

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Hey Gigantor, you up for some snu-snu?"

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

"What's that you say? You want to sleep on the couch tonight?"

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Well you know, if you're not going to make that mind-blowingly luscious booty go mmm-da-da for me... I'll find somebody else who will."

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

"And maybe I've beaten you to the punch." She purred. "Did you know there are many fine specimens in this city who can hold a conversation without insulting the size of my delicious derriere?"

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

"So what? Bet they're not as handsome as me. Bet they can't mastermind a diabolical plan as well as I do."

As risk of third degree burns, he snapped her panties through her dress, just because he could.

"Bet they don't know how to make those explosions singe the flesh off ~just~right."

Sadistic and cocky. What a lovely combination.

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia disregarded his cocky (no pun intended) barrage on her under-things and merely smiled. "Actually she is rather talented in realm of creating explosions." She spoke slyly.

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

So quick was Negaduck to dismiss this newcomer that he missed that particularly important pronoun.

"Bah, there's talent and there's geniu--"

And then his brain caught up, and his cool saunter away came to a crashing halt.

Slow turn around to stare at her, as if moving any faster would scare the very concept away.

" ... what did you say?"

Sure, there was disbelief in those hushed, awe-struck tones. But also hope.

Lots and lots of hope.

by Malicia 1 year ago

Ah, she loved that expression on his face. She wanted to take a picture and then frame it. Maybe turn it into a large wallpaper to cover the entire South side of the warehouse.

Large golden eyes looked at him innocently, followed by a slight tilt of the head.

"Why, I said that I have found myself a beautiful woman; buxom and curvaceous as they come." Thence came the friendly blink and the slight crook of a smile.

"I hope you don't mind~"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Was it possible to faint from being so aroused? Who knew, but it sure floored him. It was a few moments before the babbling calmed down enough to allow him to string a few words together.

"B.. but you've never been into chicks," the last iota of his thinking power protested. "Every time I asked, you said..."

Not that he was trying to talk her out of the idea, oh no. His eyes were pleading with her to affirm it as the truth. Surely, SURELY, she wouldn't toy with him over something like this.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"What can I say?" Her crimson-laden lashes fluttered in his direction. "This one convinced me to drink the Kool-Aid."

She was being rather demure about the situation -- not exactly a natural occurring Malicia trait. Unless, of course, she was up to something. And when didn't the villainness scheme or plot someone's demise?

But what was the demise here? Negaduck was getting what most seemingly average males fantasized about: A hot lesbian make-out session in the near future.

"Perhaps you've met her?" She continued on conversationally. "Beautiful silky red hair that matches her voice. A good eye for fashion. Deadly with a weapon. It's not often I meet someone who is almost as perfect as I am."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Feathers?"

He had 'met' her alright. And how it helped, having a face to put to the fantasy. The pictures that went through his mind... He even took off his fedora in rapt wonderment, clutching the brim in both hands like he had witnessed a miracle.

And he sort of had, in a way. If miracles could be that deliciously sinful. The criminal was no stranger to having the attentions of multiple females, but these two -particular- females? Yowza.

Eventually, he snapped out of it, brain back in gear for the very important task of making it actually happen.

"So? What are we waiting for?" he enthused, the grin sneaking onto his beak was impossibly wide and impossibly sly. "Invite her over and we'll have a little private party... just the three of us."

That was the point of female pleasure, wasn't it? For his benefit?

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Just a moment." She mumbled distractedly and dug a hand into her ample cleavage. There was an odd clattering sound from deep within the endless void as she searched for something.

It was like watching a magician with their bag of magic tricks: Out came a packet of Twizzlers, a kazoo, a wand, a very confused and distressed puppy... the mystical journey in Boobland continued for a few more minutes, and soon a small pile of miscellaneous objects had begun to pile up around her feet.

"Oh, here it is." She flicked the screen of her cellphone and pointed it at him. It flashed and made a rather exaggerated 'cleeeek' noise as she captured his face on camera.

"Now where was I? Oh, yes. You're not invited. This is a girls only event, you see."

The camera was poised and ready.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

The camera might have been ready, but Negaduck was not. There was no way he could comprehend such a rejection without a fight.

"What'd you mean, I'm not invited?" he scoffed, incredulous. "That's the most ridiculous thing I've heard since the Liquidator opened his own tanning salon."

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Allow me to explain the concept of lesbian to you." Malicia towered above him like an adult talking to a very small, very stupid child. "Lesbians engage in intimacy with other females. You are not a female. Therefore, you are not

invited." A pause. "Ooh, The Liquidator opened a tanning salon? What's the address?"

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

"Except you'd be bisexual," he pointed out. "And everybody in St Canard knows Feathers goes both ways. So 'course I'd be invited."

Not. Getting. The. Hint.

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

A twitchy eye was the first indication that Malicia had quickly lost all patience for her pseudo-beau.

"You're not invited because I'm cock-blocking you, you dolt!" A signature smack was delivered across the back of his head.

"You're not going to enjoy any of my carnal pleasures until you start WORKING for it!" As if to emphasize the fact, she pulled up the top of her dress and re-adjusted it in a manner that would hide her cleavage... which was like the equivalent of Godzilla trying to play hide-and-seek behind a row of downtown skyscrapers: Nooooot very effective.

by **Negaduck 1 year ago**

Finally, his face fell. Slowly, at first, as he resisted the seriousness of the situation, then a monumental crash. Like a tower of boob-deprived Jenga.

"What'd you mean, 'working for it'?!" Negaduck retorted indignantly, trying to not become too entranced by her assets being pulled around in that tight, clingy fabric. "What do you want me to do, start kissing the very ground you walk on? Cater to your very fanciful whim?!"

Speaking in rhetoric, of course.

by **Malicia 1 year ago**

As his face fell, the camera was pointed again. Cleeeek. Oh god, that was hot. How was she going to teach him an iota of discipline when she had none herself? But she managed to restrain herself. "That would be a start." She sniffed haughtily, and the phone was returned to its safe squishy sanctuary. "It's clear I've been spoiling you too much."

She continued to struggle with her dress as she spoke. Somehow trying to make herself less scantily clad was not only failing miserably, it was going in the opposite direction.

"I am a respectable businesswoman." Said as the bottom half of her dress hiked up her leg, exposing a bare thigh. "And you are going to have to learn that the **hard** way." Pun intended.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

"Come on, woman, I'm not doing any of that," he huffed, with an equally haughty cross of his arms. A sneer on his beak, he watched her through one half-lidded eye; a little too closely, perhaps, since he did not even register the camera flash. His mind was on flashing of a wholly different kind.

"I'm not some drooling, fanboy loser you can toy mindlessly with. I'm in control here, and I'm not going to..."

With every syllable his pupils had followed each stretch and squirm. Wriggle wriggle. Jiggle jiggle. How long could he bear before she bared herself?

"LOSE MY GODDAMNED MIND IF YOU DON'T TAKE THAT OFF ALREADY!!"

Not long at all.

by **Malicia** 1 year ago

Within seconds, Negaduck found himself flat on his back on the ground. But it was not the lusty variety of back-flattening that usually led him on a glorious pelvis-crushing adventure to Sexy Land.

Instead a sharp heel, belonging to a highly overpriced shoe, dug itself into his stomach. "Down boy." Malicia commanded roughly.

She had to lean over him in order to place her foot on his stomach, which meant that her torso was positioned directly above his face, giving him a full shot up her already-too-revealing dress. Not exactly the best way to keep a bad boy down, was it?

"You are going to pamper me." Her voice was almost as sharp as her footwear. "I'm thinking you can start by taking me out to dinner. And I'm not talking about Hamburger Hippo. I want a five-star restaurant with all the works! You shall woo me with shiny, expensive trinkets. You don't bring me enough gifts. I want gifts."

There was a thoughtful pause, as though she was working her way down the list of demands she had organized in her head.

"I also expect at some point to be awoken in the middle of the night by the sound of music, only to look out my window and see you standing there, holding one of those large electronic Boombox devices over your head."

Someone has been watching too many chick flicks.

by **Negaduck** 1 year ago

A grunt that came from being trodden on, combined with the discomfort of being tormented while so thoroughly teased.

Grinding his teeth together though, he resisted, not as easily beaten into submission as his heroic henpecked counterpart.

"Or what? You'll hold out on me?" Discounting a few cracks from the pain of a sharpened stiletto, his tone was low, silky, a seducer in a foxhole.

"Why punish yourself." Hands dared to caress the foot doing the trampling, tracing tauntingly slow circles. "I know you love what I can do to you more than what you care for worthless displays..."

To drum that point home, the fingers were replaced by a tongue that curved skilfully over the sensitive spots of her ankle. That was the ankle though, not the toes, so it was NOT a step towards feet kissing.

In his mind, anyway.

y Malicia 1 year ago

Her foot trembled slightly. Damn him. Damn him to hell. There was nothing more humiliating than a succubus slowly succumbing to the wiles of a mortal. Malicia cursed under her breath, and swore to herself that Negaduck had to have some portion of demonic blood in his ancestry. An Incubus for a great-grandfather, perhaps.

She gave her leg a shake as though she had a leech stuck to it. "Maybe I won't hold out. But I'll find a way to make it as unpleasant for you as possible. As you may have noticed, I have quite a talent for making the lives of others far more complicated!"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"That you do."

Resting his head back, as if he had chosen to lie there rather than been pinned down by a superpowered hoof, the devious drake let out a slight sigh. Then, absentmindedly still running his hands over her calf, as if it meant nothing to him, as if it was purely a matter of curiosity, as if he could take it or leave it, he dared to ask,

"So... say I do buy into your little game. Will a night with you AND Feathers be on the cards?"

He could play cool all he wanted.

That spark of wanton desire in his eyes was a bit of a giveaway.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"That would be the reward, yes." Just as he absentmindedly massaged her foot, she absentmindedly stretched her leg, and then finally lifted her heel up and away from the dangerously squishy parts of him.

Negaduck was like a disobedient dog, she told herself. He just needed a little bit of discipline. Not too much discipline, mind you. For all his horrible, disgusting habits..... she secretly loved them all. Right down to his disrespectful arrogance and the way he took no mercy with her. She wouldn't -- she couldn't -- change what made him who he was.

But a girl has to have some respect. After all, she had a reputation as being a fearless and sexy businesswoman with an icy exterior that made the fire-based demon an oxymoron. But lately she had caught the rumors on the wind... the talk of her being Negaduck's "bitch" -- that he could get away with anything he wanted around her and she would take it, just like the St. Canard prostitutes Public Enemy One visited on a regular basis.

She was no prostitute, she privately reassured herself. And she was nobody's bitch. Malicia briefly stole another glance at the mallard who remained beneath her. It was taking a lot of self-control to not pounce him and she hoped he hadn't noticed just how much of a slippery slope she was on... and not just in the figurative sense.

Nobody's bitch, nobody's bitch, nobody's bitch...

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Funny, he had a similar mantra going around his head. Forget the damage it could do to his reputation. It was crucial that Malicia did not at any point realise she held the upper hand, or he could kiss his dignity goodbye. She had him on a (magical) leash once; he had no intention of repeating the experience.

Then again... SOME things had to be worth compromising on, right?

Which might have explained the red, yellow and black blur that would abruptly knock her off her not-so-dainty feet.

"I hope you're hungry," Negaduck stated to the demoness that he somehow managed to collect over his shoulder on his mad sprint to the motorcycle. "Because I plan on sating both our appetites."

There was a distinct feeling that his enthusiasm came not so much from the prospect of a five star dinner, as it did from the promise of dessert.

by Malicia 1 year ago

She couldn't force down the smile that had spread across her fanged bill.

Thankfully, being slung over his back like the ancient caveman's mate made it easy to hide her immediate pleasure at the situation. All he needed to do now was hit her over the head with a large club.

"I'm absolutely famished." She purred. And really, she was. A hard day's work of conniving and manipulating really worked up the 'ol appetite.

Unfortunately for him, dessert was a home-made martini and a foot rub away.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

He dropped her on the back of the bike and gunned it with record breaking speed.

"You'd better be."

And thus began a whirlwind of wooing that made very clear where his Casanova title had originated. Meals, massages, material wealth... whatever she wanted, and fast.

Which, of course, had less to do with his enthusiasm for those particular activities than it did with his desire to please her as quickly as physically possible and move onto the good stuff.

If it happened to reduce the amount of pain and humiliation on his part, well, all the better.

by Malicia 1 year ago

And all throughout this romantic montage, Mal smiled. Not because she was genuinely happy that her demands were being met. Oh goodness no. That would make actual sense.

Our dear, demonic damsel was thinking of how exactly to torture him next. Oh, she could hardly wait to see the horror and disappointment on his fuzzy little face

You'd almost feel sorry for Negs. Almost.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

After what was time enough to be considered torture in itself - let's say a few days, as he could only hold 'charm mode' for so long - Negaduck trailed the demoness home. Or more accurately, a towering teetering pile of gift boxes and assorted other goodies did, as the struggling villain could barely be seen behind all that bribery.

"You.. about done already?" grunted, not because carrying a mere three tonnes of girly indulgences was somehow a challenge for his mighty strength, oh no, it was simply to sound tough. Yeah, let's go with that.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Well I was hoping we'd visit that one shoe store. I can't believe they closed down just because of one, small nuclear explosion next door. Honestly, businesses these days." She tsked disapprovingly.

Businesses these days usually didn't last long in a city filled with supervillains. There was, once upon a time, a glorious era when shoe and clothing stores had nothing to worry about. Who would waste their time wreaking havoc over high heels and push-up bras? And then Mal moved in. It was no coincidence that every fashionable outlet in St. Canard made damn sure to stock extra large shoes customized for claws and XXL sized clothing. Because if they didn't. Well.... they had to hope they were keeping their fire insurance up to date.

"Perhaps I'll put on a little fashion show when we get inside." Malicia mused. Either she was playing stupid, or she really had forgotten the whole reason Negaduck was trailing behind her like an eager but slowly dying puppy.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Negaduck, however, had not forgotten. Not by a long shot.

"The sort of show that involves calling a few girlfriends 'round and lacy crotchless things?" he gritted out through clenched teeth as a helpful 'reminder'.

As the tower listed this way and that, there was an odd chattering noise, which was the sound of his knees giving out. Not that he complained. He refused to be beaten by boxes of incredibly expensive fabric.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Don't joke about something so serious!" She spun around to regard him with widened eyes. "I'd never let someone else wear my clothes. That's just... just... barbaric!"

They had finally made it to the warehouse, though Malicia seemed to be taking her sweet time getting the front door open. "Sharing clothing... honestly, what's next." She muttered in disbelief.

Perhaps it was a good thing her feelings for clothing didn't extend to men as well.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"There don't have to be any clothes at all," a red-hatted and foolishly hopeful head peered around the shaky tower and interjected. "It can be clothes-LESS."

As far as barbaric suggestions went, that was probably right up there.

If she didn't hurry up and let him inside though, who knew how much more he could take. Of either the suspense or of hefting the load of gifts.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Is your head screwed on right?" Malicia opened the front door and tromped inside. "Why go through all the trouble of buying the latest 2011 fashions if I'm just going to walk around naked? Just set them down over there if, if you will." She added distractedly, heading to the kitchen to crack open a bottle of champagne.

'Over there' appeared to be at the top of the tall, narrow, rickety staircase -- if the direction her finger pointed was any indication.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Why did I go to the trouble of stealing them if you're not?" sneered over his shoulder, as he made a move for the designated drop zone.

Except not watching where he was going meant the designated drop zone suddenly became his head as he tripped on an unnecessarily ornate rug, and the tower came crashing down.
BASH! BONK! WALLOP!

One by one the boxes bounced off his mightily abused skull before the criminal was positively buried under them. When he surfaced, he was looking dazed, frustrated - and superbly glowing in a naughty pink number that had somehow settled over the top of his usual attire.

by Malicia 1 year ago

"Careful with the merchandise! You might stretch that!" Malicia nagged him impatiently.

And then she yawned, stretched, and stared at him through half-lidded eyes.

"All this shopping has me utterly exhausted." She moaned tiredly as though she had been the one lugging around the bags and boxes. "Go entertain yourself elsewhere while I get my beauty sleep."

And without another word, or even a chance to protest, Negaduck was quite literally kicked outside to the doorstep, the thick metal door sliding shut in his face.

Silence. A tumbleweed rolls by.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

It took Negaduck a second to realise where he was. The cold concrete under

his tailfeathers. The harsh wisp of the breeze that was distinctly not the tender caresses of a hoard of ridiculously buxom lesbians.

A snarl, and he flew at the closed door, prepared to savage it like a feral animal.

One centimetre away, however, he pulled himself up, and just... fumed.

"You can't keep doing this to me, woman!" he settled for roaring at the building in general instead. "I have my dignity, you know!"

Spinning on his heel, the felon stomped away, off to take his frustration on the rest of the city.

Without noticing, thanks to his ire, that he was still draped in luxurious feminine underthings.

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**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Mmm, aren't you a hot number? I've never seen a duckubus before, but I have heard stories, particularly about you... The Demon Queen of St. Canard. What a lovely title. I suppose I don't have to go on about how attractive you are; you must hear it all the time.

I believe us beautiful women need to stick together. Thus, I am offering my friendship. I do hope you'll accept. I think you and I could be very, very good friends.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

The demonness' tail swished curiously. "You must be Feathers Galore." A wry smirk crept across her bill. "You have quite the reputation. Though, I'm guessing you care not for the judgmental opinions of others."

Malicia seated herself in a nearby chair and crossed her long tan-feathered legs. "I don't care much for making friends, but I am always open to new alliances. And a top-ranking agent of FOWL is most certainly a promising network."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers watched Malicia's tail swish before making eye contact. "There are very few things I do care about, darling."

She frowned a little when Malicia rejected her offer of friendship. "That is a shame that you don't want to be friends. You could say there are many..."

benefits... to being my friend. You don't really want to miss out, do you?"

Feathers didn't want to wear on the duckubus's patience. "We can talk about an alliance, though, if you so wish it. I can put in a good word for you with my superiors. I'm sure they would gladly accept such an alliance, as FOWL is always looking towards contacts outside the organization for information and supplies."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia was looking the gorgeous spy up and down, and it was clear the cogs were turning underneath that mass of fiery hair. There was no doubt in her mind that Negaduck had probably made a move on this one already. There was no way he wouldn't. But... wouldn't it be fun to mess with his head, just a little bit? Especially after that latest crack he made about her rear end.

"You're a smart woman Feathers, which is why I'm going to be frank with you." Malicia said abruptly, in a tone that suggested she was no longer referring to any alliance.

"I am indifferent toward women. I'm not repulsed -- how could I when I see myself in the mirror everyday?" She paused for a moment to preen herself. "But I've never been particularly attracted to them either. However." She raised a hand and smiled. "Nothing gets me hotter than making others miserable. And you, my dear, can help me do just that. I assure you... it may give you the 'friendship' you're looking for."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers was a little disappointed at the certainty in Malicia's voice when she talked about how indifferent she was to women. That would probably make it next to impossible for...

Her thoughts paused when Malicia said "however."

"Mmm, you want me to help you make someone miserable, hm? Sounds like fun, and if it gets me the friendship I seek, then that's a bonus. Consider me at your service, my demon queen."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia smiled cordially which left her top fangs exposed. It gave the rather unfortunate illusion of a snake unhinging her jaws before she swallows her prey.

"I'm sure you've no doubt heard of Darkwing's evil twin." She began coolly. "Now, be it far from me to ever get between him and a conquest. Should you encounter him, well... what happens is none of my concern."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers considered Malicia's words.

"So, you want me to get him riled up, and then leave him in the cold?" She still held a thoughtful look on her face. "Devious. It wouldn't have to be forever, would it? Because I'm not sure I could hold off that long..."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Believe me, you're not the only one who would have trouble holding back." Malicia leaned forward, looking at Feathers through half-lidded eyes. "He would no doubt be overjoyed about a 'friendship' between the two of us. But only if he gets to enjoy it too. We lock him out, and he'll be begging like a dog to have us both. I just want to... relish that moment. Hmm. Perhaps I'll videotape it, even." She tapped her bill thoughtfully and sat back. "Have at him when you're solo. It's the two of us together that he shall be denied access to."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers admired the duckubus in front of her, taking pleasure in her tone of voice, her warm and curvy body, and the look in her eyes.

"Mmm, I like the way you think, darling. Generally, I consider myself the sharing type, but the reward for being selfish sounds too delicious to pass up. Besides..." Her eyes roamed Malicia's body for a moment. "I think I'm going to love having you all to myself."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Well, if our dear masked friend plays nice enough, maybe he'll get a chance to join the party... eventually." She smirked.

"Your reputation precedes you by the way. Both in the bedroom and on the battlefield. Have you had the unfortunate opportunity of running into Darkwing? Or perhaps my cousin, Morgana."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

"Mmm, yes. It's hard to keep the secret in secret agent when you're as glamorous as I am."

Feathers sighed, then shook her head in response to Malicia's question. "Darkwing Duck? No. I've heard so much about him. Frankly, he sounds like too much of a clown for my tastes. I have not heard of your cousin. What's she like? Is she anywhere near as attractive as you are?"

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"He is quite the fool. But there is something... enjoyable, about watching him get all flustered when I shove my cleavage in his face. I don't care how much he goes on about being loyal to my cousin, he's still a victim of his desires." She brushed her hair back and smiled. "There's something quite hot about seducing a superhero. Even one as stupid as he."

In response to Feathers' inquiry about Morgana, she threw her head back and laughed. "Hardly! That dried up hag doesn't even know the definition of fun. She and Darkwing are too busy cooing over each other like brain-damaged doves."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers shrugged her shoulders. "I have met many good men who are victims to their desires and aren't clowns. If I were going to seduce a superhero, I would probably seduce Gizmoduck. He's much more of a Junior Woodchuck scout than Darkwing, which would make seducing him all the more satisfying. Furthermore, he doesn't cause nearly as much trouble for my employers as Darkwing does."

She frowned when Malicia laughed. "Ah, that's a shame. Here I was hoping there was another like you out there." Feathers looked at Malicia with desire in her eyes. "No matter. I'm sure you'll satisfy me more than enough..."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Gizmoduck... why didn't I think of that!" Unfortunately for Feathers, Malicia seemed far more interested in spreading misery over any form of late-night intimacy. Then again, both were interchangeable for the demoness.

"But the one caveat is that Gizmoduck isn't dating Morgana." She added thoughtfully. "Although, I'm sure he would be enough to make 'Red angry. And then he'll punish me. Mmm..."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers was undeterred by the lack of response she wanted from Malicia.

"Mmm, you are a bad, bad girl, Malicia. You seem to enjoy tormenting others, you wicked demon, you." Feathers leaned forward. "You definitely deserve to be punished. Why wait for the masked menace to do it? I'm right here... I can give you exactly what you deserve..."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia couldn't help but chuckle lowly at Feather's enthusiasm. "How is it you were not born a succubus?" She smirked. "You would have gained a lot from such abilities."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

"Mmm, I could not see my sexual appetite or my desirability being any greater than it is now. Perhaps that is why nature saw fit not to make me a succubus. The world wouldn't be able to handle me." Feathers was starting to feel uncomfortable and hot in her clothes. "But I am curious as to exactly what I would've gained if I were a succubus. Perhaps you could show me?" She licked her bill.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"Ah, let me tell you about energy..." She circled Feathers like a predator watching its prey.

"You see, all living beings exude energy of different types: Happiness, sadness, anger..... tantric." Her tail flickered excitedly at the last one.

"As a demon, I am naturally drawn to chaos. But even more important to a duckubus is the energy emitted from sexual acts: Lust. Intimacy. Desire. I am naturally drawn to this particular energy. It vitalizes me. Feeds me. And not just of my own doing either... I can absorb it by simply being near others engaging in acts of passion."

Carefully, she leaned forward, whispering darkly in Feathers' ear.

"You are like a buffet to my kind."

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers listened to Malicia with interest and shivered when she whispered in her ear. She wasn't sure how much more of this she could take. She was getting so aroused.

"It pleases me to know that I'm giving you your fill of energy..." She purred a little. "If you think I taste good now, you should try a physical sample." Feathers stood and threw her arms around Malicia's neck. "It must be very obvious to you how turned on I am right now... I just don't think I have the patience to hold out any longer."

She nuzzled Malicia's neck. "Oh, darling... let me have you."

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"You want me do you?" Malicia spoke back in a low purr. "You are positively glowing with energy, my dear. Why, soon enough, I may be too full to do anything at all." Malicia had brought Feathers into the picture to tease and torture Negaduck. But it seemed the cruel demonness was more than happy to pass that sentiment on to her newfound friend. Ah, irony.

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers's bill formed a pout. "Oh, you cruel woman... You would tease me?" She ran her hands down Malicia's sides, enjoying the feel of her curves.

"You'd find it much more enjoyable if I had my way with you... I can show you pleasures beyond your wildest, hottest dreams. I can show you that it can be just as fun being with a woman as it can being with a man. Let me show you, my darling demoness." She ran a trail of kisses down Malicia's neck.

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

Malicia didn't flinch, nor did she push away the desperate woman. She stood cold and hardened as a statue, and spoke just as dryly.

"That's quite a serious claim to be making, dear. But doing so now would defeat the purpose of my goal. We must wait for my favourite plaything so I can make him more blue than a starving vampire. "

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

"It's a truthful claim, darling..." Feathers nuzzled Malicia's neck and sighed. "Can't we have just a little fun before he shows up? There's nothing stopping us from that, is there?"

**by Malicia 1 year ago**

"I'm afraid I have previous business to attend to." The beautiful red-head was peeled from Malicia's body like a piece of wet tissue and tossed aside just as carelessly. It was becoming quite clear that the demonness had no intention of truly following through with her side of the plan.

"But don't you worry, I'm sure we'll be seeing each other soon enough." She added with a small wave. "Ta ta!"

And just like that, she was gone in a burst of flames.

**by Agent Galore 1 year ago**

Feathers gaped a little when Malicia disappeared in flames, then she looked indignant.

'Damn it all. I can't believe she left me like this.'

Feathers sighed and took out her phone. It's a good thing she always had a back-up plan.

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by Negaduck 1 year ago

And that's when trouble waltzed through the door.

"Nice digs," announced Negaduck, seemingly admiring the luxuriousness of Feathers' abode as he strolled inside. Of course, his only interest in luxurious living was either destroying it or stealing it, so his surveying was not necessarily as benign as it appeared.

Luckily for the owner, it was a visit that entailed other priorities.

"I wouldn't normally break from plundering the city for a little booty call, you know," stated as he tucked the phone he had received the summons on back into his jacket. "But I'll consider this an exceptional circumstance."

Which wasn't the entire truth. As much as he passed it off as his choice, her message had come at a convenient time. Certain caped crusaders were getting a little too hot on his trail and, as it happened, it was probably an opportune moment to lay low.

And if that could double as a euphemism, all the better.

by Agent Galore 1 year ago

Feathers was laying on the couch, sprawled out in a seductive manner. She was wearing a silk nightie that left very little to the imagination. She sat up and smiled at him.

"Mmm, I know you're a very busy duck, and I appreciate you taking this as an exceptional circumstance, but I've called you here for more than just a booty call. Although, that's certainly part of it..."

She patted the couch, beckoning him to come sit with her. "I have some information for you that you might find very interesting. It's pertaining to our good, dear demoness friend."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Plonking himself down on the couch, he relaxed back, and shamelessly enjoyed the view.

Now there was something worth plundering.

"Yes, she told me you two had become - how do you say - friendly." The very thought of which only served to distract him further as he trailed fingertips over her feathers. "If there's any way I can thank you for that..."

He meant it, too. From the very depths of his depraved being. If anyone had attempted to present the villain with a gift that fulfilled everything his sinful, twisted soul had ever wanted, that would have been it.

So much so that he was entirely oblivious as to what he actually was going to get.

by Agent Galore 1 year ago

Feathers delighted in his touch, but she tried to keep her mind focused on what she was about to say. She had to play this carefully. On the one hand, she wanted to make sure her bases were covered. Malicia was a devious demoness, and it had occurred to Feathers that the duckubus might try leaving her out in the cold along with Negaduck. On the other hand, it was

possible the demoness would stay true to her word, and there was something about Negaduck begging for the both of them that made her so hot.

Her idea was this. She would inform Negaduck of Malicia's intentions and form some kind of plan to get back at her. Whether or not she followed through with that plan, all depended on Malicia. So, instead of double-crossing, she may end up very well triple-crossing if Malicia holds up on her end of the bargain.

"We haven't become quite as friendly as I would like, I'm afraid. She has promised me she would... in exchange for my help in... holding out on you. You see, she wants to deny you access to our little friendship, so that you get so hot and bothered, you'll be begging us to let you in."

Feathers looked Negaduck in the eyes. "I have a better idea... one that won't involve hanging you out to dry."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Comprehension dawned across his face. Lustful greed melted into incredulity and then anger.

"I don't believe this. She's been been holding this over me for **days**, demanding I tend to her every beck and call. I've even cleaned the rotten mustard gas out of the basement, for Hades' sake. And she **never** intended to let me in on the action?!"

Of course she hadn't. That much was obvious now. Not when there was so much fun to be had out of torturing him. Not when she had known that he would have been so rapt with the idea that he wouldn't question it that much.

He stewed for a moment, furious at himself for being so easily played, and furious at the temptress who played him.

Then his stormy gaze returned to Feathers.

"What did you have in mind?"

by Agent Galore 1 year ago

"I think we should give the darling demoness a taste of her own medicine." Feathers ran a finger along the underside of his bill. "I'll restrain her and then, we can tease her until she's begging us to give her that sweet release. We'll show her that she can be denied just as easily as she denies anyone else." She reached up and stroked his cheek feathers.

"How does that sound, my masked menace?"

by Negaduck 1 year ago

"Sounds like you enjoyed your last experience so much that you're willing to inflict it on others," he reflected with an approving smirk. That soon faded as the details of plan spun through his mind.

That was the problem with being a plotter. You couldn't simply revel in menacing intentions. You had to revel in thinking it through too.

"Ordinary restraints won't work on her, though. Woman can rip through wrought-iron faster than she goes through ice-cream vans. I have a set of demon-resistant bonds you can use that I've been saving for such an occasion..."

That devilish spark returning, his eyes slid back to Feathers, a sly smile sneaking across his bill.

"And if she's not feeling playful when she realises she's been caught... well, we can always entertain ourselves, can't we?"

by Agent Galore 1 year ago

"Mmm, I love a duck who is always prepared..." she said, continuing to stroke his cheek feathers.

"And yes... We can always entertain ourselves." She leaned forward and kissed him on the bill. "I think I'm in the mood for some entertainment right now. This little plan of ours has got me so hot in anticipation of it..."

by Negaduck 1 year ago

A low chuckle rolled out of him, his entire demeanour demonstrating that 'entertainment' was well and truly back on the agenda.

"You have no idea what hearing a woman take extreme pleasure in cruelty does to me..." growled as a hand slid roughly up her thigh, predatory and possessive as always.

If Feathers truly had no idea of the effect on him, it was clear she would be finding out soon enough.

by Agent Galore 1 year ago

Feathers gazed at him with half-lidded eyes. "I think I have an idea, but why don't you give me some clarification, anyway?" She pulled him into a passionate kiss. They would soon engage in some very rough, very wild sex into the rest of the night.

by Negaduck 1 year ago

Rough was one word for it. Turned out being duped by his primary partner in crime left him with some pent up aggression.

And, short of launching cute things into spiked walls, was there any better way to vent than displaying callous disregard to the furniture?

Or to Feathers, for that matter. Not that she seemed to object to the treatment. And that only spurred him on further.

It would be rather amazing if either of them remembered the plan after all of that.

[[Head into [Revenge is a Dish Best Served Cold](#)]]