to wander her.

"Oh, you are a bad boy." She hissed under her breath. "But I've also been a very, very bad girl. So I suppose it's only fair if you punish me as fit..."

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMP went the organ, as if to cry in protest. Talk about hitting a low note in life.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Not that he needed any extra encouragement. Shoving Malicia back against the upper keys (BRRRAAAAAAAMMPPP), a thurible snatched off a member of the congregation foolish enough to try to shoo them away, and soon her wrists her chained apart against the great instrument.

Greedily drinking in the sight. Sure, she could probably escape had she truly wanted to. But it was a delicious visual. Plus, with a demon in a church, who knew?

"If I wanted to really punish you, I'd make you beg."

Leaning in to 'reassure' her smugly,

"But we both know that's going to happen anyway."

And, as that prop was applied cruelly over and over again, what a lovely hymn it made. Together with the noise of the two, it was enough to bring down the house. Literally. Windows started to break and sculptures toppled from arches.

BRRAAAAAAAAAAPPAAPPPP.

HNNNNNNNNNNNNKKKK.

CNNNKKKKLLLNNNG.

KKKKKNGGG.

KKKKKNGGG. KKKKKNGGG. KKKKKNGGG.

One could only hope it was not an enchanted pipe organ embodying a trapped court composer. Forte would not have been amused.

---

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago  
\*BBRRRRR! BRRRRR!!\*

That being the muffled sound of The Boob Phone, trying to signal a freshly arrived text message from deep within its bosomy prison.

And there was a selfie of a certain masked mallard with one arm wrapped in a chummy manner around a rather dazed Baron MacDuckgall, complete with thumbs up.

Guess who wants to be buddies?

by [Malicia](#) 1 year ago  
VRRR BRRR came the return text. The vibrations were so strong, it looked like the phone itself was shouting as it bounced up and down.

U PUT THAT BACK RIGHT WHERE U FOUND IT, MISTER.

---

[[After some [funny business with the vampire Morogh...](#)]]

by [Negaduck](#) 1 year ago  
Funny who you ran into. At 4am. Staggering out of an all-night tanning salon. In an out-of-costume navy suit and muttering to himself no less.

"...maybe I should've gone with 'bite me'. Nah, stupid, trust your instincts..."

Those were reliable when it came to one-liners, at least.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Even funnier how he could manage to bump into a demoness with an ice cream cone at 4am. But judging by the distant ringing of a security system down the street, it was fairly obvious how that tasty situation came to be.

"Well, well." Was all she said, stopping to take a lick of Rocky Road.

"Pray tell, what brings you to the Sun Goddess at this hour? You do realize tanning salons don't provide 'happy endings', right?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

Startled, he flattened defensively against the wall. Subtle. No, who are we kidding, it was a comedically dramatic overreaction.

Someone was jumpy.

**"WHAT'S IT TO YOU, FATTY?!"**

Yeeeah, maybe a tad suspicious. Particularly when combined with the howling and screeching coming from a shackled sunbed through the doors behind him.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Wordlessly, she trailed her tongue up the side of the cone and paused at the 'head' of the scoop, swirling her tongue slowly and suggestively.

"You're awfully jumpy for someone who just sent me a gloating selfie of your intimate encounter with Morogh." She finally said.

"Is it possibly my turn to gloat?"

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"In your dreams, which are clearly full of my muscular awesomeness!"

Fidgety readjustment of the suit collar, keeping an eye out for any way possible to escape the conversation. Which was quite the trick to do while simultaneously holding a defiant glare.

"I told you I could handle it! More like a sentence to getting everything I want than a death sentence."

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"Uh huh." She moved in closer.

"Well, whatever you've done, it better not involve the demise of my favourite tanning salon. This place is amazing at getting those hard to reach spots."

Whatever those happened to be on a tan-feathered duck.

Then, ever so slowly her hand reached around to his tail feathers, giving them a full-on perverted squeeze.

"And speaking of hard to reach spots...you look good in navy."

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

He felt ill. And not 'I'm such a wuss I can't handle a single shot of Everclear' type ill. Weak and feverish, all he wanted to do was find a place to curl up, somewhere nice and quiet and dark...

Perversion was the last thing on his mind. Given this was Negaduck, the unusualness of this could not be understated.

"I don't care how good I look!" Squirming and twisting out of her grasp like a cat fleeing a toddler. Maybe not the best comparison. A tiger evading a mentally handicapped person's affection then. Much better.

"Keep your grabby claws away from me!"

Geez, what was it with monster kind that night? No means no.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

This unusual behaviour didn't go unnoticed, and she glowered at him. His protests for her to back off only drew her closer.

"Let me get a good look at you." She yanked him by the arm, attempting to pull him out on to the sidewalk beneath a street lamp so she could get a better view. Maybe it was just her imagination, but his feathers were somehow looking paler -- as if that were possible for an already-white duck.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"No.. ugh...!"

As she was finally wrangling him to the edge of the brightness, his wriggling intensified into a sudden burst of force, and he broke away. Not that the supernatural strength he did that with was particularly unusual; his fighting ability was just that good and all...

... but the open-mouthed and almost feline hiss of warning was enough of a

giveaway. Even if his fully fledged fangs hadn't come in yet.

Hopefully the shock and/or ridiculousness of that little display would be enough to buy him some time to escape into the shadows, because he could really do with a cat nap.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

"**I KNEW IT**" Bellowed like a cuckolded housewife. "You taunted that damn vampire and you let yourself get bitten. You IDIOT."

She made to grab at him again before he could skitter away.

"YOU GET BACK HERE RIGHT THIS INSTANT!" She shouted. "We're getting this fixed immediately!"

[[Off to [Summon Get It blog](#)]]

---

[[After the events in [Lunchtime at the Park](#)]]

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

**"NEGADUCK"**

The thunderous entrance could never mean anything good.

"Negaduck! Get over here now! We have work to do!"

It had been a long time since the demonness had gotten this fired up. Ages, in fact. For the first time in a long time, it seemed the eccentric, shoe-loving, soap-watching Malicia had all but vanished; replaced with something far more sinister: A scorned ego.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

The ominous entrance did not rouse the sort of evil enthusiasm she may have hoped for.

In fact, in the darkness of one of the supervillian's many rat holes, it failed to rouse anything at all.

"F... off."

That gruff and groggy dismissal emanating from somewhere under one filthy bedspread atop one filthy mattress.

Hey, even snakes needed their shut eye.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

She clearly didn't care, having been stirred from her own comfy space via Negaduck-levels of enthusiasm.

Instead, she plopped herself down on the bed and leaned in to hiss most sinister.

"I'm going to kill them. Trevor. Lilly. Their children. Their friends. Slowly. Creatively. I need your expertise. Do I do it out in the field, or bring them to a torture chamber?"

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

But there was no movement from the lump.

"Go find a machete, sharpen it with a cactus, and stick it up your  
zzzzzzZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZzzzzzz..."

Just the sort of creativity she was looking for, and in his sleep at that! Too bad it wasn't aimed at her intended targets, however.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Furious eye twitch. Her hand began to heat up, until it was like a red hot branding iron.

Then she pressed it against his rear end.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Nothing.

Then,

"YARRRGHH!!"

The lump shot straight up, took out a far chunk of the rotten ceiling, before plummeting back onto the bed. In doing so, revealing the contents of said bed, namely a ton of cold hard and obviously stolen cash, heavy weaponry and a pair of startled young duckettes in their underwear. Standard.

Fanning his literally smokin' tail feathers, Negaduck glared at the intruder to his sanctuary of sin.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!"

Because she was the one with the issue.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

She let out a enraged gasp at the scene before her.

"You... you two-timing cheat!" She shrieked. "How dare you! I can't believe you went and did this!"

She motioned to the pile of money.

"...We agreed we were gonna hit the First National NEXT WEEK! And you went and did it without me?!"

The utter nerve!

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

The girls had crept out at the first sign of shrieking, leaving Negaduck wearing naught but his mask, boxers (with a lovely claw print burnt through the toosh) and a look that roughly translated to 'tough titties'.

Not that he'd utter such a phrase. She'd probably crack his head open with those bowling ball bosoms.

Bigger issues first. Like finding something under the cash stuffed pillow to gargle with.

Oo, motor oil. Perfect.

On the plus side, the floor was already so muck covered it would never show a stain when he spat it out.

"What'd you want, Mal?"

Having clearly not heard her explanation the first time.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Somehow, believe it or not, her eyes seemed wider and more maniacal than usual. The demonness was completely unhinged. Although, whether Negaduck would even notice was another case altogether.

"I'm going to kill Lilly and her children tomorrow." She repeated. "And Trevor. And all their little friends." She spat that last sentence almost as thickly as Negaduck's motor-oil mouthwash.

"I want access to your best torture devices."

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"Have you lost your mind?"

A flat, almost bored, accusation. It wouldn't be the first time.

"They're civilians, right? I'm not busting out the lead sprinkler for that."



Not unlike her, taking offence at the real issue here.

"Just barbecue them like you normally would. Who cares?"

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"**No.**" She insisted, pressing onward.

That's when she burst into the story about the events at the picnic, explaining the whole ordeal: Lilly ignoring her, Trevor not letting her hold the baby, the aforementioned baby getting thrown a couple yards (of course in the Malicia version, she blamed Trevor for this result), how Lilly insulted her mothering skills.

When she finished, she was visibly shaking with anger again. Just re-hashing the calamity got her worked up.

"They treated me like some kind of monster, just because I wanted to hold the baby!"

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Such feelings. Much madness. Where to begin with that.

"I know what you're asking me to do here."

The gentle taking of her hand. Eegads, he was being serious.

"You want me to trebuchet this baby over the bridge."

Because that was the obvious solution and, nice guy that he was, Negaduck was prepared to do exactly that. For her.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Cue the typical smack upside the head.

"Look, do you want to cause some unnecessary pain and suffering, or not?" She snapped impatiently.

Gritting her teeth, the next few words she spoke seemed utterly painful to say aloud. "Because... I could use your expertise. Since you're..." Inaudible grumbling. "More well-versed than I am in this area."

Ugh. As if his ego wasn't big enough.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Flattery. Always far more effective at getting him to work than head smacking.

"You can use my 'expertise' any time, sweetcakes."

Lounging back against the cushions and back to business.

"Fine. But to clarify, when you say get rid of all of her friends.. you do mean all of them, don't you?"

Suddenly clear what his terms of payment would be.

Finally. FINALLY.

Buh-bye Darryl.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

She hesitated only for a moment. Then nodded.

"All of them." She confirmed.

"I've been far too lenient. Letting these bleeding heart types into my life... they've forgotten just who I am, and what I'm capable of. It's time I give them a reminder."

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Tracing the line of her chin with sick satisfaction.

"So proud of you."

You knew you were crossing the moral event horizon when...

Time to get to it then, commencing with his usual 'morning' routine.

"No point torturing goody two shoe types. Sure, it's more fun than stomping on a kiddie's birthday cake-" Just. "-But you want to break them?"

This was an important enough point to pause in selecting one of many, many identical costumes from the closet.

"Break their loved ones. And make it their fault."

Simples.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"Make it their fault?" She seemed perplexed by this strange, tactical process. While she possessed book smart intelligence, and knew how to put together a decent heist, the concept of "psychological warfare" was beyond her scope.

"How would I even start with that? Stage an accident with their children?"

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"You want to be able to claim the glory, don't you?"

Whatever glory could be had from butchering a bunch of innocents. So, yes, in his eyes, plenty.

"So not so much accidental as.. the sort of lapse in parenting they're accusing you of."

Onto shaving now. Couldn't be looking hungover, after all.

"The sort that'd see them distracted just long enough to let their little ones fall into.. somewhere unpleasant."

A cut throat razor. Perfect inspiration.

"Any ideas where that could be?"

Couldn't do all the thinking for her. Besides, his patented Duckling Blender had been missing for some time. Such a shame, would have to figure out where that had got to. Later.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Long, thoughtful pause. "Well... sometimes I drop things in my cleavage and I never see them again."

.....nooot what Negs was probably suggesting.

"It's going to be hard waiting for them to 'slip up' considering I made my threat quite clear to them, and even told them when I would be carrying it out. They're going to be on high alert!"

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"Perfect. Then they'll be desperate for help. And who better to provide it then a spiritual someone from the Negaverse?"

Tossing the blown out base of an artillery shell over her head where it hooked.. just like a halo.

HALLELUJAH.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

Then it dawned on her where he was going with this.

"You want me to... look like her?" Perish the thought!

"But..." She stroked her chin. "She did just show up in St. Canard not too long ago to annoy everyone into a coma with her personality..."

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

"That's your only hitch. The real WingsMcGee could show up and throw a harp in the works."

Said he who knew all about double duping.

"Look, I'll take care of Negacia. But don't you screw this up, alright?"

What, like that was even a concern with Malicia's flawless acting talents.

Grumbling, "I've dealt with enough of her dogooding douchery to last a lifetime."

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"I'm sure it won't be that hard, especially with my stunning acting skills." As if she read Negaduck's mind.....sort of.

And so with a quick shape-shifting spell, it only took moments for her to spring a pair of large fluffy wings. Her tail made a strange 'schloop' noise as it sucked itself inward, and her hair and dress switched to the sickeningly familiar pastel palette.

"Ooooh, Negaduck~!" She chirped. "Have you been a good boy?"

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Annoyed swipe.

"Get out of here before I ruin your nice fresh costume with barf."

Not many were fans of the Angel of Spew.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

"Aww, but don'tcha wanna turn me into a fallen angel?"

Those last two words accentuated by a (non-clawed) hand cupping his groin.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

Like a molested cat on a hot plate he was.

"I DON'T WANT YOUR JEBUS COOTIES."

So much for that fantasy.

—

[[After [Post-Lunchtime in the Park Hospital Stay](#)]]

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

One hospital visit later...

Negaduck would receive a text:

Operation Wave 'O Babies complete. The buns are in the oven..

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

[[AGAIN?! CRipes Mal we just got rid of the last batch. I'll get the coat hanger..]]

Hard to tell if he was joking or whether he'd forgotten about Operation Baby Snatch entirely.

by **Malicia** 10 months ago

THE OTHER BBYS YOU DUMMY. I'll be w/ them at the spot. Have Darryl 2.

by **Negaduck** 10 months ago

[[Have well and truly SHAFTed the blue bimbo. See u there. Don't forget the bolognese.]]

[[Over to [No Coming Back From This](#) blog]]

—

[[Post Blog]]

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

Shortly after the bedlam, when Negaduck would somehow find his way out alive and passing a storefront of plasma t.vs...

"Webra Walters here, reporting on two vewy strange miracles today. As most viewers are already aware, the hot-headed villainness Malicia Macawber kidnapped and sentenced a number of innocent citizens -- including 6 young children -- to death... only to hesitate and flee the scene! But that's not all..."

The camera pans to a troupe of Girl Scouts, and Negacia standing next to them.

"Additionally, Malicia's dastardly boyfriend, better known as Public Enemy One 'Negaduck', reportedly assisted in the rescue of Girl Scout Troupe #69 by notifying this angelic creature of their whereabouts, trapped down one of St. Canard's old shafts."

Negacia smiles and waves at the camera. "He even filled the shaft with

cement, which prevented it from collapsing in on us! Thank you Mr. Negaduck!"

"Thank you Mr. Negaduck!" Chimed the adorable little girls, who blew kisses at the camera.

Back to Webra. "Could this twuly spell the rework of both Malicia and Negaduck? Only time will tell!"

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

A few weeks had passed, and there had been not a sign of Mal-related activity anywhere in St. Canard. Even her own home went untouched, as indicated by the level of alcohol in the cabinets that went undrunk, and the bubble baths that were left unbubbled.

But she couldn't hide forever. Her little romantic retreat at Harou's hideaway could only last for so long, and so, finally, she slunk her way back into the city. Hoping, against all hope, that Negaduck had forgotten about her. That, perhaps, he had gotten himself wrapped up in some other diabolical plot, and had no energy left to discuss her most recent failure.

Her own reputation had been completely tarnished. It seemed the whole world knew that Malicia Macawber was not-so-evil. The latest update on St. Canard's Public Enemy list revealed she had been bumped down six spots, right below Moliarty. **Moliarty, for Hades sake!** The stupid mole in the business suit was considered more a threat than her! How could she let this happen?!

Tail between her legs, she slunk into the warehouse and made a beeline for the liquor cabinet. Perhaps a bit of spirits would lift her spirits...

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

No sooner had she raised the glass to her bill than a bullet exploded right through it.

And no sooner did that happen than the entire liquor stash was demolished in a blaze of automatic fire. Malicia too, if she didn't make like her species and duck.

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S WORSE THAN RUINING YOUR REPUTATION OVER SOME SAPPY 'FEELINGS'?"

Clearly what Negaduck was feeling now was upset.

"RUINING MINE."

Big time.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"Gy-eeek!" Bullets whizzed past her head, sending a few of her cheek feathers flying.

Diving behind the flaming wreckage of the cabinet -- because potentially explosive alcohol was far safer than the angry beast beyond.

"Okay." She began all-too-calmly. "You're still upset."

Understatement of the century.

"Now... evil-kins? Handsome devil? Most maniacal macho mallard of my life? Why don't you put. down. the. gun. And we'll, ah... talk this through."

Huh. So this is what it was like, being on the receiving end of the temper tantrum.

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

A large purple and very confused elephant was flung in her general direction.

Which conveyed the message 'I do not want to discuss this' and 'I am so angry it is beyond all logic' simultaneously.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

Evidently, the message was not clear enough to Mal, who merely screeched and dodged the purple pachyderm.

"Why are you throwing such a fuss?! I was the one who choked! It's not my fault you couldn't finish the damn job yourself!"

Not helping.

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

There was another screech, this one of the power tool variety. Followed shortly by a ceiling strut toppling over and damn near taking out both gigantic butted creatures.

Randomly destroying everything. Not surprising.

Even that wasn't enough to express his sheer fury - particularly at that last response - so back to yelling it was.

"I wouldn't have HAD to finish anything if you hadn't choked to begin with!"

Looming over her like the villainous rapture.

"WHAT. HAPPENED."

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"**"I DON'T KNOW, OKAY?! SO GET OFF MY BACK ABOUT IT!"** Like an irritable teenager, facing down the inevitable shake-down of a disappointed parent.

"I couldn't do it! So I... didn't! End of story! Let's just forget it ever happened and move on!"

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

I'm not angry, just disappointed. AND angry.

"But it's not as easy as that, is it? Not when it's all over the news! Not when every hero in a ten state radius knows deep down there's.. there's good in you!"

Such a dirty word, 'good'. Disgusted to the core, Negaduck had to prop against the semi-destroyed cabinet.

"Ergh, it makes me want to vomit just thinking about it."

It was that or all those Girl Scout cookies.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"Well they're wrong!" She flailed her arms for added emphasis.

"And I did knock out that baby's eyeball!" By accident. And then I panicked and tried to fix it. But that's just unnecessary detail.

"Just because I'm not a mindless psychopath like you doesn't mean I'm going to reform all of a sudden. I wouldn't. I couldn't." Eyes narrowed.

"Because then I'd be just. like. her."

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

Dramatic effect somewhat ruined by the blank stare that followed.

"... Catwoman?"

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

Blank stare.

"What?! **NO.** Morgana! I'm talking about Morgana! You know, my cousin who was formerly a criminal and then decided to quit crime because she looooooves



Darkwing? That 'her'!"

"But I mean... if you're afraid I might be going good, you could always try spanking it out of me. That always works!"

Wait a minute--

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

"What is this to you, a joke?!" It had to be bad if not even that would tempt him. "This isn't something you can throw rotten, nasty funtimes at and expect to go away!"

You.. you couldn't?!

"You're not bad enough for a spanking. You're not bad enough to be my partner, full stop!"

A guy had to have standards, after all. Really, really low standards.

"If I can't trust you with the murder of one scrawny, helpless child, what can I trust you with?"

YOU HAD ONE JOB, MAL.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"Wh.....**NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**"

That wail of sorrow directly after the 'no spanking everz' part.

Grabbing him by the shoulders now and giving him a desperate shake.

"You lie! I haven't murdered any children up until now and I've done plenty spank-worthy deeds!"

Looking him straight in the eyes now.

"Besides, if I had gone through with it..... I would've shot straight to the top of the Public Enemy List." A brow raised for emphasis.

"Right above you. Into the legendary sought after... Public Enemy Zero slot."

See? Clearly I'm just thinking about your bad-being!

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

Unfortunately that triggered a sort of instant defence mechanism, otherwise known as insane levels of denial.

"There IS no such spot! Don't you think I'd have it by now? DON'T YOU."

If the numbers went that way Negaduck would have already been Public Enemy Negative One Million. Obviously.

"And even if there was, YOU would not be the one to beat me to it! You.. you... CIVILIAN LOVER."

The ultimate slur.

Spinning away on his heel, Negaduck stomped off to rectify his public standing. Alone.

"Call me when you work out how to evil without turning to moosh."

Really, he hadn't been that disgusted with her since the time she spread certain photoshopped images of him and other mallard all over the web.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"OH I WILL! You're going to **EAT** those words! Because I'll be SO evil that you'll WISH I had been... less evil!"

So smooth. Much comeback.

Grrr, how dare he! She fumed and fussed, pacing back and forth.

So, she's not evil enough for him, was she? Well TWO can play at that game! Literally! Because she was going to give Megavolt a call...

—

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

It had been another few weeks since Negaduck's tantrum, and also the last time he had seen or heard from Mal.

Until today, that is.

"Uh... Negs? Sweetie? Rotten applecore of my eye?" A voice said nervously from behind him.

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

GROAN.

Turning around with a megaphone in one hand and a cat (by the tail) in the other. Somebody was busy working on rebuilding his reputation.. somehow.

"What do you want?"

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

"I ah..." More hand-wringing. "I think I made a very big mistake."

Moving in close to whisper lowly. "I may have gone too far this time with trying to be evil..."

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

Deadpan.

"What'd you do, tie a bucket of icecream to the railway track?"

Like HE would ever stoop to such cliches.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

That was about the time Negaduck would suddenly feel a hot burning sensation. Specifically that of an actual hot, burning knife, rammed straight into his stomach.

She gave the knife a sharp twist.

"Oh no." Her voice had dropped a few decibels now.

"I mistakenly let you live for far too long."

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

Like HE would ever stoop to.. no, scratch that, he'd pulled such a move on her at least twice.

Only fair it would come around to him eventually.

"Hurghh..."

Didn't take away any of the surprise though.

Knees hit the cold cement first, then palms, as the redness spread through his jacket. A small consolation that, if he was going to go, at least it would be in a way that was colour coordinated.

"You.. don't mean that, do you."

Okay, just a little worried now that he was losing his hold on her as fast as he was losing his hold on consciousness.

"... Mal?"

Come on, look what you've reduced me to. You've made your point. There's

even a fun pun there. Bust out the healing magic already.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

Watching him with a satisfied smile, she knelt down and trailed a finger through the sticky warmth of his blood.

Then she brought it back to her bill, gliding her tongue across her hand.

Negaduck: He's finger-lickin' good.

"It never occurred to you that my small shred of... what did you call it? --Moosh? -- was the only thing holding me back. I should've killed you YEARS ago. After all you've done to me -- the flagrant disrespect, the unshakeable domination, the -- ugh -- spanking." Disgusted sneer.

"Thanks for the pep-talk. Getting rid of my weakness was the best thing I could've done for myself. Too bad I can't say the same for you."

by **Negaduck** 9 months ago

Getting rid of? That explained a few things.

In the meantime, the skewered supervillain was going to summon what remained of his strength to look her in the eye, and go out with a bit of dignity.

"See, here I thought keeping me around was best for your--"

DISTRACTION CAT TO THE FACE.

"--PUSSY!--"

In the chaos of megaphones and strays getting tangled around Malicia's neck in a vicious cycle of screeching and hair pulling, Negaduck tumbled to the side... and in a flash of cape, rolled off the side of the apartment block roof. Down 20 or so storeys.

If he was going to die, he wasn't going to give this 'new' Malicia the privilege of dying at her feet. Or under them.

by **Malicia** 9 months ago

Later, the city would be abuzz about the Apocalyptic phenomenon of flaming felines raining down from the Heavens where they smashed into cars and telephone poles -- setting everything ablaze.

Satisfied and quickly distracted by Negaduck's plummet, Evil\*Mal wandered off to continue her reign of mayhem and destruction.

---

[[Insert: Darkwing's wall]]

by **Negaduck 9 months ago**

A certain crimefighter would be passing through one day, as all lurkers of the shadows did, when a shuffle-y, moan-y sound would emanate from a nearby dumpster.

"Nnhhhh..."

Something a little bigger than your standard alley cat. Or your falling, fiery one for that matter.

by **Drake Mallard 9 months ago**

Darkwing jumped back when he heard the noise near the dumpster not knowing what it was at first until he saw the shadowy shape resembled a drake.

"Negaduck?"

Then Darkwing frowns deeply. He hadn't seen the wound just yet since the lighting was poor and he pulled out his gas gun in anticipation of an attack. "Are you the one behind the raining cats?"

Of course when the chaos started he had been drawn out to inspect it. And Negaduck was always his #1 suspect when it came to chaos and destruction around the city.

"I should bring you in right now!"

by **Negaduck 9 months ago**

The lump of lecherous lawbreaker - to do Darkwing's alliteration for him - only struggled to pull himself away from the other mallard with almost as much effort as his struggle to breathe, fumbling over various pieces of rubbish.

As usual, Negaduck would never accept what was good for him.

Dying in a dumpster? Fine, whatever. Being saved by Darkwing? No, nooo, anything but that.

by **Drake Mallard 9 months ago**

It was then that Darkwing realized that Negaduck was wounded and from the sound of it, dying.

"You've got yourself into trouble again and this time they got you bad. I should really leave you to die so you'll be out of my feathers forever."

The he sighs deeply. "But my morals won't let me do that. Although, I hate your guts and you probably deserved it, I can't leave you to die in a dumpster."

Darkwing groans from frustration that he was going to have to allow him to live. Besides. Maybe the demented duck could give him a clue on what was going. So risking getting mauled, he walks over to help the drake the best he can. He needed to drag Negaduck out into the light to see what the damage was.

by **Negaduck 9 months ago**

Cue much thrashing. The wildly ineffective sort say a four month old baby would make when being hauled away from its favourite toy. Except in this case, the toy was a smelly steel bin and the baby could curse something fierce.

"gEt oFFa--lem.. leemmee GO.. GARGH."

Eventually he would be pried out and, on flopping onto his back, the cause of the problem was revealed. Serious knife to the guts. Not pretty at all.

"It's FINE."

Sure.

by **Drake Mallard 9 months ago**

Sigh.

"Negs, you're bleeding out." Darkwing had seen the same thing with Trevor. The paleness and the weakness. He knew Negs wasn't going to cooperate. "Sorry bud."

Darkwing raised up his gas gun and then brought the butt of it down onto Negaduck's head in attempt to knock him out.

by **Negaduck 9 months ago**

Negaduckwas so long gone none of that registered through the growing haze. Except one thing.

"... 'bud'?"

**KONK!**

Boy did he look so much more harmless like that, all peaceful like, with little black masked birdies tweeting around his head.

by **Drake Mallard 9 months ago**

Darkwing would need to stop the bleeding the best he could before he could even think about moving Negaduck.

"Hmm.."

Then he reached down and undid Negaduck's cape to tie it around the wound with a knot in the back to put pressure on it in the same fashion as they had done to Trevor.

"Boy, Negs. You need to lay off the booze and the junk food." Darkwing started to drag him out of the alley. He knew one person that could help and hopefully she would help. "I need you alive for questioning. So pray she'll help you."

[[to [Help Me Piper](#) blog]]

—

[[After the events of [Duck and Cover](#) and [Here Mal Mal Mal](#)]]

by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

Strike a pose!

Strutting into the warehouse, Mal was feeling faaaaabulous. How could she not, with this amazing pair of shoes currently resting on her flawless feet?

Sure, they were a tad... tight. But that was probably just part of the style and not because of any other reason. Goodness no.

"This has been a good day for me, Pringles!" She said cheerfully as she entered.

by [Negaduck](#) 8 months ago

Nary a Pringles to be seen! Only an infamous sort-of-partner in crime on the sofa, feet up on the coffee table, doing the 'villain in waiting' thang.

"Was it now?"

No agenda behind that at all.

by [Malicia](#) 8 months ago

"Uh." Stopped dead in her tracks. She gave Negaduck a once-over... hard to ignore the massively large balding stab-wound that had been hastily stitched back together.

"Heeeeeeeey." Nervous grin.

"You're looking..... well."

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

The lazy lounging before the storm.

"You did a decent job, you know." By which, of course, he meant the opposite of decent.

"If I wasn't as tough as I was-" Or assisted by blind luck and morally decent people. "-You might have finished me."

Her reaction not being studied carefully, not in the least.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

"Yes... well... ah..." Fumbling nervously. Where to start?

"You wanted EVIL. So I gave you evil!" She said more firmly. "I thought splitting myself... getting rid of my weaker half... would change things."

A pause, as she ran her claws through her hair.

"It didn't go quite as planned, is all."

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

Cue random expensive and heavy object hurled at Malicia's head.

"You STABBED me!"

Logical explanations weren't going to cut it, it seemed.

"When have I done anything like that to you, huh?!"

Uh..

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

Cue deadpan stare at she raised a hand. The vase shattered into pieces as it collided.

"You really have to ask?"

Digging into her cleavage she pulled out... a scroll. It unfurled, hitting the ground and rolling toward him.

"I have, in my possession, a complete list of every occasion in which you've caused me severe bodily harm." She began at the top.

"Number One: Ran me over with your hideous motorcycle..." She read on.



by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

This minor detail waved off.

"Anything PERMANENT."

Clearly point blank shooting fell outside this category.

Pushing himself to his feet, the true telling off had begun.

"I've been completely evil this entire time, and never once tried to write you off!" Whether strictly speaking that was true, on either count... "Why do you think that is, Malicia?"

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

She... had no idea. Really. Why hadn't he? There had been so many opportunities. So many points where she had been weak, and vulnerable.

".....Because of my stunning personality and incomparable beauty?"

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

Beak opened but then closed without answer. May have slightly got caught in the rant without thinking it through. Or at least, that was what it looked like. But of course it couldn't have possibly been so...

Take two. Engage defences.

" ... Because I wouldn't want to waste the bullets!"

YEAH. That was it.

"But if you're going to get petty just because you have a little extra evil in you, maybe I should rethink that!"

Dodged.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

"I don't understand why you're acting like such a scorned woman!" She snapped irritably.

"If anything you should be touched that I went to all the trouble to separate myself into good and evil halves." Minus the whole stabby part.

"I did it all for you, so I could keep you!"

Pause. Now it was her turn to re-think her rant.

"..... Keep you from being so salty, I mean."

Yes. That was it.

"Now you know that I do have what it takes to be truly evil."

by **Negaduck 8 months ago**

"Great, so I'm stuck with Sooky Lala You or Queen Stabby."

Grump time.

"Couldn't you just be a bit more evil?"

No need to go nuts now.

by **Malicia 8 months ago**

"I could, I suppose." She crossed her arms.

"But I'll need some motivation from a very bad influence..."

by **Negaduck 8 months ago**

Brow raised along with his interest, but the suggestion went sailing right over his red-topped head. Razor sharp mind indeed.

"... Captain Morgan?"

by **Malicia 8 months ago**

Sigh. Facepalm.

"Sure. Why not." Now was as good a time as ever to break out the liquor.

"...By the way, I know that whatever that 'good' side of me might've said... don't take it to heart or anything. It's not like I really meant it or anything. It was just all those goodness fumes in the air, and the shock-effects from being transplited. Makes for a bit of delirium."

by **Negaduck 8 months ago**

"I've already purged it from my memory."

Really, he had. The whole experience was far too grotesque to recall without losing one's liquid lunch.

"Your evil half though... I wish we could've had a more lengthy 'discussion'..."

No need to read in between the lines when they were printed all over his demeanour.

**Malicia 8 months ago**

"Mmhmm..." She took a loooong swig of her drink. Because now it was her turn to purge her memory.

"....What was with that make-shift cage? Were you actually working alongside the good-guys or what?"

**by Negaduck 8 months ago**

"Nah, that's just what I wanted them to think."

SURE.

Leaned up against the liquor cabinet, drink in hand, Negaduck watched her with a sort of lazy appreciation. My that had moved quickly from recriminations to 'let's get drunk'.

Anyone would think it wasn't the first time the knives had come out.

"In other news, that curly haired dork appears to have a new lady friend. Could tell he has quite the soft spot..."

As if he didn't have a big enough one before.

**by Malicia 8 months ago**

"Which curly-haired dork are we referring to?" Because really, she could think of a few people who fell into that category.

Setting down her drink, she raised a brow at Negaduck curiously.

"I wasn't aware you kept tabs on other people's romantic lives." She teased. "Or were you hoping to play a little game of 'Shatter Some Hearts'?"

**by Negaduck 8 months ago**

"I keep tabs on other people's weaknesses."

This shouldn't have been a surprise to her, but it was something Negaduck prided himself on.

"Given I'm talking about the demon-hunting dork, I would've thought you wouldn't have minded a few shattered hearts yourself. Since, you know, he's proven too strong for your control thus far..."

Shrug, rest of the drink down the hatch.

" ... and he called you a hag."

Subtle.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

Eye-twitch.

"I don't care what that fossil thinks!" As clearly indicated by the bottle currently shattering in her clutch. "I'm sure he'll bore her to death with his vanilla-brand sex moves, just like he did me."

Wait, what.

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

Indeed.

" ... what?"

Didn't think that was going to fly under the radar, did she?

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

"Well nothing happened... mostly. We didn't get to any of the good stuff because I found him to be too boring for my tastes. So I beat him up instead."

Really. That summed it up quite accurately.

"I mean have you seen the guy? He's all valiant and protective and crap... it really kills the mood! I decided that I deserved better; a higher caliber of drake. So I kicked him to the curb. A pity he has to settle for that third-rate female, but you know what they say: When you've already had the best, there's no other direction to go but down."

Absentmindedly leaving out the whole 'he was obliged to follow my every command because of a magical contract made with my ancestor' part, of course.

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

Not exactly pleasing, but a passable explanation. By the skin of her fangs.

Only because Negaduck naturally assumed she was talking about him.

"Glad to hear you talking sense for once."

That 'flattery' was so satisfying, it was time for a smoke.

"Don't you have his, ugh, beloved's heart in a jar somewhere? What're you going to do with that?"

Talking about the very essence of her being like it was a lost wallet, something to be gone through and discarded, certainly not returned to its owner.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

Blank stare. The hell was he talking about? Why would she hold on to his dead fiancée's bloody beating organ...

Oh! Right.

"Her soul. You mean her soul." She said pointedly.

"Yes, I still have it. I've been holding on to it as a trump card. In case he decides to mess with me again..."

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

"Soul smoul. You don't see me getting caught up in that nonsense."

Not when he could threaten his way out of things instead.

"Where do you keep it anyways?"

Just curious. How much space did a soul take up anyway? Would there be room for more weaponry if she got rid of it?

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

Arms crossed, she glowered at him and waggled a finger.

"Oh no you don't! I'm not letting you anywhere near my soul collection! Besides, you have no idea how to utilize souls, you'd be better off just pummeling him over the head with a jar of toe-jam."

Also wouldn't want you to stumble upon your own soul in there... especially after all I did just to get it back from that crazy old babushka woman!

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

The best flattery of all. Recognition of the danger he posed as a sneaky, sneaky bastard.

"Oh?" Flopping down on the couch beside her, that compliment could go both ways.

"And how do you utilise them?"

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

"Through magic." She replied flatly, giving him a terse 'I'm not falling into your trap this time' expression.

"The kind of magic that takes years of study and extensive knowledge in the arcane. In fact, before my expulsion, I was well on my way to majoring in Soulentology. I was going to become a rising star in the world of Soul Academia."

A finger jabbed sharply in his direction again. "Which is why you wouldn't stand a chance handling her soul!"

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

"Who says it's her soul I want to handle?"

Okay, from recriminations to 'let's get drunk' to cheap euphemisms. Completely typical.

"Besides, academia? Seriously? That would have been a total waste of your.. talents."

You flatter my back, I'll flatter yours. Wait, does that even...

[[Onto [Dearly Devoted Duck](#)]]

---

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

KER-POUNCE

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Negs would be tackled from behind with such voracity, his outfit was torn to ribbons in a single swipe. The amount of heat and wantonness emanating from the licentious beast could have toppled entire civilizations. Perhaps it did.

There was only one other occasion where Malicia had gone after him with such gusto...

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

"Hey-- what-- hooo-- do you MIND?!"

Having instinctively tumbled out of her embrace like an oiled ninja pig, Negaduck escaped, although his costume did not.

"KIND OF IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING HERE."

And that he was. Now in boxers, standing in front of a wide-eyed crowd of hostages and bank tellers, mid hold-up. Great timing there, Malicia.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

"I must have you. **NOW.**" She pounced again, her eyes locked on his groin area with such determination, it was a wonder his crotch didn't burst into flames.

"C'mon baby, you can get back to your work afterwards." Making a grab for one of his legs.

**"Pleaaaaaase."** She yowled. The guttural cacophony she made shattered the glass windows, forcing the hostages to cover their ears, lest they also suffer from broken ear drums.

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

"I see." Once he could hear as well as see. "I should've seen this coming. It was only a matter of time."

Here it comes. The realisation.

"The wanton animal magnetism of Negaduck has driven you insane!"

Or not.

"As much as I would enjoy blowing the minds of all these knobs by defiling yet another public space with your bountiful bod, the SWAT team is due in in, like, ten seconds, and I would need slightly longer than that."

Sardonic speeches in underpants notwithstanding, it was time to make like a supervillain and pull out the big guns.

BLAM! Straight in her face! The sticky white stuff was everywhere!

... of the weird goopy net that he had fired to encircle her and glue her temporarily to one wall.

You're all filthy. Stop it.

by **Malicia** 8 months ago

She writhed around impatiently, yowling and howling from her place on the wall.

Which certainly made for an interesting scene when the SWAT team did indeed arrive.

by **Negaduck** 8 months ago

Badass smirk at his audience. You know, to complement those badass boxer shorts.

"Got to fly."

Weapon shot straight upwards, like a grappling hook through the already made hole in the roof, and it retracted, pulling both Negaduck - and the loot - with it.

Followed shortly after by another sticky shot to Malicia's face. If she was lucky, she would be yanked upwards and stuck directly onto the motorcycle that was making a quite frankly insane jump off the building.

If she was unlucky, well, her ride might be more of a drag...

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"MffffRRLLLL!" Came the muffled response as she landed on the motorcycle.

Arms immediately snaked around his waist, her claws began the busy task of groping and touching him. A rather dangerous distraction when moving at high-speed across roof tops.

There may or may not have been a bit of nipple-tweaking along the way.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"Hey--WHOA!"

Driver distractions could be deadly. At least for any early Christmas shoppers who happened to get in the way as the bike crashed off course and through one of St Canard's many malls.

Out the other side they eventually reappeared, Negaduck fighting to barely maintain control of the vehicle.. and beautifully decked out in pink feather boa, top hat and a well-placed Christmas star.

"YOU WHACKED OUT WENCH." Bellowed after spitting out that jumbo candy cane. "Do you WANT to put us in a ditch?!"

As if it wasn't already clear what she wanted.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Pull this thing over and I'll show you just how fun being in a ditch can be." She rasped hungrily in his ear.

"Because I want you to bend me over and" HONK "me while using your chainsaw to" AWOOOGA "while I take your" HOOONKHOONK "and" HONK "all over you."

This evening's censorship brought to you by the cars in the oncoming lane



that Negaduck was barely dodging. How timely.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"You horny humping whor--" Thrash thrash. "Where am I going to pull over here--" Struggle struggle steer. "Are you TRYING for a gangbang involving the entire police department--?!"

No time for a good donut quip though. Time to say hello to the eighteen wheeler they were about to run head into.

"AAAAHHHH!!!"

Dodge!

Safe.

Except the sharp turn had sent them heading out to the docks, and they were fast running out of jetty.

Negaduck had no notice though, still fending off the grabby grabby claws, but for once his companion's not inconsequential weight played in his favour and sent them both tumbling backwards at the last second.

Which also meant the bike was sent flying out from under them.

WHOOSH! Miles into the air.

SPLASH! Into the bay.

GURGLE! Down under the water, along with the loot.

All he could do was stare.

And, eventually, shout the city down.

"No addiction will be getting you off easily this time!" So angry he was ACCIDENTALLY PUNNING.

"You are going DOWN!"

Once he worked out where their unintended dismounting had sent her, that was.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

The moment he uttered the word 'down' his boxers dropped.

With the help of two clawed hands, of course.

So there they were, standing on the pier as the sun set. Negs in his skivvies currently resting at his feet, and Mal behind him, her hair mussed and bearing a wild look in her eyes.

She licked the back of his leg.

"I'll go down, all right. C'mere, Tiger."

MADNESS.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"What IS this, a trap? Trying to get me on camera to freak out the little old ladies at the retirement home?"

To be fair, that was more something he would do.

Twisting around, a well placed fisherman's rod obscured any indignity from the shore.

Not that he normally wore any pants to begin with.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you'd gone all kooky maternal again!"

Darkwing had mentioned that, come to think of it. But like he was ever right.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Who CARES why I'm so uncontrollably hot and require your insemination to end any hypothetical cycle I may be trapped in." She pawed at him again, like a zombie moaning for brains.

"Mal has a hankering for some NegaSugar, and you're the only one who can satisfy my sweet tooth."

Talking in the third person now. Boy, this WAS serious.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"If there's anything you ought to have figured out about me by now..."

Leaning down with the hottest of uncontrollably hot rumbles.

"... I'm not that sweet."

And boof! off she was shoved, so he could stomp away to steal a submarine or something to recover the lost day's work. And his motorcycle. Ergh, what a mood killer.

Except by fate or some bizarre biological imperative, if Malicia fell backwards hard enough, she would land... right in a vat of stinky discarded fish guts.

Anyone who hadn't had a mind wipe would know how this scene would end.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

Said vat overturned, coating her in a layer of stinky wetness.

"NOOOOO... not the hair!" Whimper-whine. She began the arduous task of picking pieces of cod out of her fiery mane.

Ugh, the oil. The smell was going to take forever to get out of her feathers. Just like that one time...

Waitaminute. What time?

It is often said that certain scents can trigger deep-seeded memories -- but what about brain-washed ones? Pausing momentarily, she could feel her brain tingling as she tried to recall... something.

Gosh, it seemed so darn important too.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

Frozen in his tracks, Negaduck stood not far away, just.. staring.

"Malicia..." Swallow. Why could he barely breathe? Let alone talk? "There's... something different about you..."

And yet he couldn't wrap his mind around what. It was consumed with a delicious fishy fog.

Remaining sanity lost in three, two, one...

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Well duh, my dress is completely ruined!" She snapped back irritably. How ironic that his fishy fetish was the proverbial cold shower her hormones needed to cool down.

"This was my favourite dress too..." Pout.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

Didn't have to ask him twice. Or at all.

The dress was literally ripped from her body. With his teeth.

Dropped onto an uninvited dip, Malicia would find, well, everything, subject to

a long, passionate.. licking.

"Nnnnnnhhhnnn....."

The effect was pure catnip. Neganip? Had to get that slimy, stinky plumage all up in his face! And more...

The height of romance. Truly.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Oh! Oooh." Well, this was certainly a welcome change. She shuddered deeply at the sensation of tongue on feathers.

"I knew you couldn't resist me for long." She purred, looking at him through half-lidded eyes. "Even during your foulest of moods you simply cannot ignore the true beauty of Malicia Macawber."

Yes, that was CLEARLY it. No other, possible reason whatsoever...

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

That sentence may have been cut off by a gutted salmon being rubbed all over her face. Hey, when it comes to ball gags, why not improvise.

"Mmnnfff," murmured against her feathers in blind desire. "You have no idea how much I love you..."

Not stopping his ministrations for a moment.

"You scaly sorceress of my slimiest dreams.."

Waitwhat?

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"You **wha--**" Stopping to spit out bits of fish.

She paused momentarily and proceeded to pinch herself.

Ow. Okay. So this was not some sort of drunken hallucination.

Her first thought was that maybe he got covered in a love potion, but there seemed to be zero indication of such, nor was she carrying any on her.

Was he messing around with her? Perhaps this was some sort of psychological warfare...

"Go on..." She said slowly, cautiously.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

The breathless gushing fell out of him without hesitation.

"I'd die for you." Distinctly different from 'I'd kill for you', which he would do for a sandwich with the right amount of meats anyway. "I'd do anything to have your festering form against my own..."

Something was really beginning to stink and it wasn't the fish. Well, not only the fish.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Festering?!" She raised her hands, readying them for the 'strangle' position.

Then she paused, and considered the options before her:

1. Strangle
2. Bang.
3. See just how far 'anything' went in the realm of Negaduck.

Aw, heck. Why not do all three at once?

"I want more babies. Right now." She demanded. "How would you like to give them to me?"

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

There was a slight eye twitch there. Barely discernible behind the devotion. Part of his brain was recoiling at the word alone.

Now little ones, that was the height of revolution.

"What.. what kind of babies?"

Pleasesaysmooshedonaplate pleasesaysmooshedonaplate.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

"Our babies, you dolt! Demonlings! I'm in my second heat cycle, and I want another clutch."

Reaching down to give his crotch a solid pat.

"And I know you've got plenty of little friends that can help me out with that..."

by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"Are you NUTS."

There it was, the lucidity snapping back. No fishy fetish, no matter how potent, could withstand the threat of BABEHS.

"The city is crawling with wannabe heroes and I'm still fighting to rebuild my reputation after YOUR indiscretions." Of the lava variety. What else could there be? "I don't have time for distractions!"

by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

"But I need this!" Grabbing him by the shoulders and giving him a good, hard shake.

"And I seem to recall you made headlines in the newspaper a number of times after you trained our last clutch to assist in your crimes! They're an asset to you!"

Finally standing back and crossing her arms, she let out a melodramatic sigh.

"But I guess if you're really against it, I'll just find some other virile drake to give me a loathe child."

by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

Sshlcck.

That was the sound of a switchblade springing to the ready.

Where.. where had he even stored that?

"Or I could simply remove the source of the problem..."

No arguing with a smirking sadist, was there, no matter how naked he was.

by [Malicia](#) 7 months ago

Malicia was unmoved by his threat upon her ovaries. Perhaps it had to do with the fact he was standing there stark naked, not two moments earlier professing his love for her.

Instead, she picked up a nearby barrel and upturned it over his head. The contents was --whaddayaknow -- more fish!

by [Negaduck](#) 7 months ago

"Wha-- URGGH!" Because HE wasn't the one that was meant to stink. Of fish. Any more than usual. Since that had nicely loosened his grasp on the blade, Negaduck took a large trout by the base of the tail, [the deadliest of improvised](#)

weaponry. **"COME HERE."** Clearly unaware of the effect hitting Malicia with more fish would likely have on his system, a lunging tackle began what was probably going to be a very confusing and perverse scene. Because 'fish slapping' doesn't sound at all like a euphemism.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

It was a bizarre scene indeed. By the time the police and SWAT showed up, in pursuit of the felonious felon Negaduck, they would be greeted by the sight of Public Enemy #1 standing buck naked alongside Malicia -- the top of her dress still pulled down to her waist.

Both villains smacking each other with large fish. Repeatedly. While shouting. And cursing. And maybe a bit of occasional groping.

One of the cops slowly lifted his dark visors in astonishment and shouted through the megaphone.

**"ATTENTION: NEGADUCK. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. DROP YOUR WEAPON--....FISH AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR."**

Like you just don't caaaaaare.

by **Negaduck** 7 months ago

"This gets better and better, doesn't it?!"

Trevally tossed aside in disgust - on the plus side, at least he had complied - Negaduck stomped forward to have a good, ranty word with his requesters.

Yep, still buck naked.

"I don't know who's more desperate to get at me -- you or her!"

Presumably in different manners but both would probably involve some heavy hitting.

"But you can all suck it-" In different manners. "-Because it will require more than a strong arm and two giant bazookas-" In different manners. "-To take The Almighty Negaduck down!" In different.. how about we simply assume at this point that every piece of dialogue is a double entendre.

Then-- BOOM!

A cloud of thick red smoke erupted, blanketing their targets. Let's not even begin with where the gas canisters were stored.

Then-- SPLATT!

From within the cloud fired out mountains of the very same rotten goop scattered around the deck, effectively a fish-firing claymore.

A real slap in the face for the police force. Literally.

by **Malicia** 7 months ago

Instinctively, the cops dove for cover. Traumatic memories of lime jello had long-since taught the police to expect anything from Negaduck -- including flying fish guts.

Mal, meanwhile, had been creeping up behind him during his rant. Initially her plan was to give him one more blackout inducing whack with a hefty swordfish. Then she could drag him back to the warehouse over her shoulder, caveduck-style.

But the sudden burst of smoke caused her to drop the massive fish, and instead she made a dive to try and grab him -- because when Negaduck drops gas, he never sticks around long to deal with the aftermath (in different manners, or lack of any manners whatsoever!).

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

As chaos exploded in every direction, the body beneath Malicia bucked and thrashed.

The stink - in all manners - was unbelievable. His movements frantic and uncontrolled. Gasping for air, he would flip and writhe the both of them across the jetty, propelled by massive kicks from his huge, slimy, scaled.. tail?

Ah. That was not Negaduck she had pinned. That was a giant mackerel.

At least it was not the tap dancing variety. Regardless, by the time the smokescreen cleared, her actual target would be gone.

Hard to say what was the more narrow escape: that from law enforcement, or from (further) parenthood.

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

**"GET BACK HERE. ARGHGHGHGHGGH!!!"** Words forgotten and replaced with furious shrieks and incoherent ranting.

And even as she punted the mackerel sky-high (it would land, quite timely, on the Muddlefoot's BBQ) the intense urge was still there. She needed to satisfy it. It was like having a terrible itch on the shoulder-blade, right where you can't reach it. The longer she waited, the worse it became.

Well, if Negaduck wasn't going to scratch it for her, she knew someone who



would.

That is exactly how Malicia ended up on Harou's doorstep. And how, one wild evening later, she arrived back at the warehouse feeling quite satisfied.

Negaduck was safe. For now.

—

by **Negaduck 6 months ago**

The first thing she would notice that was off was a swivel armchair in the middle of the dark walkway.

It spun.

The second thing she would notice was that it was empty.

"Having fun?" Chimed up a voice directly behind her.

Mixing up the typical 'villain lurking in wait' bit, why not.

by **Malicia 6 months ago**

Deadpan stare.

"Yes, actually. I've been having plenty of fun. Without you. Seeing as you ran away like a soiled infant, leaving me to deal with the entire St. Canard police department and the SWAT all by myself."

Stopping only to retrieve a nail file from her cleavage, she began working away at her claws.

"Nothing I couldn't handle, though."

y **Negaduck 6 months ago**

Her bravado matched by a flat glare of his own.

Tense silence.

Then,

"Why do you smell like lubricant?"

After all the fish stink, it was a wonder she smelled like anything else at all.

by **Malicia 6 months ago**

"Oh, dear, I'm just SO sorry..." Stepping forward, arms crossed.

"I didn't realize we were role-playing tonight. Are you supposed to be my 'daddy'? Are you going to give me a lecture about staying out all night, doing only-Hades-knows-what, and coming home smelling like inappropriate things?"

Reaching out, she jabbed him in the chest with each spoken syllable.

"Are you going to ground me? Hmmm?"

Cue the dramatic hand flourish. "Or would you rather I roll around in fish oil? What is **up** with that, anyway?"

y **Negaduck** 6 months ago

"I'll ground you into PASTE in a second!"

The white herring in the room stubbornly ignored.

"You think I don't know what's going on when you come home wreaking of the sort of oil that has been guiding through mechanical parts? That I wouldn't be able to figure out the unforgivable betrayal that's been going on here?"

Another hypocritical rant. Here it comes.

"I told you to stay away from my motorcycle!"

The damage those claws of hers did to the paintwork. It was just.. just.. criminal!

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

She had opened her mouth to say something in the middle of his rant, but promptly closed it upon his accusation of her supposed joy-ride.

Oh, she rode something all right.

And it certainly explained why she was walking slightly bow-legged.

"What can I say? It's so hard to resist the call of a well-oiled machine. Such stamina..."

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

The giggleworthiness of that admission going right over his red-hatted head.

"I don't care, it's my well-oiled machine! What am I supposed to be riding all night if you have your legs wrapped around it? You have no idea how to handle that amount of thrust!"

NO IDEA.

"The only one to be on top of that beast is me, you hear?!"

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

The projectile nose-bleed that suddenly commenced from that wonderful mental image also went over his red-hatted head. Literally.

"Right, right." Distractedly as she covered her nose and fumbled about for a tissue. Or perhaps an entire box of triple-ply, in this case.

"I'll keep that in mind. For a very, very long time."

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

Ah, the double blood rainbow. So intense.

Except Negaduck was too busy scheming to notice.

"Anyway, it's that time of year again. Fat bearded men in red suits in every mall, coloured lights ruining perfectly dreary streets, and all this disgusting singing!"

Argh. Just arrrrgh.

"It's about time we stopped this 'Christmas' nonsense once and for all!"

And because going full Grinch was far too time consuming, he had a better idea.

"You got any sleigh-seeking missiles?"

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

"I still don't quite understand what your 'Chreesmas' is all about." Spoken quite candidly despite the massive wads of twisted tissue rammed up each nostril.

"Why do you all pray to the Fat One for material items that can be attained at any store? Is it because he was born in a manger with a glowing red nose? How do you even have access to magic that makes snowmen talk? That's an advanced spell!"

Huh. Might be a few crossed wires when it came to Mal's understanding of Normal traditions.

"I do like all the pretty shiny things that get hung on the trees though..."

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

"I don't need you to understand it, I need you to help me ruin it!"

Honestly. The shiny things weren't even valuable shiny things! Damn Malicia and her magpie like sensibilities.

"What about an acid snow curse? Got anything like that?"

Come on, there were so many Christmas themed crimes to work with!

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

"I do, in fact, have some wonderful snow-altering substances." And, you know, the whole 'fire' thing for melting all manner of winter-time fun.

"Buuuuuuut..." She leaned forward, squishing her cleavage together until it threatened to spill over her top.

"I'll only help you after you bring your own sleigh-seeking missile into the bedroom where you can target my hot spot..."

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

"After your weirdo shenanigans cost me a whole day's looting? Oh no missy, you need to do more than that to get on my 'Good' list."

The 'good' naughty list. Or vice versa. Whatever.

"THEN we'll talk."

Or fire off a few missiles. Whatever.

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

"THAT'S NOT FAIR! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO RESIST MY ADVANCES! I'M SEXY DAMMIT! **TOO SEXY FOR THIS SHIRT EVEN!**"

The plugged kleenex was launched from her nose like a soft yet highly dangerous projectile due to a combination of intense velocity and red-faced indignation.

Really! This isn't how it's supposed to work! I'm supposed to show off my milkshake, and you're supposed to come to the yard! No exceptions!

"Maybe I should just find someone ELSE who will appreciate all this glory!" Motioning up and down at her body. "Because Malicia Macawber does not 'work' for sex!"

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

"Oh yeah? Well if you've had your eyes closed the entire time since I ran you over, I'm not at your beck and blow either!"

It didn't matter if it was something he wanted too. When it came to Negaduck,

nobody got to demand. Even her.

"I have needs! And right now those needs involve turning a flying fat man and his merry reindeer pals into reindeer bits!"

You didn't get to be a supervillain by having a healthy set of priorities on Christmas. Or ever.

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

Pout.

"Can't we just like... combine the two somehow? You can dress up as Santa and plow me on that big impressive chair in the center of the mall. That will surely ruin everyone's holiday cheer."

And the furnishings.

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

The sheer ludicrousness.. outrageousness.. SOMETHINGNESS.. of that idea struck him dumb for a moment.

Then--

"DONE!"

And, grabbing her hand, off they went.

MERRY ROTTEN FILTHMAS EVERYONE!

by **Malicia** 6 months ago

How timely that the intercoms at the mall were playing, "Santa Baby" as the unholy act occurred; with a chorus background of wailing children and outraged/horrified parents.

"Mommy, why is Santa spanking Mrs. Claus with a candy cane?"

"NO JOHNNY. LOOK AWAY."

by **Negaduck** 6 months ago

Bonus creativity points for the use of tinsel and Christmas pudding. Merry Filthmas to the cleaners too.

The line, "This is what you get for being a good girl this year!" may have been also uttered. Because tasteless. Wouldn't want any impressionable children to get the wrong idea now.

On the subject of gifts, Malicia had been making a request earlier, hadn't she?

Sometime while he was in a fish soaked haze?

Whatever. It probably wasn't important.

by [Malicia](#) 6 months ago

OH BOY, dim the lights and [turn up the classical music](#), because it's time for another evening of...

## **MICROSCOPIC ADVENTURES INSIDE MAL (THE SEQUEL).**

Our story begins with yet another herd of Nega-sperm -- complete with little red fedoras, making their perilous journey through the winding-maze that is Mal. The stakes are high, and security is tight at Ovary Central, but that never stopped them before!

Just as they make it to the shiny, glowy orb, they're cut off by... ebony-coloured sperm, with cybernetic sperm tails (it's a cartoon universe, don't question it).

**INTRUDERS!** Out come the miniature chainsaws, and like a pack of piranhas, the Nega-sperm begin slicing through their unwelcome adversaries.

Tails are separated, heads are tossed asunder and the Nega-sperm are the last ones standing! Er... swimming? Whatever.

All except for one, lone, cybernetic squirmy guy, which has used this opportunity to swim around to the opposite side of the egg and begin drilling through.

Meanwhile, on the other side, little Negsies also begin to saw through the thick layers, into the center...

DUN DUN DUUUN.

[[Jump to [SURPRISE!](#)]]

—

by [Malicia](#) 5 months ago

As soon as Negaduck returned to the warehouse, at some point after his recent St. Canard exploits, he would find his swivel chair parked and waiting for him.

"Well, well, well... finally back after all that fun, are we?"

Mal spun around in the chair to face him, claws steeped nefariously as she

stared him down quite coolly.

This cliché moment quickly ruined when she attempted to stand, and the entire chair came with her. Evidently swivel chairs were not built to house her (ahem) substantial derriere, which had molded itself into the seat.

"Grr... get off... you stupid...!" Hopping back and forth on one foot, shaking her rear end. Then tripping over the couch, and collapsing with a massive crash and a grinding of metal.

Then, she stood and proceeded to brush herself off, as if it never happened.

"SO." She started her speech again. "Having fun?"

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Defensively, Negaduck had drawn back, ready for a fight. Only to watch a fight with a piece of furniture. And watch. And watch.

Better hope nobody had gotten that on security footage.

Once Malicia had done destroying a perfectly good cliché, he responded with his usual warm, gracious charm.

"What's it to you, couch crusher?"

Ohthelove. Feels it.

by **Malicia** 5 months ago

Wordlessly, she grabbed the nearby remote and flicked on the t.v. The television was broadcasting the earlier footage of what the media had officially coined as 'DarkwingGate'. Complete with celebrity entertainment commentary, concerned mothers, and opportunist politicians.

Oh, and some minor mention about Negaduck knocking over some buildings. But who cares about that when there's spicy sex affairs to be had!

"So, spill. How'd you do it?" She seemed more curious than angry -- like an audience member wanting to know the magician's secret.

"You must've had an accomplice. There's no other way you'd be able to place yourself at two locations, then send off the video."

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Armed crossed. "What makes you think it was me?"

Like one of those jerk off magicians who won't admit it's all smoke and mirrors

and insists it's 'magic'. Not fooling anybody, buddy.

But still, if Malicia could work it out...

by **Malicia 5 months ago**

"Are you kidding?" She circled behind and her hand quickly found its way to his backside, giving him a tight, wanton squeeze.

Then she leaned in to purr darkly. "I could recognize that sweet little tush bouncing back and forth from a mile away -- blurry pixels or no."

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

"Yeah, well you can bite it, because Darkwing's going down for this."

Butt grabs had nothing on the effect of a good dramatic plot reveal. For him, anyway.

"His reputation was murky enough as it was. Even if he manages to challenge the 'evidence', it'll raise enough doubts in the minds of Mr & Mrs Joe Public to put an end to his supposedly gallant goals."

Adding, with no small glee, "And any repair work going on with his standing with one Morgana Macawber..."

by **Malicia 5 months ago**

"What, you think I have a problem with any of that?" Placing her hands on her hips. "You've destroyed Darkwing's reputation and threatened his relationship in one blow."

Figuratively and literally.

Wrapping her arms around his waist from behind, her tail quickly coiled itself around his leg, wantonly.

"You deceitful, conniving, maniacal bastard..." She nibbled his neck, allowing the sharp edges of her fangs to brush against the skin beneath his feathers.

It was then Negaduck would feel something... no, two somethings, starting to poke him behind the head. Hard, long, stiff...waitaminate.

It was the pair of horns that had begun to sprout from the she-demon's head, which went seemingly unnoticed by their owner.

by **Negaduck 5 months ago**

It was the time to revel in it, wasn't it? For a rare moment, he could relax.

"Hearing you appreciate my brilliance like that makes me want to NYAAAH."



An instinctive leap away saved his skull, but not his hat. Ripping it off the offending protrusion, it was jammed back on his head, along with his glare.

"What're you, getting literally horny now?!"

Great. Just.. great.

by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"AAGH." Pawing at her head desperately like a cat that had found itself in possession of a very unwanted and unfashionable hat.

Turning to view herself in the closest full-length mirror -- which in Mal's household was never more than two steps away -- she leaned in to inspect the damage, fretting and muttering to herself.

"It's just the hormones." She rumbled, frowning at the protrusions. "It happened the last time, you just weren't here to see it."

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

"Hormones?"

Eying the horns as though they were emitting the dreaded substance themselves, like in-built cootie broadcasters.

"Ah. Right. I had been meaning to speak to you about that..."

Because that's what all ill-adjusted psychopaths did best. Talk about their feelings...

by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Isn't it exciting?!" She spun around to face him, not a trace of sarcasm to be found.

"We're going to have another litter in the house, soon! I even picked out these adorable matching diamond-studded collars. Granted, I don't know how MANY we're going to have, so I decided to play it safe and got two dozen." Out came the collars in question -- pink and blue. Collar-coded for gender of course!

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Here came the inevitable blow out.

"It's... fantastic. Beyond words."

Or not then. Just ignore the slight tic to that smile. Nothing to see here.

"And I'll stick around this time, in case you.. need anything."

What? That was a TOTALLY NORMAL reaction.

by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Look, don't even START on the whol--wait, what."

Incredulous stare.

Momentary pause to stop and feel Negaduck's forehead.

"You... haven't been huffing that questionable powder we found in that vault on our last heist, have you?"

Because we totally agreed to split that even-stevens.

"You want to be here? For me...?"

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Her fussing was promptly fussed away in irritation. Ergh, non-gropey touching.

"I'm FINE. I'm just.. being supportive."

Grouchy about it, but supportive nonetheless.

"That's what you want, right?"

Damn women, always changing their minds. Shut up about it already before I change mine!

by **Malicia** 5 months ago

"Since when, on this mortal plane or the next, have you ever cared about what I want?" Seriously. This was the same guy who just barely returns the 'favour' when we're on our backs!

Fortunately for Negs, her interrogation was cut short when she let out another painful groan. She could feel her shoulder-blades itching...

FWOOMP! That was the sound of a pair of massive leathery wings sprouting from her back like an unfurling umbrella.

FWOOMP! FWOOMP! Aaaaand that was her chest, advancing up a cup size (as if that were even possible at this point).

"Noooooooooo..." She whined and squirmed. As majestic as she probably looked in 'full-bloom', it was, to say the least, extremely impractical for day-to-day life.

"Do you know how hard it is to shower with these things?!" She whined.

Lousy Normal women don't realize how easy they have it!

by **Negaduck** 5 months ago

Head crane around to try and see around them. A round being the key. Man if he didn't have enough fodder for fat jokes before...

Weirdly, instead, out came a nice hefty axe.

"Oh I can fix that easily enough..."

And with psychotic glee, he took to.. not her wings, but the decor? It was mindless destruction of course, but didn't this sort of count as.. helping?

What. WHAT.

[[Off to [Return of the Revenge of the Hatching blog](#)]]

—

by **Malicia** 4 months ago

Swoosh

"That moronic, insipid, weak-minded blinded fool..."

The furious mutterings could be heard as Mal re-appeared in the warehouse from a portal that had opened up in the center of the living room. The... surprisingly quiet, child-free living room.

Mal, decked to the nines in her brand new, specially-tailored beach-ware, was looking awfully displeased for someone who was about to head out on the sort of vacation most couldn't even dream of experiencing.

The source of this misery was probably related to whoever she was cursing under her breath. Juuuust a guess.

by **Negaduck** 4 months ago

Lounging on the.. lounge, another happy surprise awaited her.

This one with a knife.

"Don't you look relaxed."

For all his pithy comments, Negaduck himself did seem relaxed. A rare and

somewhat ominous occurrence. Spread across the coffee table was not the usual assortment of weapons of mass malevolence that usually came with his presence, but an oddly themed feast.

The knife twisted.. and pried open a mollusc. An offering, for her. Not that he was so into the gentleduck act that he bothered getting up.

"Clam?"

by **Malicia** 4 months ago

"I'm not in the mood for your nonsense." She snapped irritably, not catching onto this particular menu's 'theme'.

"For your information, I am leaving this island of morons and heading on a much-needed vacation. The kids have been dealt with already. Don't burn the place down while I'm gone." Like a parent to one's rebellious teenage child. She was gathering up a pile of luggage stashed in the corner. The vast majority of which was clothes, of course.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Hey, if she wasn't going to get into the clamflesh, he would. Shell discarded over his shoulder. Why burn the place down when you could stink it out?

"Oh? And an all-expenses paid trip to oblivion wasn't enough of a vacation for you?"

Not so much as whacking a hornet's nest as filling it with TNT and waiting a few steps back, scotch in hand, until it explodes.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"Oh yes, thank you so very much for that, by the way." She rumbled darkly. "Because I've always wanted to spend a timeless eternity trapped with my moronic side-dish and your reject lab sperm." **[[see [Sucks For You](#)]]**

Leaning over, she snagged a fish taco from his culinary selection.

"And a banana? Really?" She snarked. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you have an unusual obsession with dangerous phallic-shaped objects."

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

"You're one to judge."

Jovial, because he was jovially catching her by the hips or hands to draw her onto his lap. Because it had been so long since she had been properly tended to (i.e. by him) and he was ever so generous. Because the pissier she was, the more likely it would end in the inevitable.

Or at least that was how it would usually go.

"This swimsuit does your eye-poppingly exquisite assets no justice."  
COMPLIMENTS. ALLITERATION. ALL THE BIG GUNS. "Much better to go without..."

In his entirely unbiased opinion.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"I don't think there's any mortal garment that'll do my body justice. But these were specially tailored for me, thanks to a friend." She moved in closer, allowing him to 'inspect' the seam-work up close and personal.

"Mmm..." Leaning in to his touch. Ah, it'd been awhile. Wasn't exactly getting laid during pregnancy (she'd already stabbed him in the eyes a couple times with her horns -- and not even on purpose!) And the whole vulnerable-baby-thing was like pure Nega-repellent.

"When I get back from my trip, we should do a crime together." She finally said. "Something big."

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

"That's as unnecessary to say as 'hey let's stand around and breathe'. Of course there will be crime. Big crime. With the 'heroes' around here as inept as ever, what else would we be doing?"

A status quo that would not last.

It was in the middle of helpfully pursuing a drizzle of fish taco juice down past her bathers line that the rest of that statement caught up to him.

"Wait, trip? You're actually going on that?"

You weren't just throwing a fit to get my attention?

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"Mostly inept heroes, yes. Although if you ask me, Darkwing has lost more screws than usual. He's certainly been a tad more... aggressive, lately. Did you know he had the audacity to break in here and threaten moi when he was trespassing?!"

Yes, actually Negs did know. All too well.

"And yes, I'll be leaving early in the morning." She rolled her eyes. Typical Negs. "I need to work on my tan."

Even though I have naturally tan-coloured feathers BUT THAT'S BESIDE POINT.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Darkened visage. The memory was enough to get him a little aggressive too.

"How about I have a talk to our hapless hero about that. A few words with the back of a 2x4 should have him back in that uselessly self pitying state he's been so stuck in recently."

Of course it would be that easy.

Back to the trip. Or back to Curve Appreciation 101. He knew which he found more enticing.

"With no pathetic partycrashers to worry about, why not stay here? What delectable sinning can you really find on some miserably sun soaked beach all on your lonesome?"

If only he knew...

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"Awww, are you going to miss me?" She teased darkly, stroking his bill. "Or more specifically, these." Placing both his hands on each breast, allowing him a good squeeze.

"I think you'll survive just fine." Future irony. "Yes, do have a little 'chat' with Darkwing. Help yourself to my stock in the back-room if need be."

Evidently, the Nega-touch was not enough to keep her away from this trip however. "There is a variety of strangely-named fruity drinks waiting for me on that beach, and I am going to sample every single one of them."

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Eye roll. Like this required any back room assistance. It was Darkwing after all. He could be handled with a few well placed flash bulbs and a half length of hose.

Not that would stop Negaduck helping himself to her stores, of course...

But back to business.

"Sweetheart, if you disappeared into nowhere-" Fingers traced the edge of that cleavage abyss, only to press against two scars of flesh hidden beneath those feathers, two wounds so recently healed.

"I would never miss you, you know that."

A damned double meaning, in case she thought he was going soft. Quite the opposite, in fact.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

Her playful expression darkened in seconds and she slapped his hand away. Bringing that up only reminded her of stupid Harou and his stupid lectures about the psychotic mallard and her 'thing' with him. Whatever the hell this 'thing' was. Mal had stopped pondering that topic years ago and just rolled with it.

"Good, because I wouldn't miss you either. Everyone's replaceable, after all." Removing herself from his lap, she began picking food off the tray again.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

The warmth of her body pressed against his had been quite delicious. But you know what was just as delicious? Tormenting her.

Bad psychopath, bad.

"Please, you could - and probably have - trawled the multiverse and you would never find another as big and as bad as me. Part of you would always yearn for the Negatouch. No matter how deeply you shoved that face into an admittedly appetising alternative."

Catching her again, wantonly, a game of cat and pyrokinetic mouse.

"And I think I know which part that would be..."

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"A taller more chiseled athletic part?" Said through a mouthful of clams and cherries. Why would he mix these two foods, this is such a weird combination.

"And don't flatter yourself. If I go on a multiverse trek, it's going to be for the perfect pair of shoes. Especially since the future is looking quite grim in that arena."

Both for shoes and Negaducks.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Yeah yeah yeah. She could pretend he wasn't the hottest thing she'd ever snuck her claws into all she liked. He was too AMAZING for buy that.

Likewise he was too amazing to beg if she wasn't.

"So when are you leaving on this pearl diving expedition, hmm?"

Just a turn of phrase, surely...

"You'd better bring me back a few pictures."

Maybe not so surely...

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

"They'll be up on my instaquack account." She was absentmindedly peeling apart another clam shell. "I have a whole wardrobe to show off, after all. It'd be a tragedy for my thousands of adoring followers to miss out such stunning beauty." The selfie-generation of technology was practically made for her.

A pause as she peeled apart the layers of a hamburger bun and frowned.

"Why did you put fur in this?! What kind of diet are you on, exactly?"

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Tap, tap, tap of a clam shell on table. A measure not matched evenly by that growing shadow of a smirk.

"I was going to ask you the same question."

Oh he could head tilt and play subtle all he liked. If Malicia didn't catch on he'd simply fly her down to Tasmania to shove her face in the Great Wall there.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

Slow brow raise. She wasn't completely clueless. It was obvious Negaduck was trying to tell her something, but for the life of her, she couldn't think of what it might be. Did she forget his birthday or something?

Probably because she grew up in a culture where very different food items were used when describing certain... anatomical parts.

"The designer who made my clothing did it just for me, you know. He's one of Scarlet's connections, and she arranged for it." She bragged. "Said my figure was 'one of a kind', and used very special material just for my perfect curves. Who knew the porn industry had so many high-profile affiliates?"

Really, Mal. You're walking right into this.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Oh man, why wait to ship her all the way to some Hades forsaken Australian island to see a wall of clams when he had a perfectly good display of clams right there.

"Yes, porn stars are quite good at giving favours."



Lean in, pretend it's a secret. Among 'friends'.

"Particularly when you've been giving them favours in hot tubs."

And, because he loved to leave chaos in his wake, Negaduck stood to exit. The mystery of the tray of treats thoroughly.. licked.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

Oh. Right.

That.

"Now hang on!" Jumping up so quickly she sent clams flying in every direction, she stalked after him.

"You know about that? And you're not angry?"

Specifically, angry about being left out of the fun. I know you have no qualms with the subject matter itself.

".....How long have you known?"

I mean really, how am I still alive even.

by **Negaduck** 3 months ago

Hands up. The universal 'okay okay yes I am a magnificent beast who is all over this calm down you ball of female hormones' gesture.

"Look, it's fine. I understand what was going on."

And here was the part where he didn't-

"You were rehearsing. For my birthday. How thoughtful of you."

Thoughtful as in the minimum acceptable considering your recent disgraces.

Continuing to leave, and leaving her with a wink,

"Don't worry, I'll act surprised."

Over to you, Clam Lover.

by **Malicia** 3 months ago

Jawdrop.

.....Yeah, okay. Let's just roll with that.

"Right." Putting on a comically large pair of celebrity-style sunglasses. "See you in a couple weeks, Birthday Boy."

If only we both knew.

**[[The end... or more specifically, Negaduck's end.]]**